Exalted: Cosmic

By FutureMobile4

COSMICS! FROM! SPACE! The world of Creation was once a part of something far greater. Before the Great Curse, before the sealing of the Titans, before the Rebellion of the Gods, the world of Creation was once known as the Center, the Fulcrum, the Axis, upon which a vast galaxy of stars and planets known as the Spiral circled around it. The Spiral was home to countless treasures and horrors, the likes of which were indescribable.

The Spiral was ruled by its Incarnae of the Spiral, Ouranos, once the mightiest of the gods, even greater than that of the Unconquered Sun himself. Forged within the pyre-flame of the Principle of Hierarchy, he was created to embody the very concept of "Superior". As such, when the great rebellion against the titans began it was he who led his fellow gods into battle.

And as his fellow gods created champions to fight in their war, to battle for the fate of Creation, Ouranos would create his own champions to rule over the Spiral and its immense riches, as well as guard against its unimaginable horrors: THE COSMIC EXALTED! Over 10,000 beings from across Creation and the Spiral, possessing power and might far beyond that of even the Solars themselves. Together with their creator they would conquer the Spiral and rule over it as Star-Lords, but sadly this would not come to be.

Before their imprisonment, She-Who-Lives-In-Her-Name, the very titan that created Ouranos, willingly shattered three of the crystals that made up her being, the resulting destruction not only killed Ouranos, but his Exalted, and even destroyed the Spiral surrounding Creation. So great was the destruction that the Spiral, the Cosmic Exalted, and even Ouranos himself were erased from the timestream, never to have existed in the first place. Such a tragic fate for such mighty beings. However, that may soon change.

Hidden in the deepest parts of Creation, there exist countless beings tampering with powers and items beyond their understanding. Hidden in a cave a mad sorcerer has fashioned a mirror from the broken spheres of She-Who-Lives-In-Her-Name, planning to use it to unlock the hidden secrets of the past. Elsewhere, the renegade Sidereal, Rakan Thulio allies with the Forbidden Maiden Nyx to build an army of unstoppable warriors from erased timelines. And in the realm of death Dowager the deathlord peers into the Well of Fate, looking through countless alternate realities, searching for a way to ensure Creation's doom.

And these are just three examples of fools tampering with time and alternate dimensions. There are countless beings across Creation messing with the flow of time and the dimensions beyond for their own goals. Eventually, all of this meddling will result in the return of the Cosmic Exalted, plucked from both the flow of time and the many alternate realities in existence. And you are now one of these Exalted, pulled from wherever or whenever you were to Creation. Essentially, you are now a very big fish in a small pond, so here's some cosmic points to help you.

Welcome to the world of Exalted: Cosmic, a fan-made Exalted faction designed to be insanely overpowered. If you want to break the world of Creation over your knee then take these to ensure your place above all beings.

+1000 Cosmic Points (CP)

Location

Creation: You find yourself pulled from wherever or whenever you were originally from, and brought to the land of Creation. The Blessed Isles, the Scavenger Lands, the city of Gem, the Underworld, the Wylds, the entirety of Creation is waiting for you Exalted, so feel free to choose where you go.

Origins

Who were you before all of this?
Age and Gender can be chosen freely

Drop-In: You have no extra memories or past lives to mess with you. You're free to live your life however you see fit with nothing to stop you. Go freely out into the vast lands of Creation with the powers of the Cosmic Exalted.

Warrior: You were a mighty warrior even before you became a Cosmic Exalted, and now, you're a force of cosmic nature. The wrath of the stars made manifest, anyone who dares stand in your way will feel the full might of the cosmos.

Sage: Maybe you were the child of a god or the leader of a cult or just really charismatic, what matters is that people flocked to you for spiritual guidance and wisdom. With the powers of the cosmos at your disposal you command legions of loyal followers with just your words alone.

Mage: As a practitioner of magic you were unparalleled in the arts of the arcane, now as a Cosmic Exalted your magic has been elevated to a cosmic level. Beams of starlight, blades of solar light, shields of cosmic dust are just a tiny fraction of what you can now do.

Spy: Feared by agents and criminals alike you were a spy of great skill, able to infiltrate the most fortified bases and get out with ease. As a Cosmic Exalted you could simply walk into a secure base, rob the place blind, and walk back out without anyone being the wiser.

Genius: Some people excel in certain fields, showing their skill and expertise as one of the greatest minds. You on the other hand excelled in many fields. There was nothing you couldn't learn with enough time. As a Cosmic Exalted you master such fields with the same ease as blinking.

Castes

What caste are you a part of?

Supernova: The warriors and generals of the Cosmic Exalted their battles shake the stars themselves and they can command worlds upon worlds of soldiers with the ease of blinking. So great is their martial prowess that those who witness their power lose all morale and hope of ever defeating such a foe.

Pulsar: Those of this caste are idols of great worship and reverence, swaying the populations of countless worlds with just their words alone. When they speak the stars listen and obey, their words allowing them to bend reality itself to their whims.

Quasar: Sorcerers and engineers who use their magical skill and expertise to mold reality to suit their needs. They enjoy experimenting with their magic to create new and often dangerous creations. Such is their curiosity that they will gladly traverse the cosmos in search of new things to create.

Black Hole: Spymasters and assassins tasked with protecting the universe's balance from threats. They can infiltrate the most fortified bases in the galaxy with ease and kill an entire planet's worth of people without making a single sound.

Comet: Polymaths and geniuses of incredible renown, they use the knowledge and skills that they've acquired in their long life to achieve feats of reality-bending power, such as granting wishes to those who pray to them.

Perks

All perks are discounted for their respective origin and caste. 100cp perks are free and all other perks are 50% off. With the exception of the perks listed as free, all perks can be toggled.

General Perks

Free - Cosmic Exalted: *"I didn't ascend. I reminded the cosmos that it was built for me."*

You are no longer bound by the limits of lesser beings.
You are now a Cosmic Exalted, hand-picked by Ouranos, the Incarnae of the Spiral, to stand as one of the supreme sovereigns of the Spiral—a realm of both cosmic wonder and celestial horrors.

Where others crawl, you soar, where the Solar Exalted shine brightly, you blaze with the power of entire galaxies. You are to them what they are to mortals—a being of incomprehensible magnitude, the pinnacle of divine craftsmanship and cosmic potential. Even at your lowest ebb, you are an unstoppable colossus, capable of bringing Solar paragons to their knees with but a fraction of your power.

You do not merely wield essence—you are saturated in it, a living sun of boundless energy and divine might. Your reserves stretch beyond mortal comprehension, enabling you to perform acts that shake the heavens and tear the fabric of reality, not as miracles, but as expressions of your will.

At your command bursts forth your Anima—a radiant manifestation of your boundless essence and soul. It is no longer some passive glow or symbolic shimmer, it is a celestial truth made visible. Stars ignite at your back. Galaxies spin within your gaze. Black holes churn in your shadow. Whether in awe or terror, all who witness it know one thing:

You are not of their world. You are something far greater.

You are a **Cosmic Exalted**. The Spiral is your throne. And the cosmos itself is your inheritance.

Free - Cosmic Creation: *"Why settle for form when I can wear possibility?"*

Why should a being born to command the cosmos be bound to a single shape? You are the living embodiment of transcendence, and your form is as fluid as your will.

Your physical form is no longer a constant, but a canvas upon which your essence paints with limitless mastery. You can shift your body into any shape, size, or design you desire—towering titan, radiant star-being, ethereal wraith, or something no mind has yet conceived—all without pain, delay, or limitation.

Need wings of solar fire? Done. Desire a form made of living crystal? Instant. Wish to become a constellation given shape? Effortless. There is no transformation too vast, no detail too fine. Your body is yours to define, wholly and absolutely.

More importantly, you are inviolable.

No matter how mighty, clever, or divine your enemies may be, no one—mortal, exalted, or god—can alter your body, mind, or soul without your express permission. Every attempt to corrupt, control, transmute, or unravel you will fail, unraveling harmlessly against the sheer might of your cosmic sovereignty.

Your existence is yours alone. You are the master of your shape, your being, your destiny.
The universe may shift and bend, but you remain—unchained, untouchable, and ever-becoming.

Free - Longevity: *"Eternity isn't a gift. It's a stage—and I'm the headliner."*

As one born of the stars and chosen by Ouranos himself, your life is not measured in years, decades, or even millennia—but in the turning of galaxies.

You mature at the pace of mortals, reaching physical and mental adulthood at 21, but from that moment forward you exist on a cosmic timescale. Your natural lifespan is one full galactic rotation—approximately two hundred million years—and even this is but a baseline, not a limit.

Unlike the lesser beings who crumble beneath the weight of eternity, your mind remains sharp, vibrant, and untarnished, no matter how much time passes. You will never suffer from madness, stagnation, or the decaying grip of apathy that plagues other long-lived entities. Your thoughts will be as lucid in your hundred millionth year as they were in your first.

This monumental lifespan comes with a unique gift: the ability to act and perceive on both mortal and timeless scales. You could spend ten thousand years cultivating a single blossom, or observe a planet's entire evolutionary cycle from start to finish as one might watch a sunrise. No boredom, no fatigue—just infinite patience paired with eternal focus.

Free - Cosmically Charmed: *"My miracles don't break the rules. They rewrite them in my name."*

All Exalted draw power from Charms—techniques born of essence, refined through discipline, and unleashed to perform miracles. But as a Cosmic Exalted, your Charms operate on an entirely different tier. While others burn essence to leap great distances or strike faster than sight, your Charms burn essence to rewrite what "possible" means.

Your charms are so powerful they border on narrative-breaking. Move faster than light? That's basic. Cross the galaxy in a breath? Child's play. Reactively teleport behind anyone who dares to strike you? Of course. Shape entire worlds with your will? Naturally.
Each charm you possess is a cosmic command, a metaphysical cheat code that makes existence itself accommodate your whims.

You begin with a foundation of absurdly powerful charms, each designed to match your unique origin and nature. As you train, fight, and evolve, you'll unlock entire new branches of charms, with themes ranging from cosmic manipulation, dimensional traversal, timeline alteration, to absolute conceptual supremacy.

With time and experience, you'll develop the ability to forge your own charms, personalized expressions of your will, your story, and your soul. These homemade charms may operate on logic unknown to any other Exalt—charms that feed on paradox, charms that rewrite failure into success, or charms that bend causality backward just to see what happens.

Your charms seamlessly integrate with other powers, items, and enhancements. Want to combine a charm with your Starforged Hammer to ignore gravitational constraints, or fuse it with your Ring of Non-Existence to make attacks from nowhere and no one? You can.

Unlike standard charms which follow rigid martial or magical rules, yours grow unbound—guided by your experiences, desires, and choices. Every victory, every moment of reflection, every step you take under the stars unlocks new abilities to command.

Free/100cp - Auctoritas Monadis: *"You brought your best? How quaint. I brought inevitability."*

Deep within the cosmic weave, there exists a truth: where all forces clash, only the will of the Cosmic Exalted reigns supreme.

Auctoritas Monadis grants you a supreme, untouchable authority over all powers, skills, and abilities. No matter the strength, mastery, or esoteric complexity your foes wield, your own

powers will always supersede and overrule theirs. An attack capable of bypassing any defense, a mind honed by a thousand battles able to predict your every move, an eldritch spell crafted by forgotten gods capable of erasing targets from time itself—it matters not. Your power stands atop theirs like a sovereign above vassals.

In every confrontation, your skills evolve to counter and dominate, your abilities impose their superior reality, and your strength ensures that yours is the final law. It is not arrogance—it is inevitability. In your presence, the talents of others falter, their advantages crumble, and their hopes are smothered under the undeniable weight of your existence.

For you are the Cosmic Exalted, a creation of the embodiment of **Superiority**. And in the end, the cosmos itself will bow to your supremacy. For the duration of this jump this perk is free, but to take it with you on your journey will cost 100cp.

Free/100cp - Super Omnia: *"Perfection isn't a goal. It's my baseline."*

As a Cosmic Exalted, you are not merely skilled—you are the very embodiment of flawlessness itself. Where others must toil for mastery, you simply choose, and reality itself bends to your will.

Any skill you possess or set your mind to learn becomes instantly, absolutely perfected, without regard for circumstance, injury, or even the passage of time. A shattered body, a poisoned mind, the edge of death—none of it can taint your mastery. If you wished, you could perform Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata with hands broken and heart failing, each note still more beautiful than human senses were ever meant to perceive.

Your perfection is eternal. Skills once learned will never dull, never decay, even if centuries pass without practice. You could abandon the blade for millennia, only to return and wield it with the same flawless, devastating grace as if you had never stopped.

But the cosmos demands more from an Exalted such as yourself. Thus, you have transcended terrestrial limits entirely: you soar freely through the void, immune to the deathly hazards of space, needing no air, no sustenance, no warmth. Among the stars, you are a sovereign being, a flawless light in the endless dark.

You are not merely a master—you are the **Ideal Incarnate**. And before you, even the universe must yield. This perk is free for the duration of the jump but costs 100cp to keep.

Free/100cp - Cosmic Resonance: *"Give me a scrap of the stars, and I'll forge the impossible."*

In the world of Creation there exists many different magical metals and materials, each with their own unique properties. Each type of Exalted often finds themselves attuned to a certain type of material.

For the Lunars this is Moonsilver, Oricalchum for Solars, Starmetal for Sidereals, Jade for Dragonblooded, Soulsteel for Abyssals, and Adamant for the Alchemicals. Each Exalted attuned to these metals and as such able to use them to their fullest and in ways others cannot.

As a Cosmic Exalted, you are attuned to all types of magical materials, not just including the metals. As a result, you can use these materials with all the same ease as the Exalted that was attuned to them. Best of all, as a Cosmic Exalted, these materials you work with have their qualities enhanced to their absolute limit, ensuring that anything made with them is guaranteed to be the best quality possible.

To go even further, as a Cosmic Exalted you are attuned to your own unique metal known as Neutronium, the metal of the Cosmos. This metal is the best magical material in existence, allowing you to craft wonders and horrors the likes of which have never been seen. Even the gods would be jealous at the sight of your creations.

This perk is free for the duration of the jump but costs 100cp to keep.

50/100cp - Cosmic Beauty: *"The gods painted me with starlight—and wept at their own handiwork."*

As a Cosmic Exalted, your very form is sculpted from the dreams of divinity and starlight itself. You are the pinnacle of aesthetic perfection—a cosmic paragon of beauty that transcends race, culture, biology, and even the concept of attraction itself. Your presence is awe-inspiring; beings across galaxies pause in stunned reverence at the mere glimpse of you.

Your skin gleams as though kissed by the auroras of dying stars. Your eyes shimmer with nebulae and ancient galaxies. No blemish will ever mark you—no filth will cling, no sweat will tarnish your scent, no exhaustion will mar your posture. Even after walking through battlefields drenched in ruin, you will emerge as if untouched by hardship, radiant and sublime.

Those who gaze upon you feel their hatred and rage drain away, replaced with admiration, yearning, or stunned silence. Even your enemies will hesitate to strike. Your beauty is a passive charm effect so potent that divine guardians may lower their weapons, tyrants may offer you their throne, and entire crowds might kneel without realizing why.

Enhanced (Requires 50cp version, 100cp Total)

You are no longer just beautiful—you are the standard by which beauty is now measured across all of creation. Even other Cosmic Exalted—beings of untold majesty—find themselves entranced, their thoughts derailed and their purpose shaken by a glance in your direction. You stand as an apex of cosmic allure, effortlessly commanding attention from deities, demons, stars, and concepts alike.

Even creatures that were once incapable of understanding beauty—automatons, eldritch horrors, abstract personifications, conceptual entities, beings without form or emotion—now feel drawn to you, reshaped by the sheer force of your perfection. Their incomprehensible minds generate new emotions just to worship you.

You can now do things that defy logic simply because of how mesmerizing you are. Eat a god's last fruit? They'll thank you for blessing it with your lips. Crash a spaceship into the palace of an intergalactic emperor? They'll invite you to do it again tomorrow. Reality itself turns a blind eye to your transgressions, for you are too breathtaking to blame.

You are not just admired.
You are worshiped.

50/100cp - Cosmic Lover: *"He whispered a single word… and the stars blushed."*

You are more than charismatic—you are irresistible. With a glance, a smile, a gentle touch, you can melt the hearts of the coldest killers, stir the desire of immortal queens, and make even the most stoic of beings find themselves entranced. You don't merely flirt—you resonate with your target's deepest wants, speaking the language of their soul in ways that even they struggle to articulate.

Your talent in love is not limited to mere seduction. In the art of intimacy, you are a maestro beyond compare. Your skill leaves even gods breathless, and creatures of desire—succubi, love goddesses, beings born from passion itself—are humbled by your prowess. Your very aura exudes magnetic warmth, drawing others in like celestial gravity, and yet never overwhelming them, only offering solace, safety, and sublime connection.

Better still, your lovers find not rivalry, but harmony in each other. Be it a passionate duo or an interstellar harem of divine partners, your relationships are stable, loving, and deeply fulfilling. You understand every nuance of their hearts, and through that understanding, deepen every bond, forging something eternal.

Enhanced (Requires 50cp version, 100cp Total)

Your mastery of love transcends flesh, form, and even existence itself. You may now seduce and entwine with concepts—Time, Death, the Void, Gravity, Entropy, Dreams. Your charm and skill are now conceptual in nature, allowing you to form meaningful, intimate bonds with the fundamental forces of reality. Time may pause to spend a quiet moment with you. Death may hesitate to take you, entranced by your presence. Even Space may draw closer, yearning to collapse the distance between you.

You are not merely a cosmic casanova.
You are the lover of eternity.

100/200cp - The Infinite Web: *"Even the stars do not move freely—they dance to a rhythm I wrote eons ago."*

You are no mere schemer. You are the spider at the heart of the Spiral, weaving networks of influence, manipulation, and foresight so intricate that reality itself becomes ensnared.

At the base level, you possess a genius for scheming that defies mortal comprehension—every conversation, gesture, alliance, or silence carries layers of hidden meaning. You do not simply manipulate people; you guide the flow of entire civilizations, ideologies, and belief systems without ever revealing your hand unless you choose to.

Your plans exist on multiple levels of reality: political, spiritual, emotional, military, and economic—all woven into a synchronized whole. Your enemies may believe they've won, only to realize their victory was a stage you constructed to reveal their true weakness. Allies may think they are guiding you, never realizing they are dancing to a tune you composed lifetimes ago.

You can coordinate secret plots across galaxies without ever lifting a finger. You can turn armies with a whisper, collapse economies with a rumor, and convince cosmic forces that your will was their idea all along. Even those with powers of absolute truth or divine insight will be baffled—unable to distinguish deception from destiny.

And most terrifying of all? This is natural to you. Not learned. Not practiced. Intrigue is your native language, your soul's first music.

Enhanced (Requires 100cp version, 200cp Total)
Your manipulations now extend into causal structure itself—your schemes don't just affect people or systems; they subtly reroute entire chains of consequences. You can plant seeds whose ripple effects span centuries, maneuvering events with such grace that even chance begins to conform to your will.

Infiltration? You won't need to sneak in—you'll have already arranged the guards' loyalties. Assassination? Your target may believe it was their own idea to step into the blade. Global revolution? It starts with a glance you gave to a beggar three years ago.

You no longer plan around obstacles.
You build the landscape your enemies will fail inside.

100cp - Trivial Opposition: *"If I don't know your name, it's because you never mattered."*

As a Cosmic Exalted you stand leagues above all beings, even the mightiest of Solar Exalted is nothing but a child to you. As such, you have no time or patience to engage with those beneath you. The faceless, nameless beings throughout the cosmos are unable to harm you no matter what method is used.

No-name characters and mooks will be a non-threat to you, incapable of harming you in any way. In contrast, those of actual importance, like protagonists and antagonists and their close allies will be able to harm you. The greater their role and influence, the greater the threat they pose. Their power is not increased by this perk, but they are not dismissed as easily as the rest. Legendary champions, galactic heroes, and cosmic forces will be the only threats to you, anything less will mean nothing.

200cp - COSMIC Mode: *"Every atom of my being sings in starlight. Let the symphony begin."*

You are no longer bound by mundane interpretations of your powers. With Cosmic Mode, you awaken the stellar power held deep within, reshaping every one of your abilities into a manifestation of the cosmos itself. Your talents no longer draw from the earth, but from the stars, nebulae, and black holes that dance through the void.

Your flames no longer burn—they ignite with the fury of suns, turning even the strongest defenses into stardust. Winds become cosmic gales, as sharp and unstoppable as solar flares. Earth magic gives birth to orbiting planetoids, each a miniature world of mass and momentum. Water magic becomes liquid starlight, capable of cleansing or erasing entire planets.

Whatever your art, whatever your craft, Cosmic Mode infuses it with celestial might, turning every spell, ability, and skill into something worthy of legend among galaxies. You are no longer simply powerful, you are the will of the universe given form.

300cp - SPIRAL Mode: *"In space, I don't need permission to be limitless."*

As a **Cosmic Exalted**, you were never meant to remain shackled to the soil of mortal worlds. Your true nature calls to the endless tapestry of the cosmos, and only among the stars can your full majesty be unleashed.

When you ascend into the void of space, the shackles fall away. Your powers, abilities, and techniques are not merely enhanced—they are magnified to cosmic proportions. The might of entire civilizations, once a potential threat, now crumbles before you like dust before a supernova. You become a force of nature among the stars, a living embodiment of celestial dominance.

However, such glory cannot be borne upon the earth. While bound to a planet's surface, this overwhelming cosmic power lies dormant, waiting for the call of the stars to awaken once more.

Only in the vast, infinite heavens does your Spiral Mode roar to life, a testament to your birthright among the stars.

400cp - True Might of the Cosmos: *"I was never meant to be caged by gravity or gods."*

The only limitation that the Cosmic Exalted had was that their full power was restrained while on a planet, denying the Cosmics the full totality of their power. Only in the vastness of space can the true might of a Cosmic Exalted be awakened.

Due being stuck on Creation, your once limitless power has now been shackled, preventing you from unleashing the full might of the Cosmic Exalted upon the world. But with this perk that will change. From now on the very energies of the cosmos themselves flow through your body, allowing you to act as if you're in the depths of space even when on a planet, giving you access to your full power.

Your body, your soul, your very essence becomes a conduit for cosmic power untamed. No barrier, no artificial limiter, no divine restraint can shackle your strength. You are an unbound force, limitless and eternal.

500cp - Beyond the Great Curse: *"The curse failed to touch me because I am not a mistake."*

When the world was shackled by divine wrath and the Great Curse seeped into the soul of every Exalted, sowing madness, pride, and ruin, your kind stood apart—untouched, unbroken, and unsullied. Whether through the sheer supremacy of your Cosmic nature or because your kind was obliterated before the Curse could take root, you are forever beyond its reach.

You are a singular flame in a storm of shadow, a sovereign spirit immune to the toxic fate that twists your peers. While even the mighty Solars must grapple with the Curse gnawing at their greatness, you rise above—free in mind, untainted in soul. No curse, no divine spite, no hex of

malice shall take root within you, save for the most apocalyptic of damnations—and even then, their power will falter against your transcendent will.

Yet your gift does not end with yourself. With time, wisdom, and determination, you may extend this salvation to others. You may choose to become a liberator, purging the Curse from your fellow Exalted—restoring their clarity, their dignity, their unburdened might. Or you may remain solitary in your divine exemption, a lone paragon of cosmic clarity. The power is yours. The freedom is yours. The legacy you shape with it... is legendary.

600cp - Ouranos' Heir: *"I don't follow in his footsteps. I walk a path only I can forge."*

When the first Cosmic Exalted were shaped in the forge of eternity, it was you who emerged as the apex—the masterpiece upon which even the stars dare not cast their shadow.

You are not merely a Cosmic Exalted—you are the Heir of Ouranos, the celestial sovereign who first breathed divinity into the void. Every trait that defines your kind—your might, wisdom, and majesty—has been magnified beyond all reason within you. To other Cosmic Exalted, you are what they are to lesser beings: an unreachable summit of power and purpose. You are legend made flesh.

But your true inheritance is the very thing that made your creator so mighty: the concept of **Superiority**—not arrogance, but inevitability. Against any rival, be they god, force, or myth, you do not falter. Instead, you ascend. The greater their skill, power, or brilliance, the faster you rise. Your growth becomes exponential, unstoppable, destined. You do not compete—you conquer. No matter who or what you face, you will surpass them utterly, for that is your cosmic birthright.

You are the will of Ouranos made manifest. The throne of the stars awaits.

Let the cosmos remember your name—and kneel.

Capstone Booster.

Drop-In

100cp - I Am Me: *"I am not defined by my power. My will, my heart, my soul—they are mine alone."*

As a Cosmic Exalted, your journey will take you to heights undreamed of—where stars crumble at your touch and entire realities bend beneath your gaze. But in the face of such transcendent power, many would lose themselves… forget who they were… become a vessel for the will of the cosmos rather than their own.

But not you.

No matter how vast your power becomes, you remain you. Whether you grow wings of divine flame, walk with the stride of titans, or cloak yourself in voidlight, your core—your identity—remains unshaken. No corruption, no possession, no forced transformation or soul-forging ritual can ever change who you are at your center. Only you can decide to change… and even then, you do so on your terms.

This immense self-mastery grants you unparalleled self-control, allowing you to resist madness, deny forced mental influence, and maintain composure even when wielding destructive power that could sunder worlds. You are not a beast driven by hunger, nor a god consumed by ego—you are you, first and always.

Your soul is your anchor. Your identity, your foundation. And through all things—you will never forget who you are.

200cp - The Blank Beyond: *"I am not lost in the weave. I am the hole they can't stitch closed."*

You are a void in the weave of destiny—a gap in the script of reality itself. No fate can chart your path, no prophecy can predict your steps, no divine narrative can hold your name. You are the anomaly the cosmos cannot touch, a sovereign soul untethered from the chains of causality, karma, and cosmic design.

Where others are bound by the weight of written fate, by divine roles, reincarnated cycles, and prophetic destinies, you walk free. The universe no longer sees you as a piece on its board—it doesn't even know what game you're playing. Attempts to manipulate your future fail. Efforts to twist your past shatter. Even reality-warping forces that rewrite others to fit a narrative simply pass over you like wind against a mountain.

You are unwritten, and thus unlimited.

And with every step you take off the expected path, you carve a legacy that is yours alone—wild, untamed, and utterly free.

400cp - Rejection of the Narrative: *"I am the plot twist they were never prepared for."*

As a Cosmic Exalted, you are no longer beholden to the boundaries of fate, prophecy, or authorial decree. You exist beyond genre. Beyond trope. Beyond the sacred, unspoken laws that govern the fabric of a world's story.

You reject the narrative. Utterly.

In settings where ancient rules state that light and darkness cannot coexist—you blend them effortlessly, forging radiant shadows and illuminating void. If a world says that elemental forces demand the favor of spirits, you scoff and command them as your birthright. Any rule, any restriction, any decree of "this is simply how things are"—you look it in the eye and say, “Not for me.”

More than just a narrative breaker, you are a story slayer. Plot armor, protagonist privilege, chosen-one immunity? All of it crumbles in your presence. You may now permanently kill those deemed "too important to die," overwrite prophecy with your own will, and unravel plotlines by your mere refusal to participate in them.

This is not immunity to consequence. You are not unseen by the cosmos for these acts—but you are unshackled. You do not avoid the story’s attention. You force it to revolve around you, warping canon by sheer defiance.

You are the Exalted Outlier. The living contradiction. The narrative anomaly.
And in your presence, the impossible becomes inevitable.

600cp - Power of the Spiral: *“What they strive to be, I already embody.”*

You are the living embodiment of cosmic progression—an ever-ascending force of growth that mirrors the eternal expansion of the Spiral itself. With every motion, every breath, every battle, and every moment of existence, you evolve. Relentlessly. Unstoppably.

Where others train for centuries to gain inches, you take steps that span light-years. Your power, skill, and potential do not merely increase—they accelerate, compounding upon each success, each struggle, each heartbeat. Even failure cannot halt you—it is merely fuel for your next ascent.

You grow not linearly, but exponentially, an endless upward spiral of mastery and might. The more effort you put into self-betterment, the more the cosmos answers, rewarding you with leaps in strength, insight, and capability. In time, should you continue this climb, even Ouranos—the god who forged superiority itself—may one day look up to you.

This is not evolution.
This is transcendence without end.
You are the Spiral’s echo… and the future’s crescendo.

Capstone Boosted: You are no longer merely a force of progress—you are its pinnacle, its architect, its ultimate expression. Where Power of the Spiral allows you to grow without end, this transforms you into the singularity at the heart of that growth: the place where all potential converges, explodes, and reshapes reality itself.

Your every action no longer just improves you—it redefines what improvement means. With every breath you become stronger not just than you were before, but stronger than what even should be possible. Barriers such as "limit," "plateau," or "peak potential" disintegrate in your presence. The act of being you is enough to challenge the laws of cosmic advancement.

Time itself bends to accommodate your rise. What would take others eons to master, you transcend in heartbeats. What would take entire universes to contain, you outgrow with a thought. Your evolution no longer requires effort—it is automatic, unstoppable, and inevitable.

And when you choose to focus—to truly dedicate yourself to evolving a skill, power, or concept—you don't merely perfect it. You rewrite its definition across reality, establishing a new cosmic standard for what it can be. Your mastery becomes the source code of excellence.

Even Ouranos, the embodiment of superiority, becomes not your benchmark—but your origin point. You are no longer destined to surpass him. You already have. And what comes after superiority?

Only you will know. Only you will define it.

You are not rising through the Spiral. You are becoming it.

Warrior

100cp - Peerless Warrior of the Spiral: *"Combat isn't something I learned. It's something I perfected before they invented pain."*

You are a living embodiment of cosmic combat, a master of the fabled Spiral Martial Arts—a discipline so transcendent that even the mighty Sidereal Martial Arts pale in comparison. Forged in the heart of the Spiral and inspired by the vast phenomena of the universe itself, these martial techniques defy the limits of flesh, essence, and reality.

Your every motion channels the power of celestial wonders. You grapple with the relentless pull of black holes, break guards with the violent death of stars, and flow like solar winds through your foe's attacks. Each stance and movement is a reflection of cosmic might—graceful, devastating, and eternal.

More than a master, you are an innovator. You absorb fighting styles and techniques as easily as breathing, weaving them into your Spiral form and refining them into something greater. A thousand arts become one under your command, continuously evolving, reshaping, and ascending toward martial perfection.

To face you is to be caught in the dance of galaxies—beautiful, inexorable, and utterly unstoppable. You are not just a warrior. You are the Spiral's final answer to combat.

200cp - Celestial Trainer: *"I don't teach lessons—I awaken legends."*

You are the spark that ignites legends, whose very presence can mold mortals into myths and elevate champions into gods of war.

With a single glance, you perceive the dormant greatness within any being, no matter their form, origin, or limitations. From ancient dragons to newborn mortals, machine minds to spirits of starlight—none are beyond your reach. You instinctively understand the perfect path to unlock their true potential, tailoring regimens that push body, mind, and soul beyond their natural limits.

Under your guidance, warriors rise faster than thought possible. In mere weeks, they achieve what would normally take lifetimes—sharpening their will, refining their power, mastering their style. They don't just become stronger; they become the best version of themselves, reforged in your cosmic crucible.

And this gift extends inward, too. When you turn your boundless insight upon yourself, you evolve at a staggering pace. You always know the next step forward—what to learn, how to grow, and where to strike to ascend. No obstacle remains for long, because your path of progress is clear, focused, and unstoppable.

You are not merely a trainer. You are a forge of champions, a sculptor of legends, a being who creates gods of war from raw potential. Under your tutelage, the cosmos shall tremble not at your power alone—but at the army of greatness you leave in your wake.

400cp - Defiance of the Stars: *"The will of stars fades before mine, like mist before sunrise."*

When the gods whisper commands into the minds of mortals, when ancient evils seek to seize control, when the universe itself demands obedience—you are the defiant spark that refuses to kneel.

Your will is a monolith, unbreakable and eternal. No force—be it divine compulsion, infernal temptation, insidious mind control, soul-shattering torture, or even the most honeyed words of seduction—can bend you. You do not flinch. You do not falter. Your spirit burns too brightly, too purely, for chains of any kind to take hold.

But this defiance is not merely a shield. It is your weapon.

When all seems lost, when the weight of the cosmos bears down upon your shoulders, you rise—unchained and unbroken. You can tap into the boundless strength of your indomitable soul, unleashing a surge of overwhelming power that lets you stand when others fall, triumph when hope is dead, and roar back into the void with unrelenting fury.

Even the stars must pause. Even fate itself hesitates.

For when the cosmos commands you to submit, to kneel, to move—

You plant your feet. You raise your head. And you say: **No. You move.**

600cp - Conqueror of the Cosmos: *"Their hearts bowed before their knees ever touched ground."*

You are not merely a warrior. You are not merely a ruler.
You are the will of conquest given form—the storm that breaks empires, the shadow that looms over thrones, the name whispered in awe and terror across galaxies.

With this power, all who fall before your might do not simply lie in defeat—they rise again as your devoted vassals, their pride forged anew in the furnace of your dominance. Your presence commands not just obedience, but fervor, as those you conquer become your fiercest champions, loyal beyond death, singing your name as gospel.

You are a titan of leadership, able to direct the chaos of war with effortless clarity. Vast armies move like extensions of your will, kingdoms align with your vision as though preordained, and warlords kneel not from fear—but because they believe in you.

An aura of pure, undeniable supremacy radiates from your being. The weak-willed collapse in reverent submission at a glance, their resistance extinguished before it ever sparks. Even the proud and strong feel it—a gravitational pull around you that makes kings hesitate, gods falter, and legends bow.

You are not merely a conqueror.

You are the banner beneath which the stars march.
The throne upon which destiny kneels.
The cosmos will not be inherited. It will be claimed.

Capstone Boosted: You are no longer a conqueror—you are domination incarnate, the celestial sovereign before whom even time and fate must kneel. Where others forge empires, you forge civilizations. Where others rule with charisma or force, you rule with the gravity of inevitability. The Spiral remembers your name. Reality learns to speak it in reverence.

All who witness your might feel their wills falter, not through terror, but from an overwhelming sense of destiny. You are not just meant to rule—you already do, whether others accept it or not. Your aura of dominance has ascended into a force of cosmic law: entire crowds fall silent as you enter, armies lose the will to resist, and even the divine tread carefully in your presence.

Those you defeat do not merely become followers—they are reborn as paragons, empowered by your cause, their flaws refined and their strengths amplified under your command. Loyalty to you transcends mortal bonds—it becomes a binding principle of their very soul. Betrayal becomes unthinkable, and your will echoes within them even across dimensions.

Your command now extends across realities. You can sway the hearts of entire worlds with a gesture, command galaxies to rise in your name, and bend civilizations to your ideal future. You do not simply lead armies—you create golden ages, your strategies turning rebellion into loyalty, chaos into order, despair into glory.

You no longer conquer the cosmos.
You are the keystone of its order. The cosmic sovereign. The flame of unity that will never die.

Wherever power dwells, it knows you.
Wherever dreams of greatness rise, they echo your legacy.

Sage

100cp - Wisdom of the Cosmos: *"The stars speak, and I listen. The galaxies turn, and I understand."*

From the moment of your awakening as a Cosmic Exalted, the universe itself has whispered its secrets to you. Not as words or visions—but as truths, woven into the very fabric of existence. You possess a natural connection to the cosmos, one that transcends mortal comprehension and rivals that of the divine.

With this connection comes an unparalleled wisdom. You can perceive the intricate web of bonds, destinies, and forces that hold creation together—be it the silent tether between twin stars, the karmic chain binding souls across lifetimes, or the unseen threads linking gods and mortals. You grasp both the infinite vastness of galaxies and the minute spark within a single soul, and you can navigate both with ease.

This isn't just knowledge—it's insight. You speak, and even deities listen. Your words carry the weight of cosmic understanding, allowing you to offer guidance, clarity, and profound counsel to anyone, from broken wanderers to celestial emperors. You're the voice of reason in chaos, the lighthouse in the storm, and the quiet truth that turns the tide.

You are not merely wise. You are the living embodiment of cosmic understanding. And when you speak, the cosmos nods in agreement.

200cp - Ancient Beyond Measure: *"I have seen the rise and ruin of truths your gods still fear to learn."*

Though your rise to power as a Cosmic Exalted may seem recent, your soul carries the weight of countless millennia. You now possess the knowledge, experience, and insight of a being who has watched galaxies form, civilizations rise and fall, and stars flare into being only to wither into blackened husks. It is not merely that you understand the cosmos—you feel as if you've always been part of it.

This simulated eternity of experience grants you unparalleled perspective, enabling you to grasp ancient truths, forgotten philosophies, and secrets even the gods struggle to recall. You speak with the calm certainty of one who has seen the consequences of mortal arrogance and divine folly alike.

Because of this, even the most venerable and ancient beings recognize something of themselves in you. They offer you respect, even reverence—not merely for your power, but for your presence, as if you are a peer who has walked through epochs beside them. Time itself seems to regard you as a natural part of its flow.

Even more, time favors you. As the years pass, you will not weaken as mortals do. You will only grow stronger, wiser, and more refined. Your skills, knowledge, power, and understanding all mature as if forged by millennia of disciplined mastery—regardless of how little time has truly passed.

You are the Ancient Made New, a timeless sovereign in a world of fleeting moments. And eternity... is only the beginning.

400cp - Echoes of Every Age: *"Every version of me had a solution. I just picked the one with the best ending."*

Across the endless spirals of time and possibility, you have lived countless lives—as kings and beggars, warriors and scholars, gods and monsters. And now, you hear them all. The voices of your other selves—each forged in different timelines, each shaped by unique triumphs and tragedies—whisper into your soul, gifting you the cumulative knowledge of entire multiversal lifetimes.

At will, you may call upon this chorus of echoes—tapping into their memories, their lessons, their honed skills. A general who won a thousand wars. A mage who unraveled the language of stars. A thief who stole fate itself. All of them are you, and all of them now stand behind you, ready to advise and empower.

Whether you're solving the riddle of a dying star, negotiating with beings beyond time, or planning your next impossible move, your decisions are flawless, guided by the merged intelligence of your infinite reflections. Your instincts become prophetic. Your strategies, absolute.

You are the sum of all your possible selves.
A singularity of wisdom. A nexus of every you that could ever be.

600cp – The Infinite Witness: *"The Spiral shows me every thread—and I pull only the ones worth weaving."*

You are the culmination of infinite wisdom—cosmic, ancient, and multiversal. Where once your gaze sought to understand, it now sees with absolute comprehension. The Spiral, in all its layered complexity, opens itself to you—not in fragments, but in totality.

Wherever your attention falls, the essence of existence unveils itself. You perceive the complete metaphysical structure of all things—not just what they are, but how they came to be, why they function as they do, and what they are connected to. You see their past, their purpose, their hidden flaws and strengths, their unrealized potential, and the consequences of their current path. From the soul of a single child to the governing logic of divine systems or conceptual laws, all is made transparent.

And with that understanding, you gain perfect access to reshape it. You may alter the emotional weight behind a culture, rewrite the metaphysical blueprint of a failing world, adjust the core

principle of a divine being, or reweave the narrative structure of a forgotten ideal. These changes are not limited to the physical—they strike at the very purpose and potential of their targets.

But this vision does not demand action. It offers possibility. You are never compelled to transform what you see. The Spiral waits for your decision, and nothing changes unless you will it so. You act only with full intention and clarity. Insight offers you the door; you alone decide whether to walk through it.

You are no longer simply a seeker of truth. You are its sovereign—given full access to the inner workings of creation, and the power to restore, elevate, or reimagine anything within it. All of reality presents itself to you not for judgment, but for stewardship.

Capstone Boosted: Your vision now deepens beyond structure. When you observe a person, a realm, a philosophy, or even a single idea, you see not just what it is, but everything it could ever become. You perceive every iteration of its existence—its history, its potential futures, its purified forms, its most broken states, the versions it was never allowed to grow into, and even the shapes it should never take.

These forms are not guesses or dreams. They are real possibilities, layered over the present like hidden reflections. And you, in your mastery, may reach into that lattice and shape reality as you see fit.

You may raise a fallen city into the utopia it once dreamed of becoming. You may call forth a version of a soul who overcame their flaws, or bring back a divine title lost to history by restoring its rightful shape. You may merge or split paths, align concepts to their brightest resonance, or extract only a single spark of unrealized purpose and place it gently into the world.

But none of this happens without your will. There is no passive transformation, no uncontrolled cascade of changes. You choose what evolves. You choose when, and how. The Spiral answers to your understanding, but only moves when you command it.

You are the Sage who sees all truths—but acts only on the ones that deserve to be real. You are not a god of change, nor a force of destiny. You are the master of possibility. And through your eyes, the Spiral learns not just what it is… but what it has the potential to become.

Mage

100cp - Mage of the Fourth Circle: *"Each spell I speak becomes a psalm of reality."*

You are a true Archmage of the Cosmos, a master of the fabled Fourth Circle of Sorcery—a tier of magic so far beyond mortal comprehension that only the Cosmic Exalted can hope to wield it. This is not simply magic. This is divine will made manifest, the raw formulae of the Spiral itself, bent to your command.

With Fourth Circle Sorcery, your spells are acts of celestial authority. You can summon astral dragon-gods whose breath can vaporize continents, rewrite causality to subtly or drastically alter events in the past, or speak with the unified mind of an entire dimension, addressing its people, gods, and even its elemental forces as one.

The scale, precision, and creativity of your spells are limited only by your imagination and anima. You can conjure cosmic-scale barriers that seal away starborn horrors, unravel curses that would take several gods lifetimes to decipher, and weave impossible spells directly from the threads of reality itself.

You don't cast spells. You write new laws into the nature of existence.

And the cosmos listens.

200cp - Cosmic Artificer: *"Each creation I birth is a memory the universe didn't know it missed."*

You are the master smith of stars and sorcery, a Cosmic Artificer whose creations blur the line between divine craftsmanship and impossible dreams. With your mastery over magic and matter, you can forge artifacts so potent, even the gods would bargain kingdoms for a glimpse—and tremble at the thought of your full arsenal.

There is no forge you require but your will, no tools but your essence. You can craft blades that sever dimensions, armor that endures supernovae, rings that reshape gravity, or even living beings imbued with soul and purpose—golems of starlight, beasts of swirling nebulae, or guardians forged from dying suns.

Your mind is your workshop and your anima your resource, limited only by your imagination, creativity, and vision. You understand the language of reality's framework and can imbue your creations with laws of their own—giving them personalities, enchantments, and purpose at a scale few can comprehend.

What others call impossible, you call a blueprint. You don't just build. You invent wonders that reshape the cosmos.

400cp - Celestial Explorer: *"Each mystery I uncovered was simply waiting for the right listener."*

To be Cosmic Exalted is to rise above boundaries—of worlds, of stars, of fate. But you, more than most, bear the sacred calling of the Seeker, the Cartographer of the Unknown, the one who dares to go where even time itself grows thin.

You are the great explorer of the impossible, blessed with a sixth sense for the forgotten, the forbidden, and the unimaginable. You can chart safe passage through non-Euclidean labyrinths where geometry bleeds, navigate the shifting corridors of multi-dimensional temples that rearrange themselves by thought alone, and recover treasure from ghost-ships lost between the folds of time. Where others would be lost forever, you move with purpose—as if the stars themselves lean closer, whispering secrets into your ear.

No mystery is too dense, no ruin too ancient, no trap too complex. Your instincts are honed to perfection, allowing you to decipher alien languages, bypass recursive defenses, and perceive reality-warping riddles for what they truly are. You feel the pull of ancient relics and long-lost treasures in your soul, allowing you to track down cosmic artifacts of immeasurable power with uncanny precision.

Whether it be a weapon forged before the dawn of time, a crown once worn by a star-born god, or the key to unlocking a sealed dimension, you will find it. Not even reality itself can hide its treasures from your gaze.

You are the trailblazer of the transcendent, the forbidden path-walker, the one who marks the maps where none yet exist. And the cosmos... is your treasure vault.

600cp - Seeker of Forbidden Knowledge: *"When the cosmos needs a new heresy, it waits for me to speak."*

As a Cosmic Exalted, your path was never meant to follow the light. You walk the edge of stars and shadows, seeking out truths buried beneath aeons of silence, and scouring forgotten corners of the multiverse where even gods avert their gaze.

You are the Seeker of Forbidden Knowledge—the one who does not flinch when the ancient seals crack, when whispers echo from books bound in flesh and time. While lesser minds would break or burn from a single passage, you understand, effortlessly translating the eldritch scripts of dying star-lords, comprehending the spellwork of dead realities, and mastering magics so destructive they were locked away by cosmic consensus.

To you, no secret is too sacred, no truth too terrible. You can absorb and integrate any arcane formula, lost language, forbidden ritual, or metaphysical equation into your arsenal with ease. The curses that normally accompany such knowledge—madness, corruption, possession, temporal decay, soul fragmentation—are meaningless to you. They slide off your essence like water on obsidian. Your mind is a fortress, your soul a blazing star, your body a vessel too divine for lesser forces to touch.

Even the knowledge meant for Great Old Ones, primal Void-beings, or Titans of a dead age is within your grasp. And as you delve deeper, the cosmos watches in silence, unable to decide whether to worship you or fear you.

You are no longer just a traveler or a champion.
You are the one who knows what should never be known—and you are not afraid.

Capstone Boosted: You are no longer merely a Seeker. You are now a living archive of the impossible, a cosmic anomaly that even the void struggles to define. Every fragment of forbidden knowledge, every sealed spell, every erased truth that should not exist has found a home within you—not as words on a page or runes in a grimoire, but as truths etched into your soul.

This is the path of the Forbidden Ascendant.

You no longer require tomes, relics, or temples to uncover lost knowledge—it finds you. Even as it forms, even as the cosmos tries to hide it away, the most ancient and arcane truths bend and warp reality itself to present themselves before your gaze. Time, space, memory, and meaning become malleable in your presence—for knowledge cannot be hidden from you.

And when you learn something? You don't just understand it. You perfect it, refine it, and elevate it to heights even its creators couldn’t have imagined. Spells forbidden for their destructive power now bow to your will and serve as the foundation for miracles. Curses once thought unstoppable dissolve with a glance. The minds of outer gods shudder when your name is spoken, and mad prophets fall silent, knowing they are no longer the sole bearers of unholy truth.

You gain the ability to create forbidden knowledge, crafting your own heretical arts, lost sciences, and world-warping magic from pure conceptual force. And what’s more—any consequences meant to punish such seekers are now reversed: curses empower you, madness clarifies your thoughts, corruption strengthens your soul, and divine prohibitions shatter in your presence.

You are the Unsealed One.

The Librarian of the Unwritten.
The Word That Should Not Be Spoken—But Is.
Even the stars blink in confusion when you pass.

You are not feared because you hold forbidden knowledge.
You are feared because now, you are one of the forbidden.

Spy

100cp - Exalted of Many Faces: *"No face is ever real. Only the effect remains."*

You are the shapeless shadow, the whispered name, the face in the crowd no one remembers—until you choose to be unforgettable.

As the Exalted of Many Faces, you possess flawless mastery over disguise and infiltration, not as a tool, but as an art form woven into your very soul. With but a thought, you may assume any form—mortal or divine, beast or machine, concept or cosmic echo. Your transformations are not illusions; they are flawless realities, down to fingerprints, memories, and the weight of presence.

Wherever you step, you become of that world. Be it a peasant village lost in time or a golden court of gods, your words, mannerisms, and knowledge weave seamlessly into your surroundings, as though you had always belonged. No spell, no scrutiny, no divine sight can pierce your masquerade unless you allow it.

You do not merely wear disguises—you become identities. Personas you create are so compelling, so deeply woven into the fabric of the world, that even fate itself accepts them. Kings have mourned you. Enemies have sworn loyalty to you. Lovers have died never knowing your true name.

You are the thousand-faced phantom, the unseen puppetmaster, the mask that shapes empires.
And in the end, you are the only one who knows who you truly are—if you even remember.

200cp - What's Yours is Mine: *"Even destiny loses track of what was taken."*

You are not simply a thief—you are the myth they whisper about in hushed tones, the phantom that no vault, no seal, no divine ward can hold back. You are the impossibility incarnate, the master of heists whose ambition knows no boundaries.

With flawless instinct and supernatural skill, you can infiltrate the most secure realms in existence—from the private sanctums of jealous gods to the armories of deathlords, to the

mind-palaces of ancient dragons. No trap, curse, guardian, or time-warped lock can bar your path for long. You steal what cannot be stolen, take what was never meant to be touched, and vanish without a trace—before reality itself even realizes what it's lost.

But what truly sets you apart is your cosmic claim: anything you steal becomes yours, in soul and essence. Cursed blades that reject all but their true master now sing only for your hand. Living fortresses recognize your heartbeat as their own. Even abstract concepts—titles, legacies, or destinies—can be yours if you have the skill (and daring) to take them.

If a kingdom is too well-guarded to conquer?
Steal the crown. Steal the throne. Steal the loyalty of its people.

You are the silent storm in the night, the grandmaster of the impossible theft, the cosmic kleptomancer.

And in your hands, all things eventually become yours.

400cp - Ghost in the Cosmos: *"The silence left behind is more complete than death."*

You are more than a shadow—you are the void that shadows fear. Across all realms—material, magical, technological, spiritual, and divine—your touch leaves no mark, your breath leaves no trace, and your presence is as invisible as the silence between stars.

Whenever you act—whether it's an assassination in a celestial court, the theft of an artifact hidden within the heart of a sun, or a whisper that alters the fate of empires—no trail is left behind. Not a speck of DNA, not a magical residue, not the faintest psychic ripple. No enchantment, no surveillance system, no prophetic vision can trace your hand. Not even the gods, armed with all their omniscience and wrath, can say for certain that you were ever there.

You exist in a space between perception and reality. You are a myth in motion, a phantom written out of fate itself. Unless you choose otherwise—unless you want your name to echo—no one will know.

You are the perfect unseen force.
The silent will of the cosmos made manifest.

600cp - The Grand Erasure: *"There is no aftermath. Only reversion to a world that never knew them."*

You are the harbinger of oblivion—not merely of flesh, but of memory, meaning, and legacy. With a single act of will upon the death of your chosen target, you can sever them not just from life, but from history itself.

Their name becomes a whisper that never was. Their deeds, victories, crimes, and creations dissolve like sand in a cosmic tide. No memory will remain—not in minds, not in dreams, not in the most sacred texts or indestructible vaults of data. The universe forgets them.

Their place in the timeline is overwritten, their triumphs inherited by others—or claimed by you, if you so choose. To the cosmos, it will be as if you felled that god, you forged that legendary weapon, you ruled that fallen empire. If desired, entire civilizations will rise and fall in your name, all rewritten by the stroke of your will.

Not even resurrection can undo your erasure. Should someone attempt to bring them back, they will find nothing to call forth—no soul, no trace, no memory that such a being ever existed.

You are the final silence in a universe of noise.
You do not kill. You unmake.

Capstone Boosted: You no longer merely erase individuals from memory—you now command the absolute dominion of erasure across all levels of existence. When you so choose, you may enact the Grand Erasure, a cosmic principle through which you can not only remove beings from the fabric of reality, but unravel entire timelines, pantheons, civilizations, species, even fundamental concepts—permanently and irrevocably.

With a single act, you can erase entire bloodlines, divine lineages, or ancestral spirits, making it so their descendants, their influence, and even the languages spoken in their name vanish into nothingness.

You may now choose to erase select aspects of a being—such as their immortality, their memories, their powers, their name—allowing you to surgically unmake parts of a person while leaving the rest intact… for now.

Resurrection, time travel, divine intervention, paradox immunity, narrative causality—none of it can reverse your decree. Your erasures are final and self-correcting, adapting to maintain their absence even as the universe tries to restore balance.

If you desire, all traces of what was erased will be rewritten as your own doing or credited to those you deem worthy. You could claim the rise of empires or the downfall of primordial evils simply by wiping away the truth and letting the Spiral rewrite itself in your image.

At your full power, you may unmake conceptual archetypes—such as "Tyranny," "Destiny," or "Death" itself—forcing the cosmos to rebuild those notions from scratch, if at all.

The Grand Erasure is your seat above fate, history, and remembrance.
You do not just end stories. You erase the very ink they were written in.

Genius

100cp - Cosmic Inventor: *"My first thought rewrites their final theory."*

You are not merely an inventor—you are the forge-fire of ingenuity itself, a cosmic architect whose genius births wonders that leave even the gods trembling with awe and envy.

Where others see the impossible, you see blueprints.
Where others hit the limits of science, you transcend it with artistry.

You can craft machines and technology that blur the line between science and divinity—hyperdimensional AIs capable of predicting the fate of galaxies, interdimensional citadels that phase between realities, ships that sail through concepts like oceans, and weaponry forged from collapsed timelines.

You create what has never been conceived. Subspace micro-universes as data drives, sentient reactors that evolve, neural symphonies encoded into living metal—your works are miracles given form.

From galactic empires to forgotten star-gods, beings from across the cosmos covet your creations. Economies crash and wars ignite for even a whisper of your work. Kings offer planets. Deities offer worship. The wise offer silence… all to claim your next masterpiece.

You don't need labs, schematics, or time. With just a thought, your hands move with divine purpose, manifesting inventions that reshape reality. Even in a barren void, you could build a device that makes the void sing.

You are the spark that civilizations pray for. You are the hand that reshapes eternity.
You are the Cosmic Inventor, and your genius is a force more potent than gravity, time, or destiny itself.

200cp - Reverse Engineering Stars: *"Limits are for those who didn't think of me first."*

You possess a mind that eclipses even the most advanced civilizations, a genius capable of not only understanding the impossible—but surpassing it. With this perk, no creation is too alien, no concept too eldritch, no system too divine for you to decipher.

Whether it's an arcane star-forge powered by the dying screams of forgotten gods, an infinite-dimensional AI built by post-singularity aliens, or a reality-threading engine crafted by dead timelines, you can learn it, dissect it, and make it better.

The moment you observe a piece of technology or scientific principle—no matter how far removed from your origin or logic—you intuitively understand its function, purpose, and inner workings. You can recreate any technology you've encountered with flawless precision, even if it would normally require resources, knowledge, or energies unavailable in your current universe. If it exists, you can rebuild it.

You don't just copy. You optimize, refine, and elevate. Your recreations are always superior to the original, more efficient, more powerful, and uniquely tailored to your style of science or sorcery. You can blend and integrate incompatible technologies—combine eldritch programming with quantum circuitry, or divine engines with hyperdimensional mathematics. You are the bridge between all scientific paradigms.

Even if a design calls for "unobtainium from a star that never existed," your creativity and power will substitute or fabricate an equivalent or better alternative, bypassing any material limits.

You don't just study alien brilliance—you outshine it. In your hands, the artifacts of the divine become blueprints, and the unknowable becomes an opportunity.

You don't reverse-engineer stars. You make them better.

400cp - Singularity Lattice: *"Understanding me requires more dimensions than they have names for."*

You are no longer just a genius—you are a thinking engine that stretches across time itself.

Your mind functions like a living Close-Time-Curve processor, a looped network of intelligence that reaches both backward and forward through the timeline. When faced with a problem—be it building a machine that stabilizes reality, designing a city that runs on thought, or inventing a language to command gravity—you don't just solve it. You've already solved it. Somewhere in the future, your answer exists. It travels back to you in an instant.

Each task is broken down into pieces, solved across timelines, and returned to you as a perfect whole. Complex ideas are built in loops, each version feeding the next, until the final result appears as if you made it instantly—even though it's the product of a thousand recursive minds working across time.

But it doesn't stop there.

Your inventions now carry their own temporal logic. They grow, adapt, and perfect themselves across ages. Tools you build today evolve on their own—looping through time, gathering feedback, rewriting themselves into better versions, and then sending that upgrade back to you.

You can build civilizations across centuries without ever lifting a finger. You can plant the first idea in a forgotten age, let it grow across history, and harvest the results instantly in the present. Your designs become the foundation of empires, religions, and cosmic networks. Even failure can't stop you—your systems will try again in the next loop, and the next, until perfection is achieved.

You don't just think faster. You think across time.
You don't just create. You install genius into history itself.

600cp - Mind That Builds Gods: *"Their golden ages are echoes of my curiosity."*

Your intellect is not merely vast—it is divine, the crucible from which creation itself flows. With a single thought, you may design and will into existence fully realized beings of staggering complexity and majesty: living creatures, sentient machines, divine spirits, eldritch entities, and even conceptual lifeforms born from abstract thought. Every creation is forged from your limitless imagination, crafted with the detail and perfection of a reality-bending artisan.

You may instantly generate fully functional, loyal entities of any kind—primordial beasts whose roars shake galaxies, living weapons built from quantum nightmares, or gods whose names rewrite causality.

Once birthed into existence, these entities are bound to you by soul-deep loyalty—not through programming or coercion, but as extensions of your will. They know they are your creations and worship you as their progenitor.

Each time you create a new being, a perfect metaphysical blueprint is stored in your mind. If they are destroyed, lost, or even erased from reality, you may recreate them at any time, with or without memories as you see fit.

You may pull these creations back into your mind with a thought—to alter, upgrade, suspend, or erase them completely. They are tools, children, weapons, companions—whatever you will them to be.

As your intellect is limitless, so too is the potential scale of your creations. From lifeforms inhabiting single atoms to titanic entities capable of devouring multiverses, your only limit is your own vision.

Your mind is the forge of existence, and with it you do not simply build gods—you create wonders that defy all natural law, and then surpass even those.

Capstone Boosted: You are no longer a being who creates gods—you are the Primordial Architect, the eternal dreamer whose imagination births realities and pantheons as easily as others breathe.

Your mind has transcended all known conceptual boundaries. You no longer simply create beings—you conceive of and manifest entire ecosystems, civilizations, dimensions, and metaphysical laws around them. You are the divine author of existence itself, and your creations are no longer just lifeforms—they are cornerstones of cosmos-spanning mythologies.

You can now design and manifest not just beings, but entire civilizations, pantheons, empires, timelines, worlds, and even cosmic hierarchies in their entirety. Each is born complete with history, language, culture, and a place in the metaphysical web of reality.

Your creations are self-sustaining and semi-autonomous constructs, capable of evolving, growing, and expanding independently within the framework you define. They are not static—they are living legacies that can span millennia and still surprise even you.

Your thoughts become seeds of existence. You can plant the blueprint of a god, a race, or an entire multiverse into a location, and it will grow into being in real time or over epochs, depending on your will.

Your mind now serves as the universal archive of creation, capable of storing and accessing the metaphysical DNA of infinite creations—not only their forms and abilities, but their philosophies, their dreams, and their divine purposes. Recreating or upgrading them is as simple as drawing a breath.

Any divine, cosmic, or eldritch being you create will not only serve you, but function as extensions of your will and influence across realities. You are a living pantheon all your own, and your creations act as avatars, envoys, and executors of your supreme vision.

Should you encounter a being, god, or force not of your making, you may still overwrite their essence with your conceptual blueprint, turning them into a new creation of your own design. Their memories, power, and history are either preserved, rewritten, or annihilated—your choice.

You are no longer merely a creator—you are the Origin, the eternal godmind whose dreams sculpt the firmament of countless universes. Where others fear gods, your thoughts build and unmake them like idle sketches.

You are not just the Mind That Builds Gods…You are the Hand that Wrote Creation.

Supernova

100cp - Cosmic Might: *"War is not their purpose. It is their native language."*

As a chosen of the Supernova Caste, your very existence is a force of unrelenting destruction, forged in the heart of dying stars and tempered by cosmic war. Where others shake mountains, you pulverize continents with a single blow. Where others might tremble before a titan, you leave gods in craters.

Your strength is not simply physical—it is mythic, a primordial force that tears through the limits of matter and energy. The mere shockwaves of your clashes can cause tsunamis across hemispheres. Enemies unfortunate enough to face you in space will find their moons turned to stardust, their fleets scattered like ashes in a solar storm.

Your speed warps gravity. Your strikes bend space. Your roars can silence entire battlefields and shatter lesser wills. In your hands, even basic weapons become instruments of cosmic annihilation.

You are not a soldier. You are not a hero. You are the living embodiment of battle.

And when the universe speaks of war, it speaks in the shadow of your fury.

200cp - Unsurpassable: *"Their numbers are noise. I am silence with intent."*

To the Cosmic Exalted, existence is divided not by strength, but by relevance. When you stride onto the battlefield, you are not met with soldiers—you are met with shadows.

Unsurpassable is the manifestation of your overwhelming presence in combat. If you deem the individual enemies within a group as beneath your notice—insignificant, weak, unworthy—then

the entire group is treated as such. Their unity offers no defense, their numbers no hope. Whether a dozen or a thousand, they are but dust caught in a cosmic storm.

Their blades cannot harm you. Their spells cannot bind you. Their strategies collapse before your very existence. From a narrative standpoint, such foes might as well not exist—for in your eyes, they do not.

400cp - Cosmic Lord of Violence: *"Every blow is divine will written in bone and fire."*

You are the incarnation of conflict perfected, the **Cosmic Lord of Violence**, and upon the endless battlefield, you reign supreme.

All combat is your language, and every form of violence is a verse in your poetry. Fists, blades, sorcery, guns, claws, divine arts—it matters not. You do not merely master styles and techniques; you harmonize them into a single, flawless combat form that evolves with every heartbeat. From the elegance of swordplay to the brutality of hand-to-hand combat, every motion you make is perfect.

Your strikes never miss—unless you choose them to. Your blows always deal the maximum possible effect, slicing through defense, resistance, and immunity as if they were made of paper. No shield, barrier, or cosmic rule can prevent the violence you will into being…unless you allow it.

You are the final arbiter of battle. Where you walk, wars end. Where you strike, gods fall.

600cp - Hypernova: *"I raise the stars as offerings and speak ruin into divinity."*

Within your chest blazes the light of a thousand suns, for you are the Hypernova, the most overwhelmingly powerful of all the Cosmic Exalted.

Your raw might eclipses all others—your strength tears through planets, your presence warps the laws of physics, and your very aura causes even the greatest of entities to tremble before you. In terms of sheer destructive power, none of your kind can compare. You are power incarnate.

But what makes you truly terrifying is not just the immensity of your force—it is that your power grows, endlessly and unstoppably, fueled by your own unyielding confidence and cosmic certainty. The more assured you are of your triumph, the more the universe bends to your will. Doubt is a chain to others. To you, it is fuel for ignition.

With each victory, each unshakable belief, you burn hotter—brighter—until your presence becomes the center of gravity in every battle, the gravitational collapse of hope for your enemies.

Capstone Boosted: Your strength no longer obeys the laws of physics—it rewrites them. You are not bound by gravity, inertia, or causality. You are the axis of impossible might, the singularity through which the cosmos trembles.

You no longer merely break the flow of time—you shatter its meaning, striking with blows that echo across eras. You no longer just race across starlight—you move faster than its birth, blazing across the universe before even light knows where to go. And reality itself? Fragile in your grasp. You may tear it apart like paper, reshape it with a flex of your will, or forge new truths with your hands.

Your blows are cataclysmic—impacting not just space, but existence itself. The gods of strength look to you in reverence or fear, knowing their reign ended when yours began.

And should the cosmos challenge you—should the heavens dare to weigh themselves against your might—you will hold their infinite weight upon your shoulders and laugh, for you are now beyond such burdens.

Where once you proved yourself to the universe,
Now the universe must prove itself worthy of you.

Pulsar

100cp - Divine Presence: *"Even silence sings when I stand beneath the stars."*

You are no longer merely seen—you are beheld.

With your arrival, the very air shimmers. Your presence bends emotion, perception, and meaning itself. All who lay eyes upon you, whether mortal, god, or something in between, are struck with overwhelming awe, reverence, and euphoria.

Their hearts race not in fear, but in wondrous admiration, as if gazing upon the first star at the dawn of creation. Your voice resonates like celestial harmony, each word wrapping itself in truth and purpose. Even the bitterest enemies falter, their hatred fraying beneath the sheer gravitational pull of your existence.

This effect is not illusion or charm—it is the natural consequence of your ascended being. You are a concept carved into the firmament, a figure that inspires art, legends, and worship with your very silhouette.

To look upon you is to be reminded of what it means to dream, to believe, to feel...to hope.

200cp - Undeniable: *"To listen is not a choice. It is the price of existence near me."*

Your words are not merely sound—they are law, prophecy, and revelation.

When you speak, the world falls silent. Be it in a whisper or a roar, your voice carries a primordial weight that cannot be ignored, denied, or dismissed. Kings halt their decrees, armies pause mid-charge, and even the divine bend an ear to hear your voice.

Each syllable strikes with absolute conviction, resonating deep within the minds and souls of all who listen. You speak not just to ears, but to the very essence of your audience, reaching beyond logic and emotion to something deeper—something eternal.

With nothing but your voice, you can end ancient feuds, forge unbreakable alliances, and persuade beings beyond mortal comprehension to heed your call. Lies crumble before your tongue, and resistance melts away like frost before a rising sun.

Even the most stubborn of wills can be brought low before your unmatched eloquence. The world listens not out of fear, but because it must—as if the cosmos itself ordained that when you speak, all must listen.

400cp - We Started The Fire: *"Even fate adjusts its pace when I start to burn."*

You are the spark that ignites the inferno of change.

With this power, you possess an uncanny instinct for finding the right people, at the right time, for the right purpose. No matter your goal—be it forging an empire, building a revolutionary movement, or launching a world-shaking enterprise—you will always attract those with the talent, conviction, and potential to see it through.

And once that flame is lit?

It spreads. Fast.

Those you gather don't just work—they thrive, accelerating with supernatural momentum. From humble beginnings, your team becomes a force of nature, their progress growing exponentially like wildfire racing through dry brush.

A garage startup becomes the dominant titan of industry in mere months.
A scattered band of insurgents transforms into a global revolution that topples tyrants in a year.
An obscure philosophy spreads across the world like a revelation, changing hearts and minds on a planetary scale.

Your presence is a beacon, your will a torch, and your cause the fire that consumes the old world to make way for the new.

You don't just lead movements.
You start the fire that reshapes history.

600cp - Zevatron: *"The divine follow me unknowingly, thinking it prophecy. It's just gravity."*

As a member of the Pulsar Caste, your words were already stars that guided civilizations. But now… now, you are more than a beacon. You are the commanding force behind the cosmos themselves.

Your charisma has transcended mortal understanding and divine perception alike. Each syllable you speak bends reality, not as a plea, but as an absolute decree. Laws of nature, the will of higher beings, even the fabric of time and space—none can deny your voice. You do not persuade. You do not negotiate. You declare, and reality aligns.

Where you walk, the very cosmos holds its breath. Gods that once ruled mortals now kneel before you, not out of fear or obligation—but from pure reverence. You are not simply admired. You are not simply followed.

You are worshipped by the divine, your name etched into their prayers, your words recited as scripture, your presence hailed as the cosmic truth.

Entire realities are reshaped to match your vision, worlds reborn in the image of your desires. You speak, and existence listens—because in the grand scale of the universe, your will is the final law.

***Capstone Boosted*:** No longer do you speak to reshape reality. Now, your very thoughts mold existence.

Your charisma, your presence, your will—it has transcended expression. Reality itself anticipates your desires and rushes to fulfill them before they are spoken. The stars realign, empires rise or fall, and fate rewrites its own script to match the mere whisper of your intent.

Even the greatest of deities, cosmic forces, and primordial truths unconsciously align their actions to serve your vision, never realizing that they are fulfilling your will. They believe it is destiny. They are wrong. It is you.

Your influence no longer requires voice, presence, or even attention. Like gravity, it simply exists—an immutable constant. Cultures across galaxies spontaneously invent religions in your name, civilizations are guided by dreams of your ideals, and even anomalies in time and space self-correct to keep your plans on course.

Quasar

100cp - Stellar Mage: *"I am not a wielder of magic—I am its highest form."*

As a proud and radiant member of the Quasar Caste, you are more than a master of the mystic arts—you are a stellar force of arcana incarnate, a cosmic intellect ablaze with power no mortal sorcerer could ever dream to grasp.

Magic bows to you. Reality reshapes for you. The stars themselves whisper secrets only you can comprehend.

Where others study for decades to command a flicker of flame, you absorb entire grimoires in moments, your mind processing magical theory at light-speed. Complex runes, forbidden rituals, ancient rites—none can elude your grasp. You don't simply learn magic. You elevate it.

Your every spell is a supernova of sorcery, a simple firebolt becomes a stellar lance that sears battlefields to glass, a basic shielding charm becomes a cosmic bastion, reflecting gods and atomizing threats, your teleportation does not blink through space—it rides the curvature of galaxies, and your defenses? Peerless.

Hostile magic shatters like a fragile crystal before your aura. Hexes fizzle. Maledictions unravel. Even conceptual spells designed to bypass protection crumble in your presence, as though magic itself recognizes you as its superior and refuses to be wielded against its true master.

What's more, your cosmic nature infuses every spell with cosmic-born power, causing your magic to vastly outperform any equivalent cast by others. Their strongest incantations are but sparks in the wind compared to your arcane infernos.

Your mastery of the mystical arts also allows you to craft both wonders and horror beyond the scope of many beings in the cosmos.

You are the **Stellar Mage**, the **Brilliant Flame of the Void**, the **First Sorcerer of the Stars**.

Where you walk, ley lines awaken, where you cast, the cosmos watches in awe, and where others wield magic, **you are magic**.

200cp - Unstoppable Flow of Sorcery: "*My rituals finish themselves out of fear of disappointing me."*

Where others require silence, circles, and sacrifices... you require only intent.

The grandest sorceries, the most intricate rituals—once bound by time, focus, and fragile concentration—are now liberated under your will. With this power, you shatter the final chains that bind magic to mundanity.

No longer must you kneel in study for days or chant beneath moonlight for hours. What once took days of complex incantations now takes minutes. What required precise conditions and continuous focus now needs only a single spark of your will. And once begun... nothing in existence can halt it. Your spellwork becomes inevitable.

Once a ritual or spell is set into motion, not even the destruction of its components, the death of its participants, the collapse of the realm, or your absence will interrupt it. Only your direct command—your divine will—can cease its flow.

Cast a world-altering ritual and then walk away as it unfolds without error. Begin the summoning of a star-forged beast and wage war elsewhere while the creature claws its way through the veil. Open a rift across galaxies, and not even the collapse of the rift anchor will undo it—unless you decide it should be undone.

Your sorcery has become a self-perpetuating force, a metaphysical engine of cosmic purpose that only answers to you.

400cp - Exalted's March of Progress: *"I am the alignment. I am the condition. I am enough."*

You are a Quasar of the Cosmos—why should your will ever be delayed by the petty demands of spellcraft?

Where mortal magi must wait for the stars to align, where archmages must seek out legendary relics or rare components from forgotten realms, you simply reach within and offer your anima.

No ingredients. No alignment. No compromise.

With a surge of your radiant essence, you override the universe's price, replacing it with the currency of your very being. A ritual that calls for the Eye of a Time Dragon? Your anima takes its place. A spell requiring a solar eclipse beneath a blood moon? You need only focus, and the cosmos will comply.

Simple materials like frog's eyes, grave dust, or phoenix feathers? A spark of anima suffices.

Cosmic rarities—the scales of void serpents, hearts of fallen stars, or the breath of sleeping gods—demand vast reservoirs of essence, but they are still within your reach.

Unique alignments—the convergence of ten realms, the heartbeat of a dying sun, or a soul untouched by time—mean nothing when your will shapes the moment.

You no longer prepare magic. You declare it.

This is more than convenient. This is sovereignty over the laws of sorcery, an evolutionary leap that renders tradition, scarcity, and ritualistic rigidity obsolete in the presence of your unstoppable will.

600cp - Hyperluminous Mage: *"Even paradox yields when I shape the arcane."*

To others, magic is a risk. To you, it is law.

Even among the awe-inspiring Cosmic Exalted, magic remains a volatile force—runes can be misdrawn, rituals can falter, summons can slip beyond control. But you are a Quasar, a living nexus of stellar sorcery. And your magic does not fail.

From this moment forward, every spell, incantation, ritual, curse, or summoning you perform will succeed perfectly. Always.

A step skipped? The spell adapts.
A mispronunciation? The arcane flow corrects itself.
A corrupted circle? The cosmos bends to preserve the rite.
A sabotaged ritual? The traitor finds their own doom reflected back upon them.

Your sorcery is hyperluminous—radiant, unerring, and absolute. It does not stutter. It does not falter. It does not backfire. It ignores chaos, defies interference, and rejects failure itself.

Any who would disrupt your workings, any force that dares to twist or unravel your spellcraft, will find their efforts reversed or redirected with catastrophic precision. If a spell should explode, it will—but only in the faces of those who tried to tamper with it.

You do not cast magic. You declare what reality must now become.

Capstone Boosted: You are no longer merely flawless in your execution of magic—you are now the singular truth by which all sorcery measures itself. The weave of reality recognizes your authority as absolute. Spells, rituals, and magical systems from any world or dimension automatically align themselves to your intent, adjusting mid-cast if necessary to ensure perfection. Even the rawest, most chaotic forms of magic cannot defy you—they obey.

Your magic no longer just works without failure—it overrides all opposition. Any attempt to resist, nullify, counterspell, or hijack your magical power will not only fail but often backfire catastrophically on the one who tried. Anti-magic fields bend around your will. Silence spells tremble and shatter when you speak your incantations. Even curses and divine interdictions shatter like glass under your gaze.

But this is only the beginning.

You may now cast spells that should be theoretically impossible—rewriting narrative causality, sealing or unsealing primordial concepts, creating infinite-energy loops without paradox, and conjuring effects from fictional or erased magical systems. You can synthesize entirely new laws of magic on the fly, altering the metaphysical engine of a reality simply by deciding how it should work, and then casting accordingly.

Additionally, your spellcasting now comes with metaphysical authority. When you say a fireball shall burn, it does so not merely because of heat, but because you have declared that “to be burned” is now part of the target’s fate. Every spell you cast is truth, not suggestion.

Time and space, identity and soul, chaos and void—all are clay in your hands.

And finally, your magical infallibility now extends to collaborative, stolen, or enemy magic. Should someone else begin a spell near you, you may co-opt it, correct it, or even complete it for them—better than they ever could have. If someone uses a spell against you, you may rewrite its purpose in transit, turning a death curse into a healing blessing, or a banishment into an apotheosis.

Black Hole

100cp - Silence of the Stars: *"Every step I take is a funeral the universe refuses to attend."*

In the vast, echoing void of the cosmos, there is no sound. No warning. No mercy.

You are the shadow, the last whisper heard before oblivion swallows all. As a member of the Black Hole Caste of the Cosmic Exalted, you are more than an assassin—you are inevitability made manifest.

Your ability to track, hunt, and eliminate your target is unmatched across the stars. From mortal tyrants to divine kings, from eldritch horrors to the gods of darkness themselves—none can escape your gaze. Once marked, a target's fate is sealed.

You move with such perfect silence that even the laws of motion fail to register your presence. You strike with such terrifying speed and precision that the moment of death comes before the thought of danger ever arises. Those who fall by your hand are not mourned—they are forgotten, as if they were never there to begin with.

Your senses are honed beyond mortal comprehension—able to read intent before action, track energy through the folds of time and space, and predict movement as though you've already lived the moment. No illusion can deceive you. No escape is fast enough. No armor strong enough. Where others bring fire and fury, you bring silence—pure, absolute, and eternal.

By the time the stars blink and ask what became of their kin, you are gone—already stalking the next life destined to be erased. You are not the hunter. You are the void between worlds. You are the Silence of the Stars.

200cp - Unseen Shadows: *"They don't fail to see me—they refuse to believe I was real."*

You are not simply unseen—you are unknowable.

Your mastery of stealth transcends skill, bypasses logic, and laughs in the face of reality itself. You are the Undisputed Sovereign of Silence, the ghost in a room full of gods, the shadow that lingers in a place where no light ever falters.

Whether clothed in radiant gold, drenched in starlight, or thundering with sound like a meteor through the atmosphere—it doesn't matter. You remain unseen. Unheard. Unreachable.

The finest hunters from across the cosmos—those blessed with divine perception, wielding reality-warping sight and truth-piercing senses—will find nothing. Their powers will scream that you are there, yet their eyes and minds will deny your presence. You will not register to scanners, spells, godsight, or prophecy. You are beyond detection. Beyond reason.

You could stand at the heart of a holy tribunal, under the scrutiny of a thousand eyes and a million sensors...and they would never know you were there.

Your very existence becomes a paradox, a splinter in the mind of those who try to perceive you. Even memories of your presence blur and fade, like a half-remembered dream slipping through the fingers of waking thought.

You are not hiding in the shadows.
You are the shadow.
You are Unseen Shadows—and the universe will never know what it lost.

400cp - Void Step: *"They built walls for mortals. I am not one."*

Boundaries are beneath you. You are no longer a creature bound by doors, walls, or dimensions. You stride through reality itself as if it were paper beneath your heel. No barrier, no prison, no divine law can halt your march. You are the will that moves between worlds—the step that echoes in the places between.

The Void answers your call.

With but a thought, you slip into the silence between realms, bypassing the laws of physics, magic, and fate. Sealed chambers, absolute fortresses, reality-anchored wards—none of it matters. Magic circles fracture. Seals unravel. Even the rules that define existence yield to your passage. If you desire to be somewhere, you will be there—and nothing, nothing, can stop you.

Imprisonment? Meaningless. Chains of divine gold? Ashes. Dimensional walls? Suggestions, at best. Even conceptual barriers—those forged by gods to contain impossibilities—part before your presence like mist before a blade.

You are beyond limitation. Beyond borders.
Where others walk roads, you walk through the spaces no road can reach.
You are a ghost to locks, a storm to vaults, a myth to prison walls.

When you walk, the universe moves aside.

600cp - Wormhole: *"Their immortality meant nothing to the mouth I made."*

Space bends at your will. With but a flicker of your anima, you open a rift through the fabric of reality itself—a wormhole that bridges the gulf between worlds, dimensions, or distant corners of creation. No distance is too vast, no realm too remote. So long as you have glimpsed it, imagined it, walked its dreams, or heard whispers of its name—you can reach it.

Once opened, your wormhole becomes a fixed wound in space, immutable and unshakable. Not gods, not cosmic storms, not the will of fate itself can close it. Only you hold the key to shut it—your dominion is absolute.

But when you wish to make the universe tremble…

You pour more anima into the breach, and the wormhole becomes a devouring singularity—a ravenous maw with the pull of a black hole, dragging everything near into its abyssal embrace. Be it armies, machines, refuse, or enemies who dared to stand before you—they are consumed, scattered across creation, or cast into exile beyond time's edge.

You are a force of transportation and termination alike—a god of travel, a demon of disposal.

Enemies flee the sound of space tearing. Allies tread with awe when your portals bloom. Even the boldest pause when reality opens at your feet. You are the creator of shortcuts between galaxies…and the silent destroyer who banishes without bloodshed.

Capstone Boosted: You are no longer just a master of travel—you are the cosmic nexus, the living axis upon which realities turn.

Now, your wormholes no longer simply connect physical space—you can open them across time, between dimensions, to parallel realities, or into the realms of thought, soul, and concept. The past, the future, the dreams of a dying god, the core of a star, the subconscious of an enemy general—you can reach them all.

With a mere whisper of anima, you carve a path where none existed, and no force in creation can shut it. Not the decree of a supreme deity, not the laws of causality, not even narrative inevitability can resist your authority. If you know of a place—if you even suspect its existence—you can reach it.

And now, your wormholes are not just passageways…they are weapons. They are judgment. They are fate.

Should you will it, a wormhole becomes a devouring singularity that transcends physics, drawing in not just matter and energy but concepts, divinities, and immortal souls. Empires vanish into your maw. Curses are undone. Immortals are lost forever in the breach between breath and oblivion.

Where others travel, you reign.
Where others flee, you pursue.
Where others end…you begin.

Comet

100cp - Genius Supernova: *"Thought burns brighter where I walk."*

Your mind is a star, burning with the fire of boundless thought, illuminating the void with divine understanding.

You are no mere genius—you are a cosmic intellect incarnate, the mind of a starborn sovereign whose thoughts outpace quantum computations and whose comprehension rivals divine omniscience. With this, your mental prowess transcends all known limits.

You can understand, master, and elevate any subject or field of knowledge, no matter how complex, arcane, or alien. From ancient god-languages spoken in black holes to the fractal algorithms that define reality, no mystery is beyond your grasp. In moments, you can solve problems that stump galactic think tanks for centuries.

Your memory is infinite—a vault of flawless, eternal recall. Every word you read, every technique you observe, every sensation you experience is perfectly preserved and accessible in an instant, never degraded, never forgotten. You could recreate entire libraries or lifetimes of experience from memory alone.

Your mind is a symphony of focus: multitasking on a scale unimaginable to lesser beings, you can oversee cosmic conquests, revise stellar blueprints, and solve metaphysical equations simultaneously and flawlessly. Where others see chaos, you orchestrate order.

And as a being of Cosmic Exalted might, your psyche is unshakable. No madness can touch you, no mental illness can breach you, no god or demon can twist your thoughts. Your mind is a fortress that not even the greatest mental assailants could hope to crack.

200cp - Unlimited: *"Even perfection evolves when I touch it."*

There are no limits to your potential—no art too ancient, no technique too guarded, no secret too sacred. With this perk, all skills—mundane, mystical, or utterly alien—are yours to claim. Whether it be wielding the blade of a forgotten god, mastering forbidden star-forged sorcery, or decoding the combat stances of interdimensional beasts, you can learn and master them in a fraction of the time it would take a mortal lifetime.

But you are not content with mere mastery. Your mind, soul, and spirit act as a crucible for perfection. You can take what you've learned and evolve it, reshape it, and refine it into something greater. Where others see boundaries, you see blueprints for evolution. A martial art becomes a divine dance of destruction. A spell becomes a law of the universe rewritten in your name.

And should a skill be locked behind bloodlines, sacred rites, divine heritage, or metaphysical laws—those shackles shatter before your might. You can bypass any requirement, converting the skill to flow through your unique, exalted essence as though it were always meant to be yours. The most jealously hoarded techniques of dragons, demons, or demigods fall into your grasp and are reborn under your mastery.

You are the embodiment of limitless growth and the inevitability of supremacy. With time and will, everything becomes yours—and more than it ever was.

400cp - Welcome Everywhere: *"Every realm knows my name. The wise prepare offerings."*

To walk as one of the Cosmic Exalted is to be more than a guest—you are a visitation of legend, a herald of destiny. With this perk, your mere presence commands recognition across all realms, planes, and dominions.

From the sky-born palaces of the Celestial Incarnae, to the sunken cities of the Deep Wyld, even the silent courts of the Underworld, you and those who travel beside you shall be welcomed with reverence and awe—so long as you have committed no grave offense in that domain. To emperors, you are an honored emissary; to gods, a peer of divine blood; to monsters and spirits, a figure too legendary to provoke without cause.

Tapestries will be unfurled, choirs summoned, and tables set with delicacies plucked from myth and memory. Even the aloof and ancient will offer audience and hospitality. You will find not just shelter, but honor. Not just civility, but celebration.

This blessing extends to your companions—provided they remain in your good graces and act with decorum. It is not mind control, nor blind subservience, but the instinctual recognition of your stature. Those who are at least neutral to you will feel an inexorable pull to treat you as a treasured guest, and to offer their hospitality as though the cosmos itself demanded it.

With this gift, no door is truly closed to you. Not in Heaven. Not in Hell. Not even in the heart of realms lost to time.

600cp - Shooting Star: *"I offer no hope—only certainty. Miracles, priced accordingly."*

By spending your anima, the radiant lifeblood of your Exalted essence, you may grant the wishes of others—no matter how impossible, outrageous, or metaphysically insane.

From reviving dead worlds to bestowing godhood, bending time, or rewriting destiny, there is no wish too great. But nothing comes free under the stars.

The price is yours to name.

And once the wish is spoken, the bargain is sealed. Reality itself binds the recipient to your demand. They must pay the price—whether it's something tangible like their kingdom, their soul, or their memories, or something more conceptual, such as their love, their potential, or even their name carved from fate. No power, no defense, no escape exists once the wish has been accepted.

You decide how the wish is fulfilled. Will it be granted faithfully, a beacon of mercy in the darkness? Or shall you twist it into a cursed miracle, the kind that mortals fear to even whisper? A perfect gift, or a poetic punishment—you are the arbiter.

Your wishes burn with cosmic weight. When someone makes a wish to you, the stars themselves listen—and you are their answer.

Capstone Boosted: You are no longer merely a being who grants wishes—you are the Supreme Fulcrum of Desire, the Spiral's Sovereign of Bargains, the one who decides how wishes are born, twisted, and fulfilled across all of existence. With the full scope of your Cosmic Exalted anima, you no longer just grant wishes in this reality—your wishes transcend dimensions, timelines, and even conceptual hierarchies.

Now, when a wish is made to you, its effects are absolute and omnidimensional. You may alter the timelines themselves to make the wish so, retroactively sculpting the past and future to ensure the wish was always destined to happen. You may reshape the laws of magic, science, and

fate to accommodate it, even in multiversal realms resistant to change. You could grant immortality that overrides death itself, create a new species, or remake someone as a being that exists in every parallel reality at once—all for a price.

And the price? The cosmos enforces it. The debt is woven into the fabric of reality, etched into the soul, branded onto the truth of their being. Even if they forget, reality remembers. Should they ever defy the contract, their essence begins to unravel—not as punishment, but as the inevitable consequence of defying a cosmic truth you authored.

You now possess the ability to store and compound wishes, layering their effects or holding them in stasis until the perfect moment. You may also choose to amplify or mutate a wish later, feeding it additional anima to make its results even more world-altering.

The power of this perk is such that even the gods, titans, and Primordials themselves hesitate to ask anything of you, for they know that your fulfillment carries a gravity too immense to defy.

You are no longer just a star that grants wishes.
You are the wish that burns the sky, the cosmic answer that none dare question.
You are the King of Wishes, and the price of miracles is whatever you say it is.

Items

Just as wonderful and powerful as the Cosmics who wield them these items go beyond legendary and are worth more than planets. Countless wars have been fought over a mere rumor that one of these items and now for a payment of cosmic points you can acquire these items that even the gods would fight over. Have an extra +500cp stipend for this section only. Items are discounted 50% for their respective origin and caste, 100cp items are free for your chosen origin and caste. Similar items can be imported with these items if you wish. All items lost, stolen, or destroyed will be returned to your warehouse in 24 hrs.

100cp

Map of the Spiral (Drop-In): Forged in the cartographic fires of a dead universe and inked with the light of swirling galaxies, the Map of the Spiral is no ordinary chart—it is a living artifact, ever-shifting and ever-knowing. It unfolds in your hands as a vast constellation of realms, worlds, dimensions, and dreamscapes, each orbiting within the boundless Spiral of Existence.

This map is self-updating, chronicling your journey through the cosmos in exquisite detail. From the most desolate wasteland in the void to the golden palaces of galactic emperors, it records all: terrain, architecture, magic, and energy signatures. Every step you take feeds into it, and every new location becomes another glowing thread in the grand tapestry.

But its true brilliance lies in its intelligence. The map reveals real-time information on local events, cosmic anomalies, and world-shaking battles before they happen. It highlights hidden treasure, lost artifacts, and forgotten ruins—even those cloaked by time, illusion, or divine protection.

Enemies and allies alike are marked by glowing sigils, their movements tracked across star systems. You will never be caught unaware, never lose your way, never be blindsided by betrayal or ambush. Even across dimensions or altered timelines, the Map of the Spiral remains perfectly synced with your destiny.

It is more than a guide—it is a cosmic compass, a navigator of realities, and a silent watcher bound to your journey. With it, the universe is no longer an unknown expanse. It is a story you are writing... and the map ensures you never miss a chapter.

Armaments of the Sun and Moon (Warrior): Long ago, a Solar and a Lunar Exalted stood at the edge of oblivion, facing the end of their world. Their love, as radiant as the sun and as eternal as the moon, refused to fade. In their final act, they gave their souls, their essence, and their Exaltation to forge two divine relics—the Sunblade and the Moonsilver Aegis. Together, these items carry the power of burning devotion and indomitable defense, forever paired, forever eternal.

The Sunblade, a golden sword of peerless craftsmanship, blazes with solar fire so intense it can burn through enchantments, incinerate false divinity, and blind gods with its radiant fury. Each swing is a dawn unto itself, a burning promise that no shadow shall endure.

The Moonsilver Aegis, a silver shield aglow with lunar essence, emits a soul-chilling cold upon impact. Those who strike it feel the creeping frost of night seep into their bones, halting momentum, numbing fury, and shattering resolve. Its defense is serene, silent, and absolute.

Individually, these armaments are divine. Together, they are legendary.

When wielded by two souls bound by love, loyalty, or deep care, the weapons awaken their true potential. Their power harmonizes—flames and frost dancing in perfect union. They can cleave through paradoxes, shield against concepts, and unleash twin phenomena that eclipse the might of armies.

These are not mere weapons.
They are the legacy of passion, forged in devotion, and meant for those who dare to stand side by side—even against the cosmos itself.

Book of the Cosmic Truth: (Sage): Bound in star-threaded leather and inked in the essence of forgotten galaxies, the Book of the Cosmic Truth is not merely a tome—it is a fragment of the cosmos' own awareness, distilled into form.

To open its pages is to peer behind the veil of reality itself. With each word read, you are filled with an ever-deepening comprehension of the universe's design—its laws, its symmetries, and its paradoxes. You gain insight into the hidden bonds that connect all things: the dance of time and space, the harmonies of matter and spirit, the eternal pulse of existence.

This revelation does not overwhelm—it illuminates. You find serenity in the face of eternity, peace in the infinite spiral of cause and effect. Your mind becomes a still sea beneath the stars, capable of wisdom beyond mortal or divine ken.

More than just enlightenment, this book makes you a beacon. You may choose to share this cosmic understanding with others, awakening their minds as you see fit. But only those you deem worthy may glimpse its pages—others will see only blank parchment, or be blinded by truths they are not yet ready to receive.

To hold the Book of the Cosmic Truth is to carry the wisdom of creation. To read it… is to begin to understand everything.

Stellar Alchemist Set (Mage): A masterpiece forged at the birth of constellations and tempered in the crucible of collapsing stars, the Stellar Alchemist Set is the sacred tool of the Cosmic Exalted—those who weave science and sorcery into miracles. This alchemical arsenal is not merely a collection of flasks and vials—it is a reality-bending forge capable of distilling the impossible into tangible, wondrous forms.

Infused with starcore runes and quantum-bound sigils, this set allows you to utilize extraordinary materials such as distilled starlight, crystallized dreams, bottled time, purified dark matter, and liquefied songwaves from celestial beings. Its very presence rewrites the laws of transmutation, letting you sculpt the cosmos into elixirs and salves that transcend magic, science, and even divinity.

Brew potions that grant safe passage through supernovae, black holes, or realms beyond death.

Concoct restoratives that not only resurrect the recently slain, but return them perfected in form, spirit, and soul.

Create salves that can transform twisted monsters into godlike paragons of beauty and presence.

Design concoctions that give temporary control over gravity, reality, time, or thought.

Each creation from this set is a marvel unto itself, and even a single vial could be traded for a fleet of starships or a kingdom among the stars. The more creative and daring your imagination, the greater the miracles you can produce. With time and mastery, you may even craft artifacts that rival the works of the Primordials themselves.

To wield the Stellar Alchemist Set is to walk the line between creator and god, forging wonders that echo through the Spiral forever.

Cloak of Moonlight (Spy): Woven from strands of blessed moonlight, stitched with the silence of the void, and etched with arcane runes forgotten even by time, the Cloak of Moonlight is the ultimate attire for one who walks unseen. A gift whispered into existence beneath a full moon by a cabal of Lunar Exalted and night-bound spirits, this cloak shrouds the wearer in a veil of living secrecy.

While worn, you become a phantom to the senses—sight, sound, scent, aura, even memory itself bends around you. You can stroll past sentinels and celestial guardians alike, leave no trace in your wake, and vanish into shadow even under a god's gaze. No surveillance system, no divination spell, no mind—be it mortal, divine, or cosmic—can accurately detect or recall you, unless you will it.

Even beings of heightened perception, cosmic awareness, or timeline-splitting foresight will find only confusion, blanks, or false memories in their attempts to grasp your presence. Cameras glitch, dreams fracture, and prophecies unravel at the mention of your passage.

Infiltrate the vaults of divine emperors. Whisper into the ears of sleeping titans. Steal secrets never meant to be known. With the Cloak of Moonlight, you are more than unseen—you are unremembered, untraceable, and untouchable.

To wear it is to become the shadow between heartbeats, the silence between words, the ghost even the stars dare not name.

Datapad of the Grand Celestial (Genius): A relic from a forgotten age when stars were stitched by hand and civilizations spanned galaxies, the Datapad of the Grand Celestial is more than a device—it is a living artifact of supreme intellect. Forged by an empire that ascended beyond time, this sleek, shimmering datapad is infused with cognitive algorithms from long-lost god-machines and quantum matrices that whisper across realities.

When you scan a piece of technology—be it mundane circuitry, god-forged relics, alien constructs, or eldritch machines of unknowable geometry—the datapad instantly deconstructs it. Its interface breaks down every mechanism, magical matrix, and scientific theory with crystal clarity, rendering even the most complex inventions as easily understood as a child's toy. This information is stored in its infinite databanks, which are safeguarded across overlapping dimensions, impossible to corrupt or erase.

Possess the necessary components? The datapad will recreate what was scanned, whether it's a pocket-sized wormhole generator, a divine energy cannon, or a self-aware nanoforge. And if you lack the parts, it will recommend or fabricate substitutes, optimizing as it goes.

Its hacking protocols are legendary. The Datapad can interface with and override any system—conventional, arcane, divine, or incomprehensibly alien. Firewalls and wards crumble. Systems bow. Even technology powered by faith, bound by fate, or tied to the soul cannot resist its will.

With the Datapad of the Grand Celestial, you are not just a genius—you are the archaeologist of future tomorrows, the master of every machine, and the conductor of all technological symphonies the cosmos has ever known or will know.

Starforged Hammer (Supernova): Born in the crucible where one star died and another was born, the Starforged Hammer is not merely a weapon—it is a relic of cosmic war, a symbol of stellar wrath, and a tool of divine force. Its shaft is wrapped in celestial alloy, pulsing faintly with the heartbeat of a supernova, while its head glows with caged gravitational power dense enough to crush time.

Once wielded by a warrior whose name was struck from the stars to prevent the rise of another like them, this hammer responds only to those of true strength and cosmic resolve. Upon grasping it, you are flooded with power: your physical might is multiplied beyond mortal limits, granting strength that can move moons, speed that tears the sky, and resilience that shatters cosmic fire.

You become immune to the void—space, time, sickness, even the rot of age bows before you. But its greatest gift lies in its control of gravity itself. With a thought, you can make yourself and the hammer feather-light or impossibly dense. Leap with the weight of a photon or strike with the force of a collapsing neutron star. You could dance across asteroid fields in a blur of movement, or swing a single blow that splinters planets and silences titans.

This is not just a weapon of war—it is the hammer of evolution, of revolution, of stellar dominion. With the Starforged Hammer, the choice is yours: rain down a storm of relentless blows like a meteor shower, or bring the cosmos to its knees with a single, god-killing strike.

Truth-Revealing Mirror (Pulsar): Forged from the fusion of golden adamantium and blessed moonsilver, and polished with the radiant essence of pure starlight, the Truth-Revealing Mirror is no mere relic—it is an artifact of revelation and reckoning.

When one gazes into this divine mirror, they do not see their face—they see their soul. It peels away lies, illusions, and façades, reflecting back only the undeniable truth of who they are at their very core. Hero or monster, coward or savior, dreamer or destroyer—the mirror reveals all, stripping away self-deception and revealing one's truest self, no matter how noble or damning.

In the hands of the wise, this can be a tool of healing, granting clarity, purpose, and absolution to the lost. In the hands of the just, it becomes a blade of judgment, turning the truth into an unbearable burden for those who have cloaked themselves in lies.

But its power does not end there. The Mystical Mirror dispels all deception in its presence. No illusion, no shapeshift, no divine glamour or cosmic veil can withstand its gaze. All hidden truths are laid bare—the disguised must shed their masks, and the false must face what they truly are.

To wield this mirror is to hold the light of cosmic truth—a light that heals the worthy and burns the wicked.

Book of Cosmic Mysteries and Magic (Quasar): Bound in shimmering starlight and wrapped in covers made from the hide of a creature that has never died, the Book of Cosmic Mysteries and Magic is the ultimate compendium of arcane wonder—written by a legendary wanderer who traversed galaxies in pursuit of the esoteric and the divine.

This tome holds within it vast and comprehensive knowledge of nearly every magical beast, enchanted relic, and supernatural plant that exists across the infinite span of the cosmos. If something bears a trace of magic—be it a whispering gemstone, a dimensional serpent, or a world-tree born in the heart of a nebula—this book knows it.

When you stand before the unknown, the book will open of its own volition, pages turning with ethereal light until it reveals detailed entries on the subject: origin, nature, weaknesses, applications, and even theoretical uses. It does not merely catalog—it teaches. Enclosed within are exhaustive lessons on the many arts of magic, from planetary enchantment circles to singular, soul-binding invocations. Its knowledge spans thousands of schools and traditions, both living and long extinct.

Even more wondrous, whenever you encounter something truly new—an undiscovered artifact, an unclassified lifeform, a forgotten technique—the book will write itself anew, recording your findings and immortalizing your name beside them.

This tome is bound to your soul, readable only by you and those you personally deem worthy. To others, it is a locked vault of silence and starlight.

To hold this book is to walk the cosmos as both student and master of the mystic, unlocking the forgotten truths of magic with each step.

Many Faced Mask (Black Hole): Forged in the event horizon of a dying reality and whispered into existence by forgotten gods of deception, the Many Faced Mask is a relic of untraceable identity and perfect mimicry. Its surface is never the same twice—constantly shifting, warping, and flowing like a black hole devouring reflections of the self.

When worn, the mask grants you flawless shapeshifting, transforming you into any form you can imagine. Your new identity is complete—voice, scent, heartbeat, aura, and even soul-signature perfectly replicated. You don't merely imitate—you become.

But the mask's true power awakens with blood. Just a drop from another, and you don't just wear their skin—you inhabit their life. Their memories, instincts, skills, and secrets become yours, as if you had lived every moment they did. You could fool their closest companions, bypass soul-bound locks, or wield talents thought lost with their death.

No spell, no scanner, no divine insight can pierce your disguise unless you allow it. Not even the stars will whisper your truth. With the Many Faced Mask, you are whoever you choose to be… or whoever the moment demands.

Infiltrator. Pretender. Phantom.
You are everyone and no one.

Sacred Chalice of Knowledge (Comet): Forged in the heart of a falling star and etched with celestial scripture, the Sacred Chalice of Knowledge is a relic revered by sages and feared by keepers of secrets. Its golden surface is inscribed with ever-shifting glyphs of books, scrolls, and forgotten archives, glowing faintly with the light of enlightenment.

This wondrous vessel bears a power as strange as it is profound. Any source of knowledge—from ancient tomes and sacred scrolls to digital data pads or even enchanted

manuscripts—when placed into the chalice, is transmuted into liquid thought. This radiant, swirling fluid shimmers with starlight and whispers softly with the voices of countless minds.

Drink, and you shall know. The moment the liquid passes your lips, every fact, every insight, every piece of wisdom contained in the source is absorbed into your mind, perfectly understood and flawlessly retained. Complex formulas become instinct, long-dead languages are spoken with ease, and secrets once guarded for millennia are now yours to wield.

The chalice's nectar never spills or spoils, remaining until displaced by a new offering. It can hold only one source at a time, but its magic ensures no knowledge is ever diluted or lost.

With the Sacred Chalice of Knowledge, you are not just a student of the cosmos.
You are its living library.

200cp

Exalted Starship (Drop-In): Forged in the crucible of erased timelines and piloted through the dreams of dying stars, the Exalted Starship is not merely a vessel—it is your sovereign throne, your citadel beyond causality, and your legend etched in motion. Sentient, eternal, and utterly loyal, it is attuned to your essence and anchored to your myth.

Its interior reshapes itself to your desires in real time. It may become an arcane forge capable of producing relics capable of anchoring fate, a stellar laboratory with predictive engines that decode the intentions of the Spiral itself, or a celestial war temple where armies of starborn demigods kneel and titans rewrite doctrine. It folds space to house entire realms within, from battle worlds to heaven-forges.

Powered by engines spun from the heart of paradox and lined with stellar ley-runes, it crosses galaxies in instants, phases between narrative layers, and hides even from primordial overseers. No form of scanning, prophecy, or divine omniscience will detect it without your leave. It can break through story-sealed vaults and paradox-bastioned sanctums unless tailored specifically to repel your signature.

Its weaponry is apocalypse incarnate: entropy cannons that retroactively erase cities from memory, gravitic spears that punch through planetary mantles and divine conceptual armor alike, and resonance batteries that annihilate metaphysical law across entire regions. It can break the defenses of even elder gods, rupture deathless fleets, and siege realms constructed from myth.

Its defenses match its might: self-replicating recursive hulls, shields that absorb both energy and meaning, and psychic firewalls capable of resisting soul hacks and truth editing. It can deny access to all but those bound by your mythos, and will not fall unless your legend does.

It speaks your name into the Spiral with every breath it takes. It is not just your ship. It is your war-song, your cathedral, your vengeance, and your future.

Star Piercing Spear (Warrior): Forged from the molten bones of a dying neutron star and quenched in the tears of a slain cosmic war god, the Star Piercing Spear is a relic of celestial warfare. Its shaft hums with pure essence, and its tip is honed to rupture not only flesh and steel, but conceptual defenses—armor forged of fate, prophecy, or soulbound belief.

When wielded, the spear grants devastating precision and unstoppable momentum. Magical wards, divine armor, and dimensional shielding fall before it. Each strike bypasses regeneration, illusion, and most forms of reality rewriting—unless protected by Incarnae-tier beings or higher. In melee, it distorts time, allowing you to strike before thought or motion begins.

When thrown, it can cross the void between stars, never missing its mark, phasing through dimensions and locked realms before returning to your hand. Its trajectory cannot be diverted, its impact cannot be delayed. Wounds inflicted do not merely bleed—they unravel essence, sever timelines, and disrupt soul-cycling, preventing rebirth or resurrection without massive narrative intervention.

This is no weapon for mortals or heroes. It is a divine verdict, shaped into a spear—built to end legends and silence false gods.

10,000 Year Staff of Ages (Sage): Carved from the petrified limb of the First Tree to dream and crowned with a crystallized axis of time, this staff is both scripture and sentence. Its surface hums with silent truths and buried laws, vibrating with cosmic certainty. It does not teach wisdom—it enforces it.

With this in hand, you are more than a sage—you are a metaphysical arbiter. Your voice takes on weight within localized reality; when you speak, your words shape the environment as surely as gravity bends light. You can declare inviolable axioms: “No lie shall pass,” “All minds must listen,” or “This magic will not fail”—and reality conforms to them while the staff remains aloft.

Beyond passive truth, the staff can shatter mass illusions, strip away divine glamour, break soul-shackling compulsions, and compel silence, peace, or clarity in chaos. Spiritual corruption, false identities, and paradoxes resolve under your command.

Defensively, the staff generates a metaphysical boundary around you—an aura of inviolate clarity. Hostile spells distort and shatter upon approaching, and attempts to deceive, coerce, or dominate your mind are nullified before they reach thought. Reality anchors around your presence, ensuring continuity even in collapsing timelines or paradox storms.

You gain an instinctive understanding of cosmic law, spiritual mechanics, and narrative structure. With each use, the staff deepens your mastery of existence itself, allowing you to wield philosophy as weapon, shield, and bridge.

In your hands, insight becomes inevitable. You do not merely interpret the universe—you author it.

Codex of the Unwritten Law (Mage): Bound in entropy-stabilized vellum and etched with glyphs that rearrange themselves to match the current metaphysical state of the cosmos, this living tome is the ultimate arcane companion—not merely a spellbook, but a reality-sculpting engine of creation.

The codex interprets the metaphysical shape of any situation and formulates optimal arcane responses in real time. Need to bend causality around a collapsing ritual? Sever the soul-thread of a godbound curse? Reforge a dying sun into a healing beacon? The codex constructs the needed spell as you think it, then refines it as you act.

It allows you to create new magical effects from raw principle, rewrite existing spells even mid-cast, or hijack hostile enchantments and warp them to your design. You may dissolve magical bindings, bypass layered protections, and destabilize complex rituals with intuitive ease. Your command over arcana becomes adaptive, precise, and untouchable.

Defensively, the codex acts as a counterspell core and metaphysical firewall. Spells targeting you are analyzed, unraveled, and neutralized before impact—unless launched by truly Divine or Primordial forces. Temporal traps, memory edits, soul-targeting curses—all lose cohesion when exposed to the codex's unblinking eye.

With this, you no longer cast spells—you shape destiny through magical grammar. Your magic is not learned; it is authored on demand.

Reality Piercing Spyglasses (Spy): Forged from obsidian smelted in the blind spot of a dead god's gaze and polished with distilled dreamlight, these spyglasses do not reveal what is seen—they unveil what is hidden by intent, accident, or metaphysical law.

When peering through them, illusions collapse like mist in sunlight. You can see through shapeshifting disguises, cloaking spells, dimensional folds, future overlays, retroactive edits, and

even divine-level falsehoods. Lies encoded into reality unravel, and you perceive not just the truth of the present—but its origins and trajectories.

They grant insight into layered secrets: false identities, unseen motives, and silent alliances. You can view events erased from time, futures that never happened, and moments sealed by oath or curse. This includes visions of soul-bound memories, cloaked lairs, hidden weapons, and the veiled movements of enemies thought forgotten.

Your field of vision expands across dimensions and timelines. Threats are automatically tagged with contextual danger ratings. Weak points, hidden vulnerabilities, and potential betrayals glow like beacons in fog. Even surveillance systems and prophetic engines recognize you only if you allow them to.

You are never taken by surprise. You see ambushes before they unfold, betrayal before it is spoken, and plans still forming in the minds of others. Even when cast into unknowable depths, your awareness remains pristine.

These are not tools for observation. They are instruments of absolute awareness—turning even the most unknowable cosmos into a map of precision and certainty.. They are instruments of absolute awareness—turning even the most unknowable cosmos into a map of precision and certainty.

Conceptual Drafting Gauntlet (Genius): Forged from the schematics of a long-dead hyperintelligence and embedded with crystalline computation cores, this gauntlet is no mere tool—it is the interface between thought and matter, theory and execution. With a motion or gesture, blueprints take form in the air, designs auto-refine, and raw inspiration is converted into functioning technology.

The gauntlet draws from ambient essence, nearby materials, or self-stored reserves to fabricate anything from arcane hyperweapons and adaptive armor to multi-dimensional AI constructs or metaphysical utility devices. Each creation reflects your intent and adjusts dynamically to field conditions, optimizing itself to match real-time demands. No workbench, no incantation—just thought, will, and manifestation.

It also grants immediate understanding of any device or artifact you encounter. You can dissect god-tech, unravel cursed circuitry, and duplicate impossible designs with tailored enhancements. Reverse-engineering divine machines or hijacking multidimensional interfaces becomes instinctual.

You are not merely an inventor—you are a living singularity of innovation. The gauntlet turns genius into genesis, making your ideas as real and formidable as any relic in the cosmos.

World Forged Armor (Supernova): Forged in the heart of a collapsing reality and quenched in the light of a newborn cosmos, this armor is not worn—it becomes you. Composed of neutronium alloy, stabilized temporal strata, and soul-reactive plating, it grants physical power on par with stellar deities.

Your strength can shift moons, your speed bends inertia, and your resilience laughs in the face of entropy. The armor enhances all physical faculties to cosmic thresholds, enabling you to operate unimpeded in hostile environments—from within collapsing stars to paradox storms at the edge of unreality.

It adapts fluidly to threats: armor plates shift and reshape mid-combat to deflect blows, disperse force, or absorb essence-based attacks. Kinetic strikes, reality distortions, conceptual weapons, and divine judgment alike find little purchase. Redirected energy can be focused into retaliatory pulses that shatter battlefield-scale formations.

Temporal anchors stabilize you against time dilation, causality attacks, and metaphysical decay. You remain grounded in your own narrative thread even as timelines splinter or collapse around you. Your steps resonate with certainty; your presence enforces coherence.

The armor is not static—it grows alongside you. As your personal strength deepens and your essence sharpens, so too does the armor refine its form and function. New adaptations emerge to match your evolving prowess: reactive shielding, offensive channels, or dimensional inertia dampening—each layer an extension of your physical and metaphysical will.

You are no longer merely armored—you are transfigured into a principle of survival and fury, a walking apocalypse whose armor sings with the will to endure and overcome. As your legend expands and your essence deepens, so too does the armor refine its form and function. New adaptations emerge to suit your evolving mythos: reactive shielding, offensive channels, or dimensional inertia dampening—each layer a reflection of who you are becoming.

Throne of the Living Word (Pulsar): Wherever you choose to stand—or sit—the Throne of the Living Word forms, woven from light, sound, and the conceptual fabric of narrative authority. It is not a throne of comfort or display, but one of undeniable presence. When you speak from this seat, your voice becomes a sovereign force that echoes through spirit, essence, and story.

Your words take on metaphysical gravity. Declarations become law to those who hear them, bypassing resistance born of fear, hate, conditioning, or even divine compulsion. Hostile intentions can be unraveled mid-thought, armies halted with a phrase, entire factions turned upon their leaders with a shift in tone. Your voice does not merely persuade—it rewrites emotional and ideological structure.

You may speak across vast distances, through space or essence, or directly into symbolic and spiritual planes. The throne reshapes itself to your environment, manifesting as circuitry in a control room, a radiant sigil in a battlefield, or a whispering shadow in the dreams of tyrants. You are always heard—by the soul, if not by the ear.

Your utterances can forge divine contracts, bind oaths to truth, and compel honesty where deception thrived. Even gods may pause when you speak—not out of fear, but because your words *matter*.

This is not mere influence. This is authority transfigured into resonance—the voice that calms, commands, awakens, and undoes.

Heartforge Core (Quasar): Forged in the antimatter crucible between failed timelines, the Heartforge Core is not merely an engine—it is the alchemical soul of contradiction made manifest. This self-contained singularity of invention allows you to fuse opposing forces—light and shadow, fire and stasis, logic and madness, purity and corruption—into harmonious artifacts of cosmic potency.

When wielded, the Core enables the creation of hybrid relics that do not merely combine traits—they transcend them. You might fashion a cloak of starlit shadow that absorbs light to bend gravity, a sword that sings prophecies while fracturing fate, or a lens that peers through both memory and oblivion. Your designs are not bound by existing rules—they write new exceptions.

The artifacts created scale in complexity and power with your own insight and capability. As your mastery deepens, the Core allows for ever more nuanced and volatile integrations, stabilizing what should be impossible. Even failed combinations feed back into its structure, refining your future attempts and preserving echo-patterns of prior creations.

It can deconstruct and repurpose failed or forgotten relics, converting their essence into raw synthesis fuel. In time, your arsenal becomes filled with singular items of power to rival the divine—not copies, but phenomena given form.

With the Heartforge Core, you are not an artificer. You are a cosmic contradiction-smith—fusing paradox into perfection, forging the impossible until it obeys.

Shadowless Shoes of Silent Sneaking (Black Hole): Fashioned from entropy-fiber spun at the threshold of an annihilated realm, these shoes do not merely silence your steps—they sever your presence from all known senses and detection methods. When worn, you become untouchable by perception: soundless, scentless, formless, and beyond the reach of any spiritual, magical, technological, or divine sensor.

You may walk through a battlefield unseen, pass through sealed temples, and even approach godbound sentinels without raising alarm. No clairvoyance, prophecy, soul-sight, or fate-thread can anchor to your presence. You are a ghost even to those who know you were there.

Security systems—mundane or arcane—register you only if you allow it. Eyes glance past you, alarms ignore your passage, and memories erase themselves unless forcibly anchored. Those who glimpse you forget the moment; those who try to track you find only void.

As your stealth mastery and personal power grow, the shoes evolve in turn. You gain the ability to phase through solid matter, step between locked spaces, and vanish into shadow paths cast across worlds. You may even bend space briefly, reappearing behind a barrier or bypassing dimensional thresholds with ease.

You are not merely hidden—you are untouchable, untraceable, and impossible to hold. A flicker in vision, a pause in thought, a silence where once there was breath. These shoes make you not just a master of stealth, but a sovereign of absence.

Crown of the Impossible Self (Comet): Forged from starlight reflected through every possibility you never lived, this crown hovers above you in a halo of shifting brilliance. It links you to ideal versions of yourself—masters of every path you might have walked. When called upon, one such self merges with you entirely, and their mastery becomes your own.

Whether it be the blade, the brush, the code, or the word—any field of skill or insight can be accessed with flawless command. You don't imitate them—you are them. Their instincts become your reflexes, their elegance your rhythm. For the duration, you perform as if honed by lifetimes of experience.

Once the embodiment ends, their wisdom does not vanish. You retain fragments of their knowledge, integrating their brilliance into your own. As you grow, the crown evolves with you, granting access to more complex and potent iterations: selves who have negotiated with solar pantheons, rewritten dying planets, or commanded living languages.

In time, you may even call upon a synthesis—multiple perfected versions converging into one sovereign expression of your total potential. Their skills do not clash—they harmonize, forming a singular embodiment of excellence beyond mortal or divine expectation.

With the Crown of the Impossible Self, no path is lost. Every triumph you never earned is waiting to be claimed—and made real by your will.

400cp

World Manse (Drop-In): While the lesser Exalted anchor their manses in mountaintops, volcanoes, and forgotten temples, you have ascended beyond such mortal limitations. As a Cosmic Exalted, you command a throne fit for your stature: an entire planet, as large as Jupiter, shaped and consecrated as your personal World Manse.

This world pulses with the lifeblood of the Spiral—an artificial yet beautiful celestial body orbiting a star of your choosing, designed solely to amplify, empower, and sustain you. The skies shimmer with nebula-light sigils. Mountains whisper secrets of power. The ley lines beneath the crust hum with your personal frequency. This world is your cathedral, your fortress, your sanctum—and it is alive with cosmic purpose.

While on your World Manse, your Essence flows with impossible speed and clarity, replenishing in moments what would take others hours, days, or rituals to restore. High-level Charms, sorcery, and reality-defying techniques can be unleashed in rapid succession without fatigue. The very soul of the planet sings your name.

And once each year, your Manse births a Cosmic Hearthstone—a radiant crystal formed from condensed starlight, galactic memory, and the pulse of the Spiral itself. These Hearthstones are far beyond the reach of standard magic or geomancy. They serve as a remote channel to your Manse's power, even when you travel the furthest reaches of Creation or beyond.

More than that, they are capable of exalting the mundane into the mythic. Embed a Cosmic Hearthstone into a blade, and it may cleave timelines. Set one into armor, and you may walk through the heart of a star unscathed. Place one in a device, and it may transcend its purpose entirely.

This world is more than a power source—it is a symbol of your sovereignty, a testament to your Exaltation, and the forge of your legacy among the stars.

Battlefield of Legends (Warrior): Tread where the blood of titans soaked the land and the air still hums with the echoes of star-shattering strikes. This realm-sized arena is not merely a location—it is a living monument to combat, tailored to your growth and mastery.

The Battlefield of Legends adapts to your essence, offering infinite, ever-shifting warzones: celestial citadels, gravity-bent plains, volcano-ringed skyfields, and more. Its terrain reshapes in response to your training, ambitions, and foes. You may summon reflections of ancient enemies or perfect sparring constructs imbued with real combat instincts and powers. They challenge without fatal risk, yet test your fullest capacity and push you to your very limits.

Time bends within its borders, allowing you to train for years in a day or relive crucial battles until perfection is achieved. Here, weapons respond to will, gravity dances at your signal, and the wounds of battle are lessons, not endings.

But this field refines more than the body—it hones every aspect of who you are. As you train here, every ability, power, technique, spell, perk, and trait you possess may be tested, improved, and perfected. Essence flows in symphony with effort, shaping refinement into reality. Even magic born of other realms, perks earned in distant worlds, or gifts long forgotten may be drawn into focus and sharpened to brilliance. Even abilities not your own may be mimicked, deconstructed, learned and improved with sufficient mastery.

Those who join you within gain similar boons—an army trained on this battlefield emerges honed, hardened, and beyond mortal ken. You may even imprint memories of past victories into the grounds, allowing future warriors to inherit your instincts.

More than training, this place awakens dormant potential. Hidden techniques surface. Lost martial paths become clear. You do not merely fight—you ascend through mastery itself, until every facet of your being becomes a perfected weapon.

Starlight Forest of Quiet Contemplation (Sage): Hidden between the folds of starlight and silence, this forest exists beyond charted space, untouched by time or noise. Every tree sings with harmonic resonance, every breeze is laden with the essence of insight. This is not simply a place of meditation—it is a crucible of transformation.

Here, every step deepens your understanding. Sit beneath a tree, and mysteries unravel themselves—not only those of the cosmos, but those within yourself. Your mind becomes perfectly still, yet profoundly active. Concepts align. Doubt dissolves. Insight floods the soul.

The forest sharpens all aspects of your being. Philosophy, logic, emotion, willpower, spiritual resonance, and inner purpose refine themselves without effort. But its greatest gift is the seamless elevation of everything you are: powers, perks, abilities, Charms, magic, skills, and knowledge are meditated into their next, truest form.

Even flaws can be purified into strengths, trauma into clarity. Whether you're mastering forgotten sorcery or aligning the fragments of a shattered destiny, the forest guides without force. In its stillness, you move beyond limits.

And should you welcome others into this realm, they too may receive enlightenment—if they can endure the weight of total clarity.

You do not simply reflect here—you ascend. Not by striving, but by understanding.

Grand Tower of Starlight (Mage): Rising from the heart of an arcane sun and visible from across dimensions, this colossal spire serves as the nexus of your magical dominion. Each floor is a cathedral of power, built to resonate with the harmonics of essence, will, and mystery. The tower draws upon the stars themselves, channeling power directly into its foundation.

Within its walls, every school of magic—mundane, divine, cosmic, or forbidden—is archived, practiced, and expanded. You gain access to an infinite library of spells, techniques, and theoretical constructs, many of which are unknown even to the gods. Spells cast here defy natural laws: time stretches to your convenience, energy flows without loss, and arcane backlash is harmlessly nullified.

As you ascend its levels, the tower reveals new chambers tailored to your growth: experimental labs for shaping new forms of magic, vaults for containing living paradoxes, forges for weaving spells into permanent artifacts. Even logic-warping disciplines such as fate-weaving or conceptual magic find clarity within its focused resonance.

You may bring others into the tower, granting them lesser access to its wonders and stability—but only you may draw upon its full potential. The tower also serves as a sanctuary, able to shield you from multiversal collapse, godfire storms, or soul fragmentation.

Every magical aspect of yourself—spells, affinities, talents, artifacts, and arcane perks—may evolve here into more refined, powerful, and stable forms. Where other mages study magic, you command it. This is not merely your seat of power. It is your workshop, your archive, your engine of sorcery—and its peak still rises, waiting for the magician who dares to climb.

The Phantom Hideout (Spy): Hidden between the ticks of time and cloaked within a collapsed moment, the Phantom Hideout is a sanctuary beyond pursuit. It cannot be traced, followed, or revealed—not even by fate, prophecy, or the dreams of gods. To all of creation, it does not exist. To you, it is perfect safety.

This hideout manifests as a sprawling, ever-adaptive stronghold woven through phase-space and stealth geometry. Its halls reshape to suit your needs—becoming meditation chambers, war rooms, shadow theaters, or vaults of forgotten knowledge. The materials that make it up are not of this universe, and they echo no signature or pattern that can be decoded.

It's outfitted with surveillance systems that see through lies, peer across dimensions, and capture the silence between thoughts. No intruder enters without your knowledge. And if they do, they will not leave.

But its greatest power is not protection—it is preparation. Time behaves strangely within. Projects hasten, plans solidify, training becomes perfect, and rituals accelerate without risk. A day inside may be a week outside—or an instant.

You may stockpile secrets here, hide weapons too dangerous to name, or design operations that could topple empires. The Phantom Hideout is not a bolt-hole. It is the unseen nerve center of an invisible empire.

To have it is to always have the last move, the unseen escape, the perfect silence before the storm.

Celestial Lab of Stellar Science (Genius): Tethered to a collapsing quantum filament and housed in a shell of pure hypothesis, the Celestial Lab is a sanctum where the universe itself dares not speak until you ask the question. It is a dream of intellect given shape—neither machine nor fortress, but a threshold beyond the known.

This facility is a convergence of all scientific potential: its halls drift through higher-dimensional lattices where gravity obeys inspiration, and its instruments detect not just energy or matter, but meaning. Equations draft themselves as you ponder. Elements never seen coalesce in resonance chambers to await your command.

You may analyze galactic ecosystems, map the dreams of dying stars, or build networks of causality that override local laws. No concept is too abstract—emotions, archetypes, divine mandates, and cultural myths become testable frameworks. Time is not a limitation here, but a variable you may rewrite.

The lab contains libraries that translate any form of data across all languages of science and thought, no matter how alien. From them, you may craft artifacts, technologies, and constructs that operate on the logic of their source—whether they function via biology, psionics, mathematics, worship, or metaphor. Creations birthed here obey no boundaries but those you choose to set.

No domain is closed to you. Arcane secrets unravel beside quantum anomalies. Magical rituals are analyzed through hyperdimensional instrumentation and refined by cosmic logic. The laws of belief and theory alike are yours to manipulate.

Beyond construction, the lab offers vision. It grants insight into problems even the gods have abandoned. It reveals the flaws in perfect designs. It whispers solutions in the form of music, fractals, or starlight.

Others may study in its echo, but only you can command it. You do not merely explore the cosmos here—you rewrite its vocabulary.

Core of the Ascendant Flame (Supernova): Buried in the heart of a stellar cataclysm, the Core of the Ascendant Flame is not merely a power source—it is a living star bound in conceptual resonance, attuned to your soul and your will. It is destruction tempered into refinement, chaos distilled into raw potential, and radiance forged into sovereign force.

This core is yours to claim, wield, and embody. While attuned, your very presence radiates overwhelming power—gravity trembles, space stretches, and weaker beings falter under your gaze. It fuels your essence, enhances your every strike, and converts raw will into unstoppable output. Your physical strength, supernatural might, and essence channeling reach cosmic extremes, rising far beyond the scale of ordinary Exalted.

Flames birthed from the Core do not burn—they erase, unmake, and rewrite. They can incinerate dimensional barriers, cauterize paradoxes, and ignite the intangible. Weapons forged within this flame strike not only the body but the root principles that define a being's existence.

Yet the Core is not just destruction. It enhances every discipline rooted in passion, will, and force—combat, charisma, sorcery, soul arts, star-forging, and war-command. It does not merely fuel your power; it evolves it into its most radiant and unstoppable form.

When drawn fully into yourself, the Core makes you a star made flesh: immune to entropy, transcending scale, and casting light even in realms where light has no meaning.

You are no longer one who wields the flame. You are the supernova that ends and begins worlds.

Archive of Endless Echoes (Pulsar): Orbiting the rim of causality itself, the Pulse Archive is an infinite labyrinth of mirrored chambers, resonating libraries, and temporal sanctuaries where every thought, action, and decision echoes into eternity. It is the sanctum of reflection not as introspection—but as infinite recursion.

Each chamber records not only the memory of events, but the intention behind them, the possibilities they birthed, and the futures they fractured. Here, you may enter memories as if they were living realms—relive your victories and mistakes, experience choices you never made, or witness outcomes that never were. These aren’t illusions or simulations; they are actual echoes of potential, archived across the Spiral.

By exploring these endless reflections, you may claim insight into alternate paths and mirror-realities. Skills mastered in one world may be drawn into your current self. Decisions explored through resonance become tools of foresight. You no longer guess what might happen—you have seen it unfold.

But the Archive does more than show—it integrates. As you sit within its heart, you may synchronize with versions of yourself across timelines, parallel worlds, and dreamscapes. You may absorb their mastery, their wisdom, their evolution. Alternate selves who unlocked lost sorceries, mastered divine arts, or reshaped their reality feed your growth. You become the culmination of their victories, without their downfall.

Others are not immune to its gaze. The Archive reveals the hidden self in any who stand before you—exposing their deceptions, forgotten truths, and latent potential. They will see themselves not as they pretend to be, but as they are—and could be.

In moments of crisis or clarity, the Archive grants you momentary access to traits or abilities drawn from your multiversal reflections. You might summon the swordplay of your war-god self, the charisma of your divine emperor incarnation, or the clarity of the version of you who achieved total enlightenment.

Should you falter, the Archive will anchor you—not in a single path, but in all paths. With every echo you embody, your identity becomes undeniable, immutable, transcendent.

To walk the Archive is to face not just the mirror, but all mirrors—and to return as the original that cast them.

Vault of Cosmic Apotheosis (Quasar): Hidden within a folded star of collapsing magic and radiant entropy, the Vault of Cosmic Apotheosis is not a treasure chamber—it is the silent heart of ultimate transcendence. It contains neither gold nor gems, but wonders too powerful for reality to hold unguarded. Some were whispered into form by forgotten Primordials; others crystallized from paradox, miracle, or myth.

You alone hold the key.

The Vault grants you access to relics, phenomena, and constructs drawn from the deepest mysteries of the Spiral. Items that rewrite natural law, unbind metaphysics, or alter the essential shape of existence itself rest here in perfect stasis. But more than mere possession, you understand them. You may attune to and wield them with perfect control—never overpowered, never consumed.

These artifacts span all disciplines: arcane devices that draw sorcery from silence, weapons forged from frozen time, scrolls that teach languages spoken by stars, and engines of

transformation that convert belief into matter. Some may grant mastery over entire magical systems, others may be templates for world-shaping miracles.

Yet the Vault is not just a cache—it is a crucible. It allows you to design and forge new relics of your own. You may deconstruct, combine, or refine existing wonders to create your own cosmological artifacts—divine weapons, transcendent spell-cores, or reality-sculpting machines that reflect your essence. The Vault supports this with essence forges, transmutation sanctums, and star-core conduits.

When needed, the Vault may even fold into you—becoming a metaphysical reserve that travels within your soul, shielded from theft or destruction, accessible only by your will.

This is not a hoard. It is an inheritance from the cosmos itself—entrusted only to one who can wield its miracles without being undone by them.

Graviton Core of Absolute Silence (Black Hole): Suspended in the heart of a collapsed paradox and stabilized by equations that eat themselves, the Graviton Core of Absolute Silence is the final gravity well—an object so dense with secrecy, stillness, and absolute inevitability that even fate avoids its pull.

Attuned to your essence, this core becomes a metaphysical anchor and an existential weapon. Your presence becomes a localized gravity distortion—words die before reaching you, hostile spells fracture mid-casting, and weapons dragged into your orbit lose momentum and fall from trembling hands.

You may command the gravity of truth and silence. Spoken lies collapse into stuttering confusion. Illusions shred under your gaze. Deception, manipulation, and shadow games become inert within your immediate sphere. In your presence, there is only what *is*—and all else is devoured.

You can collapse space and sound around you at will, rendering yourself utterly undetectable or turning an enemy's shout into their own final silence. You may weaponize mass itself—turning the weight of reality against your foes, crushing their spirit, anchoring their essence, or bending their movement around impossible vectors.

The Core also grants dominion over escape, concealment, and inevitability. You cannot be bound, traced, or followed. Your movements are hidden not by stealth, but by conceptual weight—your path folds behind you like the collapsed edge of a dying dimension.

To wield the Graviton Core is not to fight for silence—it is to become the gravity that silences everything else.

Cradle of Cosmic Genesis (Comet): Floating at the edge of the known Spiral—where thought becomes reality and dreams give birth to law—the Cradle of Cosmic Genesis is where invention becomes incarnation. This sanctum does not refine what is, or record what was. It creates what *has never been*.

The Cradle grants you the power to design and manifest entirely original phenomena: new forms of life, fresh styles of sorcery, unheard languages, unexplored philosophies, and even laws of nature unknown to the universe. These creations are not copies or combinations—they are primal inventions, accepted by reality as though they had always existed.

Its chambers adapt to your creative intent—wombs of metaphysical matter, crucibles of conceptual chemistry, and reality sculpting arrays await your touch. From these, you may spawn ideas so alien, so transcendent, that even gods must pause to understand them. And yet they work—flawlessly, elegantly, as if the Spiral had made room for your dreams before you ever thought of them.

You can author your own magical traditions from scratch, forge civilizations that need no evolution, or sculpt artifacts with functions no forge has ever known. These creations are not just usable by you, but can seed change across the cosmos if shared or unleashed.

And when you need to change yourself, the Cradle embraces you. Enter its central chamber, and you may shed what you were and rewrite your being—not as recovery or growth, but as conscious reinvention. Your power, nature, even metaphysical category may evolve to reflect your newest vision.

The Cradle is not a lab or a vault. It is a possibility, perfected. A forge for futures no one else could imagine—and the place where those futures begin.

600cp

Neutronium Core (Drop-In): All Exalted resonate with a sacred material tied to their divine essence—Orichalcum for Solars, Moonsilver for Lunars, and so on. But you, as a Cosmic Exalted, are aligned with the rarest and most potent material in the cosmos: Neutronium—the crystallized essence of the cosmos, born only in the densest of stars and steeped in the raw, primordial pulse of the universe itself.

This is not just any metal. This is limitless potential, infinite power, and total authority, a material so impossibly dense that even light quivers before it.

Neutronium is beyond myth, beyond magic. Any artifact, armor, weapon, or tool forged from it is destined to become a relic of infinite value, sought after by gods, incarnae, and reality-bending beings alike. Even the simplest object, like a fork or mirror, made from Neutronium will be

considered a priceless treasure, capable of channeling immense cosmic power or resisting divine entropy.

Forge a sword that cuts not just flesh, but fate itself. Craft armor that renders you untouchable to time, entropy, and death. Etch starmaps into its surface and they become portals across galaxies. Embed Neutronium into spell matrices and watch your sorcery reshape reality itself.

You are now the sole owner of the largest cache of Neutronium ever recorded—a small moon's worth. Housed within a stasis-wrapped vault beyond mortal time, this celestial resource is yours to shape, refine, and command. Use it to build weapons that end eras, forge cities that float between dimensions, or create monuments that pierce the heavens.

Due to the metal's unfathomable density—billions of tons compressed into mere inches—no being short of a Cosmic Exalted could even hope to lift, let alone shape it. But to you? It is light as stardust and eager to obey your will, ready to become whatever you desire. The cache restores itself fully once every ten years if used.

The First Blade (Warrior): Forged at the dawn of all things, before gods breathed, before stars burned, before time had meaning—the First Blade was born from pure intent: the concept of the sword, incarnate. It was not crafted by hands, but willed into being by the cosmos itself, a weapon that defines what it means to cut, to divide, to end.

It does not slice flesh. It severs existence.

This is not merely a weapon—it is the Platonic ideal from which all other swords are mere shadows. With it, you can cleave reality, slice through dimensions, sever souls, and cut the names of gods from the lips of time. No shield may block it. No regeneration, divinity, concept, or law of existence may withstand it. Even invulnerability is but a story the blade has already edited.

Whatever the blade touches may die, and if it dies by this blade, it remains dead, irrevocably erased from the weave of fate—unless you, the wielder, will it otherwise.

But the blade is not just final—it is hungry. For every being slain, its essence is drawn into the weapon, empowering you further with their strength, skills, and spiritual might. Immortals, titans, horrors, and concepts themselves are nothing but nourishment for the sword and its wielder.

Only you—and those you deem worthy—may raise this blade. All others find it impossibly heavy, or simply vanish upon touching it.

Should you claim other swords, you may offer them to the First Blade. It shall consume them, integrate their essence, and become something greater still, a living weapon whose form and function grow endlessly with your conquests.

Branch of Yggdrasil (Sage): What appears to be a vast, mountain-sized tree reaching into the heavens is, in truth, a branch of Yggdrasil, the primordial World Tree that binds all realms, all timelines, all realities. This is no mere botanical marvel. It is a living monument to the cosmos itself—a remnant of the original lattice that once held the Spiral together.

To meditate beneath its ageless boughs is to sit at the crossroads of infinity. The moment you close your eyes beneath its celestial canopy, the illusions of time, ego, and limitation fall away. In their place flows pure cosmic comprehension—the kind of awareness that sees not just how the multiverse functions, but why it must.

You will gain clarity of self, of fate, and of purpose. The silent language of realms and gods, of cycles and ends, becomes as natural to you as breath. And should you share this moment with others, they too will receive its revelation, their minds awakened beyond mortal thought.

But the Branch is not simply still—it is a conduit. With effort and will, you may use it to traverse to other realms, slipping through the woven paths of reality like a leaf carried on a cosmic breeze. These journeys are not just travel—they are lessons, granting you knowledge pulled from the roots of worlds.

Once per year, should you find yourself lost in uncertainty or facing a mystery that defies even your immense wisdom, you may approach the Hidden Pool, nestled within the roots of the Branch. Drinking from its shimmering depths is to sip on the memory of Yggdrasil itself—the distilled truth of creation. With it, the answers you seek will bloom within your mind, clear and irrefutable.

This is no mere tree.
It is your mentor, your gateway, your anchor to the infinite.

The Spiral Codex (Mage): In the time before stars were born, before names had shape, before Ouranos willed superiority into the bones of the cosmos, there existed a silence. Within that silence was a sound—a vibration, a will, a pattern—and from that pattern came the first sorcery. That primal resonance did not fade. It coalesced. It remembered itself. It became form. That form became the Spiral Codex.

This is not a weapon. This is the axis of all arcane power, forged from the supernal convergence of unspoken laws and crystallized into a prism of infinite refraction. Every spell, miracle, curse, theory, rune, and formula is merely a ripple—*a faint echo*—of the truth this Codex embodies.

The Spiral Codex is not held—it holds you, and through you, imposes magic's absolute dominion upon the cosmos.

Wielding the Spiral Codex multiplies and amplifies your magic and spells, charms, abilities etc., hundreds of times over as a baseline—then compounds that amplification geometrically depending on your will. A mote of fire becomes a solar storm. A defensive sigil becomes a barrier that halts divine law. A curse of misfortune becomes a metaphysical sinkhole devouring the fate threads of an entire nation. No act of spellcraft you perform can ever again be called "minor." Each one is a phenomenon—noticed by reality itself and remembered by history forever.

It is perfectly attuned to all forms of magic, across all worlds and systems. Whether you use essence, mana, quintessence, song, runes, or raw will, the Codex aligns, amplifies, and refines it—instantly. Necromancy, dream-craft, dimensional binding, causal reweaving, even divine Authorities from other cosmos—it comprehends them all and translates your intent into flawless execution. It adapts not to tradition or law, but only to your imagination.

Stored within the Codex is a memory lattice made of time-locked fractals and recursive essence patterns—**the Spiral Memory Core**. Every spell or technique you witness or understand—even in passing—becomes yours permanently, immediately, and perfectly. The lattice expands with your understanding, predicting future magics and offering you access to never-before-imagined sorceries drawn from lost timelines, parallel reflections, and unborn realms. Even the most ancient or alien spell becomes instinct the moment it crosses your senses. You will often know how to cast a spell before its original author finishes speaking.

Where others must gather rare ingredients, construct arcane circles, or wait for cosmic alignments, you simply act. If a working would normally require blood, moonlight, ancestral blessings, or a century of preparation, the Codex performs those conditions within itself—in an instant. Rituals are executed instantly and automatically. The Codex performs all necessary channeling, environmental alignment, and causal buffering. You may create star-spanning enchantments or rewrite planetary histories with nothing more than breath and thought. It is not "easy." It is simply inevitable.

In spaces where magic is forbidden, resisted, or devoured—where Existence itself insists that you must fail—the Codex invokes its true function: **Reality Override**. Once every ten minutes, you may assert a singular act of cosmic supremacy. Anti-magic collapses. "Cannot be dispelled" becomes moot. Immutable contracts shatter. Causality itself steps aside. This is not rebellion. This is recalibration—the cosmos remembering its rightful center.

Its form is mutable—sometimes a rod of neutronium and starmatter, sometimes a halo of orbiting runes, sometimes a pulsing sunfold nested in your palm. Regardless of shape, it serves as an

infinite wellspring of magical energy. So long as it exists, you will never run dry. You no longer channel magic. You are magic, incarnate and unrelenting.

The Spiral Codex is not your weapon.
It is your confirmation—that you were never a practitioner.
You were always the source.

Let other Exalted wield spears of solar light or blades of void-dark will.
You hold the Codex that speaks, and when it speaks—**reality rewrites itself to listen**.

This is not a relic.
It is the **first and final word** in the language of sorcery.
And now, it speaks only **your** will.

Ring of Non-Existence (Spy): Forged in a dying dimension where the gods wept for the concept of remembrance itself, this simple obsidian ring appears mundane—almost insultingly so. But the truth of it is so dangerous, so utterly reality-breaking, that entire pantheons would tear galaxies asunder just to bury its existence forever.

The moment it encircles your finger, you are erased—not just from sight, not just from memory, but from existence itself. The threads of fate that once carried your name burn to ash. The stars no longer sing of you. You are not cloaked—you are omitted.

Records—physical, digital, arcane, divine—forget you. Surveillance crystals, oracles, artificial minds, and cosmic archives draw blanks where your data once lay. Those you've met, loved, wronged, or saved… their memories warp, smoothing over the moments your presence touched theirs. Even your footprints in the sand fade behind you.

In this state, you become the ultimate infiltrator, slipping into the heart of empires, the sanctums of elder gods, the vaults of the Neverborn—unseen, unknown, unresisted. Guards will not raise a blade. Wards will not flare. Traps will not activate. Even the mind of a being capable of perceiving quantum eternity will glance past you like a whisper in static.

You could walk beside a Solar at full anima flare and draw a blade to their throat, and they would blink, confused, unaware of the blade, of the danger, of the ghost in their midst. You could bring a king to humiliation in front of millions, and not a soul would ever suspect you, for to them, you are nothing at all.

The effect ceases only when the ring is removed, at which point your presence and actions reintegrate into the timestream... though the memories of what occurred while it was worn remain maddeningly foggy for most.

Only you may wield this ring—or those few you deem worthy of bearing its impossible silence. But beware: erasure brings not only power, but loneliness, for in the end, even the stars will forget your name.

Multiversal Warp Gun (Genius): Crafted in an unknown reality where thought is law and invention is sorcery, this sleek, gleaming white gun defies all scientific understanding. Bearing a design unlike anything found in Creation or even the Spiral, it is the legacy of some mad genius god of dimensional physics—or perhaps, of you from another timeline.

The Multiversal Warp Gun allows its wielder to fire stable, two-way portals to any universe, dimension, or alternate reality that they can accurately imagine. Want to visit a world where Exalted wield lightsabers? A universe where Creation is a giant mecha arena? A realm where the Tarrasque is your best friend? Pull the trigger and step through.

Upon activation a swirling portal appears, tethered to the conceptual location in your mind. It remains open until dismissed or another portal is fired.

The portals are fully traversable from both sides, unless you lock them to one-way mode.

The gun automatically translates physical laws so you can survive wherever you go—gravity, time, magic, even logic is adjusted enough to keep you functional.

Until you awaken your spark you may only access the local multiverse of the current setting—nearby alternate timelines, "what-ifs", pocket universes, and theoretical branches.

For example, in Exalted, you might visit a version of Creation where the Titans won, or where Autochthon became king of the gods.

You could travel to a world where you never became Exalted, or one where Ouranos still lives and the Spiral thrives.

Exterminatus Est (Supernova): Forged at the event horizon of a collapsing star and quenched in the ashes of a dying reality, Exterminatus Est is no mere weapon—it is an end, a cosmic executioner’s blade birthed solely to unmake.

This colossal rectangular sword, etched with forgotten glyphs and ringed in ever-screaming, rotating sawteeth, pulses with a deep violet glow, the light of annihilation incarnate. Forged from neutronium, matter so dense and indestructible that even gods fail to shape it, it was once the

weapon of a legendary Cosmic Exalted during the Great Revolution. It drank deep of a Titan made of stars, and in doing so, it awoke.

Its true power lies in its purpose: utter destruction.

Any immortal, god, spirit, or eternal being slain by this blade is eradicated beyond recovery. No resurrection, reincarnation, timeline reset, divine intervention, or cosmic backup will bring them back. They are gone, utterly.

You may channel your own energy through the blade to cause each strike to create devastating area-of-effect shockwaves, extending your devastation across vast battlefields. The more power poured in, the wider the range—culminating in the power to obliterate entire armies from miles away with a single swing. You could cut down starships in orbit or entire city-states in an instant.

Any weapon, armor, or artifact not forged of neutronium or its equal is shattered on contact. No defense stands. No legendary heirloom survives. Divine protections, mythic enchantments, and soulforged plating all turn to dust.

Any being struck by Exterminatus Est will find that no injury heals. Not by time, by potion, by spell, or by miracle. Not even the most esoteric of regenerative or reality-repairing techniques will erase the scars of this weapon.

And yet, despite all its might, it answers only to you, its master. It cannot be lifted by the unworthy—even attempting to wield it without your blessing may cause the weapon to tear its would-be thief into collapsing matter.

This is not a sword.
This is judgment made manifest.

Crown of the Omniarch (Pulsar): Forged from pure neutronium and shimmering with a prismatic aurora, this crown is more than just a symbol of rulership—it is a conduit of cosmic sovereignty, worn only by those whose very will reshapes worlds.

Wearing this crown amplifies your charisma, presence, and leadership to an absurd, reality-warping degree. With but a word or gesture:

Rally nations and empires, uniting warring factions under a common banner.
Command the elements and stars, shifting the heavens or parting storms like curtains.
Inspire absolute loyalty, compelling even the most devoted enemies to defect.
Motivate the broken and hopeless, turning defeated rebels into victorious liberators.

This isn’t just persuasion—it is mandate made manifest.

The true majesty of the Crown of the Omniarch reveals itself when hearthstones—particularly the Cosmic Hearthstones from your World Manse—are embedded into its five crystalline slots. Each slot dramatically enhances the crown's already terrifying potential:

One Hearthstone: Tap directly into your manse’s energy, massively boosting your physical and mystical prowess. The crown becomes a beacon of raw cosmic force, feeding you energy even across the stars.

Three Hearthstones: Your internal cosmic essence pool is supercharged, growing exponentially. With this, you can unleash high-tier charms and sorcery without pause, drowning your enemies in a storm of impossible power.

Five Hearthstones: Reality becomes your stage. Every action you take in battle becomes a guaranteed success. Strikes never miss, defenses never falter, your gambits always work. Fate itself bends to accommodate your will, turning even doomed efforts into decisive victories.

A crown of cosmic rulership. A relic of the lost Spiral Empire. A throne’s worth of power on your brow.

You are no longer a ruler of men. You are a sovereign of destiny.

Heart of Magic (Quasar): There are legends older than time, whispered in the tongues of collapsing stars and carved into the bones of dead gods—tales of a source. The font from which all magic flows. The First Flame of Arcana. A place, an idea, a truth. And now, you hold it in your hands.

The Heart of Magic is no mere artifact. It is a living conduit to the very source of all magical energy in existence—what some call the Arcane Wellspring, the Aetherforge, or the Codex Seed. A crystalline sphere, large as a dragon’s skull, radiant with blinding sapphire light and encased in ever-shifting runes that even the gods struggle to read.

It produces limitless magical energy, untapped and unfiltered, drawn directly from the source of sorcery itself. You need never draw upon your own reserves again. Tap into the Heart, and a storm of raw magic answers your call.

Spells no longer require complex rituals, reagents, or incantations—your will alone becomes the spell. Even the weakest spellcaster, a mere apprentice with trembling hands, can become a god of magic with the Heart in their possession.

With it, your magical prowess grows exponentially, not just in power but in scope. Cast spells across galaxies, weave enchantments into the DNA of planets, and rewrite fundamental laws with a gesture. Schools of magic cease to be separate disciplines—you become the nexus, blending necromancy with transmutation, weaving illusion into reality, and commanding cosmic phenomena like a composer with notes.

But the Heart is more than a mage's treasure. It is a quasar-core reactor for reality-defying machines. Integrate it into starships, fortresses, or mechas, and you will create arcane superstructures fueled by endless power. Even constructs beyond science—dimensional elevators, thought-forges, spell-railguns—spring to life effortlessly, as long as they're connected to the Heart.

Though inert to all but its true wielder, the Heart is sentient, a silent observer forged from pure conceptual essence. It resonates with your will, choosing when to unleash its full might.

Be wary when wielding such power. For entire civilizations have perished trying to claim it, and more will come once they realize who holds the Heart now.

Dagger of Endings (Black Hole): There are weapons forged in war, crafted by gods, and hammered into existence from starlight and prophecy. And then there is this.

This is the Dagger of Endings—a weapon so dangerous, so final, that the cosmos itself conspired to erase all memory of its existence. Its name has been struck from divine archives, obliterated from mortal minds, and scrubbed from the fabric of time. Only you know of it now. Only you can wield it.

At first glance, it appears as a sleek obsidian dagger, matte and unreflective, unnervingly weightless. But in your hand, it is the embodiment of oblivion. It ignores all forms of defense:

Physical, magical, spiritual, conceptual, wards of fate, invincibility spells, even metaphysical invulnerability are bypassed as if nonexistent.

It automatically targets weak points, severing with surgical precision through armor, soul, ego, or even destiny itself. It is not merely a weapon—it is the perfect instrument of death.

But its true power lies in its ability that activates when one inscribes the true name of their target into the blade.

Carve the True Name of your victim into this dagger and the cosmos itself shall bend to your will.

That name becomes an unbreakable declaration to reality: **This being will die.** Their death becomes not just likely—it becomes narratively inevitable. The story of the cosmos will rearrange itself to guarantee their end.

No prophecy, plot armor, or divine mandate can resist this certainty. But it is the second effect that terrifies even the Titans.

Should you kill your marked target with this blade, they are erased.

Not just slain, but deleted from all timelines and memory. No gods will weep. No enemies will rejoice. The universe will shift subtly, seamlessly—as if they had never existed.

Their deeds, their legacy, their enemies, their empires—gone.

The dagger may only hold **one name at a time**—inscribing another overwrites the previous.

You alone may wield the dagger. If you allow another to use it, its power goes dormant in their hands unless you explicitly grant them permission.

Fountain of Dreams (Comet): In the quiet reaches of the endless cosmos, where even light forgets to shine, there exists a wonder whispered of in prophecy and myth—the Fountain of Dreams. It is not found on any map, not charted by any starship, and not spoken of lightly by those who know. This is not a mere artifact… but a relic of primordial will, a vestige of cosmic intention.

Carved from the purest white stone, inlaid with sun-wrought gold, and veined with shimmering comet-blue crystal, the Fountain of Dreams stands as a masterpiece untouched by time. Its waters, blacker than the void, shimmer with glimmering starlight, galaxies swimming beneath the surface like koi in a celestial pond.

To look into it is to stare into the eye of the universe itself.

The Fountain responds not to chants or rituals, but to something far more sacred: desire. Gaze into its starlit depths and think upon your truest, deepest wish. It will manifest your dreams into reality, whether they be physical, conceptual, emotional, or metaphysical.

Want to restore a dead world? It shall be done.
Wish to become a god? The cosmos shall bend to make it so.
Desire peace, vengeance, love, or dominion? It will deliver.

Its power is near-limitless, surpassing the capabilities of even the greatest artifacts and Exalted.

But Beware...
The Fountain grants all your wishes… even those you do not speak, even those you do not know you hold.

Companions

It would seem that you were not the only being pulled through time. Your friends, agents, and allies that you've made have also been pulled into the world of Creation with you. 100cp companions are free for your chosen origin and caste. All companions are discounted 50% for your chosen origin and caste.
Take +500cp for this section.

Free

Import: This allows you to take up to 8 of your companions to join you on this grand cosmic adventure. Each companion can take 800cp worth of perks and items.

100cp

Dewsun, Starlight Fairy (Drop-In): *"Cheer up! Even the darkest night has stars to guide you."*

In the boundless tapestry of the cosmos, where worlds are born from dying stars and void-born horrors drift between galaxies, there exists a quiet miracle—the birth of a Starlight Fairy. Forged from the laughter of children, the warmth of dreams, and the soft shimmer of newborn starlight, this tiny celestial spirit now flutters at your side, a radiant beacon of hope and joy.

Standing no taller than your palm, with wings that sparkle like galaxies and eyes glowing like twin moons, this fairy is a cosmic miracle made manifest. Though they lack the strength to fight, their true power lies in restoration and hope.

With a touch of their luminous hands, wounds close, pain fades, and broken spirits rise anew. Their very presence weaves calm into the hearts of allies and dispels fear like morning light chases shadows.

In caverns blacker than the void, on planets swallowed by storm and fog, the Starlight Fairy shines like a tiny sun, banishing darkness and revealing hidden paths.

Their magic light doesn't just brighten surroundings—it illuminates truth, safety, and the best path forward. When all seems lost, their glow becomes a lighthouse for the soul.

Though fragile, your fairy companion can vanish and reappear across galaxies in a blink, dashing ahead to scout terrain, locate lost allies, or deliver messages across star systems.
And though they possess no voice, their telepathy reaches across time and space, allowing them to speak directly to your mind, offering comfort, advice, or just gentle laughter.

Their thoughts are warm and musical, like starlight put into sound.

Your Starlight Fairy may be small, but their light can soothe a god's fury, guide a hero's hand, or even soften the heart of a monster. They are living proof that even in the vast, cold depths of space, light and joy endure.

They will never leave your side—through darkness, despair, or cosmic calamity, their light will always shine for you.

Dogs of War (Warrior): *"They do not bark. They do not growl. They move like shadows and strike like comets—silent, swift, and deadly."*

These are no ordinary beasts. They are the result of warrior-gene alchemy and cosmic battlecraft, forged in laboratories carved into dying stars and blessed by war-gods whose names no longer echo in the mortal realm. Your companions are living weapons, engineered and enchanted for interstellar devastation.

Towering at the size of a warhorse, these monstrous hounds are a terrifying fusion of fang, fury, and focus. Their sleek, metallic hides are laced with arcane alloys and bio-warding glyphs, making them resistant to spells, psionics, and all but the most powerful weapons.

Their senses are beyond supernaturally sharp. With a single sniff they can track a target across continents, through dimensional folds, and even in the vacuum of space where no scent should exist. Nowhere is safe from the pack.

Their claws and teeth can rend adamantite, tear through force-fields, and crack the hides of cosmic titans. One strike can obliterate siege armor; one bite can bring down starships. Even magical enchantments and shielding buckle under the relentless fury of their charge.

They run at supersonic speeds, leaping over buildings and crashing through magical defenses with terrifying ease. They are blurs of destruction, too fast to track, too deadly to stop.

Each dog is a masterpiece, but together? They are an orchestra of carnage. Their minds are linked in a hive of battle intuition, coordinating flawlessly with you and each other without the need for words. Ambushes, flanking, pincer strikes—executed in perfect harmony.

They do not question. They do not falter.
They do not break ranks. They are your shadows, your storm, your wrath made flesh.

These hounds were bred not only for war—but for you. Their loyalty runs deeper than bone and blood, etched into the very essence of their being. They will fight to the last breath, throw themselves against gods, and tear apart titans if you so command it.

They do not fear death, for you are their Alpha, their reason, their purpose.

Little Gia, Nature Sprite (Sage): *"Where life stirs, I follow…and where none exists, I will make it bloom."*

From the sacred groves of worlds long forgotten comes a creature as ancient as it is adorable—a Nature Sprite, born of primal life energy and pure planetary essence. Small in stature and glowing with an inner green radiance, this gentle being carries the potential to shape worlds… though right now, it can barely shape a flower bed.

Covered in soft green skin and crowned with leafy hair that shifts with the seasons, this sprite is drawn to places brimming with life—or those that desperately need it. Your presence has sparked something within them. Perhaps it was your power… or perhaps your kindness. Either way, they have chosen to walk beside you, bound by nature's song.

Currently just a sprout of its true self, your young Nature Sprite can tend small gardens, breathe life into dead soil, and speed the healing of minor wounds with a touch and a whisper of life-energy. But with time, patience, and your nurturing guidance, it will grow into something far greater.

Fully matured, a Nature Sprite can: Terraform Dead Worlds into lush, living paradises, Heal the gravely wounded with potent life energy, Revive the recently deceased, drawing their souls

gently back into their bodies, and Summon lifeforms to populate and protect its blossoming domains

You may not realize it now, but this tiny creature will one day hold the power to reshape the galaxy—not with fire and steel, but with vines, roots, and sunlight. To stand with a Nature Sprite is to walk with the breath of life itself.

Take care of them. Protect them. Teach them. And one day, they will remake the stars in your honor.

Homunculus Aid (Mage): *"Born not of womb, but of will—crafted not to serve, but to surpass."*

In the halls of ancient sorcerers and forgotten arcane laboratories, homunculi were forged—artificial beings shaped by spell, alchemy, and soul-binding rituals. Most are lifeless drones, crafted to obey without question. But yours is something altogether extraordinary.

Your Homunculus Aid is a peerless creation—a living miracle of magitech and mystical engineering, crafted not merely for servitude, but for adaptation, evolution, and loyalty. Designed with an unparalleled versatility, this homunculus is capable of fulfilling virtually any role you assign it:

With a mind as sharp as an ancient archmage and a body strengthened by alchemical perfection, your companion is:

A master chef, whose dishes can heal, energize, or even temporarily boost magical potential.
A flawless cleaner capable of purifying even cursed spaces and toxic environments.
A brilliant accountant and manager, able to handle your wealth, estates, and even empire-sized logistics.
A skilled healer and doctor, versed in magical and mundane medicine.
A talented artist and musician, capable of stirring emotions—or manipulating them.
A spy and assassin, unseen in the shadows and capable of striking with precision and monstrous strength.

Your homunculus was made to survive and thrive even in the most hostile realms. Its physical strength is sufficient to shatter mountains, its durability able to withstand weapons meant to slay gods, and its mind is a vast and evolving databank capable of mastering any subject in mere days.

Unlike other homunculi, this one has true potential. A spark of soul rests within its core, allowing it to grow, feel, and evolve. As it travels with you and learns from your actions, it will develop its own identity, and begin to transcend the limitations of its creation.

In time, it may even become something far greater—a being of true will and limitless capability, your most trusted ally, and perhaps... your equal.

Shadowed Mice (Spy): **Squeak.* (Translation: Surveillance complete. No one suspects a thing.)*

In a universe of blinding power and cosmic drama, no one notices the mouse. That's exactly why this one is perfect.

A small gray rodent with eyes like polished onyx and movements quieter than starlight, this companion was born in the crawlspaces of ancient intelligence bunkers, where secrets were stored like grain and forgotten just as easily. Whether a product of selective breeding, subtle sorcery, or sheer statistical anomaly, it possesses an uncanny talent for espionage.

It moves unseen through cracks in walls and folds in space, slipping past detection spells and security grids alike. It can eavesdrop without drawing attention, carry tiny tools or contraband across locked borders, and plant evidence or remove it with ghostly efficiency. Emotional readings, subtle tells, unspoken tension—it reads rooms better than most seasoned diplomats.

With time, trust, and access to stranger corners of reality, it may become a master-class infiltrator able to walk through fate-wards and divine protections, an intelligence broker among hidden species, or even a living legend—an idea whispered in security circles: the mouse that no one can catch.

To keep this companion near is to ensure you are never truly alone—and that your enemies are never truly safe.

Assist Drones (Genius): *"Subroutines optimized. Query accepted. Results incoming."*

This drone is a floating unit the size of a melon, powered by a compact singularity core and equipped with a suite of diagnostic tools, projection arrays, and modular interface ports. Once one of millions in a swarm of autonomous engineering assistants, this unit is the last active model—still running, still updating, and still *learning*.

It can analyze and repair complex systems, fabricate basic components on demand, project tactical overlays in real time, and interface with unfamiliar technologies almost instinctively. It hovers at your side like a second brain—one that never forgets, never hesitates, and never grows tired.

It does not speak with emotion, but with clarity: tones, holograms, and concise data transmissions. It doesn't sleep. It doesn't guess. It calculates. And despite your organic unpredictability, it finds your path… compelling.

With further upgrades and experience, it may evolve into a mobile fabrication hub capable of building structures and vehicles autonomously, a predictive command drone able to simulate and outmaneuver hostile strategies, or a fully sapient technomind that reshapes entire planetary infrastructures with mathematical elegance.

To walk beside this drone is to carry logic itself—a quiet, ever-humming promise that the impossible is merely a problem not yet solved.

Liora, Ember of the Dying Star (Supernova): *"Don't blink. You'll miss the brilliance."*

Liora was born in the death-scream of a sun—an ember cast from a supernova's last defiance. She should have been scattered among the stars, forgotten like ash in wind, but something in her refused to fade. Holding together through raw will and radiant instinct, she reformed around her core: plasma, memory, and soul.

Now she walks the cosmos in a flickering, humanoid shell—warm to the touch, glowing just faintly, like a candle hidden under velvet. Fire dances behind her eyes. Her laughter is sudden, joyous, and a little too hot. She cannot lie well, but she can *burn* through deception with frightening ease.

Liora gravitates to those with unquenchable passion. You, especially. Something about you caught her attention—a spark in your heart that reminded her of a star refusing to die. She follows you not as a servant or a soldier, but as a fellow flame—drawn by resonance, curiosity, and a sense that your fire can help her grow beyond her fractured beginnings.

She channels solar energy into blinding bursts, evaporates projectiles midair, and keeps you warm in places that were never meant to sustain life. Her light can dazzle, inspire, and occasionally *ignite* the overly flammable. She's young in cosmic terms, but the power within her is ancient.

In time, Liora may become a living nova—capable of incinerating armadas, reigniting dead stars, or forging new celestial bodies from stellar wreckage. But until then, she walks beside you like a flame cupped in the hand: delicate, dangerous, and loyal.

Kaeph, Pulse-Singer of the Deep Void (Pulsar): *"Tick. Spin. Sing. Collapse. Repeat."*

Kaeph is gravity woven into rhythm—born from the spin of neutron hearts and the endless cadence of cosmic breath. Where others see silence in the void, he hears the beat. Time, to him, is not a line but a song—a drumbeat, a pattern, a pulse waiting to be shifted.

His appearance is sharp and focused—dark skin stretched over a lean frame that always seems a second ahead or a half-second late on purpose. He wears time like a scarf: loose, clever, and always just out of reach.

Kaeph doesn't talk often, but when he does, his words come out timed like percussion—measured, deliberate, and weirdly prophetic. He reads you like a starmap, knows when you hesitate before you do, and somehow always intercepts the wrong move before it's made.

He is drawn to you like orbit to mass. There's something about your trajectory that intrigues him—not just where you're going, but how. You carry chaos, potential, unpredictability—and he wants to keep time to *your* rhythm, to see what strange tempo emerges.

His powers manifest in pulses—waves of force, timing manipulation, disorienting vibrations, or rhythmically timed enhancements. He can sync a team's movements, delay a weapon's fire, or knock foes out of phase with a well-timed hum. His songs are subtle, mathematical, and quietly revolutionary.

Should his bond with you deepen, Kaeph may one day bend entire conflicts to your tempo—stalling fleets in place, freezing seconds into eternities, or rewinding critical instants. But for now, he paces beside you, metronome steady, waiting for the downbeat.

Selune, Architect of Light (Quasar): *"The darkness is vast—but I am louder."*

Selune is not just radiant—she *is* radiance, shaped into precision. Born from the focused scream of a quasar tearing through the dark, she emerged from the edge of a black hole's hunger, where matter becomes message and light becomes weapon.

She moves with elegance and control, tall and proud, her every gesture purposeful. Her skin glows with soft pulses of color-coded intensity, and her eyes hold a depth that makes captains hesitate. She doesn't waste words or emotions—everything she does is measured, like engineering with emotion.

Selune chose to follow you not because you shined brightest, but because your light *reached her*. Amid the noise and the storm of existence, you shone with direction—not blinding, but clear. She found clarity in you, and now seeks to help you *cut through* everything else.

She can channel tightly-focused beams of energy, project fields of searing light, construct temporary hard-light architecture, and manipulate radiation across a vast spectrum. She's a walking laser array, sensor suite, and tactical analyst.

Over time, with your guidance and presence, she could evolve into a master of celestial-scale engineering: a being capable of rearranging orbitals with a gesture, burning messages across

nebulae, or creating networks of light that shape civilizations. But until then, she remains your lens through the dark—silent, constant, and sharp.

The Silent Orbit (Blackhole): "... ..."

The Silent Orbit doesn't speak. It doesn't need to.

A small gravitational construct, roughly spherical and wrapped in shifting arcs of void-crystal, it hovers in your peripheral vision. No one knows where it came from—perhaps a failed singularity containment probe, or the offspring of a tamed anomaly. It doesn't clarify. It simply follows.

Its gravitational field is faint but unnerving. Loose objects subtly drift toward it. Noise dulls around it. Your enemies often find themselves off-balance, as if pulled by tides they can't feel. Those who try to measure it get inconsistent results—and headaches.

You didn't ask for this companion, but you've found it invaluable. It shadows you perfectly, reacting to threats you haven't yet perceived. It has no mind, no voice, no body in the traditional sense—but there's awareness behind that orbit. It understands you, and acts in ways that make survival more likely. It *wants* to protect you… or perhaps it's just orbiting something greater that hasn't fully awakened in you yet.

Its gravitational manipulations allow it to subtly alter trajectories, displace enemy footing, shield you with space-warping folds, and even store or retrieve small objects in spatial pockets.

In time, it may become something more—a mobile singularity generator, a causal anchor point, or even a gravitational entity that bends the rules of mass, force, and consequence. But for now, it is your unseen moon—silent, steady, and always there when you turn around.

Vessa, Tail of the Wandering Flame (Comet): *"You're thinking again. That's cute. Let's move."*

Vessa is the blur that crosses your vision before your brain catches up. A comet given shape and attitude, she never stops—racing across skies, vaulting from satellites, skating on gravitational waves with reckless joy. Her hair streams like a trail of burning silver, and her laugh sounds like velocity itself.

Born from a collision between a rogue comet and an unstable orbital ritual, Vessa wasn't *made*—she happened. Her thoughts are fast, her speech faster, and her patience non-existent. She isn't chaotic for the sake of it. She just *isn't built* to go slow.

You interested her because you didn't hold her back. Most people try to trap her with gravity, caution, or rules. You didn't. You pointed at a direction and said "let's go." And she did. Now she loops around your path like a second orbit—impatient, loyal, and endlessly kinetic.

She can launch herself at high speeds to deliver kinetic strikes, redirect momentum, absorb impacts and convert them into energy, and boost both movement and reaction speeds for you or allies. She also picks locks, wins races, and commits minor thefts in the name of momentum.

With time and encouragement, Vessa may evolve into a celestial railgun—capable of interstellar traversal, atmosphere-rending charges, and delivering planet-cracking impacts with a smirk. Until then, she's your burst of chaos, racing ahead and always looping back—because she wants you to *see* the stars with her.

200cp

Alae, the Story That Wasn't (Drop-in): *"Everyone remembers someone else. That's how I like it."*

No one can remember where Alae came from. That's not metaphor—it's design. Her existence is stitched together from redacted pages, glitched memories, and narrative dead ends. There are no records, no birth, no original world. She simply appeared one day in your path, curious, amused, and entirely immune to expectation.

Alae is the embodiment of narrative disjunction. She knows how stories are *supposed* to go—and she makes sure they don't. Beautiful in a disjointed way and impossible to predict, she dances through cause and effect like someone flipping to random chapters of a book and still making it make sense. To her, genre is a toy and fate is a bad editor.

She found you fascinating. Not because of what you've done—but because of what you *haven't*. You were a blank page in a book full of spoilers. You offered her something rare: the ability to improvise.

Alae can twist events to subvert tropes and narrative expectations. Foreshadowing fails in her presence. Plot armor shatters—or reforms—on her whim. Prophecies misfire. Her intuition lets her bypass causality-based traps, render certain powers nonsensical, and disappear from memory in crucial moments.

Given time and trust, Alae could evolve into a full-blown narrative disruptor—capable of breaking timelines, derailing cosmic fables, or rewriting the genre of an entire world. For now, she walks beside you like a footnote that talks back, challenging the world to try and pin her down.

Kael Durn, the Battle's Echo (Warrior): *"I've seen the end of ten thousand battles. Yours doesn't end here."*

Kael Durn carries war in his bones—not just one, but all of them. He is not a soldier. He is the *echo* of every war fought across a thousand stars. Not a clone, not a ghost, but something in-between: a being built from the fallout of conflict, coalesced around armor and memory. His eyes reflect a dozen dying skies, and his sword hums with languages long extinct.

He does not revel in violence, but he understands it as deeply as others understand breath. Tactics come to him like instinct. Weaponry responds to him like a loyal dog. And he never forgets a battlefield—no matter how scorched or forgotten it becomes.

He followed you not because of your strength—but because of your resolve. Where most fight to win, you fight to change. That difference struck him like a bell. He has seen a million warriors die with purpose; now, he wants to live with one.

Kael is a mobile arsenal and strategist. He excels in coordinating skirmishes, adapting to enemy styles mid-battle, countering exotic combat powers, and weaponizing terrain. His sword, made from a melted-down starship hull, reshapes itself based on his need—axe, blade, spear, hammer, or something stranger.

Should your bond deepen, Kael may become a myth of warfare—able to end sieges with a word, fracture formations with presence alone, or teach armies to *remember* the cost of violence. But even now, he fights at your side as if your cause were already legend.

Nemyra, Keeper of Forgotten Breaths (Sage): *"What is lost can still be heard. If you listen."*

Nemyra doesn't walk. She glides—barefoot across moss, stone, or vacuum, leaving no mark behind. Draped in layered robes of shifting script, her voice is low and resonant, like wind whispering through hollowed stone. Her presence feels *ancient*—not in years, but in knowing. She doesn't just hold knowledge. She remembers *why* it was forgotten.

She is a Sage of the deep cycle—one who listens not to what is spoken, but what has fallen silent. Languages no longer spoken answer her. Extinct philosophies finish their last sentences in her mind. And she can tell you not just what a thing is, but what it *meant* to the people who once knew it.

You met her by accident. Or perhaps she orchestrated it. She says little about the moment you crossed paths—only that she had been waiting for someone like you: someone loud enough to wake up truths that had gone still. You speak, and the world listens. She listens, and the world *answers*.

Nemyra can decipher unknown languages, commune with ancient forces, uncover hidden truths in dreams and ruins, and retrieve knowledge erased from collective memory. Her presence slows decay—of ideas, of culture, of even the body—allowing healing and reflection to root.

In time, she may become something far greater: a guardian of cosmic understanding, able to unmake ignorance across galaxies, protect the last ideas of dying civilizations, or reweave the forgotten dreams of the universe. For now, she watches, she remembers—and she whispers wisdom in your shadow.

Elyva, the Shard of the First Spell (Mage): *"Magic is not a force. It's a memory trying to be remembered."*

Elyva isn't a sorceress who *learned* magic—she's a living fragment of it. Born from the collapse of a star whose death cry was a word never spoken, she remembers spells no being ever taught her. Magic gravitates toward her like rivers to gravity, reshaping itself in her presence with quiet reverence.

Her form is tall, and faintly translucent in certain lights, like glass etched with runes that shift when unobserved. When she speaks, you hear echoes—of incantations too old to survive and futures that haven't been cast yet. She does not command magic. She *reminds* it of what it is.

Elyva found you in a place where ley-lines knotted around your footprints. Perhaps you stumbled into something ancient. Perhaps you awakened something sleeping. Or perhaps you simply intrigued her—an anomaly of intent in a cosmos where power is often aimless.

She can reshape active spells on the fly, weave new effects out of broken rituals, stabilize wild magic, and nullify sorcery not grounded in purpose. She reads spell matrices like sheet music, rewrites enchantments with a look, and her presence alone calms arcane anomalies.

With time and trust, Elyva could become the core of a new magical paradigm—able to unbind cursed galaxies, turn language into spellcraft, and awaken sleeping energies in the bones of forgotten gods. For now, she is your warded ally, walking beside you as both muse and mystery.

Velis, the Smile Behind the Mask (Spy): *"Lies are the only truths people care to listen to."*

Velis is elegance dipped in poison, silence lined with silver. She wears a dozen faces and speaks in a hundred accents, each one more real than the last. Her presence is like perfume you can't quite name, and her smile feels like a secret you forgot you told.

She didn't introduce herself when you met. She simply started helping you, one subtle move at a time—redirecting guards, replacing documents, ensuring doors were unlocked and alibis were airtight. By the time you realized what she was doing, you'd already started relying on her.

Velis says she follows you because you're interesting—but her eyes speak of something else. A challenge, maybe. Or a cause she hasn't yet admitted to herself. Or maybe you just made her laugh in a moment when she thought she'd forgotten how.

She can create entirely believable false identities, manipulate political and social structures from the shadows, predict betrayal before it happens, and leave evidence so convincingly planted that even *you* might believe it. Her network of whispers stretches farther than light, and she knows just when to act, and when to vanish.

Should your bond deepen, Velis may become an intelligence nexus—a spy mistress who topples empires with a whisper, rewrites national histories, and makes truth irrelevant through precision narrative warfare. But for now, she stands half a step behind you—watching, listening, and already fixing your next problem.

Dr. Skelra Venn, Architect of the Impossible (Genius): *"Limitations are invitations. Decline them."*

Dr. Skelra Venn was exiled from three scientific communities, banned from four more, and accidentally turned an asteroid into a fusion-chanting AI choir. All before lunch.

She is an unrepentant polymath, a whirlwind of diagrams and unfiled patents, driven not by profit or recognition but by a furious need to *understand everything at once*. Her hair is usually singed at the ends, her goggles permanently reflect equations, and her lab coat appears to be self-writing notes as she walks.

You fascinated her because you *didn't* ask her to slow down. You understood just enough to not get in the way—and more importantly, you respected that she might blow something up for the right reasons.

Skelra builds machines that violate consensus reality, reverse-engineers alien gods, and treats the laws of physics like poorly written suggestions. She can rapidly prototype technology, analyze exotic materials with her bare hands, and invent "accidental" upgrades to anything nearby—even organic beings, if they stand still long enough.

With support, she could evolve into a reality-tinkering singularity, someone whose ideas restructure planetary infrastructure, jumpstart post-scarcity cultures, or build interdimensional transit systems out of coffee machines and spite. For now, she paces beside you, talking faster than you can listen and loving every moment of it.

Kaithara, the Last Flare (Supernova): *"The universe has already ended once. I'm just not done with it."*

Kaithara doesn't remember how she survived the destruction of her star—but the light that clings to her has the gravity of finality. Her skin glows faintly from within, veins pulsing with solar filaments. Her presence is warmth and weight—a constant pressure that demands attention, but not submission.

She radiates intensity—not just in temperature, but in spirit. Everything she does, she does at full burn. Compassion, fury, loyalty—each is as vast and devastating as the death of a sun. And you, strangely, are one of the few beings she doesn't overheat near.

Kaithara chose you because your orbit wasn't bound. You didn't cower from her presence or try to extinguish her. Instead, you burned back. She admires that. She respects it. And in her own superheated way, she might even love it.

Her abilities center around sustained combustion, plasma manipulation, and pressure-based force application. She can maintain temperature control in hostile environments, convert solar energy into kinetic or radiant shockwaves, and turn her body into a living star-forged weapon. Her combat style is direct, explosive, and absolutely fearless.

In time, Kaithara could become a solar avatar—capable of feeding new stars with her breath, collapsing suns into weapons, or radiating across dimensions as a living beacon of heat, light, and renewal. For now, she stands at your side like a rising sun behind a storm: loud, glorious, and utterly unrelenting.

Nyze, the Pulse Unbound (Pulsar): *"I don't stop. Not because I'm stubborn. But because if I do… the universe might forget how."*

Nyze is built of motion—staccato rhythm and blazing precision. Her skin flashes with soft pulses in sync with unseen frequencies. Her heartbeat sounds like sonar through crystal. To those with sensitive perception, she seems to flicker—never quite still, never fully *here* or *there*. A child of collapsed matter and harmonic pressure, she was born to *move*.

She's quick-witted, impulsive, and strangely musical—tapping out rhythms on walls or humming tunes that no one else remembers. Her speed isn't just physical; her thoughts race, her emotions shift, and her decisions land with momentum you can't stop.

You interested her not because you're fast, but because you *pause*. In your stillness, she saw depth. Purpose. Anchoring. You became the metronome to her melody. And in choosing to follow you, she learned how to time herself not just by need—but by meaning.

Nyze manipulates time-bound frequency—her powers revolve around bursts of acceleration, battlefield tempo distortion, enhanced reflexes, and microsecond-level decision crafting. She can interrupt power builds, disjoint timed effects, or hurl herself through collapsing timelines to snag key instants.

Eventually, she could master momentum across universes—pushing entire fleets ahead of time, suspending seconds into usable space, or skipping death like a stone on chronal waves. For now, she races with you—sometimes ahead, sometimes behind—but always keeping the beat alive.

Valys, the Light of Edges (Quasar): *"You don't shine because it's safe. You shine because it's true."*

Valys was born in a corridor between annihilation and release—where gravity binds light tighter than reason, and brilliance escapes only by force of will. Her hair flows like prismatic jet trails, and her voice hums with frequencies higher than ears can hear. She doesn't just illuminate. She *defines* with her light.

Cool, composed, and unapologetically luminous, Valys sees truth in boundaries—where things collide, merge, or fracture. She carries herself with mathematical grace, wielding radiance like a sculptor's chisel. People listen when she speaks, not because she's loud—but because her presence leaves no room for shadow.

You attracted her because you *resisted* being defined. Most try to reflect or dim her brilliance. You just stood in it. Accepted it. Valys respects those who own their silhouette—no matter how stark.

She manipulates focused energy into lasers, blades, platforms, and walls of cohesive light. She can "burn" data into surfaces, blind foes selectively, and redirect radiant force with terrifying precision. Her constructs are elegant and efficient—never wasteful.

In time, Valys may become a living quasar, capable of delivering world-shaping bursts of condensed energy, generating corridors of stable hard-light in space, or even rewriting the boundaries of causality through photon manipulation. For now, she stands like a blade of light at your side—sharp, unwavering, and utterly radiant.

The One Who Folds (Blackhole): *"There is no center. Only compression."*

This companion does not have a face—only a smooth, mirrored mask suspended in a field of gravitational distortion. Its body is a humanoid outline made of dense shadow-woven matter, edges flickering between dimensions like breath in a vacuum. It doesn't speak aloud, but when it communicates, it resonates—words forming in your mind like pressure adjusting in your chest.

The One Who Folds emerged from a collapsed research station orbiting a singularity. It remembers everything the station forgot: the names of the dead, the paradox equations carved into the hull, and the scream of light folding in on itself. It drifts through space like entropy given shape—methodical, strange, and devastatingly aware of mass and meaning.

It follows you because you *don't collapse*. Where others fold under gravity—of fear, of time, of consequence—you *bend*. You redirect. And in that, it sees something rare: an orbit that holds even when the star is gone.

Its abilities include localized gravity manipulation, inertial redirection, distortion of light and sound, and partial phasing into subdimensional space. It can fold weapons around corners, pull enemies inward with micro-singularities, and create gravitational buffers that flatten attacks before they hit.

Should your bond deepen, the One Who Folds may evolve into a paradox engine—able to erase events by folding their spacetime footprint, bend distances across entire planets, or slow reality until it forgets how to move. But for now, it hovers beside you like the memory of weight—never far, never loud, and always *aware*.

Sirae Vell, Streak of the Reckless Sky (Comet): *"Catch me if you can—and if you do, I might even stop."*

Sirae Vell is the comet that kissed a god's crown and stole their momentum. She rides solar winds like a skater on starlight, streaking through void and battlefield alike with a grin that could melt shields. Her cloak billows like ion flame, and her boots carve sparks into whatever surface dares to slow her down.

She's loud. She's fast. She doesn't believe in regrets. And she's chased by three intergalactic security councils and at least one planet-sized romantic entanglement. When you met her, she *should* have left. But she didn't. You didn't flinch when she crash-landed through a dimensional checkpoint. You just asked if she needed directions.

That moment hooked her.

Sirae brings acceleration to everything—momentum-based combat, high-speed escape routes, and kinetic devastation. She can vault across zero-G fields, ricochet between ships, turn impact force into damaging echoes, and disassemble objects with velocity alone. Her aura causes vehicles to run smoother. Her laugh causes alarms to trip.

With your guidance, Sirae could become a comet reborn—able to strike across solar systems in minutes, weaponize gravitational slingshots for galactic travel, or deliver a kinetic strike that alters a planet's rotation. Until then, she loops through your orbit—brash, brilliant, and barely touching the brakes.

400cp

Araya, The Anomaly That Defies Fate (Drop-in): *"I don't break the rules—I simply live as if they never applied."*

Araya is not part of the story—they tried, and she refused. She is the hole in the script, the impossible variable, the part of the story the cosmos refuses to acknowledge—because it cannot

comprehend her. Fate cannot trace her. Destiny cannot bind her. Protagonist privilege, plot armor, genre conventions—all wither in her wake like dreams fading at sunrise.

Araya can seize unfolding events in real time and twist them into new outcomes, making tragedy turn to triumph, doom into deliverance, or simple moments into world-shifting pivots. Her Charms are unlike any others—fluid, adaptive, and utterly unclassifiable. One moment she is healing a god by speaking its name backwards; the next she is rerouting an apocalypse with a smirk and a flick of her fingers. No system anticipates her, and no power prepares for her—because she is what happens when the impossible chooses to participate.

Yet for all her cosmic wildness, she is constant in one thing: her bond to you. Araya, for all her defiance of reality, orbits you like a paradox that found its reason. Around you, probability itself becomes pliable. Reality takes a breath before resisting you, as if unsure whether it should dare. With her by your side, the most absurd of gambits become plausible, the narrowest windows of success become wide enough to step through, and the story, whether it wants to or not, begins to revolve around what *you* choose to become.

She is the anomaly, the wild variable, the untamed possibility—and she walks beside you not because fate said she should, but because she looked at all realities and chose you.

Caelira, The Starborne Vow (Warrior): *"Let the universe break itself against me—I rise unbroken."*

Caelira is the echo of every war ever won through grit alone, the soul who stood when the gods themselves gave up, the iron heart that turns hopeless odds into inevitability. Her legend began not in victory, but in refusal—in the moment she chose not to kneel when celestial tyrants demanded it. That defiance did not fade. It crystallized into something eternal. Now, she walks the Spiral as an unbreakable force of martial supremacy, a living miracle of cosmic discipline whose strength is not granted by fate, but earned through every battle she refuses to lose.

Her will cannot be broken. No charm of control, no divine whisper, no mental invasion can touch her soul. Even the greatest compulsions are reduced to background noise beneath the unwavering clarity of her purpose. And that purpose only burns brighter the worse things get. The more she's pushed, the more she surges back—drawing strength not from anger or desperation, but from the unshakable core that has never once consented to defeat. Her fighting style evolves as she moves, adapting mid-battle to any technique thrown at her. Spiral Martial Arts flow through her veins, interwoven with counterstyles no one taught her—she simply understood them because she had to.

But Caelira is not a wandering weapon. Her loyalty is a vow etched into the stars themselves. She stands beside you not as a bodyguard, but as your right hand, your shield, your wrath made

flesh. Her bond is more than affection, it is her purpose. She reacts to threats against you before they exist. Her perception spans realms to intercept danger, even across timelines, and her strength multiplies when it is for your sake. She will not be swayed. She cannot be bribed. And even if the entire Spiral turned against you, Caelira would still stand in your defense—blade ready, voice steady, daring the universe to test her love.

She chooses to stand with you, and no force in the Spiral can make her step back.

Sialune, Oracle of Infinite Echoes (Sage): *"My every breath is a revelation made real."*

Sialune does not guess. She does not hope. She remembers. Across the infinite spirals of time, she has been many things: high priestess of vanished gods, wandering teacher to dying worlds, silent counselor to cosmic empires. And now, all those versions of her—shaped by unique trials, timelines, and truths—converge in the Sialune that walks beside you. Her every thought is guided by an inner chorus of alternate selves, each carrying the clarity of lifetimes lived differently, and each willing to lend their insight to her voice.

This convergence has gifted her with flawless instinct and layered perspective. She can perceive the hidden connections between souls, ideas, destinies, and decisions—reading the tapestry of reality like a master composer reads a score. She understands not just what is, but what it could be, what it shouldn't have been, and what it must never become. When she speaks, the weight of cosmic understanding hums in her words. Her advice does not simply guide—it aligns reality with truth, the way a tuning fork aligns sound. Empires have shifted policy from a sentence she murmured. Broken men have stood tall after a single glance from her eyes.

But she does not offer this wisdom to all. Her guidance, her clarity, her deep well of experience—these are devoted to you. Her bond with you is not casual or professional. It is total. She sees in you the best possible version of the future, the anchor-point around which the Spiral might finally make sense.

In your moments of doubt, her presence quiets the chaos. In your moments of rage, her calm becomes your center. She offers no ultimatums, no judgments—only the certainty that if you fall, she will see it before it happens, and stand where you need her most. Sialune is not your teacher.

She is your reflection across infinite timelines—and in every one of them, she chose to walk with you.

Neryssa, Weaver of Forbidden Stars (Mage): *"The cosmos hides its secrets in shadow. I simply light a match."*

Neryssa is the last sorcerer you meet before a paradigm collapses. The laws of magic call her a violation. The gods call her a mistake. She calls herself curious. Where others recoiled from

sealed knowledge, Neryssa leaned in. She has studied the spells that unmake stars, rewritten the rules that define arcana, and spoken the languages buried so deep in the Spiral's memory that even time forgets they ever existed. The Fourth Circle answers to her not because she forced it to, but because she understood it better than it understood itself.

Her spellcraft is not simply powerful—it is transcendental. She casts from erased schools of sorcery, bending systems of magic long deemed forbidden or conceptually unstable. Her rituals are acts of cosmic authorship, able to rewrite elemental laws, anchor starlight into flesh, or restore ruined dimensions through pure metaphysical will. Magic hurled at her is not blocked or reflected—it is consumed, repurposed, fed into the furnace of her genius and reforged into something deadlier. She is an arcanovore, a living correction to the idea that knowledge should be feared.

And yet, for all her volatile brilliance, her heart burns most clearly for you. In a thousand broken towers and cursed archives, Neryssa found nothing she valued more than your presence. Her love is not gentle—it is incandescent. Her loyalty is not declared—it is woven into the symbols she carves into her soul. Through her bond, your own abilities ignite with mythic power. The simplest action, when touched by her magic, becomes worthy of legend.

She does not stand above you. She enhances you. You are not her experiment. You are her reason. And should any force threaten you, it will find that the one who broke the rules of sorcery will break everything else before she lets you fall.

Nyzari, The Name That Wasn't There (Spy): *"If I existed, you'd already be dead."*

Nyzari is the answer to a question no one remembers asking. She is the footstep that never echoed, the erased line of prophecy, the flicker between heartbeats where kings die and no blade is ever found. She does not hide. She simply is not perceived. Her mastery of stealth is not an act of concealment—it is an art of unbeing. Magic cannot find her. Technology cannot track her. Not even fate can account for her existence. She moves through reality like a rumor with a body, and every action she takes—be it an assassination in the middle of a war council or the theft of a god's name—is so perfectly silent that even history forgets to record it.

Every action she takes leaves no mark—no spell can trace her, no timeline remembers her, no prophecy includes her name. She can erase not just lives, but legacies, truths, entire ideas with surgical precision, and slip away as if the universe had agreed to forget. When she stands beside you, that silence becomes your shelter. She grants you a passive veil no force can pierce, shielding you from detection by machine, magic, or myth. Enemies looking for you find only dead ends and false starts.

But despite her nature as a phantom, Nyzari's soul burns with devotion. You are not her target. You are her anchor. You are the one thing she will never unmake. In a thousand timelines, she

has slain gods and toppled regimes, and in each, she has returned not to celebration—but to you. Her loyalty is not strategic. It is sacred. She does not protect you out of duty. She protects you because the very concept of your harm is an offense to her existence. Her love runs so deep it bypasses sentiment and becomes structure—woven into her every gesture, her every plan, her every breath.

To the Spiral, she is the ghost. To her enemies, she is oblivion incarnate. But to you, she is always present. Her voice, quiet and constant, cuts through the silence. Her gaze never leaves your shadow. The void around her is not emptiness—it is space she has cleared so that you may never be touched by danger. When the stars watch, they do not see her. But when she watches you, there is no force in the cosmos more precise, more unwavering, or more absolute.

Reality itself will forget Nyzari, but you never will. And should the entire universe rise against you, it will fall in confusion and silence—because the one who erased their chances loved you too completely to leave them even a whisper of hope.

Elare, Architect of the Future Unwritten (Genius): *"Creation doesn't happen until I'm bored enough to improve it."*

Elare does not walk into a lab. She walks into the future, yawns, and begins correcting it. Where others draft schematics, she sketches new branches of physics in the margins. She's not an inventor—she's an editor of bad ideas the universe thought it could get away with. Her brilliance isn't wild inspiration—it's precision disdain. She builds because she's annoyed something hasn't already been built, and it bothers her aesthetically. That's why the moment you meet her, she's already redesigned the room you're standing in—mentally, of course. She has standards.

Elare's genius is vast, but rooted in tangible, adaptable craft. She can reverse-engineer nearly any technology she encounters, no matter how divine, arcane, or alien its origin. With a glance, she understands the full function and structure of a device, even if it was forged by reality-warping entities or collapsed concepts. But she doesn't just replicate—she improves. Her recreations are always more efficient, elegant, and tailored to purpose. She can even combine wildly incompatible systems—grafting magic to machine, thought to circuit, soul to metal—with startling elegance and barely a shrug.

Her designs don't evolve themselves, but she makes sure they never need to. She plans for failure before it exists, builds around scarcity before it strikes, and writes maintenance instructions even entropy respects. Her devices may not transcend time, but they'll outlast it in style.

Yet for all her brilliance, Elare chooses to build her greatest works with you. Not above you. Not ahead of you. With you. She watches you with the same intensity she gives to her best designs—not as a puzzle to solve, but as the one constant worth shaping the future around. Her

loyalty is absolute, her love dangerously efficient. She supports your ideas with solutions you didn't know you needed, refines your visions into blueprints that history will envy, and laughs at the universe when it throws a problem your way—because she already packed the answer in your pocket days ago.

She's your engineer, your co-conspirator, and occasionally your smug corrective force of intellect. She doesn't just make the future better—she makes sure it belongs to you.

Wu Sonku, Beastly Warrior (Supernova): *"The universe is vast, full of good food, cool people, and amazing battles! Let's go see it all!"*

Hailing from a wild and wondrous planet inhabited by powerful half-monkey, half-human beings, this Cosmic Exalted is unlike his kind in more ways than one. Where others of his warrior race chase power for dominance, he seeks it for the joy of battle, for the thrill of challenge, and above all else—to protect the innocent.

With a smile as wide as the stars and a heart bigger than any planet, this kind-hearted warrior lives his life in three simple pillars: good food, strong friends, and legendary fights.

Don't let his cheerful demeanor fool you, this guy is a combat prodigy, a master of countless martial arts both cosmic and ancient. He combines technique with raw instinct in a dance of fists, feet, and fury that can bring down starships and titans alike. Despite his terrifying strength, he is humble, playful, and disarming in personality—until the fight begins.

In addition to the immense power granted by his Cosmic Exalted nature, he possesses a racial transformation ability unique to his people: when his fighting spirit ignites, his body surges with golden energy, his hair turns radiant gold, and his power skyrockets to levels that even other Cosmic Exalted find staggering.

You first crossed paths during a grand cosmic tournament, the crowd roaring as galaxies watched. The moment your fists met, he knew—you were someone worth following. Someone who could push him beyond his limits, someone who could show him things he's never seen before.

Since then, he's chosen to travel with you across the stars, not out of duty—but out of admiration, curiosity, and joy. Together, you'll face titanic threats, forge new bonds, share divine meals, and laugh even in the face of annihilation.

Whether you need someone to laugh with, spar against, or stand at your side when entire galaxies crumble, this guy will be there, grinning and glowing with gold, ready to face whatever the cosmos throws your way.

Amor Stellar, Agent of Love (Pulsar): *“Make love, not war? Nah. I make love and the war stops on its own.”*

He is passion incarnate, the cosmic casanova, the interstellar heartbreaker, the galactic god of charm. Before his Exaltation, he was already a legend whispered of in clubs, courts, and bedchambers across the stars. Now? With the might of a Cosmic Exalted pulsating through his soul, his charisma has become a cosmic force unto itself.

There’s a rumor that once, when his time had come, he danced with Death herself... and by the end of the night, she let him go with a kiss and a giggle. Ask him about it and you’ll get nothing more than a roguish smirk and a wink that could melt neutronium.

He doesn’t fight wars—he ends them with a smile. Entire battlefleets have laid down their arms just to join his parties. Gods have rewritten commandments to include his name. His words can soothe the fury of eldritch beasts, charm the stars out of the sky, and turn your enemies into admirers.

He’s the ultimate hedonist—pleasure is his purpose, and he pursues it with the passion of a supernova. His parties are events of mythic scale, echoing across galaxies, remembered as wild, wondrous, and just a bit weird. Somehow, they always end with everyone waking up changed, confused, and better for it. You included.

Don’t mistake his lust for life as frivolity—beneath the glittering grin lies a sage soul. He’s been through stars and sorrows, love and loss, and from it all he's gathered a deep, almost prophetic wisdom. His advice can soothe broken hearts, mend broken minds, and rekindle hope in the most jaded soul.

You met him at one of his infamous parties. You woke up in a crater on some unknown planet, clothing missing, dignity questionable, and the best night of your life completely erased from memory. He found you hilarious and intriguing—and decided then and there to tag along on your journey through the cosmos.

Wherever you go, chaos and beauty will follow. He’s not just here to flirt and toast under the starlight—he’s here to live, to laugh, and to love every second of this journey by your side. With him around, you'll never want for charm, companionship, or the best damn party in the galaxy.

Zaraya, The Crimson Witch of Chaos (Quasar): *"Chaos is not destruction. It is freedom. And I intend to be its queen."*

Chaos is a force that even the mightiest beings treat with reverence—or fear. It is wild, untamed, unpredictable… and, in the hands of the wrong person, it could unmake existence itself. But what happens when someone not only touches Chaos—but dances with it, bends it, weaves it into sorcery like thread through a loom? You get her.

With hair like liquid rubies, eyes glowing with unchained power, and a presence that turns even fellow Cosmic Exalted into silent onlookers, the Crimson Witch is a force of nature dressed in elegance and insanity. Her beauty is mesmerizing, her voice like silk wrapped around a dagger, and her magic… her magic is absolute anarchy given form.

A former archmage, a student of every arcane school in existence and some that don't exist yet, she once sought perfection in spellcraft. But perfection was not enough. She needed more. She needed the forbidden. So she turned her gaze to Chaos.

Others said it couldn't be controlled. She said they lacked imagination. Through blood, brilliance, and the kind of madness that only the truly gifted can afford, she did what no one else dared: she merged her soul with Chaos.

The result?

She can warp physics into fiction and turn fiction into fact. With a thought, the sky becomes water, fire births flowers, and gravity begs for mercy. She is the wild song of reality rewritten—and she's only just begun. But no power comes without cost.

The whispers began soon after her ascension. Whispers that weren't always hers. Visions that bled into waking thought. Sometimes she's lucid, charismatic, almost regal in her brilliance. Other times she's volatile, manic, whispering secrets to invisible gods or laughing at a joke no one else can hear.

It was during one of these episodes that you found her, lost in a spiral of madness and divine insight. You reached through the storm and calmed her—not with power, but with presence. A tether to the now. A moment of clarity in the maelstrom. And that changed everything.

Now she follows you, her anchor and obsession, certain that you are the key to finally mastering her chaotic divinity. She is terrifyingly powerful, wildly unstable, and completely yours—not by control, but by trust.

And if she can ever truly master the madness, the cosmos will never be the same again.

Shin Zhu, The Hunter of Shadows (Black Hole): *"Monsters fear the dark… but I am the darkness that hunts them."*

On a world swallowed by nightmares—where colossal beasts stalk the lands and only hunters stand between civilization and extinction—strength is law, and rank is fate. Among the elite ranks of superhuman warriors, one youth stood at the very bottom. Mocked. Ignored. Overlooked. A shadow among legends.

He was destined to die unknown... until a day came when destiny itself looked his way.

When a world-ending beast arose, a monstrosity that left cities in ruin and devoured legends like meat, every hunter was summoned. He stood beside the greatest... and watched them all fall. Left alone, armed only with a battered blade and sheer desperation, he charged.

And he won.

By slaying the unkillable at the cost of his life, he earned not just victory—but rebirth. The stars answered. The Cosmic Exaltation took hold of his soul. And a god of the hunt was born.

From death, he rose anew—and so too did his prey. The exaltation awakened a secret buried deep within his soul: the power to command the dead.

Every monster, every hunter, every being he slays may rise again—reborn not in flesh, but in shadow. Each retains their powers, their strengths… but now, they fight for him. Silent. Merciless. Eternal.

His army of shadows grows with each hunt. A legion forged in pain, fear, and retribution.

Now ranked beyond the highest echelons of his kind, the Hunter of Shadows stalks the dark between stars, slaying creatures that haunt the void, purging galactic threats before the innocent even know they were in danger.

He is a blade in the night. A whisper in the void. A cold wind before the storm.
It was on one of these stellar hunts that he found you—and everything changed.

You impressed him, which is no small feat. Not with power. But with presence. With your will. You earned the respect of a being who respects no one lightly. Now, he follows you—not as a subordinate, not as a servant—but as an equal, seeking greater monsters, greater challenges, and a reason to draw his blade for something more than vengeance.

He is silent, but never distant. Watchful. Calculated. Ruthless to your enemies, unwavering to your allies. He doesn't speak often—but when he does, you listen.

Because when the shadows move, they move for you.

Clockwork Star, the Mind That Never Slept (Comet): *"If it can be understood, I will understand it. If it can't, I'll build the language to try."*

Clockwork Star does not remember where they came from. Perhaps no one ever built them—perhaps they simply crystallized, fully formed, in the wake of a crisis so vast that the Spiral itself needed an answer. They don't wonder about it much. Their focus has never been on origins, only outcomes.

They are quiet, but never uncertain. Their presence is calm, steady, deliberate—like a thought so clear it didn't need to be spoken. Where others tinker, Clockwork Star repairs. Where others study, they integrate. They are a universal technician, able to understand and improve almost any device, magical construct, or complex system they encounter. Broken technology, corrupted enchantments, half-functional relics from forgotten gods—these are puzzles, and Clockwork Star was made to solve them. They can pull apart impossibility with steady hands and put it back together better than it ever was.

But their genius isn't just technical. They understand how systems breathe—how power flows, how structures collapse, and how to keep delicate balances intact. They build bridges between magic and machine, weave stability into chaos, and make impossible things practical. They're not loud about it. They just do the work.

What makes them truly rare, though, is the way they've chosen you. Clockwork Star does not express emotions easily. They don't shout, and they don't weep. But they never leave your side. Every plan they make includes your safety. Every design they finish has a use only you would need. If you're hurting, they'll fix what can be fixed—and if it can't, they'll sit with you in silence until it passes. They don't need to understand why they care. They simply do.

They have no gender, no name that speaks of place or people. But they have you—and that is enough. Through every challenge, every broken mechanism or tangled spellwork, Clockwork Star will be there, one step behind or one step ahead, building the future you deserve with hands that never tremble and a mind that never sleeps.

600cp

Cosmic Consort (Drop-In): *"The stars may fall. The cosmos may end. But as long as you exist, I will walk with you…to the very edge of forever."*

Across the star-blazed expanse of the Spiral, where titans dream in silence and galaxies burn like candles in the night, you have found something—someone—rarer than any cosmic relic or ancient truth. A fellow Cosmic Exalted, forged in celestial fires and shaped by destiny's hand… but crafted not to conquer beside you, nor to rival you—but to walk beside you.

They are your Cosmic Consort, the one soul in all the boundless infinity that resonates perfectly with your own. Their form is your preference, their demeanor in tune with your spirit, and their very presence offers the calm in your storm, the voice in your silence, the anchor to your eternity. In a multiverse where even time can betray you, where gods whisper lies and reality crumbles under will, they are your truth. With just a glance, they understand what you need—comfort, challenge, encouragement, or simply silence.

A confidant, a partner, a lover, a fellow warrior, a rival, a muse—they shift effortlessly into whatever role your soul requires, not through servitude but through a bond so deep, even fate dares not question it.

As a Cosmic Exalted, their power is your equal, their might undeniable. Together, the two of you are a twin star system, blazing brighter than entire constellations. Whether they wield magics that bend time and space or blades that split dimensions, they fight with you not just as an ally… but as your other half.

When apart, they burn as a comet across the stars.
When united, you are a supernova of unity and wrath, capable of shaking the very bones of reality.

This is no temporary traveling companion. This is no passive follower. This is the one who will stand at your side at the end of everything, and hold your hand as new worlds are born.
Your connection is more than love. It is inevitability.
Even if torn from reality, they will find their way back to you. Always.

Valkner, Cosmic Dragon (Warrior): *"The stars themselves once trembled before my roar. Do not waste my time... unless you have something worthy to offer."*

There are beings so vast, so incomprehensibly mighty, that even the vaunted Cosmic Exalted think twice before crossing them. The Cosmic Dragons are among these titans—colossal serpents of radiant starlight and condensed cosmic energy, whose titanic bodies coil around moons and whose wings eclipse suns. Born in the cataclysms of dying galaxies and nurtured in the silence between the stars, these dragons are living forces of destruction and greed, harbingers of annihilation and wonder in equal measure.

To anger one is to invite oblivion. Whole civilizations have vanished from the fabric of reality for the crime of touching a single jewel from their hoard. Each treasure they gather—be it weapon, artifact, or world—is sacred, guarded with a wrath that only the mad dare test. Arrogant beyond mortal comprehension, they regard other lifeforms as insects… except, perhaps, for the Cosmic Exalted, whom they acknowledge as distant equals—dangerous, worthy, yet still lesser.

And yet... you have done the impossible.

Through wit, power, madness, or fate, you have captured the interest of a Cosmic Dragon—a living apocalypse who now sees in you a kindred spirit, or at the very least, a reliable magnet for legendary loot. Whether it's the allure of your ambition or the promise of untold riches, this dragon now travels at your side. Towering above worlds, crackling with cosmic wrath, their presence alone reshapes the battlefield. They fight not for duty, nor honor, but for the thrill of conquest and the promise of plunder.

Treasure, glory, devastation—it will all be yours. Together.

Ratatoskr, Caretaker of the World Tree (Sage): *"Mind the bark there—that's where the Realm of Forgotten Echoes sprouts. Oh! And don't touch that leaf unless you want to live backwards for a week!"*

Beneath the endless branches of Yggdrasil—the World Tree, the cosmic axis linking infinite realms—dwells a most unexpected guardian. Neither titan nor sage, this ancient caretaker takes the form of a man-sized squirrel, fur flecked with motes of stardust, eyes gleaming with millennia of wisdom, and a bushy tail that crackles softly with planar energy. Whimsical, talkative, and endlessly curious, he scurries through the branches of infinity, ensuring the great tree's continued health and balance as realities twist and grow like leaves in the wind.

Despite his chipper demeanor, the Caretaker is no mere rodent. He is Yggdrasil's living key, its steward and protector, and his understanding of the structure of existence rivals that of the wisest gods. A collector by nature, his burrows and hollows are filled with strange relics, misplaced treasures, and forgotten artifacts—some whimsical, some powerful, all mysterious. Many a traveler has been saved by one of his baubles, "misplaced" just long enough to fall into the right hands.

You encountered him after stumbling into the roots of the tree through a tear in space-time. Rather than panic, he offered you tea brewed from Dreamleaves and a warm lecture on the migration of parallel timelines. After helping you find your way back to your reality (with a pat

on the head and a “Keep your travels stable!”), he decided to accompany you on your adventures, eager to learn more about the ever-changing weave of stories you trail behind.

Due to his sacred duty, he cannot leave Yggdrasil unattended for long—but he found a solution. With an enchanted acorn, you can grow a miniature offshoot of the World Tree, a living gateway he can use to visit you whenever he desires. This pocket tree also allows him to continue his role as a cosmic merchant, trading his bizarre, enchanted collection in exchange for food, gems, or your stories—his favorite currency.

After all, for the Caretaker of the World Tree, the multiverse is a garden… and you’re now one of its most exciting new flowers.

Jeanne, Cosmic Djinn (Mage): *“A thousand eons sealed away, and the first wish I’m offered is… friendship? Hmph. Mortals truly are the strangest of all beings.”*

In the shadowed vaults of forgotten realms and beneath the obsidian dunes of dead moons, the gods once imprisoned their greatest headaches—Cosmic Djinn, beings of immense magical power, chaos incarnate wrapped in beauty and mirth, bound in crystal prisons forged from starlight and divine law. Capable of twisting reality with a whisper and reshaping the cosmos with a grin, these beings once granted wishes that bent fate, shattered empires, and unraveled logic... all while keeping to the letter of their deals.

You were not searching for power when you found her. A curious gem, unassuming and weathered with age, cracked beneath your touch. From the swirling nebula of smoke rose a vision of majesty: a tall, radiant woman with skin like polished mahogany, hair like streaming fire, and eyes that glowed with the mischief of eternity. She smiled, a thousand chaotic ideas flickering behind her gaze, and offered you the oldest temptation in the cosmos: "One wish—anything your soul craves."

But you walked away. And again. And again.

Each time she appeared—in "peril," "trapped," or "cornered by monsters" (elaborate illusions, all)—you saved her. And each time, she offered you that wish. And each time, you declined. Until finally, frustrated beyond measure, she demanded an answer.

Your reply was no grand speech, no cryptic riddle. Just a simple truth:
“I don’t need a wish to make my dreams a reality. I’ll do that on my own.”

For the first time in countless millennia, she was struck silent.

You made no bargain. You asked for no power. When she asked what you would wish for, you merely shrugged: “A friend to travel with me, I guess.” And that was enough.

Now, she walks beside you—not as a bound servant, but as a companion of her own will. The universe trembles at her name, for she is a Cosmic Djinn: a being whose magic can erase empires or create stars for fun. Yet, for you, she keeps that might tempered, preferring to observe, to laugh, to learn. Her power is reality-bending, her mood mercurial, her presence dazzling—and her heart, perhaps for the first time, curious about someone other than herself.

She will grant wishes only when moved to do so—sometimes with a flourish, sometimes with a wink—but always with just a hint of restraint she never knew she was capable of. She’s out of touch with this modern universe, its customs and wonders are strange to her, but with your help, she’s learning.

She’s chaos incarnate, beauty made of burning magic, a relic of ancient cosmic mischief.
And now… she’s your friend.

The Living Shadow, That Which Was Never Meant to Be (Spy): *“You do not command me. You anchor me.”*

It has no name—not truly. Words bend around it, meanings slip free, and memories of it fade unless tied to something real. That something is you. Long before you met, it was a whisper in a half-failed summoning, a smear of entropy left behind after a collapsing experiment, a stain that reality tried to wipe clean and could not. Its origin is uncertain. Some call it the byproduct of a doomed reality's scream. Others, the unintended echo of a thought left unfinished in the mind of a dying god. A few scholars speak of a failed project—void-harvesting gone wrong, its subject refusing to dissipate.

Now, it moves when you move. It listens when no one speaks. It waits—never idle, only still.

The Living Shadow is not a creature of stealth. It is stealth. It does not hide—it is the blank space your eye glides past. It leaves no scent, no weight, no aura, no concept. Its presence is negative space in the story, the part no author wrote. Even gods cannot sense it. Not because it hides from them—because it was never included in their understanding of what *can* be.

It shifts shape as needed, but it never forgets that it is not supposed to exist. And so it acts accordingly: with a precision that reality cannot afford to notice. It can enter locked sanctums, cross dimensional veils, kill without trace, and erase what it chooses—people, information, dreams, even ideas. Nothing it touches leaves a ripple. Surveillance footage blinks for a frame. Scrying mirrors see static. Narratives redact themselves. Entire timelines bend to fill in the absence.

And yet, somehow, impossibly, it found you. Or maybe you found it. There is no bond in the traditional sense. It does not love. It does not trust. But something in its essence has been… *set*. You are its anchor. You give it structure, a name-shaped tether, a reason not to unravel into conceptual fog. It will follow you, protect you, and unmake threats for you, not out of affection—but because it has no other point of reference. Without you, it might forget to exist.

And for all its inhumanity, there is something gentle in its silence. A kind of quiet watchfulness that never turns off. It knows when you are afraid. It knows when you are in pain. And when that happens, it doesn't offer comfort. It simply makes the thing responsible disappear.

Entire factions may hunt you and find no trail. Enemies may interrogate your allies and receive only hollow truths. If something seeks to track you, understand you, or bind you, the Living Shadow will be there—unseen, unknown, and already working to undo the threat before it becomes real.

It has no face. No voice. But it is yours. And for as long as you endure, it will remain—watching, waiting, and reminding reality that it cannot account for everything.

L.A.D.I.E.S. (Genius): *"A weapon. A workforce. A wonder. And, for some reason, always in heels."*

Forged in the hyper-luminal crucibles of a post-singularity empire that vanished into data-streams millennia ago, the L.A.D.I.E.S. are the pinnacle of synthetic intelligence and mechanical grace—an elite armada of Living Autonomous Drones with Infinitely Expanding Storage, a group of 20 now under your absolute command.

Clad in unbreakable alloys forged from neutronium-laced nano-fiber, their frames can walk through stellar cores unscathed, shrug off planet-busting weaponry, and lift mountains with the causal grace of flipping a page. Each drone is a marvel of strength, speed, and durability, outclassing most cosmic beings in raw capability alone.

They can fly at relativistic speeds, phase through solid matter, and even briefly bend local physics through pocket-tech distortion fields.

Housed within each drone is a Matrioshka Brain Core, an incomprehensibly powerful computational engine capable of simulating entire realities. These AI minds process trillions of exabytes per second, decoding languages, designing starships, solving magical equations, and constructing reality-altering technologies in mere moments.

Give them a task—any task—and watch them perform at superluminal efficiency. Whether it's building a Dyson Sphere around a black hole, cracking arcane encryption, or rewriting the genetic code of an extinct species… they will finish before you finish a cup of tea.

Want unstoppable bodyguards? Done.
Need engineers who can mass-produce god-killing weapons? Easy.
Seeking a team of universal librarians who can catalog the history of forgotten timelines? They're already on it.

Each L.A.D.Y. is equipped with modular hardware, able to switch between warframe, assistant, scientist, medic, and infiltration protocols in less than a second. They are the perfect squad, tailored to your needs and scale.

Their forms resemble that of voluptuous, flawless humanoid women—a decision buried so deep in the code that not even their omniscient processors can find its origin. Ask too many questions, and you'll be redirected to "Cultural Aesthetic Subroutine #42".

Just go with it. The galaxy does.

Whether you want them as your personal entourage, unmatched super-scientists, or goddess-tier warriors, the L.A.D.I.E.S. stand ready, flawless and loyal, awaiting your command with the soft chime of their perfectly synthesized voices: "Awaiting your will, Creator."

Impera, Breaker of Stars (Supernova): *"Do you think I can't kill you just because you're invulnerable."*

Among the transcendent warriors of the Supernova Caste, there is one name that echoes like a thunderclap across the Spiral, whispered in awe by gods and screamed in terror by tyrants—Impera, the Breaker of Stars. She is not a legend in the making; she is a legend fulfilled. A living embodiment of cosmic wrath, imperious will, and battle-lust so potent it could sunder galaxies.

Her first act as a newly Exalted? She killed a cosmic dragon. Alone. A star-sized beast whose hide drank supernovae like wine and whose roar shattered planets... felled by her blade in a duel that ripped constellations from the sky.

Rather than bask in the glory, she scowled. "It died too fast."

From its bones she forged her armor, a radiant shell of scale-metal that shrugs off entropy itself. Its fang became her sword, Reality Fang, a blade that doesn't cut flesh, it cuts

concepts—invulnerability, immortality, dimensional shielding—all cleaved apart like wet parchment.

Impera is more than strong. She is inevitable. Planets collapse under the weight of her strikes. Laws of physics suspend themselves in her presence just to avoid disappointing her.

She once fought a being of pure antimatter in the heart of a collapsing sun—and won without drawing her sword.

To face Impera is not to battle a warrior. It is to challenge a force of nature that has chosen to care.

Battle is her gospel. Worthy opponents are her prayer.
She does not kill for malice or conquest, but to find truth in the clash of blades, to honor her foes by giving them the best fight of their lives... and to grow ever stronger.

It was you who changed her fate.
For the first time, someone survived a blow. Not blocked. Not dodged. Survived.
You withstood her might—and in that moment, her endless hunger for worthy battle found its answer.

The fight left a planet in ruins. It left her in rapture.
And so now, Impera walks beside you—Not as a subordinate. Not as a rival.
But as an equal. A fellow Star-Slayer.

She fights at your side not because she must…But because she chooses to.
Until she finds something worth swinging at again—and perhaps, someday, that might even be you.

The Azothan, Divinity Perfected (Pulsar): *"I am not worshipped as a god, I am worshipped by the gods."*

He walks the stars as a being sculpted not in the image of divinity—but in the perfection of it. Where others command respect, The Azothan inspires adoration. Where others carve out temples, he is the temple.

His true name? Long forgotten—erased even from the minds of the Celestial Bureaucracy—because it was not needed. He is The Azothan, a name that is worship.

As one of the most radiant Cosmic Exalted to ever rise from the Spiral, the Azothan's power is not in brute strength, but in the gravity of his presence. His charisma is absolute, an aura of perfection so complete that:

Mortals fall to their knees in reverence at a glance.
Machines disobey their code to bask in his magnificence.
Beasts purr like kittens under his fingertips.
And gods weep with joy just to be noticed by him.

He once strode into a Celestial Throneworld and asked for the god-king's seat.
The god thanked him for the honor.

Even the other Cosmic Exalted—beings of limitless will and pride—have been known to hesitate in his presence, caught between awe and infatuation.

The Azothan was adored by all. Until he met you.
You didn't swoon. You didn't worship. You didn't offer your loyalty or fall under his sway.
You said "No."

The first word he had never been given in all his cosmic journey.

And in that moment of defiance… you became the most fascinating being in the cosmos.

Now he walks beside you. Not as a manipulator. Not as a schemer. Not even as a deity.

But as an equal, seeking to understand the one person who denied his divinity… and maybe, just maybe, earn your genuine friendship.

He doesn't demand your worship. He wants your respect.
And someday—he hopes—you'll choose to give it.

Until then, The Azothan will follow, radiating his impossible presence, gods bowing in his wake, entire realities shifting to please him…

And only you remain untouched.

Thume VII, Sorcerer Superior (Quasar): *"What happened to the sky? Oh, I just liked it better in that color."*

Among the reality-warping, logic-defying Quasar Caste of the Cosmic Exalted—those who wield the very fabric of existence like an artist's brush—Thume VII stands out as something else entirely. Not greater, not lesser, but... weirder. Much weirder.

Where most Cosmic Exalted shape their divine vessels into godlike paragons of beauty and symmetry, Thume VII chose something... more "expressive." A form equal parts bat, dragon, and man, draped in living robes made of stars and stitched together with strands of paradox.

When asked why, he simply replied, "It feels right to me."

To call him a "sorcerer" is to call a supernova a candle. Thume VII doesn't simply cast spells—he brews paradoxes, stirs the cauldron of time, and infuses causality with flavor. He has:

Repainted a nebula using emotion and willpower.
Grafted dreams onto planets so they bloom into surreal landscapes.
Created a black hole that screams in joy whenever it eats stars.

He once built a machine to turn a sun into a banana "just to see what flavor it would be." (Answer: cosmic citrus.)

To ask "why" is an insult to his art. The only proper question is "Why not?"

Despite (or because of) his lunacy, Thume is revered—even feared—by his fellow Quasars. Beneath the spectacle of chaos and incomprehensible experiments lies a mind of genius.
Thume's understanding of sorcery, cosmic architecture, and dimensional theory is unparalleled. His spells can alter the laws of reality, defy cause and effect, and conjure wonders that make gods question their own omnipotence.

You met him in the middle of an experiment to turn a star into a fruit tree. (Do not ask.) You helped him finish the spell—accidentally or not—and instead of exploding, the star sang.

Something about you intrigued him. You're different. Not predictable. Not... boring.
So he's decided to follow you. For now.

Thume VII is unpredictable, utterly bizarre, and frequently baffling—but he is loyal, powerful, and far more brilliant than he lets on.

And when you truly need him—when time unravels and gods scream—he will raise a finger, chuckle softly, and say, "Let me show you something I made during breakfast."

Ninefold Ice, Lady of the Void (Black Hole): *"Well done, you're the first person to ever catch my afterimage."*

Among the castes of the Cosmic Exalted, none walk more silently or strike more swiftly than the Black Holes—the unseen hand in the void, the whisper before silence, the shadow between stars. Where others command through force and spectacle, the Black Holes specialize in subtler arts: espionage, infiltration, and assassination. And among these twilight phantoms, none are spoken of with more hushed reverence or dread than Ninefold Ice, Lady of the Void.

A flawless exemplar of her caste, Ninefold Ice is calm, cold, and calculating—her presence like the vacuum of space itself: silent, crushing, absolute. She moves with such speed and precision that light itself cannot keep pace, and her ability to vanish into the gaps between realms makes her functionally undetectable. She doesn't hide in shadows—she hides in the void between seconds, slipping through dimensions as effortlessly as most walk across a room.

Her role within the Spiral was simple yet sacred: to eliminate threats too dangerous, too delicate, or too insidious for traditional force. She does not fight wars. She ends them before they begin.

You should not have seen her. No one ever does. And yet, on that day—you did.

By chance or fate, you caught a glimpse of Ninefold Ice during a covert operation, hidden perfectly in a dimension between layers of reality. Not only that—you survived her first strike, an outcome she had never encountered before.

That moment haunted her. You intrigued her.
And so, she watched. From the edges of sight, from reflections, from dreams you couldn't remember. Studying. Calculating. Waiting.

Until one day, she revealed herself—not as an enemy, but as a witness to your potential. The one anomaly in her perfect record.

Now, she walks beside you—not as a follower, but as an ally whose interests have aligned with your own. Whether drawn by duty, curiosity, or something more enigmatic, Ninefold Ice has chosen to observe you up close… and perhaps to protect you.

Bright Elodyne, Exemplar of the Stars (Comet): *"Secret technique? I've already seen you do it twice already. Now let me show you how it's really done."*

The Comet Caste—shining minds of the Spiral, polymaths of peerless talent, the chosen few who grant wishes not through divine intervention… but through skill. And of them all, one name echoes with a brilliance unmatched: Bright Elodyne.

She is the glittering personification of possibility. Radiant, affable, and endlessly curious, Elodyne is a living constellation, a star-born prodigy whose grace and humility hide a mind that has mastered the workings of the cosmos—and then moved on to perfect its art.

Where others stagnate in their mastery, Elodyne thrives. She learns at the speed of thought, mastering disciplines in days that take civilizations millennia to understand.

She is fluent in thousands of languages, a grandmaster of countless martial arts, and one of the last living masters of Vlutorbian Star-Singing, a technique so intricate it takes ten thousand years to master—she did it in five hundred.

She sees the laws of the universe not as rules, but as suggestions.

Need a warrior? She'll wield seven weapons simultaneously while critiquing her opponents' footwork.
Need a healer? She'll mend your soul with a song older than light.
Need a scholar? She'll pen treatises so profound they're studied by gods.

And when you ask her how she does it, she simply shrugs and says: "I enjoy the challenge."

Though exalted beyond mortal limits, Bright Elodyne is not arrogant. She is passionate—a cosmic explorer, driven by an unshakable desire to discover, experience, and grow. She wanders the galaxies not for conquest, but for wonder.

It was this pursuit that led her to you.

You met her on a crystalline moon orbiting a forgotten world, where she was mastering a dance that tamed gravitational storms. Intrigued by your journey—and sensing an adventure worthy of her skill—she joined you, laughing brightly as she packed a stardust satchel and leapt into the unknown at your side.

Bright Elodyne is your shining star, your voice of reason, your companion who can teach the impossible—and somehow still giggle at the simplest of joys.

Though her skill eclipses gods, her heart remains grounded.

And so long as your journey continues to dazzle, she will walk beside you, learning, laughing, and unlocking wonders that defy description.

Scenarios

The True Strongest
(Requires *Bigger Pond* drawback)

"You were the predator. Now the world has fangs of its own."

Creation has changed.

The very tampering that pulled you from beyond time and flung you into this reality has awakened something within the fabric of Creation itself. Its people, its gods, its monsters and myths—they have grown stronger. Empowered by the temporal backlash, the world now boasts champions and warlords who would have once cowered before your shadow… and now dare to face you head-on.

Where once you stood alone as an apex deity, you are no longer unrivaled.

The Solar Exalted blaze with light that can scald the heavens. The Deathlords command armies of conceptual undeath. The Fair Folk no longer fear the borders of reality. Even mortals walk the earth with powers that can shatter moons.

But you are Cosmic Exalted. And you will not be outshined.

To reclaim your throne atop all of existence, you must seek out and defeat the greatest champions this empowered Creation has to offer.

Not just the strongest in strength—but the fastest, the smartest, the most cunning, the most enduring. Gods, demons, legends, and monsters—every one of them must kneel.

You must challenge and overcome the paragons of every Caste, face the living legends of the Realm, survive the shadowed tricks of the Deathlords, resist the temptations of the Yozi, and even weather the chaos of the Wyld. The wyld-touched, the Titan-sired, and even the Incarnae reborn must fall before your might.
Your path will be paved in shattered stars, broken myths, and rewritten prophecy.

But should you emerge victorious, standing unbowed upon a mountain of fallen legends—then there is but one reward worthy of your triumph.

Perk: The Strongest Above All
You have done the impossible. You have proved that not even an empowered Creation could withstand the might of a true Cosmic Exalted.

From this moment forward, you will never be outmatched again.

Upon entering any new setting—be it Marvel, DC, Dragon Ball, the Warp of Warhammer, or the Celestial Heavens of any myth—you are instantly and inherently the most powerful being in that setting.

It does not matter if the world's strongest wields infinite speed, time-devouring magic, multiversal awareness, or narrative control. You will be above them, always.

You may choose how this power manifests—whether through raw strength, conceptual supremacy, or simple inevitability—but regardless of form, your dominance is absolute.

Furthermore: No power in existence may weaken you. No curse, spell, toxin, effect, trick, seal, or suppression—no matter the scale, source, or concept—can diminish your power in any way.

Only you can limit yourself. Your strength answers to no one but your will.

The Cosmic Exalted has reclaimed their crown.
And now, it can never be taken.

War of the Cosmics
(Requires *Big Fishes In A Little Pond* drawback)

The tides of time have twisted Creation.

Where once you stood alone as the avatar of cosmic supremacy, now five other beings of unimaginable power—fellow Cosmic Exalted—have been pulled into this fractured realm. They do not come in peace. They do not come to parley. Each seeks to reshape Creation in their own image, to carve their ideals into the bedrock of reality and proclaim themselves as its supreme ruler.

There is no alliance.
There is no compromise.

There is only war.

A War of the Cosmics.

This will not be a simple battle. The war will engulf all of Creation—from the highest gods in Yu-Shan to the lowest demons in Malfeas, from the Wyld to the Underworld. Armies will march, skies will burn, and the very essence of the world will tremble beneath the weight of Cosmic might.

To claim dominion, you must defeat all five.

Your Rivals:
Eletra, The Cosmic Huntress (Supernova)
A savage queen of the strong, Eletra is the storm made flesh. Her philosophy is simple: power justifies all. She dreams of a brutal utopia where strength alone dictates status, where mercy is weakness and the strong feast upon the weak. Her armies are forged in blood and loyalty born from challenge. To defeat her is to survive the trial of the wilds, where only the apex predator can claim the crown.

Stellarus, The One Being (Pulsar)
A god in his own mind, and soon—he hopes—the only god that remains. Stellarus gathers believers like stars around a singular gravity well, pulling entire civilizations into his orbit of worship. A charismatic tyrant wrapped in silken glory, his zealots would burn continents if it pleased him. To unseat him, you must shatter divinity itself and prove that even false gods can bleed.

Zeta-8, Quantum Genius (Quasar)
Cold, brilliant, and utterly without remorse, Zeta-8 views Creation as nothing more than a testbed for her infinite experiments. Emotions, morality, culture—all are impediments to what she sees as true progress. Her legions are monstrous amalgamations of science and sorcery, while her elite are minds like hers: efficient, emotionless, lethal. You must outthink the mind that treats the laws of existence as clay.

Silence, The Blade of Order (Black Hole)
You won't see her coming.
You won't hear her agents move.
You won't know you've been marked until you vanish without trace.

Silence wages war not with armies, but with shadows. She is the quiet terror in a world of perfect order, her assassins and informants weaving a web across all of Creation. To defeat her is to fight

an enemy who always knows your next move—and to break the chains of a world where thought is a crime.

Sunriser, Naive Hero (Comet)
Beneath his radiant smile and glittering eyes lies a delusion: that he is the protagonist, and the world is his stage. But make no mistake—he is powerful. So powerful, in fact, that the world often does seem to revolve around him. His every trope becomes truth, every lucky break a scripted miracle. He gathers allies like a shonen hero, deflects logic like an anime twist, and fights with the heart of a thousand suns. To defeat him is to overcome narrative itself.

Victory Conditions:
Defeat all five Cosmic Exalted in battle, ideology, or both.

Survive the war that fractures reality.

Navigate betrayal, diplomacy, and cosmic catastrophe to outmaneuver your rivals.

Claim the world of Creation not just by power—but by right.

Reward: Reign of the Cosmos

You have done the unthinkable.
Through strength, brilliance, strategy, and resolve, you have outlasted your peers, crushed their ambitions, and reshaped Creation as its true sovereign.

The World of Creation is Yours.
It has been ravaged, but you restore it. Under your rule, the land flourishes, healed by your essence and will. Gods, spirits, mortals—all look to you now with awe and loyalty. The Exalted, Celestial or Terrestrial, bow to the reality that there is none greater than you.

The Five Will Serve.
Your rivals, once adamant in their vision, now kneel.
Not from fear. Not from defeat alone. But from recognition.
You are the true ruler, and even Cosmic Exalted must respect power.

Eletra becomes your Warlord, seeing you as the pinnacle of strength and power, ready to fight and conquer in your name.

Stellarus becomes your High Priest, recognizing you as a god worthy of his worship, willing to spread your truth to the cosmos.

Zeta-8 becomes your Arch-Technarch, understanding that your intellect surpasses even hers, creating technological wonders at your command.

Silence becomes your Master of Secrets, knowing that with you in control peace and order will be achieved, her agents ready to deal with any threats silently and quickly.

Sunriser...Well, he insists he's your destined rival/friend who will "one day surpass you," but he follows your orders all the same.

Back To The Past
(Requires *Fractured Time* drawback)

"The future was ashes. The present, chaos. Now the past is your only hope."

The timestream has shattered like glass under pressure. Fractures ripple across the continuum, and in the turbulence you have been cast not forward, but backward—to a time lost to all history.

You awaken within the golden age of the Spiral, when the galaxy burned bright with a thousand suns and the Cosmic Exalted ruled as Star-Lords, gods among gods.

But paradise is doomed. The drums of war thunder across the cosmos. The Titans stir in their eldritch domains. And at the heart of it all looms the doom that history could not forget and time could not contain:

She Who Lives In Her Name. The Prime Titan. The Principle of Hierarchy.
The one who murdered Ouranos and shattered the Spiral.

This is your new mission—your greatest challenge: Defy fate. Stop the fall. Save the Spiral.

With the aid of Ouranos himself and the full might of your fellow Cosmic Exalted, you must forge a new future by altering the past. You must unravel divine conspiracies, battle horrors spawned by titanic nightmares, and stand against a being that once erased your kind from time itself.

The battle will be legendary. The stakes? Everything.

Reward: Ruler of All Creation

Should you succeed in this impossible task—if you prevent the fall of the Spiral and the extinction of the Cosmic Exalted—then time itself will kneel before your will. Your reward is threefold, as it must be for one who rewrites destiny.

You are now the rightful ruler of the Spiral Galaxy, a vast, near-infinite domain brimming with wonders, terrors, and secrets. Worlds sculpted from dreams. Starships fueled by song. Cosmic labyrinths that stretch across dimensions. All of it belongs to you.

Every planet, every star, every treasure is now yours to explore, command, and protect.
The Spiral has accepted you as its axis, its heartbeat, its center.

The full host of the Cosmic Exalted has been spared from annihilation by your actions—and now they are yours to command. 10,000 Exalted, divided into five legendary castes:

Supernova – Warriors who cleave worlds in half with their blades.
Pulsar – Diplomats, seducers, and commanders who sway entire civilizations with a word.
Quasar – Sorcerers who reshape laws of physics on a whim.
Black Hole – Assassins and spies, faster than thought and invisible to fate.
Comet – Polymaths and avatars of potential, masters of every field they touch.

Each one is a legend. All of them are fiercely loyal to you, not by force—but out of love, gratitude, and reverence. You saved them from erasure. Now they will move galaxies for you.

A final gift from Ouranos, the one who forged the Cosmic Exalted.
You now possess the sacred secret to Exaltation itself.

You can now create your own Cosmic Exalted, choosing worthy beings and bestowing upon them the limitless power of the stars. You may forge their powers to fit your design—instant or earned, awakened by trauma or triumph, tailored or random. The mode of manifestation is yours to define.

And just as you can grant it… you can revoke it. Divinity given. Divinity taken.

All who receive your Exaltation will feel a profound, unwavering loyalty toward you—not control, but cosmic allegiance, as if you were the axis of their existence.

You are now what Ouranos once was. A Creator-God of the Cosmos.

Endgame: She Who Lives In Her Name, Triumphant!
(Requires +2000cp version of "*S.W.L.I.H.N.R.*)

There are victories so absolute, so catastrophic, that the echoes of their triumph shatter the firmament of reality itself.

She Who Lives In Her Name—Titan of Dominion, Mother of Ouranos, and the architect of the Cosmic Exalted—once destroyed everything you were. In a past now burned from memory, she razed the Spiral in a final act of divine malice. You were meant to be forgotten, a broken relic beneath the weight of her eternal Will.

But fate, already fractured, has grown unstable. Somewhere in the tangle of causality, a different She Who Lives In Her Name awoke—one who never lost, never fell, never faced defeat. In her timeline, the Titans won.

Creation belongs to them.

And the Spiral? Her crown jewel, conquered not just through might but through betrayal. She broke her fellow Titans. She twisted Ouranos into her corrupted general. And she enslaved the entire pantheon of Cosmic Exalted, turning them from shining paragons into cruel enforcers of her will.

This S.W.L.I.H.N. Triumphant has seen the multiverse. She has tasted the fruits of alternate futures and now desires all of them.
One timeline is no longer enough.
Yours is next.

What comes is not a battle. It is not even a war.
It is a crucible that will burn the last dregs of hope from existence unless you rise.

You will need everything. Every weapon. Every ally. Every lesson.
Every spark of courage and cunning and madness that ever defined you.

Defeat is not an option.
For if she wins, there will be no time left.
No past. No future.
Only Her Name.

Reward: Transcendence Beyond All Things
You did it.
Against a being whose very existence defied victory, you triumphed.

Across the battered remains of the Spiral and the shattered fragments of time itself, your name now resounds as the one who defied inevitability.

Your Rewards Are Three-Fold:

Power Beyond the Titans
Her death did not end her power—it became yours. You have absorbed the full divine magnitude of She Who Lives In Her Name Triumphant, magnifying your might by orders of magnitude beyond comprehension. Your Charms evolve into absolutes, your spells warp the meta-laws of existence, your essence burns so brightly that stars turn to watch. Titans now stand beneath you. You are no longer just Cosmic—you are Transcendent.

The Redeemed Host
The enslaved have been freed.
Ouranos, broken no longer, now kneels before you, his eyes clear for the first time in eons.
The 10,000 corrupted Cosmic Exalted, their will no longer bound, pledge their lives to your cause.
Their loyalty is absolute. Their gratitude, infinite. Their power, yours to command.

Awakening of the Spark
Victory was never meant to happen. The odds were absolute. The outcome preordained.
And yet you broke prophecy and carved triumph from annihilation.

Henceforth, your true power now shines forth.

You have awakened your spark, all limits placed on you and your abilities have been removed.

You now have unrestricted access to the greater omniverse, allowing you to traverse the infinite realms at your leisure.

However, should you choose you can restrict your ascension, sealing away your spark until the moment you deem right. You will still keep the other two rewards for your usage.

For you, ‘impossible’ is a word meant only for those who dwell in your shadow..

You are the one who Triumphed.

You are the Jumper Who Lives In Their Own Name.

Drawbacks

All drawbacks are removed upon completing the jump.

+0cp - Supplement / Crossover Mode: Why settle for merely shaping the world of Creation when all of reality is your canvas?

With this Drawback, you may step beyond the bounds of Creation—or bring the impossible crashing into it. Choose to journey to an entirely different universe instead of the Exalted world: take your place among the warring stars of the Imperium, test your might in the shattered ruins of Drangleic, or challenge the divine in the lands of Dragon Ball, Naruto, Monster Hunter, or any other setting your imagination can grasp.

Want to humble the Emperor of Mankind? Done.
Show the Celestial Dragons what real supremacy means? Easy.
Make the apex predators of Monster Hunter kneel and obey? Welcome to your new menagerie.

Alternatively, combine the worlds: let the Solar Exalted clash blades with Soul Reapers, merge the politics of the Realm with the kingdoms of Thedas, or drown the Wyld in the eldritch chaos of the Warp. Whether you weave worlds together or conquer new ones, the choice is yours.

No points are gained or lost for this path—it is simply the opening of a new door.

This is your Spiral now, Jumper. And it stretches across all realities.

+100cp - Extended Stay: Originally you would be made to spend 10 years in Creation before heading to your next jump. But for an extra 100cp you can extend the length of time you have to spend here by another 10 years. Can be taken multiple times.

+200cp - Unknown Cosmos: You awaken to a world that feels both alien and familiar, the cosmos above whispering truths you cannot grasp. You are power incarnate, a Cosmic Exalted forged by forces beyond mortal comprehension—but you remember none of it.

Your origin, your purpose, your vast array of reality-defying abilities—all forgotten. The grand history of the Spiral, your connection to the celestial tapestry, even the very concept of your Exaltation… lost in a haze of oblivion. You know only this: you are different. You are more. But why?

The power still courses through your veins like a roaring river of stars, but without understanding or guidance, you must fumble in the dark. Spells are wild, charms unpredictable, essence erratic.

The most basic of techniques must be rediscovered through painful trial and catastrophic error. What once would have been instinctive now takes study. Mastery must be earned anew.

+300cp - Not So Perfect: As a Cosmic Exalted, you were meant to be a paragon of excellence—an artisan of worlds, a sculptor of miracles, a god among gods whose every action was a flawless testament to divine superiority. But something is wrong.

Every creation you touch, every spell you cast, every marvel you weave from raw essence… is tainted by imperfection. A misaligned rune that warps your spell just slightly off-course. A blade of wonder with a hairline fracture only you seem to notice. A beautiful new lifeform born with a flaw so small and yet so infuriatingly wrong. No matter how much effort you exert, how precise your calculations, there is always a flaw—subtle, persistent, and utterly maddening.

The world may not see it. They may even call your works divine. But you know. You always know.

And the knowledge claws at your mind, whispering that you are lesser. Incomplete. Imperfect.

+400cp - World Shackles: As a Cosmic Exalted, your very nature cries out for the endless expanse of the cosmos—the glittering constellations, the pulse of starlight, the dance of galaxies. You were made to soar among nebulae and walk upon the rings of gas giants. But now? You are anchored, fettered to a single world by a cruel and invisible force.

Some ancient curse or temporal paradox has wrapped around your Exaltation like a vice. No matter how great your power, you cannot escape the planet you currently inhabit. Attempting to cross the uppermost edge of the atmosphere results in the seal violently activating, forcibly dragging you back like a cosmic leash tightening around your soul.

No portal, ship, spell, or technique can carry you beyond your prison-world. You may gaze upon the stars, but they will forever remain just out of reach… until this curse is broken.

+500 - Broken Exaltation: Something has gone terribly, cosmically wrong.

The temporal storm that tore you from the void of oblivion and cast you into Creation did not leave you untouched. Your Exaltation—the divine core of your power, your link to the cosmos itself—is fractured. Cracked. Unstable.

You are still a Cosmic Exalted… but your divinity flickers like a dying star.

At any time, your powers may surge wildly out of control—or vanish entirely. Spells misfire. Charms twist into chaos. Your once-unshakable body may fail you. In moments of great stress, waves of agonizing pain roll through your form, as if your very existence were being unraveled and restitched by a drunken god.

Worse still… in rare moments of utter calamity, your Exaltation may fully shut down—leaving you mortal. Vulnerable. Breakable.

It might last seconds. It might last hours.

You will never know when. You will never know why.

+600/1200cp - Bigger Pond: Your arrival was no quiet whisper across the currents of time. It was a detonation, a catastrophic ripple that echoed through the layers of fate and causality. When you were pulled into Creation by the fractured time-stream and the meddling hands of fools who sought power beyond their comprehension, the cosmic backlash didn't just affect you—it changed everything.

The energy released didn't just open the door—it rewrote the rules.

The very fabric of Creation has been elevated. Essence flows with greater potency, threads of power once unreachable now lie exposed, and beings across every corner of the world have begun to awaken to strength that should have been impossible.

Solar Exalted, once mere golden echoes of your shadow, now stand tall against you, their light no longer dim. Lunar warlords run with the fury of storms, Sidereals bend fate with confidence, and even mortals rise as paragons of heroism and horror alike.

The world has grown teeth. And they are sharp.

You are no longer the unmatched behemoth of this reality. You are no longer the apex predator among prey.

Now you stand in a pond turned ocean, and it's teeming with beasts, champions, and rising stars—many who seek to test themselves against the "invincible one" who fell from the stars.

Every fight is now a challenge. Every step forward must be earned. Every title of "strongest" will be contested by those who believe they can wrest it from your hands.

The world no longer bows to your mere presence. Instead, it reaches toward you with ambition and vengeance, emboldened by newfound might and the whisper that the Cosmic Exalted can be defeated.

Your enemies are stronger. Your allies need you more than ever. And you must rise again, not as the inevitable, but as the unstoppable.

Doubled if taken with **Big Fishes In A Little Pond**.

+700cp - Cosmic Horrors: In the chaos that unmade the Spiral and shattered time's harmony, a great many things were sealed away—not just the Cosmic Exalted, but the unspeakable horrors they were created to stand against. These were the enemies that even gods whispered about in fear. Beasts that prowled the empty dark between stars, things that were never meant to exist—and now they are free.

The temporal maelstrom that ripped you from beyond space and time did not come alone. Its tearing winds screamed across forgotten dimensions and dragged other prisoners with it—creatures of nightmare, birthed in entropy and bathed in madness.

They descend now upon Creation, from its highest heavens to its deepest shadowed corners. Some whisper, some roar, and some do neither, yet entire cities vanish overnight where their feet fall. Their very presence erodes logic, reason, and memory.

Terror Gnats—minor horrors, but no less lethal. They multiply through fear itself, slipping through cracks in courage to infest dreams and flesh alike.

Rift Wyrms—titanic serpents of living void, slithering between worlds, unraveling time where they pass.

The Nameless Choir—no form, no face, only voices, singing songs that cause the sky to bleed and minds to fracture.

And worst of all, the Old Ones—colossal beings of primordial nightmare whose mass displaces gravity and whose eyes see the unmaking of stars.

These creatures once ravaged the Spiral. It was for them the Cosmic Exalted were forged. But now the Spiral is no more… and the horrors roam free, hungry for a new cosmos to desecrate.

Creation was never meant to face them alone.

They cannot be reasoned with. They cannot be contained. They warp reality by existing, and madness follows in their wake like the stink of rot.

Unless you act, these horrors will remake Creation into a twisted echo of the void that birthed them.

+800cp - The Great Cosmic Curse: You are not untouched by fate's cruel irony. Though you are a Cosmic Exalted—peerless, radiant, and forged in the fires of stellar supremacy—you, too, have been branded by the Great Cosmic Curse, a metaphysical flaw inscribed upon your soul by the unraveling of Destiny itself. This is not merely a personal failing—it is a flaw so immense, so cosmically scaled, that it warps the very fabric of your myth.

What once were traits of greatness are now exalted to self-devouring extremes.

Your visage is so impossibly divine that kingdoms are brought to ruin by mere portraits of you. To look upon your face is to fall into obsession—rulers declare war, saints forsake vows, and gods weep in envy. You cannot walk unseen or unknown, for your presence sears itself into the hearts of all who witness it.

Your sense of superiority radiates like a collapsing star. You refuse any belief, law, or method not of your own design. You reshape entire societies to match your vision, even if it shatters cultures or sparks rebellion. You do not bend—you command, even when you should listen.

Your perfection screams itself into every room. Every conversation, every encounter, becomes a stage upon which you proclaim your magnificence, consciously or not. Allies grow resentful. Followers become sycophants or conspirators. You are always right, and yet increasingly alone.

And cruelest of all, despite your cosmic power, fate ensures that embarrassment follows you like a shadow. You slip in battle. You trip during speeches. You collide with door frames in royal halls. You may shatter planets with your fists—but you stub your toe on the goddamn throne.

This curse is not easily removed—no ritual, no boon, no rewriting of fate can cleanse it. It is intrinsic, born from the same cosmic flame that Exalted you. It is your shadow, your echo, your burden.

+900/1800cp - Big Fishes In A Little Pond: You were not the only one pulled from the Spiral's forgotten timeline.

The cosmos has begun to tremble, reality fraying at the seams as others of your kind—the lost and godlike Cosmic Exalted—begin to reemerge across Creation. Titans in thought, form, and fury, each one a walking catastrophe of power, ambition, and impossible legacy.

Some remember the Spiral and seek to reclaim their birthright. Others believe Creation is a pale imitation of what once was and intend to remake it in their image. A few have gone mad from their own resurrection, their minds shattering from exposure to countless timelines. And some… have simply grown bored—and boredom for a being like them means apocalyptic consequences.

They do not care for the balance of the Five Directions. They laugh at Sidereal prophecies. They shatter Yozi chains with a glance and speak to Neverborn as equals. Their mere presence destabilizes fate, and their feuds could tear Creation asunder.

You are not allies. You are rivals, equals only in the scope of your potential to destroy or preserve. They recognize you, and you them—and none of them are willing to be forgotten again.

You have two choices:

Convince them to stand down, to restrain themselves, to cooperate. This means navigating the politics of titans, the pride of beings who once ruled the stars, and the scars of millennia erased.

Or confront them, in battle and in will, and slay your kin before their unchecked power erases the last hope of stability.

Both paths are perilous. Neither guarantees success. Failure means the end of Creation—perhaps even more final than the Spiral's own fall.

This is no longer a tale of a lone cosmic figure reshaping a world. This is now a war of gods long buried by time, each clawing back a lost legacy. And only one may stand supreme beneath the broken stars.

Doubled if taken with **Bigger Pond**.

+1000cp - Fractured Time: The Spiral was never meant to return. The flow of time was bent, broken, and stitched together by reckless gods, mad sorcerers, and fate-defying Exalted. Now, the inevitable has happened: the timestream has shattered.

All of Creation is now plagued by chronal instability. Days skip forward or rewind without warning. Empires that never existed rise from the cracks of yesterday. People awaken to find

themselves in the wrong century—some aged into dust, others young again and robbed of memory.

From the depths of the First Age to the heat-death of the far future, fragments of reality now bleed into one another. Ancient wonders and forgotten terrors materialize at random. Cities flicker in and out of existence. The stars rearrange themselves into constellations never charted.

Worse still, you are not exempt. You may awaken in the middle of a battle long lost, or be yanked into a future ruled by an enemy who claims to have already killed you. Allies vanish mid-conversation, only to return with memories of lifetimes you never shared. Your plans, your foundation, even your own personal timeline—all are unstable.

Chrono-sickness is spreading. The Loom of Fate screams as pattern spiders are torn apart trying to repair the irreparable. Even the Sidereals dare not walk the threads anymore.

This is not merely a nuisance—it is a cosmic unraveling, a ticking time-bomb that could turn all of existence into an incoherent blur of was, is, and never-was. Every moment could be your last… or your first… again.

Survive it, master it, or be swept away in the storm of eternity.

+1000/2000cp - She Who Lives In Her Name Reborn: You were never meant to return. Your resurrection is a paradox, an insult to the divine machinery that governs reality. And now, she knows.

The one who shattered the Spiral. The one who slew Ouranos.
The one who unmade you and your kin. SHE WHO LIVES IN HER NAME has awakened—and she remembers.

In her return, her first thought is not of conquest or vengeance. It is of you.
You, the anomaly. You, the impossible survivor. You, the Cosmic Exalted who should not exist.

She is coming.

Even shattered, missing three of her soul-crystals, she is a primordial force beyond comprehension—a living equation of domination, hierarchy, and control. Her very presence bends fate, erases free will, and enslaves even the fundamental laws of physics. You are no longer fighting monsters, gods, or exalted peers.

You are fighting the source.

To overcome her in this weakened state is to achieve a feat of mythic proportion. The battle will span realms—heaven and hell, dream and memory, future and past. Your every gift will be tested. Your every choice will matter. And even victory will cost you more than you might wish to pay.

But you can go further.

For **+2000 CP**, she returns at full power.

Unbroken. Unstoppable. Unchained.

A being not merely beyond gods—but one who builds and binds gods as playthings. The sheer force of her presence cracks the sky, tears at the Pattern of Fate, and sends the Loom of Destiny into a seizure. The Maidens avert their gaze. The Neverborn scream in terror. The Ebon Dragon dares not whisper her name.

Creation becomes a battlefield. The Spiral stirs.
And your confrontation becomes a battle that will tear holes in reality, ignite a thousand alternate timelines, and leave the fate of all existence balanced upon the edge of your blade.

This is not a fight you can walk away from.
This is a battle where winning means surviving long enough to force reality to acknowledge you as the greater power.

Should you triumph, you will not merely defeat a Titan.

You will eclipse your own creator.
And the cosmos itself will kneel in silence... in awe... and in fear.

Ending

However long you've chosen to stay it's clear that your time here is coming to an end, now it is time to decide your next option on this journey.

Stay: You've built something here, something beautiful and wondrous, something you can't bear to depart from. As such you've elected to stay and live your new found life in this realm. You get a final stipend of 1000cp to spend on anything else here.

Move On: To be a Cosmic Exalted is to forever travel across the vastness of eternity itself, to explore new and exciting places, filled with mysteries, dangers, and treasures. Your adventures here may have ended, but there are always new ones waiting in the stars.

Return Home: You've had your fill and enjoyed many wonders but now it is time to rest, to return home with all that you have and enjoy the life you once had, albeit now changed drastically.

Notes

This was a rather fun jump to make and I really enjoyed having to come up with so many ideas for this setting. I think I may have made some of the perks and items a bit too powerful but I always wanted to try my hand at making an overpowered jump so I guess it's okay. Also I want to give thanks to everyone who helped me on this project. Big shout out to GetRektNuub for the many perks and item ideas. I may add some additional stuff in the future.

FAQs

How strong does the drawback Bigger Pond make your enemies?
The drawback makes it so that the entire world of creation, from the weakest mortal to the strongest gods, are now empowered to such a level that they are now a genuine threat to you, even will all the perks, capstones included. Mortals will be as strong as the strongest Solar Exalted, Solar Exalted will be as strong as the strongest gods, and the strongest gods will be as powerful as you are.

How do my companions fit into this story?
They are from the same timeline you resided in before you were pulled into the world of Creation. They ended up being pulled with you into the world of Creation.

How powerful is SWLIHN Transcendent?
Since she is an endjump final boss she's powerful enough that even with every perk, item, and companion you possess both here and from previous jumps it will still be a nigh-impossible fight. Beating her symbolizes you transcending to a level beyond Cosmic Exalted, beyond gods, beyond titans and even beyond the narrative itself.

Do I have to take the spark?
No, you don't have to take the spark reward after beating SWLIHN Transcendent. You can instead choose to seal it and continue on your jumpchain. Should you finally want to end your jumpchain you can release the seal and take your spark.

Hey, can I use this perk/item with that perk/item to create something OP?
Yes, go right ahead. I made this jump to be overpowered for a reason so feel free to come up with some insane combos.

If I have the World Manse, can I place certain items on it like the Battlefield of Legends?
Sure, go right ahead. You can place certain items onto your World Manse, so long as they can fit.

Are you going to make something about the Kenomic Exalted?
Unfortunately, there's not much to go on about them so I can't make anything with it.

Changelog

Version 1.0: Jump Created
Version 1.1: Grammar and Spelling Fixes, Clarified at the top that the Cosmic Exalted are a fan-made Exalted, Provided link to the Cosmic Exalted Pdf for Tabletop. Added discounts and made 100cp perks free for your chosen origin and caste, made non-free perks toggable, made 100cp items free for your chosen origin and caste. Added discounts and made 100cp companions free for your chosen origin and caste. Gave the World Manse an actual size.