James Bond (Old Movies)

Version 1.1 by SpazzWave

The world is, as it turns out, perpetually one diabolical scheme away from total catastrophe. And the only thing standing between civilization and ruin is a single, remarkably well-dressed individual who solves international crises the way other people solve crossword puzzles: with style, a steady hand, and an unshakable conviction that there is always time for one more martini.

Welcome to the world of James Bond. Here, villains do not simply rob banks - they irradiate Fort Knox, threaten to detonate the San Andreas Fault, or even try to wipe out the entire human race, and they will happily explain the entire scheme to you over dinner, provided you're tied to a chair, and the chair is positioned correctly for the laser to kill you.

You are entering an era of simmering Cold War tensions, dangerously beautiful people, and quite advanced gadgets. The year is 1962, a British agent has just gone inexplicably silent, and a mysterious recluse known only as Doctor No is about to kick off a legendary era of espionage. This is where it all truly begins.

Whether you plan to dutifully defend Her Majesty's government, carve out a ruthless shadow syndicate of your own, crush the hero's windpipe as an unstoppable enforcer, or manipulate every player on the board with a lethal combination of beauty and betrayal, you are going to need more than just a quick wit to survive.

To ensure you don’t immediately end up as a snack in a megalomaniac's private shark tank or take a poisoned dart to the neck, here’s **1000 CP**. Good luck!

Origins

You may "Drop In" to any of these origins if you wish, either just for the menu or with a trail of documents and well-paid recollections befitting your supposed past. Whether you ensure nobody digs deep enough to suspect your particular hole has no bottom at all is up to you.

Double-Oh

You are a licensed operative of one of the world's most elite intelligence agencies, granted the rare "00" designation reserved for those trusted to act with lethal force and total discretion on Her Majesty's - or whoever's - behalf. Your service number is your identity now; your old life is a cover story filed away and rarely touched. Wherever this world's plots, conspiracies, and lunatics are gathering, your superiors will find a reason to send you there, tuxedo pressed and passport ready.

Mastermind

Somewhere on this world, hidden beneath a volcano, an ocean, or a perfectly mundane corporate headquarters, you command an organization built entirely around your singular vision. Whether your goal is profit, ideology, revenge, or simply the satisfaction of watching the world rearrange itself according to your design, you have the resources, the personnel, and the audacity to pursue it on a global scale. The world's intelligence agencies know your organization exists. They have never been able to prove it's yours.

Henchman

You serve at the right hand of someone with considerably grander ambitions than your own, and you have made yourself indispensable to them. Whether your role is enforcer, bodyguard, assassin, or all three depending on the day, you are the one called upon when subtlety fails, and something more permanent is required. Your employer's enemies fear you nearly as much as they fear your boss - and with good reason.

Femme Fatale

You move through this world's casinos, embassies, and private islands as though you were born to them, leaving behind a trail of besotted diplomats, ruined operatives, and men who never quite figured out what hit them. Whether your loyalties lie with an agency, an organization, or only yourself, you have built a career - and a legend - on being chronically underestimated, right up until it's too late for anyone to do anything about it.

Locations

An Intelligence Agency of Your Choice

You begin within the halls of any intelligence agency the setting offers - MI6, the CIA, the KGB, SMERSH, or any other organization with a license to operate in the shadows. Perhaps you're a new recruit reporting for your first assignment, or a seasoned veteran returning from leave to find a fresh stack of case files waiting on your desk. Either way, the machinery of global espionage is already in motion around you, and it has a seat reserved with your name on it.

A Casino Somewhere Glamorous

You find yourself at the card tables of a world-famous casino: Monte Carlo, Macau, or wherever this world's equivalent of high-stakes glamour happens to be. The chips are stacked high, the champagne is flowing, and at least one of the other players at your table is not who they say they are. Whether you're here by design, by invitation, or by sheer coincidence, something interesting is about to happen, and you have a front-row seat.

A Private Island

You wake to find yourself on a secluded island retreat, the kind with a sprawling villa, a private airstrip, and considerably more security personnel than a vacation home should reasonably require. Perhaps it's your own - the spoils of a career you'd rather not discuss - or perhaps it belongs to someone else entirely, and you are a guest, a prisoner, or something in between. Either way, the helicopter pad out back suggests the island sees more traffic than its remote location would imply.

A Train Crossing the Continent

You begin aboard a luxury express train, somewhere between one glamorous destination and another, rattling through mountains or deserts in considerable comfort. Your cabin is well-appointed, the dining car serves an excellent vintage, and somewhere else on this train - perhaps several cars down, perhaps closer than you'd like - someone is carrying something that several governments would very much like to get their hands on.

A Secret Base

You start within a hidden base of operations, carved into a mountainside, sunk beneath the ocean, or hollowed out from a dormant volcano - the kind of facility that took considerable money, expertise, and disregard for international law to construct. Whether this base belongs to you, to an employer, or to an organization you've recently found yourself a part of, it is fully staffed, fully operational, and almost certainly not on any map that matters.

Somewhere Ordinary

Not every story begins in a casino. You start in an unremarkable city: an apartment, a quiet office job, a life that has, so far, involved no gunfights, no gadgets, and no women named after innuendos. This world's intrigue has not found you yet. Whether that changes in five minutes or five years is rather up to you, though given the world you've just landed in, "five minutes" may be the safer bet.

General Perks

There Is Always a Bond [Free/300 to Keep]

This world, it seems, is perpetually one bad week away from ending. Somewhere, at any given moment, a brilliant and deeply unstable mind is putting the finishing touches on a doomsday device, a rogue state is preparing to detonate something it shouldn't have, or a private army is poised to seize control of a resource the entire planet depends on. However, for as long as this perk remains active, there will always be someone to save the world. Somewhere, an agent will already be on the trail, closer than the villain realizes. A reluctant hero will be pulled back in for one last job. A defector with a guilty conscience will hand over the one piece of information that changes everything. However elaborate the scheme, and however close to midnight the clock gets, someone capable of stepping in will exist, will be in position, and will try. They will not always succeed - but they will always be there. Whether that is reassuring or deeply inconvenient depends entirely on which side of the countdown you're standing on. Luckily for you, you can deactivate this if you wish.

Theme Music [Free]

No entrance is complete without the right music, and from now on, you'll always have it. Wherever you go, you can choose to play the James Bond soundtrack for any occasion that calls for it. On top of that, you can, whenever the moment calls for it, manifest a full opening credits sequence, with silhouettes, dramatic lighting, and all of that. Useful for a grand entrance, a dramatic reveal, or just letting everyone in the room know what's about to happen.

A Healthy Vice [50]

It would be the height of irony if the very world that demands a man drink, smoke, gamble, and charm his way through international crises were also the one that punished him for it. Fortunately, you are not a lesser man. You are completely immune to the negative health effects of your vices, full stop. Hangovers do not happen to you, and decades of smoking will never touch your lungs, your throat, or your singing voice. And whatever company you keep, however numerous or however questionable their own habits might be, you will never contract so much as a sniffle from it. Quite useful.

Hollywood Suppressors [50]

Real-world ballistics dictate that a suppressed firearm is still remarkably loud, but your arsenal answers to a far more elegant, cinematic law of acoustics. Any silencer or suppressor you attach to a firearm reduces it to a soft, cinematic "pew": a sound that cannot be heard beyond the room you're standing in, no matter the caliber. This courtesy extends generously to your targets as well: whoever you take down will fall with a soft thud rather than a crash, and will offer, at most, a single dramatic gasp on the way down - never a scream, never a struggle loud enough to carry, and never anything that travels through a wall or down a corridor. An entire room of guards can go down in sequence, one after another, without the next man over so much as glancing up from his newspaper.

Judo Chop [100]

It's a move every spy seems to know, and now you know it too. A swift strike with the edge of your hand to the back of someone's neck or skull will drop them into unconsciousness reliably and cleanly. The effect lasts for hours, which is long enough to search a room, swap a uniform, or simply be somewhere else entirely by the time your target wakes up. Superhuman opponents will naturally require considerably more force to put down this way - though in this particular world, you are unlikely to run into many of those. Quite useful.

Interesting Times [100]

Somehow, the world of a James Bond film is never boring, and by taking this perk, you ensure that your future destinations will follow suit. You will find that wherever you go now operates under the exact same unwritten rules of cinematic espionage. Whatever mundane or peaceful world you land in will inevitably turn out to be living through genuinely interesting times just beneath the surface. There is always a hollowed-out volcano or a luxurious underwater city hiding a massive secret base, and somewhere over the horizon, a megalomaniacal plot large enough to reshape the geopolitical landscape is quietly brewing. You will naturally gravitate toward the epicenter of these hidden conspiracies, constantly crossing paths with remarkable people. Expect to frequently encounter beautiful strangers who are far more than they appear, alongside exceptional individuals who are breathtakingly brilliant, incredibly dangerous, or often all three at once. Furthermore, the shadowy syndicates of these worlds will always be armed with secret technologies completely ahead of their time, from orbital lasers to advanced robotics. Whether you wish to foil these grand schemes, seduce the international spies, or steal the cutting-edge gadgets for your own purposes, your life will forever be a thrilling, high-stakes adventure. Because dealing with world-ending plots every single day can be exhausting, you may freely toggle the effects of this perk on or off at the beginning of a Jump, or dial the intensity up and down. You can choose whether you want a constant, adrenaline-fueled battle to save the world, or if you just want to encounter the occasional beautiful spy at the hotel bar.

Always Awake [100]

In this line of work, the difference between a captured agent and a dead one is often nothing more than the few seconds it takes to wake up in an unfamiliar room with no idea how you got there. That gap no longer exists for you. You are completely immune to unconsciousness by any means short of death itself. The textbook judo chop to the back of the neck, the chloroform-soaked cloth pressed over your face, the tranquilizer dart that should drop a grown man in seconds, the drink slipped a little something extra - none of it will ever put you under. You will feel the effects, but the lights never go out. This means you will never wake up tied to a chair with no memory of how you got there, never lose a fight because someone got lucky with a strike to the temple, and never have to wonder what was done to you, said in front of you, or taken from you while you were unable to do anything about it. Whatever your enemies have planned for you, they will have to do it to someone who is watching the entire time. Don't worry, you can still sleep perfectly well whenever you actually want to.

All-seeing [100]

In the espionage business, looking is a reflex, but seeing is an art form. You possess a mind and senses so finely tuned to the world around you that no detail, no matter how microscopic, escapes your notice. You can perfectly memorize a face caught only for a fraction of a second from a distance or through a crowded room, and micro-expressions or slight hitches in a target's breathing will instantly reveal if they are lying to you or playing a double game. Your knack for reading intent allows you to spot the exact moment an assassin shifts their weight to draw a concealed weapon, ensuring you catch the tells before they can spring a surprise ambush. Your visual acuity even borders on the supernatural: if you are close enough to look someone in the eyes, you can clearly read the reflections trapped inside their pupils, allowing you to spy on documents they are holding or spot a threat sneaking up behind you just by watching their gaze.

A Game of Cat and Mouse [100]

In this business, the difference between a quick death and a long conversation often comes down to nothing more than how interesting your enemies find you - and you, it turns out, are always interesting. When an enemy has you cornered, captured, or otherwise entirely at their mercy, the immediate, sensible option of simply ending the problem on the spot will never occur to them. Instead, they'll talk. They'll want to know what you know, how you know it, who you've told, and what you're really doing here - and they'll phrase all of it as a kind of game, equal parts interrogation and conversation, as though the exchange itself were worth savoring. Should you demonstrate that you already know more than they'd like - the real identity behind the cover, the true purpose of the operation, the name of the man actually giving the orders - their response will not be alarm, but admiration, and a certain loosening of the tongue. Rather than silencing you immediately, they will, with evident satisfaction, walk you through the plan in full, apparently unable to resist the opportunity to be properly understood by someone capable of appreciating the scale of it. Only afterward, once the explanation is complete and the moment has been thoroughly enjoyed, will they turn their attention to the matter of your death, on which they will inevitably opt for a slow, elaborate, and highly escapable deathtrap rather than a simple bullet, granting you ample time to execute a daring escape.

Trained in the Shadow Arts [200]

The Japanese secret service maintains a tradition that few outside agencies even know exists: a discipline rooted in centuries of ninjutsu, preserved and adapted for the modern world, and shared with outsiders only on the rarest of occasions. You were one of those occasions. You can infiltrate virtually any location - a heavily guarded compound, a private estate, a facility with round-the-clock security - without being seen, moving like a true ninja. Alongside this, you've been trained extensively in the old arts of poison and silent killing: substances that leave no trace in a tox screen, methods that mimic natural causes convincingly enough to satisfy even a careful examiner, and techniques for ending a threat permanently and quietly enough that the rest of the building never knows anything happened at all. Whatever needs doing, and wherever it needs doing, you can get in, do it, and be gone again before anyone realizes you were ever there.

Evading the Fate of Many Bond Girls [200]

In this line of work, the people who travel with you are usually the easiest targets. Enemies love to capture the glamorous woman at your side, maim your closest informant, or assassinate your lovers just to send a cruel message. That stops here. Anyone you consider a companion can only be killed by something capable of killing you. If you're the kind of operative who walks through a compound full of armed guards without breaking a sweat, then those same guards - the ones who couldn't land a hit on you in a hundred tries - won't be able to land the killing blow on your companions either. Only a genuine, top-tier threat (the kind that could actually challenge you) poses any real danger to them. Everyone else can shoot, swing, and scheme all they like; it simply won't be enough.

Tarot Cards [400]

In a certain Caribbean bloodline, the gift of true sight has always passed down through the women of the family: a genuine power to read the future through tarot cards, inherited rather than learned. That bloodline now runs through you, and the gift is real. A simple reading of the cards can show you what's coming in the immediate future: the betrayal about to happen, the ambush waiting around the next corner, the deal that's about to go bad before anyone in the room knows it yet. The Tower warns of disaster closing in; the cards can point you toward who in a room means you harm and who doesn't, and a reading taken before walking into a dangerous situation will tell you, in broad strokes, what you're actually walking into. Normally, this gift is permanently lost the moment you lose your virginity. Luckily, you are entirely exempt from this limitation, allowing you to indulge in all the romance you desire without ever sacrificing your second sight.

Reports of My Death [400]

Faking your death is one of those tricks that should, by all logic, stop working the moment someone uses it twice. And yet, somehow, it never does. Whenever you fake your death, people believe it completely. Your enemies will stand down, your allies will grieve, and the file on you will be quietly closed, with no nagging doubts, no bodies left unaccounted for, and no one quite thinking to check twice. Whatever method you choose - an explosion with no remains, a fall from a great height, a disappearance at sea - the official story will be accepted at face value by everyone who matters, right up until the moment you decide to walk back into the room. And a year later, should the situation call for it, you can fake your death again - and people will believe that too, just as completely as the first time, with no one stopping to think "didn't this already happen once?" Whoever attends your funeral will mean every tear, every time.

The Dossier on You [400]

Every major intelligence agency in the world has a file on you, but it isn't worth the paper it's printed on. Through careful manipulation, strategic disinformation, and well-placed leaks, you have personally curated your own official history across the globe. You have total control over what they think they know; this can be specific, highly curated quirks of your own choosing (like ensuring every intelligence agency on Earth firmly believes you prefer your milkshakes made exclusively with chocolate milk) or a generalized fog of war filled with conflicting rumors, fabricated operational weaknesses, and entirely incorrect timelines. This misdirection ensures you remain an absolute enigma, leaving enemy agencies wasting valuable resources preparing for a phantom operative who doesn't actually exist.

A Mind Decades Ahead [400]

There are brilliant scientists working for governments, brilliant scientists working for criminal organizations, and then there is you: a tier above both, the kind of mind that institutions on every side of the conflict would trade considerable resources to have walk through their doors. You hold what amounts to a master's degree in every field of science, along with three doctorates in whatever specific disciplines you choose to claim: nuclear physics, genetics, robotics, or anything else that suits your interests. Your real gift, however, lies in what you can build that doesn't exist yet. Technology decades beyond the current state of the art comes to you not as a distant goal requiring years of research, but as something you can simply sit down and produce, given the right materials and a bit of time. Miniaturization in particular seems to bend to your will with almost no effort: a supermagnet powerful enough to pull a bullet fits inside the casing of a wristwatch, a laser capable of cutting through steel disappears into an ordinary pen, and a charge with genuine destructive yield takes up no more room than a tube of lipstick. Other scientists spend entire careers chasing a single breakthrough, but for you, breakthroughs are simply what happens when you have a free afternoon and something interesting to work on.

Licence to Kill [400]

There is a particular kind of immunity that exists in the spaces between governments: the unwritten understanding that certain people, doing certain things, are simply not to be prosecuted, no matter how the paperwork looks afterward. You possess that immunity in full. As long as it can be reasonably argued that your actions serve the interests of a government (any government, not necessarily a benevolent one), you are protected from the legal consequences of those actions, however severe they might otherwise be. An agent under this protection can leave a trail of destruction across three countries in the course of a single mission and return home to a commendation rather than a court-martial. A mastermind can corner an entire market through means that would otherwise warrant a lifetime in prison, provided the resulting leverage ultimately serves, say, the interests of the KGB, or whichever flag happens to be convenient. Be it assassinations, sabotage, theft, or extortion, all of it becomes, retroactively, a matter of national security rather than criminal conduct - so long as the thread connecting your actions to someone's government, however thin, can be drawn. You are not above the law in the sense of being untouchable by force, but in the sense of ever actually facing consequences for what you've done, you might as well be.

Double-Oh

The Eternal Agent [100]

A career like yours has a way of ending careers: the body simply gives out eventually, worn down by decades of brawls in casinos, falls from moving trains, and one too many close calls with explosions that were a little too close. Not for you. You possess the peak physical condition of a world-class athlete and the health of a man who has never had a single thing go wrong with his body, with strength, speed, endurance, reflexes, and recovery all operating at the absolute ceiling of what a human being can do. More than that, none of it fades. The years will pass - the file will get thicker, the missions will pile up, the toasts to retirement will keep coming and going - but your body will simply decline to participate in any of it. Whatever shape you're in now is the shape you'll be in decades from now, ready for the next assignment exactly as you were for the first.

Qualified Asset [100/300]

You have successfully completed the rigorous training regimen required of an operative, giving you a solid, reliable foundation in espionage. While you might not be a legendary agent just yet, you possess highly competent skills in firearms handling, close-quarters combat, and vehicle piloting that will keep you alive in a scrape. You know how to tail a target without being obvious, pick locks, bypass standard security systems, and maintain strict operational security in the field. Your training has also provided you with the ability to maintain a cover identity, counter-espionage, and survival techniques, alongside fluency in a couple of strategic foreign languages. In fact, it’s correct to say that whatever skill a working spy might reasonably be expected to have, such as safecracking, forgery, demolitions, sleight of hand, basic medical field treatment, or even passable skill at the card tables where so much of this business seems to take place, you have it to a competent and reliable standard. For an additional **200 CP,** you can purchase ten years of active field experience with these skills, transforming your fresh-out-of-the-academy baseline into the hardened muscle memory, veteran intuition, and razor-sharp instincts of a seasoned operative.

Shaken, Not Stirred [200]

You possess an effortless, unshakable aura of sophistication that defines the ultimate secret agent. No matter how chaotic the firefight or how grueling the trek through a muddy swamp, you always emerge completely immaculate, as if grime, sweat, and blood simply refuse to cling to your bespoke tailoring. Your psychological composure is also absolute: panic is an alien concept to you, allowing you to maintain a cool demeanor and a steady hand whether you are playing high-stakes card games or staring down the barrel of a ticking nuclear device. This flawless control extends to your speech, ensuring you never stumble over your words, lose your train of thought, or fail to deliver a razor-sharp quip with perfect timing. To top off your overwhelming charm, you possess an encyclopedic knowledge of fine wines and obscure high-society trivia, allowing you to effortlessly critique a vintage or engage a foreign dignitary in captivating conversation without ever appearing try-hard.

The Mission Comes First [200]

In the high-stakes world of international espionage, personal feelings, physical exhaustion, and emotional hesitation are dangerous liabilities an elite operative simply cannot afford. When you are actively pursuing an objective, your dedication becomes absolute and unbreakable, allowing you to completely compartmentalize and set aside any distractions, seductive temptations, personal grievances, or vendettas that would otherwise lead an agent astray. You can also override physiological limitations like tiredness, hunger, and physical pain, pushing them into the background until your task is accomplished. Your focus narrows to a laser-like intensity, ensuring that neither a honey trap nor exhaustion will ever compromise your operational efficiency or stop you from getting the job done.

License to Thrill [400]

In the espionage business, information can be extracted through torture, bribery, or blackmail - but none of them are nearly as effective, or as enjoyable, as seduction. Your sheer animal magnetism functions as a weapon of mass espionage: an effortless, almost gravitational pull that renders you irresistible to virtually anyone you set your sights on, from innocent secretaries with access to the right filing cabinets to hardened enemy assassins who have never trusted a soul in their lives. Deploying it requires no more effort than a smile across a hotel bar. More crucially, this seduction does not merely open doors; it flips loyalties too. Those who fall for your charms find their allegiances decisively realigned in your favor: an enemy operative who shares your bed will, as night follows day, find themselves slipping you a crucial passcode, feeding false intelligence back to their handlers, or stepping between you and a bullet they were perhaps originally sent to deliver. Even the most ideologically committed adversary is not immune. Whatever cause they served before they met you will begin to feel considerably less important by morning.

Follow the Gold [400]

In this line of work, lesser operatives spend weeks cultivating sources, combing through intelligence reports, and running down dead ends before they catch a single worthwhile lead. You have a more elegant method. The world's most dangerous conspiracies have a peculiar habit of conducting themselves in the world's most desirable locations, and you have an uncanny, almost cosmic gift for being in exactly the right one at exactly the right time. Simply show up somewhere glamorous - like a casino in Monte Carlo, a ski resort in the Alps, or a yacht anchored off the Hawaii coast - and the plot will find you. A chance encounter at the card table will turn out to be a primary financier of the operation you are investigating. The charming stranger on the ski lift will be running logistics for the man at the top. The snippet of conversation overheard over cocktails on the terrace will be precisely the clue needed to unravel a conspiracy. Why bother with tedious fieldwork when you can save the world while enjoying a five-star vacation?

Double Sixes [600]

There are operatives who survive through skill, there are operatives who survive through preparation, and then there is you. Your luck is not the passive, statistical kind that occasionally smiles on ordinary men - it is a tangible, almost aggressive force of nature that bends circumstance in your favor with a consistency that would make a mathematician weep. Bullets find reasons to miss you. Blades arrive a half-second too late. If you were thrown from a plane without a parachute at thirty thousand feet, the universe would arrange, with no particular fuss, for you to intercept an enemy operative on the way down who happens to have one. Explosions you should not have walked away from become footnotes. Traps that were flawlessly designed and perfectly executed develop unexpected malfunctions at the critical moment. The margin between you and death is, by any rational accounting, far too slim to explain, and yet here you are, straightening your tie and ordering another drink. As you can imagine, this phenomenal fortune makes you an absolute terror on the casino floor; you will find yourself winning all games of chance with effortless ease, making any high-stakes gamble a guaranteed victory.

Q's Finest [600]

They say a poor craftsman blames his tools, but in your hands, the very concept of an inadequate tool ceases to exist. You possess a flawless, perfect mastery over any tactical tool, gun, or piece of equipment, allowing you to utilize them at peak efficiency without a single moment of orientation or practice. A firearm you have never held before will feel like an old friend the instant it is in your grip, and any vehicle you climb into - car, helicopter, submarine, jet, prototype, or antique - you will push to the absolute limits of its performance from the first second behind the controls. Any device, however experimental, exotic, or dangerous (like a nuclear bomb), surrenders its full operation to you immediately and completely. And then there is the subtler edge of this gift: when you select your equipment before a mission, you will find, with an almost precognitive reliability, that you reach for exactly the gadget you will need later. The pen you absentmindedly pocketed on the way out the door will turn out to be an explosive device at precisely the moment you need one most. Trust the instinct. It has never been wrong.

Mastermind

The Price of Failure [100]

High-performing organizations require strong motivators, and you have mastered the art of managing human resources through pure terror. When a subordinate fails a critical objective, allows a secret agent to slip away, or otherwise bungles your grand plans, you can choose to transform their termination into a spectacular, unforgettable public lesson. By dramatically executing the offender (whether via a hidden trapdoor into a piranha tank, an unexpected electrocution at their command console, or a swift vaporization by a security laser), you send a crystal-clear message to the rest of your organization. Rather than tanking morale, these dramatic executions cause the efficiency, loyalty, and competence of your surviving staff to skyrocket to absolute peaks. Desperate to avoid becoming the next lesson to others, your minions will suddenly display flawless focus, your scientists will double their breakthrough rates, and your guards will remain hyper-vigilant. Fear is a powerful tool, and you know exactly how to make it highly productive.

Titan of Industry [100]

There seems to be an undeniable correlation between wealthy industrialists and elaborate plans for global domination. Whether it is a side effect of immense fortune or a prerequisite for the job, you possess all the sharp business acumen, corporate experience, and luck of the world's most successful tycoons. Even if you were to enter a world with absolutely nothing to your name, your climb back to the top of the financial food chain is practically guaranteed. You have an instinctual mastery over market manipulation, aggressive corporate expansion, and asset accumulation, allowing you to build a multi-billion-dollar empire from the ground up in record time. More importantly, your financial success is explicitly tailored for grand ambitions; you know exactly how to leverage your corporate infrastructure to fund private militaries, hide black-budget research, or corner enough of the global economy to comfortably hold the world hostage.

No, Mr Bond, I Expect You to Die [200]

You possess a masterful, encyclopedic expertise in the art of the trap, spanning the full spectrum from the most primitive pit with sharpened stakes at the bottom to the most elaborate and sadistically creative contraptions that engineering ambition and a sufficiently large budget can produce. Be it pressure plates, tripwires, hidden compartments, flooding chambers, industrial machinery repurposed for deeply personal applications, you design and construct them all with the instinctive fluency of a man who has devoted genuine artistic passion to the subject, and who considers the craft a natural extension of his broader genius. After all, a mastermind who cannot adequately contain his enemies is simply an enthusiast with delusions. However, you do not only make simple traps, your designs are also layered and interconnected, with one trap concealing another within it. Even the most talented of agents will find themselves taking hours to solve the deathtrap - and that is if they do not die first.

The Minion Monoculture [200]

Every great plan requires personnel, and the chronic shortage of reliable, aesthetically coordinated manpower has been the quiet undoing of more than one promising criminal enterprise. You will never suffer from this problem. Your mere presence acts as a beacon for exactly the kind of individual who is willing (eager, even) to don a color-coordinated jumpsuit, memorize a salute, and dedicate themselves body and soul to the advancement of your agenda without ever once asking an inconvenient question about the ethics of the operation. They come to you in legions, and they come competent: your henchmen drill with military precision, follow orders with religious devotion, and will advance into machine-gun fire, laser grids, or the personal attention of a 00 agent without a single shred of hesitation. They are yours, completely and uniformly, right down to the matching boots. Where exactly you find these people is, frankly, one of the more impressive mysteries of your operation. Some things are simply best not questioned.

The Final Frontier [400]

Man has climbed Everest and gone to the bottom of the ocean. He has fired rockets at the moon, split the atom, and achieved miracles in every field of human endeavor - EXCEPT CRIME!. You are going to change that! You possess a singular, almost supernatural gift for identifying the precise point of failure buried within any system of sufficient complexity - a government, a global economy, a military alliance, a financial market, an international treaty - the single load-bearing weakness that, correctly exploited, causes the entire edifice to collapse or bend to your will. Once identified, you possess the strategic vision to translate that vulnerability into leverage of a truly breathtaking scale; to irradiate Fort Knox and multiply the value of your own gold reserves while the world's economy convulses, to hold a NATO summit hostage with a single well-placed device, to trigger a war between superpowers with nothing more than a forged document and precise timing. These actions also benefit from logistical insulation: your grand schemes are entirely protected from petty, unforeseen coincidences or human error, and any investigation into your operations is invariably choked by political gridlock and systemic denial. By the time the global community even realizes a game is being played, you have already secured a checkmate, leaving the world with no choice but to accept your terms.

Doubles are Forever [400]

Secret agents expect many things from a mastermind - hidden traps, grand monologues, or desperate escapes - but none ever expect to discover that the body they just left behind was merely a double. You have perfected the art of remaking subordinates into your exact image, both literally and behaviorally. Through meticulous psychological conditioning, intensive training, and physical alteration, you can transform a chosen follower into a flawless copy of yourself. They will possess your exact physical appearance, your voice, your specific mannerisms, and a mirrored suite of your skills. In practice, it is entirely accurate to say you are living in two bodies at once. The mental and tactical coordination between you and your double is so seamlessly synchronized that you can orchestrate complex shell games, establish flawless alibis, or run independent operations with zero risk of the double acting out of character or breaking script. They think, react, and command exactly as you would. Most remarkably, this double acts as a cosmic lightning rod for your personal misfortune. Whenever an enemy agent launches a lethal strike, springs a fatal trap, or corners what they believe is the true mastermind, fate will inevitably conspire to steer them toward your double instead of you. Should your duplicate suffer a dramatic demise at the hands of a hero, you will remain completely safe in the shadows, entirely free to begin the process anew. While training and shaping a replacement is a resource-intensive process that takes a significant amount of time, the absolute security of having an expendable spare of yourself is well worth the investment.

Operation Grand Slam [600]

A leader is only as good as their subordinates, but under your command, your workforce becomes an unstoppable engine of progress. Anyone who works directly or indirectly under you operates with supernatural efficiency, performing their duties at least ten times better and faster than a standard professional in their field. Your engineers can carve a fully operational secret base into the heart of a dormant volcano or beneath the ocean floor in a fraction of the time it should take, leaving behind no trace detectable by any satellite, intelligence agency, or nosy British operative poking around where he is not wanted. Your scientists have developed technologies so far ahead of the global competition that the world's most generously funded defense programs would need a generation simply to understand what they are looking at. Your soldiers drill and perform with a precision and lethality that no conventional military academy could hope to replicate, and your logistics personnel move men, equipment, and classified materiel across international borders with an invisibility that would make even the most seasoned quartermaster envious. Whatever you are building, whoever you have employed to build it, and however impossible the timeline, one thing is certain: it will get done.

You Only Die Never [600]

Every great plan carries within it the seed of its own destruction, and the truly great mastermind has made his peace with that fact. When the complex begins its terminal countdown, and the exits are compromised, and the enemies are closing in from every direction, an escape route will present itself (a hidden submarine bay, a concealed tunnel, a vehicle no one thought to account for) with a reliability that defies both probability and the best efforts of every intelligence agency on earth. Should the situation deteriorate beyond even that, and you find yourself dropped down a smokestack, blown out of an airlock, or consigned to any other fate that any reasonable assessment would classify as conclusively fatal, you will survive it. This can only happen twice every ten years, but when it does, the laws of physics and narrative convention bend to accommodate your survival. You will invariably wash up on a remote shore, be pulled aboard a neutral vessel, or find an unmapped maintenance hatch that shielded you from the worst of the blast. No body will ever be recovered from the wreckage, leaving your triumphant foes to confidently assume you perished. In reality, you will heal completely from even the most catastrophic injuries over a short period of time, fading into the shadows just long enough to rebuild your fortune, refine your next grand scheme, and return to plague the world another day.

Henchman

In Service of Greatness [100]

Every great mastermind requires, at their right hand, someone who can manage the household staff in the morning and dispose of a body by the afternoon without anyone being any the wiser. You are that person. You possess the full and formidable skillset of the consummate henchman - equal parts loyal retainer, personal enforcer, and discreet problem solver - executed with a professionalism that most legitimate butlers could only dream of. The domestic arts come naturally: you can manage a household, coordinate a staff, prepare a Michelin-star caliber meal, and ensure that your employer's private island fortress runs with the efficiency of a five-star hotel. Beyond that, however, lies a considerably more dangerous set of competencies: you are a gifted assassin, capable of eliminating a target through any number of methods - from a staged accident, a precisely administered substance slipped into the right glass at the right moment, to something considerably more direct when the situation calls for it - with a cleanliness and creativity that leaves investigators with nothing useful to find. You are, in every sense of the phrase, the perfect servant: deadly when required, invisible when necessary, and absolutely, unconditionally reliable at all times. In a business full of people who cannot be trusted, you are the one exception your employer has earned the privilege of making.

The Calling Card [100]

Every truly memorable henchman is defined not merely by their loyalty or their lethality, but by the singular, iconic method through which that lethality is expressed. You possess a deadly, signature gimmick - like a bowler hat that parts stone statues at the neck with a single throw, a set of steel teeth that treat reinforced metal cables as tofu, a prosthetic limb of deeply unconventional functionality, or something equally unique and equally lethal - that operates in defiance of the laws of physics, biology, and reasonable expectation. You wield it with flawless precision, and more importantly, it cannot be easily broken, removed against your will, or turned against you by an opportunistic enemy who fancies their chances. It also works as a calling card: a signature left at every scene that identifies your handiwork to anyone who knows what to look for and communicates to your employer's enemies exactly the caliber of personnel they are dealing with.

A Man of Few Words [200]

Why waste breath on monologues or witty banter when your actions can do all the heavy lifting? You are a man of extraordinarily few words, and this profound, eerie silence is not a limitation - it is one of your most formidable tactical assets. Your refusal to engage verbally projects an aura of heavy, unpredictable menace that settles over everyone in your vicinity like a physical weight. Allies and enemies alike find themselves deeply unnerved by your stoic presence, constantly struggling to read your intentions or anticipate your next move from behind the impenetrable wall of your silence. Furthermore, this complete withholding of verbal engagement grants you total immunity to intimidation, taunting, and psychological warfare. Dashing secret agents cannot goad you into a mistake with sharp barbs. Master manipulators find no conversational hooks to exploit. Carefully constructed psychological pressure that dismantles most men in a matter of hours finds nowhere to land on you, sliding off your stoic facade without leaving so much as a mark. Should you ever find yourself captured, you become an interrogator's ultimate nightmare: you will not talk - not under duress, not under persuasion, not under any methodology ever devised for extracting information from an unwilling subject. Your mind is an absolute vault, and your silence is entirely, permanently unbreakable.

The Irreplaceable Asset [200]

Masterminds are notoriously famous for their aggressive approach to human resource management, frequently feeding failing subordinates to sharks, dropping them through trapdoors, or vaporizing them over minor setbacks. But not you. You are simply too good to lose. Your employers will instinctively recognize your supreme, undeniable value from the moment you enter their service. Instead of being treated like disposable muscle, you are viewed as a critical, irreplaceable pillar of the entire operation. As a result, you will command exorbitant salaries, premium benefits, and the deep, genuine respect of even the most megalomaniacal villains. Most importantly, you are completely immune to the typical workplace hazards of the underworld. Should you fail a critical mission (even if you let the dashing secret agent slip through your fingers three times in a row), your employer will never dream of punishing you. Instead of preparing the piranha tank, your boss will actively rationalize your setbacks, praising your valiant effort, blaming the hero's absurd luck, and handing you a massive raise or a bigger budget to ensure your comfort. You aren't just surviving the corporate ladder of crime; you are completely unfireable.

Inevitable [400]

A good henchman follows orders. An exceptional one follows them to the ends of the earth, and you are the latter. Once a target has been assigned to you, they are as good as found. You possess a supernatural sense for tracking that no amount of distance, misdirection, or clever contingency planning can defeat: if your employer needs someone located, retrieved, or dealt with, you will find them, full stop. Be it a private jet to a secret island, a new identity in a city of four million people, or a space station in orbit, none of it loses you. You simply know where they are going, and you go there first or arrive immediately after, with the same unhurried confidence either way. You do not tire, you do not abandon the pursuit, and you do not return to your employer empty-handed.

What Are You?! [400]

Some men in this profession get shot, beaten, dropped from great heights, and buried under collapsing buildings, and they tend to stay that way. You are not one of those men. Your durability operates on a level that has, on more than one occasion, prompted exactly the question this perk is named for - usually shouted, usually by someone who just watched you climb out of a car that fell off a cliff with you still inside it, dust yourself off, and continue the conversation as though nothing of note had occurred. A ton of rubble collapsing on top of you is an inconvenience rather than an ending. Be it falls, crashes, blunt trauma, and the general physical chaos that this line of work tends to generate around you, all of it is survivable, with an ease that borders on the insulting to anyone who spent considerable effort trying to arrange your demise by such means. The only exception to your superhuman durability is a bullet, which will do to you precisely what it would do to anyone else, no more and no less. Still, most people never get the chance to find that out, and the ones who do rarely live long enough to make use of it.

Blunt Instrument [600]

There are problems in this business that require subtlety, finesse, and careful planning. And then there are problems that require you. Your physical strength and brutality are staggering, pushing the very limits of what human biology has any business producing - a fact that has been demonstrated, repeatedly and conclusively, on the bodies of people who made the mistake of assuming otherwise. Iron bars bend in your grip. A fully grown adult becomes a projectile with minimal investment of effort on your part. A single strike delivered with your full attention is capable of denting armored plating, stopping cars dead in their tracks with a single well-placed impact, and crumpling engine blocks with your bare hands. With such strength, it's a wonder anyone in this business ever looks at you and considers their odds worth testing - and yet, somehow, they always do. They do not make that mistake twice.

End of the Line [600]

No matter how clever the secret agent, how advanced their gear, or how absurdly blessed by fortune they seem, there always comes a point where the theater ends and reality asserts itself. You are that reality. When you step into a confrontation, you exude a localized, suffocating aura of brute-force realism that strips away the narrative armor of your prey. The hidden gadget that should have saved them jams in their hand, the sidearm that has never once failed them runs dry at the precise moment they pull the trigger, and the impossible luck that has carried them through every previous scrape simply stops extending itself. What remains, once the theater has been cleared away, is the only conversation you have ever been interested in having: you, them, and whatever they can do with their own two hands. The better fighter will walk away, and you have already ensured it will be you.

Femme Fatale

A Name to Remember [100]

In this world, a name is never just a name. It is an introduction, a warning, and a promise, all delivered before you have said anything else. You possess a moniker - laden with double entendre, dripping with exoticism, or simply absurd enough that no one quite believes it the first time they hear it - that does a remarkable amount of work on your behalf. The moment you introduce yourself, people instinctively understand your core vibe: extreme danger, immense wealth, effortless seduction, or some potent combination of the three, communicated entirely through your name and the way you say it. More practically, your name is impossible to forget. People who meet you exactly once will recall it, enemies will recognize it before they recognize your face, and strangers at parties will repeat it back to you with a raised eyebrow, half-convinced you made it up on the spot. Whatever reputation you intend to build, your name will carry it efficiently. And whatever reputation you'd rather avoid, your name will likely suggest anyway.

A Fatal Distraction [100]

In a profession built on intricate disguises and deep covers, the most effective tool has often been a face that nobody in the room can stop looking at. You possess a breathtaking, cinematic beauty that can make ordinary people seemingly lose their minds. Walk into a crowded casino or a lavish gala, and nearly every head will instinctively turn towards you, conversations pausing as you effortlessly command the room's attention. When you speak to a target, this sheer physical magnetism heavily disarms them; people will frequently find themselves speaking far more than they intended, accidentally revealing sensitive information simply because they are distracted by your presence and eager to impress you. Even strict security personnel, ordered to never abandon their posts, will find their eyes and focus naturally wandering in your direction, creating vital blind spots. Of course, this is a profound psychological advantage rather than supernatural mind control, meaning its effects are not absolute. Those with exceptional willpower, strict professional paranoia, or a fanatical devotion to their employer might eventually shake off the allure. Yet, even the most rigidly disciplined operative will be forced to hesitate and stare for a crucial, lingering moment before remembering their duty, granting you the perfect window to slip past them, steal the cipher, or deliver a lethal strike.

Catwoman [200]

A ball gown is an excellent disguise, but it is an even better one when the woman wearing it can scale the outside of the building in it, slip through a window two floors up, and be back on the dance floor before her champagne goes flat. You possess the physical conditioning and grace of a world-class circus acrobat: extraordinary flexibility, flawless balance, and the kind of body control that makes scaling a wall, walking a tightrope between rooftops, or dropping silently from a ventilation shaft look less like a stunt and more like a stroll. Aerial feats that would send a stuntman to the hospital are, for you, simply a more efficient route from one place to another, executed with an effortless elegance that makes the laws of momentum look like a polite suggestion rather than a rule. This same flexibility translates into combat: your body bends, twists, and contorts in ways that make you exceptionally difficult to grapple, pin, or land a clean hit on; and an opponent who thinks they have you cornered or restrained will find that you were never quite where they thought you were, and that striking you cleanly is rather like trying to land a punch on smoke. Whatever the situation calls for - evading a hail of gunfire by means that should not be physically possible, slipping out of a pair of handcuffs that were tightened correctly, or simply making an exit through a window two floors up - your body will not be the thing that stops you.

The Inner Circle [200]

Every megalomaniac, no matter how brilliant, eventually arrives at the same problem: the people around them are either too stupid to be useful or too capable to be trusted. You are, for reasons that even the most paranoid among them never quite manage to articulate, the exception to that rule. You possess a magnetic, almost gravitational pull on powerful villains, criminal masterminds, and eccentric billionaires with entirely too much money and not nearly enough oversight. The moment you walk into a room, something in their calculations shifts: they find themselves trusting you faster than they trust people they've known for decades, confiding in you sooner than is wise, and seeking out your company in places where they have, on principle, never allowed anyone else. Within a week of meeting one, you will have become something close to indispensable: the woman at his side during private dinners, the one he wants briefed on matters his own lieutenants are kept from, the one whose opinion he seeks before any major decision is made. Access to private bank accounts, secure communications, and the real plan - not the version given to the henchmen - will be extended to you as a matter of course, often before you've thought to ask for it. Whatever your reasons for wanting that access, getting it has never been the hard part. The hard part, for him, will be explaining afterward how it happened so quickly and why it felt so natural at the time.

No Hard Feelings [400]

Every global intelligence agency maintains a collection of names that can never again be fully trusted: the burned spies, the double agents, and the rogue operatives marked for quiet termination. Your name, however, will never find its way into one of these heavily redacted files. You possess a staggering, almost supernatural level of professional grace when it comes to betraying your superiors and shifting your allegiances. You can completely abandon your employer right in the middle of a critical, high-stakes operation, defect to a hostile superpower with a briefcase full of top-secret codes, or openly walk away to join a megalomaniac’s private army, and there will be absolutely no negative consequences for you. The organization you leave behind will inexplicably refuse to blame you; instead, they will convince themselves that you were brainwashed, blackmailed, or framed by a rival syndicate, actively directing their kill squads and wrath at anyone but you. Furthermore, the organization you choose to join will receive you not as a massive security risk or a guaranteed turncoat, but as an absolute windfall. They will eagerly hand over top-level clearances, advanced weaponry, and their complete trust, entirely uncaring about your past history of betrayal or the trail of burned bridges you left in your wake. There are, of course, limits to this diplomatic immunity. If you go out of your way to needlessly slaughter your former colleagues on your way out the door, or explicitly broadcast a gloating confession detailing your premeditated, malicious betrayal, the illusion of your innocence will inevitably shatter. Furthermore, this protection applies primarily at an institutional and bureaucratic level. While the agency itself will officially write your defection off as a tragic misunderstanding, if you personally murdered an operative’s partner or callously betrayed a lover to secure your escape, you may still find yourself the target of a bitter, off-the-books personal vendetta. Finally, this grace requires a modicum of commitment: rapidly ping-ponging back and forth between the exact same rival syndicates every few days will eventually stretch their willful ignorance past its breaking point. The world, it seems, will forgive almost anything.

The Performance of a Lifetime [400]

Every interrogator, handler, and suspicious lover eventually relies on the same assumption: that beneath enough pressure, the truth has a way of surfacing on its own. You have made a career out of proving that assumption wrong. You are an immaculate actress and a flawless liar, capable of producing any emotion on demand with a depth and conviction that leaves no seam for anyone to find - terror that has grown men reaching for you in concern, grief that fills a room with genuine silence, love that feels, to the person receiving it, indistinguishable from the real thing, because as far as your body and voice are concerned, it is. Polygraphs read you as telling the truth, truth serums loosen your tongue exactly as much as you'd like them to, and trained interrogators, the kind who have broken seasoned operatives in hours, will walk away from a session with you utterly convinced of whatever story you gave them, often more sympathetic to you than when they began. You can play the helpless captive, the grieving widow, or the devoted right hand for as long as the role is required - hours, days, longer - without a single crack appearing in the performance, right up until the moment a knife is drawn, by which point it is already far too late for anyone to wonder whether they'd been watching a performance at all.

Agent XXX [600]

Every man who has ever underestimated a woman in this profession has done so for the same reason: he assumed the gap between them was permanent. You have made a career out of closing that gap the moment it matters. Whenever you find yourself facing a rival or standing beside a partner, your own abilities in espionage, combat, and vehicle operation will automatically rise to meet theirs, provided theirs exceed your own baseline. Cross blades, words, or glances with the most dangerous operative in the room, and for as long as it lasts, you are the most dangerous person in it. Take the wheel beside the finest driver on the continent through the streets of Monaco, and your hands move with the same precision as his do, without a single lesson ever having been required. This is not a trick learned for the occasion - it is simply what happens the moment the encounter begins. The legendary agent who has never met an equal will, across the table or across the bedroom, finally find one in you, and never quite understand how. As a partner, this makes you the one person in any operation who is never the liability, however extraordinary the company. As a rival, it ensures that no man ever gets to walk away believing he had the advantage all along.

Not This Time, Darling [600]

Every Bond villain, at some point, makes the same fatal miscalculation: he assumes that a beautiful woman can be dealt with creatively, and that creativity will work in his favor. It never does. You possess an absolute, reality-bending immunity to every gimmick execution, elaborate deathtrap, or indirect assassination attempt ever devised by a man with more imagination than sense. Should you find yourself painted gold, strapped beneath a slowly descending laser, lowered toward a tank of hungry sharks, or handed a drink that should have been your last, the universe itself will intervene on your behalf. The laser will short-circuit at the precise moment it matters. The sharks will drift past you with the mild curiosity of housecats. The poison will metabolize in your system into something indistinguishable from water, leaving you no worse for the experience beyond, perhaps, a slightly dry mouth. This protection does not extend to a man simply pointing a gun at you and pulling the trigger, or to a fight fought on equal terms with nothing clever attached to it. But the moment a villain decides that killing you requires theater - a countdown, a contraption, a carefully prepared cocktail, a monologue about the inevitability of your demise - he has already lost, and on some level, given enough time to think about it, he will begin to suspect as much.

Items

You have a 300 CP stipend to spend here. You can freely import items. Locations may be imported or recreated in future jumps as Warehouse attachments, if you wish. Items destroyed or lost restore themselves in three days. You also gain the blueprint of anything you buy here.

The Permanent Reservation [Free]

No matter where your operations take you, a five-star hotel suite is always waiting for your arrival. Automatically booked under a secure alias or your own name, this accommodation comes with all expenses, room service, and top-tier amenities fully paid for in advance by a discreet corporate front. The suite is always located in the finest establishment the region has to offer, providing an immaculate, high-class environment that is perfect for entertaining assets, debriefing informants, or winding down with a romantic interest. No bills, no paperwork, and absolutely no questions asked.

Belt of Throwing Knives [100]

A sleek, easily concealed belt fitted with a seemingly bottomless supply of perfectly balanced throwing blades. Designed specifically for stealth operations, these knives allow you to execute silent takedowns from across a room without making a sound. No matter how many targets you eliminate, your hand will always find another grip ready to draw, ensuring you are never left unarmed when a situation demands a quiet execution.

Numbered Swiss Account [200]

An untraceable, numbered Swiss bank account containing a modest fortune of ten million dollars. Held under absolute banking secrecy laws and shielded entirely from international intelligence agencies and tax authorities, you can use this money to effortlessly fund and equip a highly trained private army, purchase a medium-sized island nation, or grease the palms of corrupt officials across the globe - all without ever leaving a paper trail. In post-jumps, this total sum automatically adjusts to account for inflation, ensuring your purchasing power remains entirely intact regardless of the era or economy you find yourself in.

Personal Subway [200]

A completely private, hidden underground transit system that connects any single property of your choice directly to one specific destination. Omitted entirely from municipal blueprints and utterly undetectable by public infrastructure or seismic monitoring, this secure tunnel features a high-speed, private rail car ready at a moment's notice. Whether used as an infallible emergency escape route from your primary residence or a discreet way to commute to a secret lair, this personal subway ensures you can travel between these two fixed points instantly, silently, and entirely off the grid.

MI6 HQ [400]

A state-of-the-art, heavily fortified intelligence fortress that serves as your personal nerve center. This sprawling headquarters is equipped with global satellite tracking arrays, encrypted communication networks, and a secure archive containing extensive dossiers on international figures, political secrets, and global threats. The facility features advanced forensic labs, a subterranean armory stocked with cutting-edge tactical gear and specialized stealth vehicles, and a central command deck, allowing you to monitor worldwide operations and analyze intelligence in real-time. Fully staffed by loyal administrative, analytical, and security personnel, this base provides you with an impenetrable sanctuary to coordinate your assets, launch operations, and maintain a global surveillance web without fear of compromise.

Q Division [400]

Your very own cutting-edge research and development department, staffed by a brilliant team of highly competent scientists. Operating from a fully funded, state-of-the-art laboratory, this group is dedicated entirely to engineering bespoke technology and specialized gadgets tailored to your exact operational needs. They possess an extraordinary knack for innovation and extreme miniaturization, capable of condensing complex machinery, heavy weaponry, or advanced surveillance systems into harmless everyday objects like wristwatches, fountain pens, or lighters without sacrificing functionality. Give them a tactical problem or a conceptual blueprint, and they will seamlessly engineer a high-tech solution for you. Furthermore, their brilliant minds are masters of reverse-engineering: bring them any piece of foreign or advanced technology you salvage from the field, and they will effortlessly deconstruct it, learning its secrets to integrate those newfound capabilities directly into your own arsenal.

Hidden Shinobi Academy [400]

You are the proud owner of a secluded, sprawling mountain compound that serves as an elite ninja training academy, modeled after the legendary Japanese Secret Service facility. Hidden behind traditional wooden architecture lies a state-of-the-art installation complete with sprawling dojos, subterranean firing ranges, and tactical obstacle courses. The academy comes fully staffed by master senseis and a cohort of recruits undergoing grueling physical and mental conditioning. Here, students master hand-to-hand combat, blade mastery, poison craft, climbing, and explosives alongside modern espionage tactics, equipping them with both traditional shinobi tools and cutting-edge military gear. This facility can continuously provide you with a steady stream of dozens of fiercely loyal, highly disciplined shadow operatives ready to deploy at your command as elite bodyguards, covert infiltrators, or tactical agents every three months. In future Jumps, the academy's curriculum, equipment, and instructors will automatically update to incorporate the native ninjutsu of whatever world you enter.

The Black Dossier [600]

This is an organized, heavily encrypted archive containing the darkest secrets, financial crimes, and personal depravities of the global elite. From high-ranking politicians and military commanders to mega-corporation executives, these dossiers provide you with immense leverage over the world's most powerful individuals. Whether you need an emergency diplomatic cover-up, a quiet military stand-down, or millions in off-the-books funding, a single well-timed leak or discrete phone call is all it takes to force the influential to dance to your tune. In future Jumps, this archive automatically updates to include compromising intelligence on the ruling class of your new world.

Golden Gun [600]
A unique, golden gun. It can only hold a single bullet in the chamber and requires you to manually reload after every single shot. In exchange, it functions as the ultimate assassination tool. If you can land a hit on a standard biological enemy (no matter how heavily armored, physically tough, or resilient they are), the bullet flawlessly bypasses their defenses and inflicts a fatal wound. One shot is all it ever takes to eliminate your target.

Double-Oh Items

Walter PPK [100]
A Walther PPK, chambered and ready, accompanied by a suppressor. The suppressor reduces each shot to something between a cough and a whisper, which is precisely the level of noise appropriate for a man of your profession operating in a hotel corridor at two in the morning. The weapon itself will never jam, never misfire, and never fail you at the precise moment you need it most. This weapon has infinite ammo.

Gadget [200]
A specialized piece of espionage hardware disguised as an everyday object of a gentleman's attire or luxury. Upon purchasing this item, you decide its exact form and function. It could be a sleek wristwatch packing a high-intensity cutting laser, a fountain pen that doubles as an explosive, or a signet ring designed to instantly shatter bulletproof glass. Whatever you choose, the gadget is mechanically flawless, completely undetectable by standard security sweeps, and guaranteed to work precisely when you twist, click, or activate it. You may purchase this item multiple times, selecting a new custom gadget each time.

A Double Oh's Pride [400]
A gorgeous, vintage British automobile that represents the absolute pinnacle of style and espionage engineering. Upon purchasing this item, you may choose its form: either a timeless, silver Aston Martin DB5 or a sleek, Lotus Esprit S1. Whichever model you select, the chassis is heavily armored against small arms fire and comes fully equipped with Q-Branch's finest tactical modifications. Your ride features rotating license plates for effortless identity changes, rear-mounted oil slick and caltrop dispensers to discourage pursuers, and twin forward-firing machine guns concealed behind the front fascia. For navigation and tracking, a dashboard-integrated radar screen keeps you ahead of enemy movements. Furthermore, should a passenger or a captive assassin prove to be a liability, a flip-top button on the gearshift activates a high-velocity passenger-side ejector seat. If you opt for the Lotus, the vehicle also boasts a pressurized, watertight hull and retractable hydrodynamic fins, allowing it to seamlessly transform into a fully operational submarine when driven into the ocean.

Intelligence Support [600]
The intelligence world runs on favours, contacts, and the understanding that sometimes, you need eyes where yours cannot reach. You have cultivated (or inherited) a web of connections running deep through the intelligence community. Wherever a mission takes you, you can, with a word over a secure line, arrange for local contacts to feed you intelligence on your target, have files pulled from whatever the relevant service has on hand, request a dead drop of equipment or documents at a pre-arranged location, or simply get the right people working through the night on whatever problem is in front of you. This is not a strike team you can summon at will, and it will not do your fieldwork for you. But when you need a name, a file, a surveillance route mapped, a border crossing smoothed, or simply someone on the other end of the radio who knows what they are doing, the network delivers.

Mastermind Items

Animal Assassin [100]
Sometimes, a silenced pistol is too loud and a poisoned drink is too obvious, which is why a Mastermind should possess the perfect tool for assassination: a highly lethal, surprisingly stealthy animal perfectly suited for slipping under the door of a hotel room or hiding beneath the sheets of a rival's bed. You can freely choose the exact nature of this deadly creature: be it a venomous spider, a toxic centipede, a highly aggressive cobra, or a deadly scorpion. Its venom is exceptionally potent, practically guaranteeing a swift and fatal end to any normal human target it strikes. Furthermore, if your target manages to miraculously wake up in time and crush your pet with a heavy shoe, there is no need to fret. The creature will mysteriously respawn in a terrarium within your safehouse after exactly one week. Better yet, upon its return, you can freely change the species of your insta-killing predator to whatever new terrifying creature perfectly suits your next elaborate assassination attempt.

The Hidden Lair [200]
The ultimate monument to megalomania, this colossal architectural marvel serves as your personal headquarters and operations base. Upon purchasing this facility, you choose its setting: hollowed out within the cavernous depths of a dormant volcano, anchored securely to the ocean floor beneath miles of dark water, or drifting as a cloaked station in the silent void of orbit. Inside, the complex boasts sprawling command decks dominated by massive tracking screens, private luxury suites, and a labyrinth of corridors capable of housing a small army of loyal staff. The facility is completely self-sufficient, powered by a nuclear reactor and supported by automated hydroponic farms and advanced recycling systems, allowing it to sustain your entire operations indefinitely without ever relying on external supplies. For when you or your operatives do need to travel, the base includes a concealed launch bay fully stocked with a fleet of specialized stealth vehicles - such as stealth submarines, high-altitude jets, or atmospheric shuttles - perfectly suited for entering and leaving your specific environment undetected. The heart of the lair contains fully stocked, state-of-the-art laboratories equipped for any manner of advanced engineering, biochemical research, or superweapon development you wish to pursue. The entire facility is completely invisible to global intelligence networks, shielded from radar, sonar, and satellite surveillance until the exact moment you choose to broadcast your demands to the world. Finally, a prominent, glass-shielded self-destruct button is wired directly to the core reactor, ready to initiate a spectacularly cinematic countdown should your grand plans ever be compromised. Can be purchased multiple times.

Global Front Company [400]
A sprawling, multinational conglomerate that stands as an absolute titan of global industry, drawing comparisons to the likes of Zorin Industries or Drax Enterprises. This corporate empire provides you with a staggering, continuous stream of legitimate wealth, employing tens of thousands of top-tier scientists, engineers, and executives across the globe. It holds major stakes in aerospace, deep-sea excavation, micro-technology, and global shipping, giving you the perfect excuse to purchase industrial lasers, weaponized pathogens, or space shuttle fuel in bulk without raising a single eyebrow. Behind this pristine veneer of corporate innovation and philanthropy lies the ultimate apparatus for illicit operations. The company's vast global supply chains and tangled web of shell corporations serve as a flawless, untouchable front. You can effortlessly smuggle contraband across borders, launder massive sums of black-market capital, and manufacture components for advanced doomsday devices right under the noses of international customs agencies. Your human resources department is highly adept at quietly recruiting amoral researchers and loyal staff. Furthermore, your legal department is an absolute army of corporate sharks capable of stonewalling government intelligence agencies with endless red tape, injunctions, and diplomatic pressure, ensuring no British agent with a license to kill can simply kick down your front door legally. Along with a sprawling, state-of-the-art skyscraper headquarters in a major city of your choice, the company possesses several off-the-books testing facilities hidden in remote locations. In future jumps, this conglomerate will automatically integrate into the local world, scaling to the setting's economy to become a dominant, highly respected corporate power, giving you endless resources and the perfect cover wherever you go.

Space Laser [600]
A state-of-the-art, diamond-lens satellite weapon system maintaining a silent orbit high above the planet. Managed via a secure, portable control console, this platform grants you absolute control over the ultimate high ground. Upon your command, the satellite focuses and unleashes a concentrated, hyper-destructive thermal beam. The sheer power of this energy weapon can easily burn through heavy cloud cover, slice through reinforced military bunkers, and even pierce deep ocean water to superheat and vaporize a fully submerged submarine in seconds. The onboard targeting systems are infallible, tracking and locking onto moving targets across the globe with pinpoint accuracy. Whether you are holding the world to ransom or vaporizing an enemy stronghold from a distance, no target is ever out of your reach.

Henchman Items

Signature Gimmick Weapon [100]
This is a completely unique, seemingly innocuous personal effect that serves as the physical manifestation of the talent chosen in The Calling Card perk. It can be a steel-rimmed bowler hat, reinforced metallic teeth, a customized prosthetic limb, or even a poison-bladed dress shoe. The weapon is entirely indestructible and impervious to damage. Furthermore, should you throw it at an enemy, lose track of it during a scuffle, or have it temporarily confiscated, the item will mysteriously find its way back to you or your wardrobe by the following morning, ensuring your signature calling card is always on hand.

The Pursuit Vehicle [200]
Heroes are always trying to run away, but you possess the ultimate high-performance machine to ensure they never get far. Upon purchasing this vehicle, you select its form: an armored motorcycle, a sleek twin-engine speedboat, or a nimble gyrocopter designed for aggressive tracking. Whichever configuration you choose, it is engineered to operate significantly faster than any standard vehicle of its classification. Furthermore, it boasts unparalleled handling and responsiveness. This allows you to flawlessly maintain maximum acceleration through the most treacherous environments - whether you are weaving through a crowded bazaar at full throttle, tearing through dense jungle undergrowth, or threading between the pillars of a collapsing facility with centimeters to spare - without ever losing control or crashing. This can be bought multiple times.

The Strike Team [400]
A contingent of twenty-five dedicated, uniform-clad henchmen assigned directly to your command within the organization. These men possess absolute, unwavering loyalty to you as their squad leader, executing any tactical directive without a shred of hesitation, moral compromise, or fear for their own safety. Whether ordered to secure a defensive perimeter, lock down an escape route, or spearhead a frontal assault against a meddling secret agent, they follow your lead to the letter. While they possess standard baseline competence in firearms handling and field tactics, their absolute coordination and fanatical obedience make them the perfect unit to back you up when executing the boss's grand designs in the field.

Clause of Succession [600]
Every henchman dreams of it, but few ever see it in writing. This is a meticulously prepared and legally ironclad set of documents that names you as the sole inheritor of your employer's entire operation should they meet an untimely end. And in this line of work, untimely ends are something of an occupational hazard for the people at the top. Should your boss fall (whether by the hand of a certain British agent, their own hubris, or any other cause), their empire transfers to you in full. Every offshore account, every secret base carved into a volcano, every shell corporation, smuggling route, blackmail dossier, and army of loyal (if professionally discouraged) personnel becomes yours by right. No rival lieutenants can contest it, no government can seize it on a technicality, and no shadowy board of directors can vote you out. Of course, inheriting the empire is the easy part. Keeping it is entirely up to you.

Femme Fatale Items

Killer Wardrobe [100]
Every femme fatale needs a wardrobe, and yours is a glamorous collection. From plunging evening gowns and sleek tactical catsuits to pristine white bikinis, these garments grant you a subtle aura of allure and danger the moment you put them on. Better yet, these clothes will never restrict your movements.

The Invitation [200]

An elegant card that functions as the ultimate VIP pass. Thanks to a unique effect, it instantly alters its perceived appearance to match whatever credentials are required to grant you entry into any exclusive location on Earth. Whether you are crashing a billionaire's yacht party, entering restricted casino rooms, slipping onto private islands, or walking into royal galas, anyone who inspects this card will see precisely the invitation or high-level clearance needed to wave you right through. Bouncers and security personnel will treat you with absolute deference, never questioning your background or presence, and allowing you to walk straight into the inner circles of the global elite without a single question asked.

Sisterhood [400]

Why join a villain’s organization when you can bring your own? You are the undisputed leader of a highly secretive, exclusively female syndicate. This network consists of dozens of highly trained operatives who are seamlessly embedded into key positions across the globe where secrets are dropped and power is wielded. They operate as secretaries to prime ministers, dealers in exclusive international casinos, personal maids to oligarchs, and other high-access positions close to the global elite. They provide you with a continuous, untraceable stream of intelligence, and they possess the tactical capability to execute quiet assassinations or synchronized distractions at your command. And with their absolute loyalty to you guaranteed, this network ensures you always hold invisible leverage over the world's most powerful institutions.

The MacGuffin [600]

Once per jump, you come into possession of an item of world-shifting strategic importance. It might be a Lector decoding machine, or a list of every undercover NATO agent in the world. You don't know how you got it, but you have it. Everyone (MI6, the KGB, SPECTRE, and rogue terrorists) wants it, and they know you are the one holding it. It gives you the ultimate leverage to force any meeting, demand any price, and pit the world's most dangerous factions against each other for your amusement. As long as you can survive the inevitable target on your back, the entire global intelligence community is yours to play with.

Companions

Recruit Anyone [Free]

Anyone you want to recruit in this world is free to join you as a companion if they agree.

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

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

The Boutique Operatives [50]

These three operatives might seem like superficial, fashion-obsessed college students from California, but they are secretly elite agents for a clandestine global protection organization. Dressed invariably in striking red, green, and yellow stealth suits when on missions, they blend high fashion with high-tech espionage. They come equipped with a seemingly endless array of weaponized accessories, including laser-emitting compact mirrors, explosive lipsticks, and expandable bungee-cord belts. While they might loudly complain about chipping a nail or missing a designer shoe sale during a firefight, their acrobatic hand-to-hand combat skills and flawless three-woman teamwork make them an absolute nightmare for any megalomaniacal villain.

The Behemoth [50]

Standing well over seven feet tall and built like a concrete bunker, this towering enforcer used to work as a heavy for a megalomaniacal billionaire before deciding he preferred your management style. His most striking feature is the heavy, reinforced titanium prosthetic replacing his jaw and teeth - the result of a botched mission in his youth. Capable of biting through thick steel elevator cables and shrugging off small-arms fire as if it were a mild breeze, he is a terrifying juggernaut in a physical brawl. Despite his monstrous appearance and entirely mute demeanor, he is surprisingly gentle off the clock, harboring a secret fondness for classical music and a charmingly protective attitude toward petite, bespectacled women.

R [50]

Every field agent needs someone to supply the toys, and this perpetually stressed genius fills that role perfectly. Residing in a subterranean R&D lab cluttered with half-disassembled sports cars and lethal umbrellas, they are a savant of miniaturized weaponry. They will gladly supply you with explosive office supplies, bespoke bulletproof suits, and vehicles equipped with hidden weapons. However, taking them as a companion means enduring their constant British sarcasm and endless lectures about attempting to bring their equipment back in one pristine piece. Just don't touch their meticulously organized tea station, and try to actually read the manuals they provide.

The Freelance Duo [50]

Two operatives for the price of one. The first is a fiercely competent teenage freelance agent with a background in competitive cheerleading; she possesses incredible acrobatic combat skills and an uncanny ability to infiltrate high-security fortresses using little more than a grappling hook disguised as a hairdryer. Her partner is a deeply clumsy, perpetually hungry slacker in cargo pants who somehow manages to accidentally defeat elite henchmen through sheer dumb luck, physical comedy, and bizarre martial arts. He also insists on bringing his unusual, hairless rodent pet on stealth missions. Despite their youth and highly unconventional methods, they boast a 100% success rate against megalomaniacs.

The Gentleman Commando [50]

An exceptionally tall, incredibly suave, and deeply intimidating British gentleman bearing a striking resemblance to the late, great Sir Christopher Lee. He happens to be the step-cousin of a famous spy novelist, but his real-world resume is far more terrifyingly impressive. He is a highly decorated veteran of secret WWII commando units, speaks fluently in a dozen languages, is a master fencer, a classically trained opera singer, and a world-class actor. Beyond his sophisticated charm, he is a lethal operative who knows exactly what sound a man makes when he is stabbed in the back, and he will gladly apply that expertise to ensure your missions are a success.

The Mastermind [50]

Why fight against a shadowy global syndicate when you can simply hire its former CEO? Clad in a signature high-collared, buttonless jacket and perpetually stroking a remarkably calm, fluffy white feline, this brilliant but deeply eccentric visionary has decided your chain offers better prospects than world domination. He possesses unparalleled logistical skills, capable of organizing the construction of a hollowed-out volcano lair or a hijacked space station on a surprisingly tight budget. While his strategic genius and vast knowledge of global extortion are invaluable, you will need to constantly rein in his habit of placing captured enemies in overly elaborate, easily escapable death traps rather than simply shooting them.

The Loyal Manservant [50]

Every mastermind - or globetrotting Jumper - needs reliable help, and this exceptionally built valet fits the bill perfectly. A man of exceedingly few words, he is always dressed in an impeccably tailored chauffeur's uniform. He is fiercely loyal to you and remarkably convenient to have around, seamlessly transitioning between mundane tasks and lethal combat. Whether you need someone to expertly navigate narrow European mountain roads in your luxury sports car or silently dispose of a hit squad in your hotel suite, he handles it without a second thought. His crowning feature, however, is his signature bowler hat. He can throw it with frightening precision, using its hidden razor-sharp brim to cleanly decapitate anyone foolish enough to threaten his employer.

The British Agent [50]

This guy knows exactly how to wear a tailored tuxedo. He is that classic British secret agent you always spot at a high-stakes poker table, sipping a very specifically prepared, ice-cold vodka cocktail. He has an easy smile, dangerous charm, and a strict government mandate to pull the trigger when things get messy. He is used to driving heavily modified vintage sports cars and foiling eccentric megalomaniacs. Lately, the higher-ups at his intelligence agency have been keeping him on a tight leash with endless performance reviews and bureaucratic red tape. He is ready to ditch the office politics and tag along with you for some real, old-school adventure.

The Defector [50]

Then there is this woman. She is a highly lethal operative who grew up in a harsh, hidden academy in the frozen east, molded from childhood to be the perfect infiltrator. The people running that program demanded absolute, unbroken loyalty. To ensure nothing would ever distract her from a mission, they forced her to undergo a permanent surgical procedure before graduation, destroying her physical ability to ever bear children. They just wanted a weapon, not a mother. After defecting and spending years trying to make up for her dark past, she is exhausted by the constant violence and deception. She wants to travel with you to finally leave the spy games behind and build the loving family she was so cruelly denied.

The Thawed Operative [50]

This guy just woke up from a thirty-year cryogenic nap, and his wardrobe absolutely proves it. He insists on wearing crushed velvet suits and ruffled lace shirts on covert stealth missions, completely baffling heavily armed guards. He is incredibly hairy, occasionally pauses firefights to take impromptu fashion photos, and tries to romance every female assassin he meets using terrible dental hygiene and a completely unearned sense of his own animal magnetism. The hilarious part? It inexplicably works. Relying mostly on dramatic karate chops and sheer, baffling luck, he wants to join you because modern espionage is way too gloomy. Plus, he is desperately trying to rediscover his lost swagger.

Drawbacks

Oh, Behave! (Free)

If the world of James Bond has left you wanting something a little less serious, you can choose to take everything you have gained here and jump directly into one of the genre's many parodies instead. Our Man Flint, Archer, the 1967 Casino Royale, and Austin Powers are all available as destinations, each offering their own unique and considerably less dignified take on the espionage world. If you know of other parodies, you can go to them too.

Supplement Mode [Free]

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

Canon Replacement [Free]

You can replace any canon character you wish, as long as they are connected to your origin.

Time Shift [Free]

Don't want to start all the way back with Dr. No? No worries. You can skip straight to the 70s instead, dropping right into a plot filled with voodoo rituals, tarot predictions, and dodging hungry crocodiles.

Terminal Wit [+100]

You are completely incapable of keeping your mouth shut when a good punchline presents itself. No matter how tense the situation, how deep you are in enemy territory, or how vital it is that you remain silent, you must deliver a witty quip or a cheesy one-liner. This completely destroys your stealth capabilities, as you will invariably whisper a joke to a guard before knocking them out or announce your presence to a room with a dramatic entrance line. It infuriates your allies, alerts your enemies, and guarantees you will always choose style over tactical survival. The tragedy is that the material is usually pretty good.

Bond. James Bond. [+100]

You are constitutionally incapable of introducing yourself under any name other than your own, regardless of how catastrophically ill-advised that honesty happens to be. Yes, even when standing in a room full of people who want you dead, even when every shred of operational sense is screaming at you to give literally any other name, even when the alias is already on the tip of your tongue - you will introduce yourself correctly, calmly, and with complete composure, as though the situation called for nothing else.

Legendary Vices [+100]

You have developed the legendary, self-destructive vices of a certain world-class secret agent. You are now a highly functional alcoholic, a heavy chain-smoker, and a compulsive gambler. Whenever you find yourself near a casino, a bar, or an alluring stranger, it requires an agonizing amount of willpower to avoid indulging your impulses. Even when the stakes are high, and you are bound to a strict operational timetable, the urge to pull up a chair, light up, order a drink, or flirt will constantly threaten to derail your mission, making stealth, punctuality, and focus a grueling daily battle.

The Glaub Process [+200]

During the closing years of the Second World War, a scientist by the name of Hans Glaub - a pioneer in steroid research with ambitions considerably darker than his official funding suggested - ran a series of experiments on a group of women, hoping to produce a generation of children with intelligence far beyond the human norm. The program was buried along with most of the people involved in it, dismissed in the few records that survive as a failure. It was not entirely a failure. You were one of those children. While this dark legacy has boosted your IQ to an absolute genius level, the severe psychological defects of the process have left you profoundly broken. You are a cold, textbook psychopath, completely devoid of empathy and utterly uncaring of other people's feelings. Worse still, you are plagued by an unyielding, compulsive desire for murder, forcing you to constantly navigate a dangerous, bloodthirsty urge that threatens to derail your operations and turn you into a monster.

Monologue Syndrome [+200]

You are, at your core, a showman, and no amount of operational discipline has ever quite managed to cure you of it. Whenever an enemy is at your mercy - captured, cornered, or simply outmaneuvered - the straightforward and sensible option of simply dealing with them immediately becomes physically impossible. You must explain the plan first. The full plan, in reasonable detail, including the elegant parts that nobody will appreciate if you don't point them out. You must reveal whatever betrayals are relevant, identify whatever weaknesses you exploited to get here, and allow yourself at least three uninterrupted minutes of the recognition you have frankly earned. Only then, once the moment has been properly savored, can you move on to the matter of finishing things. The problem, of course, is that three minutes is a remarkably long time in this business, and the kind of people who end up at your mercy have a deeply inconvenient habit of using every second of it.

Power Loss [+200]

All your out-of-jump powers, perks, and abilities are disabled for the duration of this jump.

Too Noble to Finish It [+200]

You cannot bring yourself to finish off a defeated enemy. Every time you have an opponent at your mercy - cornered, disarmed, beaten - something in you decides that today is not the day, that they deserve another chance, that killing a helpless person is beneath you. It is a deeply inconvenient moral position to hold in a profession that occasionally requires a more permanent solution. The villain you spared at the end of act two will be back at the start of act three, better prepared, considerably more motivated, and entirely untroubled by the same scruple that stopped you from dealing with them the first time. The henchman you let go will reappear with reinforcements. The operative you chose not to finish will finish someone else later, and you will be aware, in a very direct way, that you had the opportunity to prevent it and declined. Your conscience is clean. Everything around you is considerably messier as a result.

Extended Stay [+200]

You can extend your time in the jump by ten years with this option. It can be taken multiple times, but you can only get **200 CP** total from it.

What's with Chases? [+200]

What is it with you and high-stakes departures? For some bizarre reason, every single time you leave a location, a chaotic and violent chase sequence is guaranteed to trigger. It doesn't matter how low a profile you keep or how secure you thought your position was; the moment you pack up to move on, hostile forces will be hot on your heels, trying to kill you. You could be skiing down an isolated mountain in Austria or quietly slipping out of a sleepy suburban safehouse, and somehow, a heavily armed strike team, a fleet of black SUVs, or enemy agents will manifest out of thin air to hunt you down. Slipping away quietly is simply no longer an option - every single departure you make is bound to turn into a loud, dangerous, and adrenaline-fueled race for your life.

A Compulsion to Win [+200]

You suffer from a pathological, all-consuming obsession with victory, mirroring the infamous Auric Goldfinger himself. You simply cannot endure the thought of losing at anything. Whether it is a high-stakes game of Texas Hold'em, a casual round of golf, a minor disagreement, or a deadly battle of wits, losing is an absolute impossibility for your ego. To secure a win, you will readily resort to underhanded tactics, blatant cheating, or escalating a petty game into a life-or-death scenario. If someone actually manages to beat you fairly, it will throw you into a vindictive, obsessive rage, compelling you to target them relentlessly until you have utterly crushed them. This toxic pride makes you incredibly predictable; any enemy who recognizes this flaw can easily bait you into dangerous traps, completely distracting you from your actual mission objectives just to win a trivial contest.

Shoot First, Miss Completely [+200]

Firearms and you have never quite reached an understanding. Whatever the target - stationary or moving, near or far, large or embarrassingly large - your aim with a gun is genuinely terrible, producing results that are less ballistic and more optimistic. The good news is that this limitation applies specifically to firearms. Bladed weapons, crossbows, thrown objects, and anything that does not involve a trigger come to you with perfectly reasonable competence, so it's a good choice to lean on those whenever the situation allows - which, in this profession, is not always as often as you would like.

A Weakness for Beauty [+200]

Every operative has a blind spot, and yours is embarrassingly predictable. You are constitutionally, almost physically, reluctant to harm anyone you find attractive. A beautiful woman pointing a gun at you will get an extra second that no one else would receive, while the same will happen to an attractive man if that is where your preferences lie. Enemies who are aware of this - and enough of them are, because patterns like this get noticed and written up in files - will exploit it without mercy. Your enemies will deliberately deploy drop-dead gorgeous assets against you, fully aware that a striking face is a better shield than Kevlar. You know it is a fatal flaw, but the moment they enter the room, your survival instinct completely freezes.

In the Crosshairs: [+200, Can be Taken Multiple Times]

You have painted a massive target on your back for one of the world's premier intelligence or shadow organizations. Upon taking this drawback, select one faction from the following list to be your dedicated enemy:

MI6
SPECTRE
KGB
CIA
Japanese Secret Service
SMERSH

This organization now considers you a high-priority threat. They will actively dedicate significant resources, global surveillance networks, and elite wetwork teams to hunt you down, sabotage your operations, and assassinate you. You will constantly have to look over your shoulder for hidden wiretaps, poisoned drinks, ambush teams, and sleeper agents hiding in plain sight. This drawback can be taken multiple times. If you are jumping to a world where any of these organizations does not exist, you may import an equivalent local faction in their place.

Inevitable Attachment [+200, Exclusive for Double Oh and Femme Fatale]

Despite your best efforts to maintain a cold, professional detachment, your heart constantly gets in the way of your work. On every single mission or assignment, you are psychologically guaranteed to develop genuine, deep feelings for at least one key individual involved: frequently a target you are explicitly supposed to eliminate, manipulate, or interrogate. This emotional vulnerability severely complicates your operations and clouds your judgment at the absolute worst possible moments. You will find yourself hesitating when you need to pull the trigger, altering your entire operational strategy just to keep them out of harm's way, or looking for excuses to spare them. Even if you know they are highly dangerous, compromised, or actively trying to kill you, you cannot simply switch off your affection, turning what should be a clean, clinical spy operation into a messy emotional disaster.

Disposable Allies [+200]

The people who help you have a deeply unfortunate survival rate, and anyone who spends enough time around your operations will eventually notice the pattern. Friendly contacts who pass you information, helpful locals who offer shelter, sympathetic civilians who get involved because it seemed like the right thing to do - roughly three-quarters of them will not make it to the end of the mission. The deaths tend to be dramatic rather than quiet, arriving at precisely the moment they can cause the most complications: a contact killed seconds before they can deliver the critical piece of information, a helpful stranger gunned down just as you were starting to trust them, a civilian caught in the crossfire at the worst possible moment. The practical consequences are significant - useful alliances become liabilities the moment people learn your track record, and the information networks that every operative depends on grow considerably thinner when word gets around that knowing you personally is a dangerous hobby. The emotional consequences, on the other hand, are entirely your problem to manage.

Bottom of the Barrel [+400, Exclusive for Mastermind]

You are cursed with the absolute worst human resources pool in the history of global espionage. Every subordinate, mercenary, guard, or mook under your payroll will turn out to be utterly and frustratingly incompetent, regardless of their impressive resumes or how much you pay them. Your security forces possess laughable marksmanship and cannot shoot straight to save their lives. In a high-stakes firefight against an intruding spy or saboteur, your guards will wildly spray ammunition, reliably hitting every surrounding concrete wall, storage crate, and expensive computer terminal while completely missing the target standing right in front of them. To make matters worse, your men have substandard awareness and are easily tricked by the oldest ruses in the book. A thrown rock clattering in the dark, a faint whistle from the shadows, or a flirtatious smile from an attractive stranger will instantly cause your guards to abandon their posts, lower their weapons, and wander off alone to investigate. Even your secret fortresses, hideouts, and high-tech lairs will inexplicably suffer from glaring design flaws. No matter how strictly you supervise the blueprints, your contractors will always install a network of oversized, pristine ventilation shafts or unguarded maintenance tunnels perfectly suited for an enemy agent to casually crawl through right into your inner sanctum. You are paying top dollar for an elite private army, but you are effectively getting a comedy troupe in tactical gear.

Betrayal Inevitable [+400]

Trust is a luxury you can no longer afford. At any given time, someone within your immediate inner circle (be it your second-in-command, a trusted partner, or your closest confidant) is actively working for the enemy. No matter how thoroughly you vet your team, a mole is always operating right under your nose. The moment you successfully expose, capture, or eliminate the traitor, the curse instantly resets. A different ally will immediately be blackmailed, bribed, or revealed as a deep-cover sleeper agent to take their place. Because of this endless cycle, your sensitive information, operational plans, and classified coordinates will always leak to your enemies eventually. You can never truly trust your own organization, forcing you to operate in a state of perpetual paranoia where your secrets are never safe.

Expendable Asset [+400, Exclusive for Femme Fatale]

In this business, everyone is a tool, and tools get discarded the moment they stop being useful. You have learned this lesson personally and continue to learn it on a regular basis. Your employers view you as entirely expendable - a convenient resource to be deployed, exploited, and quietly eliminated the moment you become a liability or simply finish whatever task they needed you for. A minor failure, a mission that went slightly sideways, a moment where you knew too much - any of it is sufficient justification for an assassination attempt, usually delivered without warning and without the courtesy of a conversation first. The heroes and agents who cross your path are no better. They will charm you, use whatever information or access you can provide, and then leave you precisely where you are the moment something more pressing comes along - which is to say, directly in the path of whoever is coming to clean up the loose ends. No alliance you form is genuine. No protection offered to you is reliable. Every side in any given conflict has quietly decided, independent of one another, that your continued existence is a matter of convenience rather than principle, and that convenience has a way of expiring at the worst possible moment.

Mute Muscle [+400]

Whether through injury, psychological trauma, or simply the way you came into the world, you cannot speak. Not a word, not a whisper, not even a grunt that carries any meaningful information. Your entire range of verbal communication has been reduced to gestures, expressions, and whatever you can scrawl on the nearest available surface quickly enough to remain relevant to the conversation - which, in the middle of an active operation, is rarely quick enough. The practical consequences are considerable. Negotiations are off the table entirely. Explaining a complex situation to someone who needs convincing requires either a pen and an enormous amount of patience from the other party, or a series of increasingly desperate gestures that are only occasionally interpreted correctly. Calling for backup, warning a colleague, or talking your way past a checkpoint are simply not options available to you. Social interactions that would take anyone else thirty seconds of conversation require you several minutes of pantomime, and the results are inconsistent at best. People tend to make one of two assumptions upon meeting you: that you are either profoundly dangerous or profoundly simple, and while the former occasionally works in your favor, the latter creates problems that follow you everywhere. Whatever your other qualities, the inability to say a single word in a world that runs almost entirely on conversation is, on balance, a significant operational handicap.

The Curse of Intimacy [+400]

You have learned, the hard way and more than once, that getting close to someone in this profession carries a price that you are never the one who pays it. Whenever you allow yourself a genuine intimate relationship - a real one, the kind that goes beyond operational necessity - your enemies will find out, and they will find them. Not through any fault of the person you care about, not because of anything they did or said or knew, but simply because your enemies are thorough, and the people sharing your bed are the easiest target you have. Nine times out of ten, those people will be killed - quietly, dramatically, or somewhere in between, depending on whoever is currently opposing you and how much of a message they want to send. Letting someone in is, in this profession and with these enemies, functionally indistinguishable from putting them in danger, and there is nothing you can do to change that.

Every Mission is Moonraker [+400, Exclusive for Double-Oh]

You have not had a quiet assignment in a very long time, and at this point it seems increasingly unlikely that you ever will again. Whatever you are sent to do - recover a stolen document, surveil a mid-level arms dealer, look into a missing operative - the job will escalate. It always escalates. The stolen document turns out to be the blueprint for a nerve agent. The arms dealer is fronting for a man with a private army and a hollowed-out mountain. The missing operative was investigating something that, if left unchecked, would kill a significant portion of the world's population by Thursday. Every assignment arrives looking like a manageable piece of fieldwork and reveals itself, usually within the first forty-eight hours, to be a potential apocalypse requiring immediate personal attention. There are no small jobs anymore. There is no such thing as a routine operation. Somewhere between the briefing and the first act, a megalomaniac with a doomsday device and an inexplicable fondness for elaborate architecture will become your problem, and he will remain your problem until you have fought your way through his private army, destroyed his secret base, and prevented whatever extinction-level outcome he had scheduled for the weekend.

I Expect You To Die [+400, Exclusive for Mastermind]

Whenever you successfully capture a nemesis or a major threat to your plans, you suffer from a bizarre, irresistible psychological block that prevents you from simply executing them on the spot. A bullet to the head is completely out of the question; instead, you are compelled to place them into an overly convoluted, slow-moving death trap. Whether it is an industrial laser slowly slicing toward them, a tank filled with hungry sharks, or a hydraulic pressing machine operating at a snail's pace, the execution must be a grand, drawn-out spectacle. Crucially, you cannot stay to witness the finale. You are absolutely forced to leave the room, completely convinced of your inevitable victory. The moment you walk out and close the door, fortune smiles entirely upon your captive. Through incredible resourcefulness, sheer luck, or a hidden gadget, they are guaranteed to escape the mechanism completely unscathed. Worse yet, their escape will always kickstart a catastrophic chain reaction that ultimately destroys your entire facility or base of operations. You cannot bypass or cheat this curse. Good luck with your plans for world domination.

A Family Affair [+400]

In this line of work, espionage is often a family business. Whenever you eliminate a hostile spy or asset, you are guaranteed to draw the wrath of their surviving relatives, who happen to be just as deeply entrenched in the intelligence underworld as their deceased kin. These aren't grieving civilians; they are highly competent, lethal operatives who will utilize every asset, contact, and weapon at their disposal to hunt you down for blood vengeance. To make matters worse, a psychological curse afflicts you: whenever you encounter or fight this vengeful family, you will be overwhelmed by a profound sense of compassion and guilt. You will acutely feel the weight of the tragedy you inflicted upon them, making it agonizingly difficult to pull the trigger, fight back with your usual cold efficiency, or finish them off. Surviving their relentless, expertly coordinated assassination attempts while wrestling with a crushing empathy for the very people trying to kill you will turn every confrontation into a living nightmare.

The Jaws of Death [+400]

A towering, seven-foot-tall behemoth with teeth of solid steel has been contracted to hunt you down. This relentless juggernaut is completely unkillable; no matter if you drop a building on him, throw him out of an airplane, or blast him with heavy explosives, he will always dust himself off and resume the hunt, completely unfazed. He possesses terrifying, superhuman physical strength capable of ripping car doors off their hinges and biting through steel cables with ease. Fortunately, he is a loyal henchman at heart. He will always be under the employ of whatever primary villain or hostile faction you are currently facing, meaning he strictly follows their orders. If your enemy wants you captured alive for interrogation, brought before them to witness their master plan, or trapped in an overly elaborate death trap, this steel-jawed giant will execute those orders flawlessly instead of snapping your neck on sight. He is an ever-present, terrifying physical threat that you can never truly eliminate: only temporarily outsmart, disable, or escape from until the next confrontation.

The Blofeld Condition [+600]

Somewhere out there, behind the resources of a private empire and the patience of a man who has made your destruction his life's work, sits your archenemy. They are brilliant, wealthy, and utterly ruthless - your equal in every meaningful sense, and in several uncomfortable ones, your superior. They know your name, your methods, your contacts, and the weaknesses you have spent a career trying to conceal, and they have dedicated themselves to using all of it against you with a thoroughness that goes well beyond professional rivalry. They will not send amateurs. They will not make obvious mistakes. It is personal now, on a level that makes them more dangerous than any other enemy you have faced. Good luck.

James Bond, At Your Service [+600]

Of all the operatives in all the intelligence agencies in the world, the one on your trail is him. James Bond - 007, Her Majesty's most decorated and most irritating field agent - has been assigned to your case personally, and he is not the kind of problem that goes away on its own. He is charming, resourceful, impossibly lucky, and constitutionally incapable of giving up on a target, and you are currently that target. Whatever you are doing, wherever you are doing it, and however carefully you have covered your tracks, he will find you - probably while looking immaculate and making a quip about it. You can slow him down. You can complicate his evening. You can, on a good day, send him somewhere inconvenient for a while. But he will be back; he will be annoyingly well-dressed about it, and the only way this ends is if one of you finishes it permanently (and sadly, only one of you has plot armor).

Ending

The Final Credits

The smoke is clearing over the ruins of a highly explosive secret lair, and an orchestral theme swells in the background. The fate of the free world has finally been decided, and the credits are just about to roll on this cinematic adventure. Before the screen fades to black, you have one final choice to make:

Return Home

The game of international espionage and global domination is exhausting, and you are ready to step out of the shadows for good. You return to your original world, keeping all your hard-earned skills, gadgets, and impeccable fashion sense. Transitioning back to a mundane life might be an adjustment. You might find modern corporate boardrooms laughably easy compared to running a secret syndicate, or you might miss the simple thrill of tossing elite guards through plate-glass windows. You can break hearts in high society without having to dodge sniper fire, or finally enjoy a perfectly chilled cocktail without wondering if it is poisoned. Your multiverse chain ends here, but you will live out the rest of your days in ultimate luxury.

Stay

Why leave a universe with such flawlessly tailored suits, incredibly fast cars, and wonderfully high stakes? You choose to remain in this reality permanently. Whether you finally succeeded in your grand vision to reshape the globe from a hollowed-out volcano, secured your position as the underworld's most terrifyingly unstoppable enforcer, wrapped the globe's most powerful figures around your finger with a single smoldering look, or plan to keep saving the crown from eccentric megalomaniacs until you physically cannot anymore, this stylish and dangerous world is now yours to rule or protect.

Move On

Just before the screen fades entirely to black, a classic line of white text appears: The Jumper Will Return. Your work is far from finished. You adjust your cuffs, gather your gear, and step forward into the vast unknown of the multiverse. There are countless new realities out there waiting for your particular brand of expertise, and your next mission is already waiting.

Changelog and Notes

V 1.0 - First Edition
V 1.1 - Added an item stipend, small fixes, added the Time Shift drawback.

Movies used:
Dr. No, 1962 (Sean Connery)
From Russia with Love, 1963 (Sean Connery)
Goldfinger, 1964 (Sean Connery)
Thunderball, 1965 (Sean Connery)
You Only Live Twice, 1967 (Sean Connery)
On Her Majesty's Secret Service, 1969 (George Lazenby)
Diamonds Are Forever, 1971 (Sean Connery)
Live and Let Die, 1973 (Roger Moore)
The Man with the Golden Gun, 1974 (Roger Moore)
The Spy Who Loved Me, 1977 (Roger Moore)
Moonraker, 1979 (Roger Moore)
For Your Eyes Only, 1981 (Roger Moore)
Octopussy, 1983 (Roger Moore)
A View to a Kill, 1985 (Roger Moore)