

Centuries ago, a tribe of magic-blessed humans appeared in Mareth, building a home and eventual kingdom for themselves within the mountains. Talented at the arcane arts, they could manipulate the very fabric of reality itself with their magic, crafting whatever mundane item or object they so desired. Such a group would be peaceful, loving and happy with their lot, and indeed they might have been, were they not a large party of interdimensional explorers whose expedition became mired in Mareth. A quirk of Mareth's nature prevented any known plane-shifting spell from transporting people off this world, instead forcing would-be travelers to rely on the many portals scattered across the world.

So trapped, only the hypothesized existence of a permanent portal leading from Mareth offered a chance of escape to these explorers. Much research was poured into cracking the mystery of opening a stable portal between Mareth and another plane. Any other plane.

Dark, demonic arts weren't considered at first, but after endless years of isolation, even the most pure-hearted of wizards were willing to risk burning out their own souls. Inquisitors protected the new royalty from impure commoners and power-hungry mages, yet it was their queen, Lethice, from whom the corruption originated. From her, it spread through the kingdom like a famished beast, the people growing obsessed with seeking ever greater power and pleasure. Commoner and mage alike were swallowed by its depravity, and remade. The demons were born, feasting on crystallized souls and gaining in power.

Consuming the power of their own souls wasn't enough for them, alas, and their naked desires turned to the lands outside their mountain home. Thirty years ago they poured free of the mountains in a wave, picking off villages left and right, capturing anyone they found to enslave and subjugate them to such pleasure that the victims lost their very being — turning into yet more demons, more creatures that forever hunger for the next great pleasure. Some resisted for a time, but fell all the same to the never-ending hordes and infernal trickery. Even the very gods of Mareth themselves were slain, corrupted, or sealed away.

None of the villages and cities of this world had the strength to stand alone, and banding together against the demonic threat was near-impossible, naive and resentful of each others' racial differences as they were. One by one they were cut off from each other and their gods, either by their new tainted outlook or the demons' own manipulations.

Presently only a few final holdouts remain, hidden from the demons' sight by paranoia, mighty wards, or the fading strength of the last remaining divinity: Marae, goddess of life.
A mighty enchantment binds the pure waters of the world into clouds, preventing natural rains from washing the corruption from the land. The very landscape itself is constantly shifting and twisting in the wasted areas that cover most of the planet, but here and there islands of stability can be picked out in the ephemeral terrain.

It is into this land that you arrive, Jumper, one very near complete destruction, needing a hero to save it — or a villain to push it over the edge.

+1000 CP

ORIGINS:

You may freely pick your age and gender, and more importantly, you may choose to become part of any mortal race of Mareth for free, even the now-rare humans. This does not include full demons, though you may choose to be a superficially similar demon-morph.
For a **50cp** surcharge, you may instead fully design your form as you wish. This way, you may be a hybrid of different species, or some kind of unique being of your own.

Drop-In [Free]
Maybe you'd rather not have a history here. That's fine, you would hardly be the first person to stumble into Mareth out of a random portal. It's somewhat of a dimensional dumping ground, with a wealth of portals leading in and barely any way to leave this world.
Take care, for there are many dangers in this unfamiliar land, though most of those are admittedly sexual, and you will find few allies against the demons here.

(Relatively) Pure Native [Free]
Even in a land like this, people still hold out against corruption. Whether you're a lone survivor living off the land, a citizen of the shielded city of Tel'Adre, or simply someone who found a safe place to live for the moment, you've managed to hold your own in this world.
Still, you are one of the last remaining holdouts in a land filled with corruption. Be careful if you stray from whatever hideout or protected community you find yourself in.

Corrupted Native [Free]
Or you could join the winning side. You might not be a demon yourself,, but you've definitely been enjoying the corruption they spread around. Who wouldn't? You get a whole lot more sex and fun like this, and reshaping your body with items and black magic is nice.
...Just have to be careful about not getting so corrupted you end up cumming your soul out.
Unless you think becoming a demon yourself would be even more liberating, then go ahead!

LOCATIONS:

Mareth is a big place, a fallen world littered with the ruins of the civilizations that were there before the demons, the occasional guarded holdout of mostly-pure natives, and corrupted beings roaming everywhere. Luckily, the corrupted terrain means you can get to places far faster than you could otherwise, at least when you know where you're going.

Regardless, you need a place to start. If you'd like to leave it up to chance, you can roll 1d8 to determine where you appear. Otherwise you can simply pick one of the following options. Either way, you can determine the specifics yourself. Arriving in the forest, for example, you could be right at the edge of the trees or in the deepest parts of the woods.

1 Wasteland
You find yourself in a barren waste of lifeless earth. The ground and sky are both tinted different shades of red, and only the occasional rock formation breaks up the landscape.

2 Forest
You find yourself surrounded by the lush foliage of a very old looking forest, a cool breeze brushing by you. The plants look fairly familiar and non-threatening here.

3 Lake
You find yourself at the shores of a lake so massive the distant shore cannot be seen. Grass and a few sparse trees grow all around the water's edge.

4 Desert
You find yourself standing in a reddish desert of shifting sands and uncertain footing. The rough feeling of sand gets into your footwear, and mirages shimmer in the distance.

5 Mountains
You find yourself about a third of the way up the side of a mountain. High above, dark clouds encircle a distant peak. You get an ominous feeling in your gut as you gaze up at it.

6 Plains
You find yourself standing in knee-high grass, surrounded by flat plains on all sides. Though the mountain, forest, and lake are all visible from here, they seem quite distant.

7 Swamp
You find yourself within the boundaries of a dark, murky, stagnant swamp. Dense foliage and sweltering heat surrounds you on all sides, while thick mud covers the ground.

8 Places
You find yourself in one of Mareth's cities, dungeons, and scattered shelters. This could mean the hidden city of Tel'Adre, a surviving village, or the demon queen's fortress.

PERKS:

Discounts are 50% off, discounted 100cp perks are free.

Corruptive Stretchiness [Free]

One of the earliest and, in this world, most ubiquitous signs of corruption is the sheer stretchiness of people's bodies and ability to take insertions that shouldn't be possible without serious harm. Even people who have managed to dodge most of the corruption would be able to take things that might seem impossible to people in saner worlds. Sure, getting your internals rearranged by two feet of minotaur might still hurt the first time, simply from getting stretched that much. But it wouldn't be dangerous to your health, despite what biology might've dictated before you set foot in Mareth.

Your body is more elastic in general now, able to distend to accommodate incredible sizes and then recover (to a point; repeating this often enough can certainly leave your body looser and more accepting than before), your stomach able to round out from the sheer amount of cum supplied by the more productive people of this land. And it's not just yourself, as your sexual partners experience the same thing if you take a more *giving* role during sex, allowing your own endowments to have a similar effect as your partners stretch around you instead of coming to any actual harm. Of course, there are still limits to this. Tiny fairies or small goblins aren't going to be able to take dicks bigger than their entire bodies… at least not without working their way up to that with a lot of practice and effort.

Gifts and Boons [100]

The gods, both corrupted and pure, are known to bless their champions and favourites with small gifts. Something you've experienced as well, receiving a divine blessing of your own.

Of course Mareth being Mareth, these blessings mostly enhance their bearer's sexual prowess and especially their fecundity. Making you produce more cum and faster, halving the length of your pregnancies, or allowing a pussy to stay tight no matter how it's stretched are just some of the examples. Even reproducing Taoth's blessing of consciously controlling whether you are fertile or not is possible here, if you wish to choose that as your boon.

This perk may be purchased multiple times, to bestow a different blessing each time.

Ghostly Presence [200]

Through desperate magic or other circumstances, your life force has been separated from your mortal vessel, allowing your essence to rise free of your body's constraints. As a kind of unbound spirit, it now takes a measure of will to maintain a physical form, becoming insubstantial when your concentration slips or you take too much damage. Even then, you have to expend further effort to appear normal instead of ethereal and translucent.

Besides a lack of mortal limitations, the main benefit of your new spiritual form is the ability to possess people. This requires physically jumping into their bodies, and involves an overwhelming deluge of thoughts, emotions, memories, and instincts that might cause a weaker mind to lose themselves and be subsumed within their target. You at least have a good handle on how to deal with that, but someone with a particularly sharp mind might still be able to expel you from their body. If you come out on top however, their thoughts and memories will be an open book, albeit one you might not want to pry into too deeply.

More immediately useful, it allows you to feel and move their bodies as naturally as your own body once felt. If you found yourself an agreeable host, you could even share their body with them in a more symbiotic possession, hanging in the background of their mind to feel what they feel without necessarily taking control or only taking partial control over some limbs. Unlike some ghosts, you've retained the ability to sense physical sensations besides pain with your spiritual body, allowing you the simple pleasures of touch, taste, and feeling.

The Old Gods [800]
The gods of Mareth were mighty before this land was brought low, but not so mighty that they could stop the demons. Today Marae, the goddess of life, stands alone, but even she cannot resist forever. Her roots once ran deep into all Mareth, but now her reach is limited to a small island and the surrounding lake. She is not truly the last goddess though, as Fera the corrupt goddess of predation strains at her bindings beneath the earth, and Taoth the god of trickery slumbers in preparation for the payoff of his final trick.
And perhaps there is now a fourth god still at large. Your power cannot be compared to Marae at her height, but you stand as an equal to the diminished Marae and her few remaining siblings. As a deity in corporeal form, your magic is beyond that of any mortal mage. You naturally command the world around you, slowly shaping it to your will in a range comparable to a small island or a large forest glade.
You must also pick a singular domain, which grants you further powers like Marae's control over plants or Taoth's mastery of illusion and misdirection. You may also take further liberties with your physical body, allowing you to become immaculately and impossibly beautiful like Fera or disturbingly slender and spindly like Taoth. You could even take the shape of a dryad and its tree, like Marae's arboreal form.
But regardless of what domain or appearance you choose to take, your powers always include the ability to speak within the minds of mortal creatures and compel them to obey your demands, heal or make minor alterations to their bodies with a mere touch, and with considerably more effort the creation of new species connected to you like the dryads created by Marae and the foxes originating from Taoth.

<u>Drop-In:</u>

Warrior [100, free Drop-In]
To survive and thrive on your own in the corrupted lands of Mareth, a certain measure of fighting skill is almost required. At least if you're hoping to protect your chastity. While you're not particularly battle-hardened yet, you have reaped the benefits of almost a year of physical conditioning and training in the use of simple weapons. It's nothing special for now, but at least you could fight off an imp with nothing but your brute strength.
Should you find a good teacher, you'll also find it easy to quickly pick up the use of more advanced combat styles, like archery or fencing, with only a small number of lessons.

Tease [100, free Drop-In]
Having a pretty face is an advantage in and of itself, and that's all the more true in a world like this. Of course it might also make you somewhat of a target. Nevertheless, you stand out amongst the people of this land, not just because of your foreign nature, but mostly because of

your attractive looks. It doesn't matter whether you are thin or curvy, muscular or jiggly, masculine or feminine, your gorgeous visage appeals to all but the most picky of people (and even then, they could fall for you if you fit their criteria). It would be quite easy for someone like you to find willing and eager partners for a roll in the hay if you wanted to.
Strangely enough, this beauty continues to shine through even as this land (or your own effort) changes you. No matter the alterations made to your body or the strange shapes you might take on, you will remain beautiful in some way.

Dungeon Delver [200, discounted Drop-In]
Mareth is studded with the stronghold of demons and the hidden holdouts of the few people who still keep themselves safe. You have a talent for finding these places, an eye for details, and the wits to recognize whether a cave is a secret entrance or merely a minotaur den.
You're even better at it when you're tracking someone to these places. Whether they hide in caves hidden deep in the forest, entrances recessed into the desert sands, or high up in concealed mountain strongholds, you will quickly be able to find their lairs even in lands as treacherous as the corrupted landscape here.

Lover [200, discounted Drop-In]
The corruption left many obsessed with sex and pleasure. Most corrupted creatures care more about the sex afterwards than the actual fight, and even in relatively civilized holdouts like Tel'Adre, people have gotten a lot more comfortable with their sexuality. Perhaps the occasional indulgence helps people deal with the fall of their world.
How fortunate, then, that you are so good at it. You have the sexual prowess to leave a succubus satisfied, and to fuck anyone less sexual utterly out of their minds. Beyond even just talent and skill, you simply feel and taste *better* than most every partner people could find in all the land. Perhaps the magic of demons could compare, but few uncorrupted people would willingly take a demon for a sexual partner, let alone a lover.
Equally adept both at giving and receiving, you also know just how to draw the best out of your lovers(' pants) as well, ensuring you'll enjoy your time together just as much as them.
Just be careful, some here have enough stamina for this to merely encourage them.

Camp Followers [400, discounted Drop-In]
Even in a world like this, love can bloom. Perhaps more so than in other places due to the loosened inhibitions of people? Or at least a lot of people are more eager to sleep together. Still, you're taking it to extremes, with how often you run into people seeking companionship or needing help and growing quite infatuated with their saviour. It also looks like you can compress weeks of building a relationship down to a much shorter period of time, simply by visiting them with greater frequency, even if you end up meeting multiple times a day.
With a bit of work, you'd easily be able to amass a harem of dozens of lovers, casual fuckbuddies, and even slaves. But despite that, your lovers never seem to mind that you're professing your love to a couple dozen other people, as long as they can be with you too. Beyond the mere acceptance of their fellow harem members, you've grown adept at managing them to keep conflict to a minimum (though some personal disagreements can still erupt when two of your recruits are radically opposed) and have gained the planning ability as well as stamina to keep all of your many, many partners satisfied and fulfilled.

Explorer [400, discounted Drop-In]
Attempting to traverse Mareth is difficult, the corruption causing a strange "shifting" across the landscape that makes it hard to know what you'll find in your travels. Distance, direction, and geography have little meaning here, while memory influences travel just like time, distance, and speed would in other worlds. Mentally picturing a place you've been before would cause reality to shift and blur, allowing you to return there within a few minutes.
Luckily, you've gotten good at using this method of travel, avoiding the dizziness this inflicts on the unprepared and being able to remember every place you ever visited. It's easier for you to find your way here than it is for others, and you can return to your favourite locales with exceptional speed. You may even take the properties of this place with you, allowing you to speed your travels in other worlds by focusing on your destination.

Purity [600, discounted Drop-In]
It takes an exceptional kind of person to take everything Mareth has to throw at you and come out the other side unbroken and pure. Your will is nigh unbreakable, your body seems to naturally reject corruption, and temptation slides off you like water. Where others would fall into despair and accept their fates, you would stand and fight. Where others would falter and give in to a demon's seductive wiles, you remain steadfast. Even if you fall in battle at some point, you would at least prove impossible to turn into a mere corrupted pet.
Additionally, you are incredibly lucky when it comes to protecting your chastity, able to dodge the likely many attempts to take your virginities with something approximating ease. Perhaps you just manage to get away before an enemy can pin you down, perhaps you wake up just in time to beat an assailant off of you, or perhaps you simply know exactly what to say to get away with some lesser sexual act.

Champion [600, discounted Drop-In]
As might be obvious considering the state of the world, none of the champions of Ingnam have succeeded to date. Perhaps unsurprisingly, as they were only meant to be sacrificial cows to the demons. Most were simply taken right after stumbling out of the portal.
That ends now. You are a true champion, if perhaps not in body or skill yet, then in spirit and potential. You learn and adapt to the world around you at a frightening pace, allowing you to grow into the archetypal role of the champion. In this way, you could go from a confused, wide-eyed youth to a battle-hardened champion worthy of the title in less than a year.
Yours is a world-changing prowess, the determination and strength to fight your way through all the corrupted hordes of Mareth until you stand before the throne of Lethice herself. Your actions will determine the fates of worlds and gods, and may be the catalyst to finally end the demonic threat… or to extinguish the last remaining resistance, should you join them.

<u>Pure Native:</u>

Wanderer [100, free Pure Native]
Not everyone in Mareth is constantly fighting, fucking, or hiding. There's also room for the likes of sleazy peddlers, depressed alchemists, and humble farmers. Whether they make their living by setting up shop somewhere or just wandering the lands with a cart full of various odds and

ends, a surprising amount of mostly unassuming people still manage to live out their lives just fine without constantly having to fight for their chastity.
Like them, you've picked up the ability to go around without being noticed too much by anyone who'd wish to harm you, allowing you to wander Mareth relatively unmolested (sexually or otherwise). If you wanted to, you could make a cozy home on a farm, settle down in some of the now-ruined towns, or even open up a shop smack dab in the middle of minotaur territory. Though you might get largely corrupt clientele if you tried the latter.
Just keep in mind that all this does rely on your activities passing beneath notice. If you were actively going out to fight the demons or such, you'd quickly find yourself running into the resistance others might expect. About the most you could do would be providing shelter to a handful of other good folk, or measuring the increasing amounts of corruption.

Hunter [100, free Pure Native]
Some don't settle for quietly staying out of the demons' way though. You're a hunter, and one of the best. Quick enough to run a deer to ground, quiet enough that it wouldn't know you were there until your knife was at its throat, and skilled enough with a blowpipe to pin a fly to a tree from fifty paces without killing it. You might not be much of a stand-up fighter, but you're skilled enough to deal with puny threats like imps or goblins with ease, and to fight off something like a minotaur at least long enough to run away if you can't avoid one.
Mostly though, your skills lend themselves to eking out a living by hiding in the wilderness or the shelter of ruins, hunting and foraging for food, as well as killing the land's seemingly endless supply of imps whenever you encounter them. You might not be a real alchemist or craftsman, but you do know enough to keep your equipment in order, your blowpipe darts stocked with sleeping poison, and to know which plants, animals and fungi are poisonous, which would transform your body, and which are safe to eat.

Craftsman [200, discounted Pure Native]
Magic and alchemy are nice, but there also have to be real craftsmen to keep this place running. Some mage-made magic sword isn't going to hold an edge as well as one forged by a blacksmith who actually knows what they're doing, and so on. You can pick any one craft to specialize in, and gain a wealth of experience at the job. Perhaps you'd like to start a blacksmithing or tailoring business, or you'd like the skills needed to open a piercing studio, bakery, or beauty salon out here. This also includes some ability to turn your skills to more fun uses, since you'd be surprised how much people would be willing to pay for a chainmail bikini or some rubber fetish wear. Or how many would be willing to pay with sex.
But more than that, you've got the chops to run your business with a minimum of fuss. Reshaping armour for a perfect fit only takes a bit of banging it with your hammer for adjustments, you always seems to have some form-fitting garment in stock no matter what walks through your door, and even piercings are done quick and easy (though perhaps not without momentary pain, if they're asking for a dick piercing).

Transformation Resistance [200, discounted Pure Native]
Of all the races of Mareth, humans are by far the most susceptible to transformation, to the point that only a rare few humans are left. The majority of native Marethians are more resistant to interspecies transformation than that, but your resistance seems exceptional even amongst them. You technically *can* still be changed with transformative effects if they're powerful

enough, but your resistance is such that you'd be hard-pressed to change a minor feature if you ate an entire crate of transformative food.
Similarly, any children you have always seem to be of the same species as you, regardless of the other parent, if perhaps with some minor cosmetic features from them like their eyes, coloration, or ears. Thankfully, you do have some measure of control over this effect, so you don't always have to go to extreme lengths to transform minor parts of your body and you could have children who favor the other parent more in appearance if you wanted to.

Cleansing Meditations [400, discounted Pure Native]
Perhaps this is strange land for monks to exist in, but Mareth wasn't always like this and some of their old teachings still survive. You hold the legacy of the order of the Celestial Lotus, as equally learned in how to strike and defend oneself as in the nature of the soul.
Calm and controlled breathing lets you recover from exertion faster, while muscles accustomed to training and fighting allow you to defend yourself better. Combining this endurance with your order's techniques and knowledge, you could use spiritual attacks to fight the corrupt. A palm strike could become a ranged technique to blast your enemies with waves of pure spiritual energy, weakening them and hurting the corrupt.
More importantly though, you are enlightened to the nature of individuality, willpower and determination. As open to the universe as if it were a lady in a dress sitting next to you, that you could easily reach out and touch. Liberated and free despite not moving a muscle. With this exceptional spiritual awareness you can sense the corruption in people, even from considerable distance if they are particularly tainted, and purify both yourself and others through meditation and your will. As an additional boon, this clarity also makes it easier to focus on the use of white magic, despite whatever distraction might be present.
Perhaps someday this tainted world can be made right again.

Alchemist Extraordinaire [400, discounted Pure Native]
Good news jumper! It looks like you've picked up some knowledge of alchemy. The primary use of the science is of course the creation of various new potions and such, something you'll have to experiment with on your own. But you do have the knowledge to make various alchemical items common to this land, like permanent hair dyes, aphrodisiac lust drafts, as well as potions and pastes to grow or shrink certain body parts.
More impressive perhaps is what you can do with ingredients that are already transformative on their own, at the most basic allowing you to increase the potency of these items, making them more reactive to your body. With a bit more work you could mystically enhance such items to make them stronger in general, or remove the taint from demonic items to make them safer to use without losing their main effects. You could even treat various durable substances to use them as materials for exceptional armour and similar things.
Should you be particularly corrupted, you could also use your alchemical knowledge to create mixtures that will turn people into little more than toys and slaves for you. Mixing in your own sexual fluids to foster an addiction to it would be simple enough, though creating concoctions that force people to survive on cum alone might take a bit more work if you wanted to waste your time on doing things like that.

Giant [600, discounted Pure Native]
Not everyone reacts the same way to corruption and transformative items. Some are more or less affected, others have strange reactions when their use backfires. And there's those like you, able to take in all the corruptive chemicals spewed forth into the lake and not transform like the sharkpeople did or fall to corruption. You merely grow… and grow… and grow, until you become a giant who could treat normal people like children's (or sex) toys and could be mistaken for an island. You'd need to absorb an escalating amount of tainted chemicals to continue growing at an appreciable pace after that, but it never truly stops.
This point does depend on the size you started out as. If you were a tiny creature, like one of the fairies, you might start requiring more corrupt chemicals by the time you reach the size of most normal folk, as that would make you a giant to other fairies. Then again, someone the size of a fairy would also require quite a bit less to start growing at an appreciable rate.
Finally, it's good to keep in mind that this doesn't *totally* protect you from the effects of whatever chemicals you've started bathing in. Merely mostly. Soaking in the fluids dumped by the demonic factory might make you a bit more libidinous over time for example, while other mutagenic substances might affect you in different, minor ways. Being at the epicenter of an enormous wash of such chemicals, potent enough to push even a goddess into full corruption, might actually cause a physical change beyond merely an increase in size.

White Mage [600, discounted Pure Native]
Drawn from thoughts and mental focus, white magic requires a focused mind and is sometimes also known as the power of the soul. While commonly used by those who resist the demons, this is more because of the clear-headedness required than anything else.
White magic primarily concerns itself with the creation and manipulation of energy, evoking arcs of lightning, pure white ethereal flames, and blinding flashes of light. More complex uses might involve channelling electrical energy through your weapons, armouring yourself with shielding spells, or slowly treating the corrupted. With an entire group of mages pooling their power, even such mighty spells as the wards that conceal Tel'Adre are possible.
While you are already a master of the white arts worthy of their Covenant or any other academy that might be left in this world, there is one more ability that makes you stand out from other archmages. You know how to cast spells in a way that results in far more powerful results. By stopping all your bodily functions, a state of complete concentration can be achieved. Your heart stops beating, your breathing stops, you dedicate all of your being to the spell you wish to cast. Dangerous and deeply unhealthy, yes. But the increased focus helps tremendously with activities that benefit from utmost concentration, like the usage of the white arts. Where previously a spell might have created a tiny current of electricity, now it could become an explosive cascade of lightning coruscating with enough fury to consume anything it touches.

<u>Corrupted Native:</u>

Seducer [100, free Corrupted Native]
Few demons are terribly interested in simply killing their opposition if sex and corruption are still on the table. Similarly, most of the corrupted races of Mareth fight for no other reason than to have their way with whomever they've cornered. Not to mention that some foes are so

pent-up that simply flashing them would incapacitate them faster than ordinary weapons would be able to manage. Is it any wonder then, that the art of teasing and seducing your opponent in the middle of a pitched battle was perfected here?
You're a lot better at it than a novice who might simply pull their pants down to give their opponent an eyeful though. No, you know how to *really* flaunt everything you've got, when to tantalize and when to put on an incredibly crude display for the greatest effect. A fight with you often ends with your opponents collapsed, flush with desire, and frantically masturbating without a care in the world, except perhaps your arousing presence. And besides this skill at putting up lewd and hypnotizing displays, no matter what you currently look like, you've also gotten pretty good at slipping through openings in their guard for some quick up-close fun and at mixing little bits of any sexual magics you might know into your teasing.

Domination [100, free Corrupted Native]
Whether naturally rising from your corruption or perhaps gained from a demon's blessing, you have a kind of aura around you. Bolstering your dominance over others and making it harder for them to deny you. The more they submit to you, in battle, sexually, or simply to demands you make, the more eager your future pets become to do so on later occasions. It'll start with easily ignored desires of submission, but will quickly grow stronger over subsequent meetings until they start dreaming of simply surrendering themselves to you.
Their own thoughts will grow treacherous, justifying their submission to themselves and reasoning that an occasional indulgence wouldn't hurt. Eventually they'll consciously or subconsciously throw any fights they would normally put up, unable to fight their hardest due to the deep-rooted desire to submit to you. By that point, they are liable to beg and plead for you to keep them around, abandoning their own goals in favor of your domination.

Broodmother [200, discount Corrupted Native]
The greatest advantage of the corrupted races is simply how damn many of them there are, with puny creatures like imps and goblins found almost everywhere in the world. Why not get in on that? You breed like a goblin, with pregnancies that last a mere week and births feel like one long, continuous orgasm. Even if you end up fathering your children instead, your partners' pregnancies end up being similarly rapid and pleasurable.
Twins are the bare minimum, with up to octuplets not being uncommon depending on the virility or fertility of your partners. These children develop at astounding rates too, able to stand and walk almost immediately, and can potentially grow to look and act practically fully grown as they suckle from their mother for the first time. Though if you really wanted to, you could dial this down to a less extreme corrupted growth speed or a more reasonable number of children. Perhaps if you wanted more time to teach your children.

Addictive Cum/Milk [200, discount Corrupted Native]
While they may not look like demons, aside from the horns, the minotaur bull-men of the mountains and the lacta bovine cowgirls might as well be demons themselves in some views. Perhaps an unkind assertion, but not an unfounded one. The corruption of these creatures has resulted in their body fluids becoming addictive, the cum of minotaurs being a powerful narcotic and aphrodisiac, while the milk of lacta bovines both strengthens the drinkers and gradually makes them completely, fatally dependent on the cowgirls.

Whether or not you are a member of these species, you do have that most distinctive feature of their biology, with addictive chemicals in either your cum or milk (or both, depending on which you can produce). Powerful enough that simply the smell is intoxicating, merely being in your presence can make even the most hardened people feel turned on. Not even the demons themselves are immune to this, leading some to co-dependent relationships.
Whether from a quirk of biology or not, you can choose not to produce the addictive chemicals too, diluting or entirely stopping the effects. Additionally, you'll also find that you can mix and match these chemicals internally, if you'd prefer having all your fluids be narcotic drugs or if you'd like everything to be as thoroughly binding as a bovine's milk.
To facilitate the use of this new ability, you also seem to have acquired the near limitless production enjoyed by the bulls and cows, able to continually produce milk without fail for your entire life and/or cum enough to distend stomachs and fill small pools.

Fetish Enchanter [400, discount Corrupted Native]
The demons got their start as mages, and there are few areas in which this is more obvious than the abundance of perverted magical items. From enchanted sex toys, daggers made to be perpetually coated in aphrodisiac, to piercings that imbue fetishes on their wearers.
While you might not be as powerful a mage as the demons who started this tendency towards the perverse, you certainly know how to create such things. Both by creating them from scratch, enchanting mundane items with permanent effects or more simply imbuing them with a single effect like the aforementioned fetish-granting piercings, as well as through the more complex and time-consuming art of unweaving existing enchantments while simultaneously corrupting their effects into something more fun.
And if you were both boring and a decently skilled mage in your own right, you might also use this knowledge of enchanting to do things like using white magic to weave protective wards into your gear, inscribing a weapon with patterns to enhance your magic, or imbuing a talisman with a spell for others to use. But why would you want to do that?

Bad Ender [400, discount Corrupted Native]
Almost anyone can break a slut's mind, just chain them up and let the imps at 'em. It takes a lot more skill to keep your pets *just* functional enough, even as you replace everything they were with loyalty to yourself. Using pleasure and denial to correct their behavior, to mold and shape their psyche. All to remove such silly thoughts like 'resistance' or 'independence' and instead train them in new skills, like pleasing you or making your next captive scream.
Luckily, you're one of the best. By the time you're done with your future pet's training, they will be lucky too if they can remember their original name. That would mean you didn't decide to rename them while you were turning them into a better toy. Keeping their mind a hair away from breaking through your training, you can carefully preserve everything you liked about them through the process. Whether it be their combat skill or even most of their mind, so they can understand how far they've fallen, while also training them to feel more pleasure than they've ever known before from simply obeying their master's commands.

Black Mage [600, discount Corrupted Native]
Drawn from one's emotions and the feelings of the body, black magic is usually practised by drawing on the caster's own lust. One of the first things a practitioner of the art learns is the ability to arouse a target with their spells. Is it any wonder then, that this type of magic is a

favorite of demons? Still, it is not an inherently evil or demonic magic, merely one suited to their purposes. As a master archmage of the style, you understand this like few others.
Most suited to affecting emotions and bodies, your spells can arouse and change the size and functions of bodily parts in strange ways. Aside from the many libidinous uses so often demonstrated by tainted mages, you might also heal yourself and others, temporarily increase your strength, and even go further afield with summoning and portal creation.
Your control is such that you don't have to worry about the usual difficulties of using black magic on your own body, able to control the flow of power and prevent it from backfiring. Additionally, fueling your black magic with lust is only the most common way to do so, simple enough to use that mages rarely bother to learn how to use their other emotions. While it *is* usually not too hard to grow aroused in Mareth, this does leave black mages unable to use their magic when turned off and susceptible to seduction by their enemies. To deal with this weakness, you have started on the beginnings of using black magic with other emotions, wielding your rage, your joy, or anything else. This is only a start, not nearly the mastery you have over lustful magic, but it should serve you well with research and practice. On the flip side, your experience with the black arts means that powering other emotion-based abilities with lust comes easy to you.

Demonhood [600, discount Corrupted Native]
The tribe of mages that would eventually become the demons sought ever more power and pleasure, and they found what they searched for in their magic. They twisted themselves into something demonic in doing so, but by giving up their souls they gained an energy source beyond compare. Devouring their own crystallized souls, they grew in might and sensuality far beyond the mortal human mages they once were.
Even 'common' succubi and incubi are great threats to their opponents, but you are not common by any means. As one of the more powerful demons, you consumed your own lethicite and gained great magical power from the act. Whether it manifests in greater ability to alter your body and shapeshift than most demons enjoy, some special power like telepathy or a breath of hellfire, the ability to more easily alter and enhance creatures with your power, some slightly diluted combination of these, or simply a boost to the raw power of your spellcasting, you share in the power of Lethice’s greatest.
Besides that, you also wield the more common abilities of full demons. Your body is more malleable to your desires than that of any mortal, more pleasurable, and hot as hell besides. Obviously, it is impossible for anyone to further corrupt you in any way, as you are already fully corrupted, even though your mind remains your own and likely clearer than the vast majority of demons. You retain whatever measure of conscience and restraint you had before, meaning you have much less difficulty with empathy and focusing on long-term goals compared to most demons. Additionally, while it’s impossible for most soulless beings to create new souls, you keep the ability to have proper children instead of only ever spawning imps as most demons do. But all the same, your body fluids and even mere presence could slowly corrupt people if you wish. You could use this to grow even further in power if you wished, consuming the lethicite of those you cause to fall into corruption.
If you wish, you may give up the increased magical power in return for keeping your own lethicite as an item. Perhaps you have another use in mind for your crystallized soul than merely empowering yourself? Powering an exceptionally mighty magical item for example.

ITEMS:

Discounts are 50% off, discounted 100cp items are free. Items acquired in previous jumps may be freely imported as similar items, wherever this makes sense.
Any items that are destroyed, consumed, or otherwise used up will be returned in pristine condition at the start of the next jump (or after ten years, whichever comes first).

Information Pamphlet [Free/50]
A handy, dandy information packet geared to the novice, this piece of work emphasizes the necessary items and some good rules of thumb for going out into the world. You may not need it, but you may know someone who does. Why waste your time when the answers could be in this handy pamphlet!
Written at a simple level, this was obviously intended for a city-dweller who never left the confines of their walls. Littered with childish illustrations and silly phrases, the little booklet is informative in the sense that it does tell a person what they need and what to do, but naively downplays the dangers of the forest and bandits. However, it is useful to give this to some idiot ignorant of the dangers of the road, saving you time from having to answer a bunch of stupid questions.
For a mere 50cp, you'll get additional pamphlets for every new world you enter. Sure, they won't improve in quality, but at least you won't have to ask or answer any stupid questions about basic things.

Transformatives [Free/50/100/200/300]
A lot of the food and other consumables of this land have transformative effects on the body when consumed raw. Here you can get a supply of any of the standard transformatives from canine peppers, to equinum, to succubi milk. Useful not only for their basic effects, but also for various alchemical projects or as ingredients for cooking (as the majority of these items lose their transformative properties with proper preparation).
For **free**, you get a replenishing supply of a basic transformative item matching (one of) the species you started out as. Goblin Ale for goblins, Canine Peppers for dog-morphs, Snake Oil for naga, and so on. Hybrids of multiple species get to pick an item matching one of their races, while humans get to freely pick any one of these items to get started.
And for **50cp**, you'll get to pick five more of them to get a replenishing supply of, enough to fill up most of a standard storage chest. Useful if you want to get some specific things.
But for a full **200cp**, you'll instead get a similar supply of every basic transformative item that could be found in Mareth, allowing you to explore the full breadth of this land's shapes.
Alternatively, you could pay **100cp**, to acquire some of the various products of alchemy even if they're not strictly transformative, from hair extension serums, to oviposition elixirs, and the various enhanced or purified versions of normal transformatives. On its own, this gives you a refilling supply of five types again, but if you purchase it with the full collection of normal transformatives (for a total of **300cp**), you'll also get a full collection of alchemical items.

Bimbo Liqueur and Bro Brew [50/100]
Of special concern are these two items, primarily on account of their rarity. Even for a powerful omnibus, getting your hands on even one flask is rather difficult, let alone the replenishing supplies you can acquire with this purchase. Which will cost you **50cp** for either type of transformative, or **100cp** if you'd like a supply of both. But beyond that rarity (and in the case of the liqueur, monetary value), there's another unusual thing about these items. Both the small bottles of liqueur and the cans of brew have large warning labels on them proclaiming the unusual potency and permanence of these transformative drinks.
The liqueur turns the drinker into an extremely feminine version of themselves with platinum blonde hair, expanded curves, and the loss of muscles and masculine endowments. Meanwhile the brew does the opposite, making the drinker more masculine and granting large muscles. Both also increase libido and lust, and perhaps more importantly, sharply limit the victims' intelligence to the point that focusing on anything but sex becomes difficult.
Drinking both in turn changes the drinker into a mix of both, instead of merely replacing the first set of changes with the second. There's few mental changes with this, aside from a possibly more open sexuality, but physically they become muscular and curvy futanari.
Unusually for transformatives, these effects are indeed permanent, re-asserting themselves if the victim is transformed too far from the respective looks. Changing a bimbo's hair color is quite possible, but reducing the size of her breasts is temporary at best. The mental changes too are permanent, though at least a skilled alchemist could create a mixture potent enough to counter the mental-inhibiting effects and restore the faculties of a victim.

Mrs. Coffee [50]
A demonic coffee-maker, shaped like an ebony sculpture of a lady with 'Mrs. Coffee' printed on the side. Below the sculpture is a pot of steaming hot coffee, giving off an invigoratingly rich smell. The magic of the coffee-maker always keeps the rich, creamy coffee at a properly steaming temperature while the pot is left in place, ensuring its readiness whenever you need a refreshingly caffeinated drink to energize yourself.
However, the most notable thing about it only becomes apparent once the coffee pot is put back in place. The busty coffee-maker will come to life, grabbing her thick dusky nipples and squeezing out a trickle of scaldingly hot liquid. Her eyes rolling up into her head from pleasure as she automatically refills the missing coffee, mouth open with ecstasy. As the coffee pot is refilled, her movements gradually slow down with almost imperceptibly quivers, before she freezes back into place with a final smile of contentment.
It also comes with a free mug that has '#1 Dad' written on it.

Shining Gems [100]
The currency of this realm, small gemstones about the size of a marble or the metal coins of other lands. Vibrant and glittering, but not terribly valuable otherwise. Even in a world as deeply marred by corruption, commerce still continues and these gems are accepted everywhere from Tel'Adre to the strongholds of demons. Must be that pretty shine.
With this, you've got enough gems saved up that you could buy a nice house in Tel'Adre, or live decently for a good long while if you've got some other place to stay. Might make for nice decorations too, though it may seem a bit cheap to the natives if used for jewelry.
They probably won't pass for money in other jumps, but it's still a pile of brilliant gemstones.

Drop-In:

Champion's Camp [100, free Drop-In]
Less a specific camp, and more the guarantee that you'll be able to pull out at least a tent and bedroll whenever you decide to camp out somewhere. Even if you've stranded in a blasted wasteland with no supplies, you'd be able to find what you need to set up a basic camp and traps in short order. Don't mind where that tent you found came from. Or the slow, passive accumulation of other goods to make your camp more comfortable. From some nice rocks that would be perfect to decorate the place with some carvings, to a rain barrel filled with fresh clean water (even in a realm without rain). In general, you might find yourself tripping over whatever might be useful for a camp wherever you find yourself.
More than just ensuring your camping will get comfy after a while though, this camp's got another helpful attribute. Your enemies never seem to think of going after you while you're here, no matter how well-known the location of it should be to them. Or at least not without you leading them back to it or otherwise attracting them in some way.

Lake Boat [100, free Drop-In]
Moored at a small dock crafted from old growth trees lashed together with some crude rope, you'll be able to find a small rowboat. Unlike the ancient-looking dock, the rowboat itself is in pristine condition and appears to be brand new. It is a bit small, only about seven feet long and three feet wide, so it can carry little more than a single person.
But despite its size, this rowboat would be excellent for exploring Mareth's great lake, with the waters being calm and placid more often than not when you board it. Further, it always seems to be in good repair when you return to it, never losing its oars or being taken by anyone else despite being left entirely unguarded. It even seems to have absorbed some of the corruption that has left the landscape of this world so ever-shifting, allowing you to find it moored at other bodies of water just by focusing on its memory.

Beautiful Sword [200, discount Drop-In]
A sword found embedded hilt-deep in a tree, which allowed you to pull it free with surprising ease. The hilt appears made of bronze, with gold inlays along the outside of the handguard that portray a stylized figure battling a horde of demons. The handle is wrapped tightly with rugged leather that, along with the rest of the sword, will always look brand-new regardless of age. But the blade itself is the most impressive part. Three and a half feet of the purest, shining steel you have ever seen. It is beautiful, flawless in every way and appearing heavenly with the light shining off of it. It must have been someone's masterpiece.
The sword is a truly remarkable weapon, deadlier than any mundane weapon you could find. It dances in the air, as though it were the perfect weight and balance for whoever uses it. But something within the blade cannot abide corruption. When wielded by one with even the slightest bit of stain on their soul, it will begin to subtly fight its wielder and lessen its strikes. At the highest level before the corruption becomes noticeable to most, a true strike to the heart would become barely a scratch before twisting away. Once it *is* noticeable, the handle would grow burning hot, forcing its would-be wielder to drop it or burn themselves.
At least, that is how it is to most wielders. You seem to be somewhat of an exception, as the sword allows you to wield it to full effect regardless of the state of your soul. Merely good to keep in mind if you ever plan on lending out the sword to anyone else then.

Lusty Maiden Armor [200, discount Drop-In]
A super-skimpy chain bikini that's chased with white and gold highlights. Once the attire of a pure maiden, demonic meddling has partially unwoven and corrupted the wards on it. Consisting of a metal bikini top held together by a leather band (with a slick leather fastening beneath it to perfectly cushion a throbbing shaft), a snug white leather thong with intricate gold filigree on the front and back (that looks suspiciously like gold arrows pointing at the wearer's asshole), and a short chain skirt that barely covers anything. And nothing if whoever's wearing it decides to bend over even a little. Perfect for a more seductive approach to combat, something the armor itself encourages, as the corrupt modifications of its protective enchantments means wearing it induces some baser urges.
Despite its skimpy appearance, though, the magic on the armor actually does make it far more protective than it should be. Even at its weakest, it is still as protective as a full suit of leather covering the entire body, but it grows more powerful if worn by a virgin and if the wearer gives in to their enhanced passions. Fully powered and worn by a virgin, it protects their entire body like a full suit of layered steel plates, rivaling a suit of plate mail. Even the way it entices people seems to grow in intensity with the protective ward, turning it from merely skimpy to incredibly captivating at a glance.
If you'd like, you could also take an unmodified version of the armor instead. This version looks and protects you much the same, aside from some filigree detailing, but it pains the corrupted who touch it instead of increasing the wearer's lust and libido.

Canopy of Thorns [200, discount Drop-In]
One of the main dangers of camping out in the wastelands of Mareth is simply how exposed it leaves oneself. Traps set on the ground can only do so much against imps and other demons flying overhead. That's where this magically-created tree comes in, providing a canopy of thorns that both hides the camp from aerial view and keeps away imps.
A product of combined alchemy and the tremendous arcane power of a large shard of lethicite, the tree itself is thick-trunked and covered in thorny vines. It reaches thirty feet in the air before thousands of thorny branches start radiating outwards and intertwining to form a thick mesh of barbed vines that prevents any access from above. At the very edges the vines even curve back down to provide further defensibility to whatever location it protects.
If you wish, you could have this already set up at a location of your choice at the start of each jump, or instead save the alchemically-treated lethicite to find a good spot to hole up first. Should you pick the latter, the tree will grow to its full size within minutes after it is planted, the trunk almost shooting out of the earth. It needs no sustenance, drawing all it needs from its magical nature and able to survive in the most corrupted and dry soil.

Hummus [400, discount Drop-In]
This blob of cheesy-looking hummus doesn't look that clean, and you really don't remember where you got it from. It looks bland. So bland that you feel blander just by looking at it. While not the most appetizing thing, with a taste that's incredibly bland with a slight hint of cheese, this replenishing supply of barely edible foodstuff does have an effect that may be of particular interest to someone who has to live in Mareth with its many transformations.
Once someone eats the stuff, the world will twist around them slightly, returning them to whatever would be the natural state of their original species. Whether they were twisted by demonic magic or corruption, an overuse of transformatives, or through some other method

doesn’t matter overly much. Whatever the cause, the hummus will return them to the baseline of their original species. Something that may be a detriment as well, as it also returns the eater’s physical attributes and even mental acuity to the average.

Bizarre Bazaar [400, discount Drop-In]
A travelling bazaar, with brightly colored wagons that can be expanded and deployed as small, self-contained structures. Once they’ve picked out a good spot to settle for a while, the huge wagons will be set up in a ring around a central clearing, a tall picket fence erected around the wagons to keep out those who aren’t ready for the wonders of the bazaar yet.
A massive bonfire will be set up in the center, with tiny wheeled food stalls and tents popping up all across the clearing as the fence’s guarded gate is opened to the public. Before long the ground there will be hard-packed by hundreds of hooves, paws, and feet walking over it.
This is the Bizarre Bazaar, catering to all who are able to accept its wonders. A tenuous peace holds sway here, allowing even demons to walk around and mingle with its other visitors and visit the various stalls and establishments on wheels. Or maybe it’s an offshoot caravan with a similar attitude to who is allowed to enter and join the bazaar.
Either way, you seem to be in charge of this whole mess now. At least nominally, since it’s a pretty loose group. Mainly this means you get to decide where to set up shop, and you get to make exceptions about who is allowed into the bazaar, if you’d like to shock a puritan with its curious wonders or ban someone who offended you from the bazaar entirely.
Oh, and of course, one can’t forget the discounts you get everywhere. From the food stalls with 'marshmallows' and other such Marethian delights, all the way to the clothing shops and erotic massage parlors amongst the great wagons ringing everything else.

Portal of Champions [600, discount Drop-In]
While it’s almost impossible to leave Mareth, it’s incredibly easy to get to. Even besides the use of plane-shifting magic, there are many portals scattered across the world. Most of which lead only to Mareth, not out of it. You’ve managed to find and claim one of these, a stable portal leading from some other world to here. Perhaps you even came out of it?
Regardless of how you came about it, this particular portal is nestled within a tall rock formation, where it swirls and flares with demonic light. Most of the time that’s all it does, providing a menacing ambiance to the surroundings with its purple-pink glow.
Once a year however, the portal opens up to allow one being to step forth from whatever realm it is connected with. And so every year, the portal will spit out a human calling themselves the "champion" of the village they hail from. Each of them will be under the impression that they are journeying to the demon realm to guarantee the safety of their friends and family. Each of them will be ill-equipped and ill-prepared for this task.
Stepping through a tainted magical construct like this portal also leaves these would-be champions dazed and flushed with unnatural arousal. In most cases, they even pass out from the vertigo, if only for a short time. What you do with them beyond that point is up to you, though there usually is a bottle of lust draft lying around…
Alternatively, should you leave these champions to get their bearings and wander the land, they will quickly grow from their humble beginnings to become truly worthy of their titles. Each of them will have the potential to become a mighty force for change in the world, a singular champion who could shift the course of history on their own. As long as they do not fall before

they get to that point, by your hand or another's. And beware that their efforts will not *necessarily* turn out for the better, as they are no less corruptible than any other.

North Star Key [600, discount Drop-In]
An ancient magical artifact, in the shape of a small crystal windup key. Within its clear frame are swirling green and red mists, glowing brightly as they swim endlessly through the key's curves at a variety of velocities. It is the key to giving life to the lifeless, and when used for this purpose it can bestow animation, will, and even a soul upon the inanimate.
But though its magic is powerful, it is not infinite, and a soul sparked by it will eventually wind down. Moving their body less and less, until eventually they cease to move at all and become a lifeless construct once again. Luckily, the time this takes to happen can be measured, not in mere years or decades, but in the rise and crumbling of mountains.
Along with the key itself, you will also get a knightly set of tin armor, hollow but more like a doll than armor meant for protection. A hole is set square in the construct's back, perfectly fit for the key, and if you used it to wind up the tin soldier, it would come to life immediately, the hollow gloom of its interior filled with magical, obsidian fog and two glowing dots of gold.
If desired, this newborn knight could also temporarily leave its body, allowing its essence to flow out of its visor and float around as a gaseous ebony cloud, much like a ghost.
More importantly, from the moment it is born, this soldier will love you unconditionally and from the very bottom of its heart. Just make sure to keep the key around and accessible for you to wind it up again, when the time comes and the magic starts to falter.

<u>Pure Native:</u>

Good Gear [100, free Pure Native]
You won't get very far in the wilds of Mareth without some protection and a way to defend yourself. For most people, that means armor and a weapon. You've gotten your hands on a well-crafted set of the former. It's up to you whether that means a full suit of steel platemail, something a little lighter like flexible leather armor, or just something like a chainmail bikini. Along with that, you get a weapon forged by an experienced Tel'Adre blacksmith. Or at least, someone about as good as them. The specifics are your choice, perhaps a halberd like the guards use, a warhammer for the particularly strong, or a spiked metal gauntlet. If you'd like, you could also swap this steel weapon out to instead take a bow of similar quality instead, or even a basic staff. None of what you get here is magical, but good steel will get you far.

Contraceptive Herbs [100, free Pure Native]
These consist of a replenishing store of strange, crumpled leaves along with two containers of separate brown and pink pills. While the container of herbs is unlabelled, the pill containers are marked with the words: "Tnangerp rof knip, nerrab rof nworb."
The leaves are birth control herbs to avoid unwanted pregnancies, and eating one of the odd leaves after having sex is guaranteed to prevent any pregnancy, no matter the virility of their partner, as long as the leaf is eaten before or relatively shortly afterwards. At least before conception. Eating a leaf on a regular basis also allows for a bit more of a lasting effect...
But if you'd like a more long-term solution, the stores of dual medicines offer another and much simpler option for a lasting protection from pregnancy. Swallowing one of the brown pills

renders one unable to bear children or be impregnated entirely, though it doesn't do anything about any existing pregnancies. This leaves them permanently barren regardless of their normal fertility, at least until a pink pill is taken to cancel the effect.

Crystal Pendant [200, discount Pure Native]
A magical amulet on a string, this pendant is used primarily by the guards of Tel'Adre and its covenant of mages. With a bit of focus and a touch, one can use it to sense how corrupt someone is. A necessary precaution considering the city's main defense is the veil of concealment and illusion preventing the demons from finding its location.
When used on the pure, those who have yet to experience the demonic taint of the land, the crystal will shine with a pale white light. As the hold of corruption grows deeper, that white light will gradually grow duller and turn red, the crystal beginning to twirl in place. Eventually it will turn entirely and dangerously black, vibrating and spinning in the air when it reacts to one at the precipice of damnation. While this is most useful for detecting the demonic taint, the crystal is used to detect corruption in general and could be tuned to other kinds.

Milk Bath [200, discount Pure Native]
Wandering around this world is a dangerous and tiring experience, something that can easily leave people feeling all dirty and sullied from the corrupted monsters they encountered. But clean water has grown rare with the corruption of the lake and the demons' magic preventing any rain. The solution to this problem is quite simple; bathing instead in the plentiful sheep's milk produced by villages such as Owca.
Acquired from one such village, you're now the proud owner of an enormous circular container acting as a bathtub, full of hot steaming milk. It never seems to go bad, being continually refreshed with fresh milk for your use, though you could empty it to fill with a different kind of milk (or even water) if you were so inclined. The sheep's milk itself has curing properties, and is particularly ideal for purging brave demon fighters from any taint they may have caught, if you were inclined to wash them (or yourself) clean.

Alchemical Armors [200, discount Pure Native]
Alchemy can be used for more than just potions and creams, as these sets of alchemically created armor illustrate quite well. A collection of four, each different in make and looks.
First, a suit of green interlocking plates, still a little spongy but amazingly resilient. Created from green slime gel that was hardened and molded to fit your form, this light armor is only slightly less protective than scale mail and optionally comes in a semi-transparent version.
Second, a suit made from giant bee chitin, plates shining like black steel with accents and embroidery of yellow chitin, and even a yellow fur neck lining. This suit is easily as protective as a set of full plate armor, despite the lack of pants aside from knee-high boots. Instead, it comes with a silken loincloth as well as stockings and garters. It may look a little lewd.
The third and fourth are both made from tough spider-silk acquired from spider-morphs.
For the magically inclined there is a long, flowing robe of softened silk that glitters brightly with its pearl-white threads. Gold embroidery around the borders of the hood and sleeves is laid out in intricate, arcane patterns to aid in spellcasting, and despite the softness of the garment, it is still tougher than many much heavier suits of armor.
If, on the other hand, you're more interested in pure protection, the other use of this tough spidersilk skips many of the steps used to soften the material. The result is a glittering white

suit of armor, nearly identical to a set of light platemail, if not for the slight give to its surface instead of cold metal. More protective than any steel armor, most blows would simply bounce off that spongy surface harmlessly. It does lack a solid codpiece, but a thin loincloth of leftover silks still provides some protection and modesty.

Storefront [400, discount Pure Native]
If you're going to live in this land, you'll need a way to support yourself. And while some people manage to eke an existence in the wilds, for most people that involves getting a job. Fortunately, you are now the proud owner of a business of your own. Whether that involves taking advantage of your craftsmanship by selling your work in a workshop, or running something like a gym, is up to you. Whatever you choose though, you'll find yourself starting off with everything you need to get this place rolling. If you decide to run something like a smithy or bakery, you won't find goods already piled up, but you will find quality equipment and raw ingredients just waiting for you to take a crack at them. While if you decide to run something like a bar instead, you'll just find brand-new equipment and furniture in there.
The only thing you're still missing is customers, and those will be pouring in pretty quickly due to a quirk of your new place. Interested people just seem to find their way to you by chance and circumstance, even if your beauty salon is hidden in the mountains or your store specializes exclusively in selling something as specific as enchanted cocksocks. And if you have a history here in Mareth (or in other lands you take it to), you could even start off with an already excellent reputation. Just need to live up to it then.

Marae's Pure Pearl [400, discount Pure Native]
A pearl from the very depths of the lake, infused with the purity of Marae herself. Aside from being a rare and beautiful gem, this small pearl can be eaten to grant you Marae's aid in resisting the lust and corruption of this land. Swallowing it like a giant pill may be somewhat difficult, but provides a cool calming sensation that springs up from your core.
This purity blessing allows you to keep corruption, libido, and lust at bay for much longer than you could before, but this is the least of the pearl's uses. Perhaps more impressively, it might be used to rescue the goddess' wayward children instead. Should you offer it to one whose mind has been damaged with drugs, rape, or corruption instead of swallowing it yourself, the pearl could burn away the pollution and restore their mind.
Even those so far gone as to have completely forgotten their past and their own names might be brought back to focus and sanity this way. Just about the only thing it can't do is restore a soul already lost, though even granting sanity to one broken into demonhood might still be a worthwhile endeavour in some cases. Whomever you use it on, you'll find that after such a selfless use the pearl soon shows up again in your pack or nearby, accompanied by a warm, soothing breeze that puts your mind at ease for a few moments.

Hidden City [600, discount Pure Native]
A great walled city, protected by sandstone walls at least fifty feet tall, a huge wooden gate, and powerful magic wards. You are now in charge of both the city and its people, looked up to as their leader and the one making the important decisions.
One of the last bastions of civilization left in Mareth, this city is a reminder of normalcy and Mareth as it was before the demons came. Yet even here their presence is felt, as much of the city is left deserted by people who tried to assist other settlements and fell with them. Still, it is

a refuge to those who can find their way here. And, depending on your wishes, it could be set just about anywhere, not just in the desert like Tel'Adre. It could even be Tel'Adre itself if you wanted to take the desert city along.
Regardless, much like its sister city, it is ultimately the veil of concealment and illusion that provides its main defense. Despite the great walls and the well-trained guards, any direct confrontation with the demons would doom the city. Instead the wards hide the city within a veil of illusion, preventing it from being found while the guards deal with any stray demons.
These wards are maintained by the efforts of a covenant of mages dedicated to upholding them, based in a central tower within the city and now reporting directly to you. At least in as much as they *have* anything to report about their continued meditations and spells. The most they can do for you under normal circumstances is continually updating the wards to include or exclude whatever people or groups you decide to allow into or bar from the city. Doing much more would strain their ability to keep up the protective shield over the city.
Still, if roused from their protective seclusion, this covenant of mages could collectively prove powerful enough to tip the scales in a battle between the gods themselves. It would just come at the cost of leaving their city unprotected while they are so distracted.

Cane of the Wild Hunt [600, discount Pure Native]
A thick cane of shiny, black wood. The symbol of the Erlking, and now yours. The cane fortifies you against the rigors of this land while on your person, greatly enhancing your strength and keeping corruption from your mind. If you'd like, it can also grant a red glow to your eyes, darken your hair, and let you grow into an imposing, ominous figure.
These are only the most basic of its abilities though, for it can also call forth supernatural fog, bone-chillingly cold and mind-bending to hide you and cause fear in those you hunt. Further, it can transform the willing into hounds to hunt besides you. Powerful and obedient dog-men that benefit from the cane's effects as well, these hunting hounds are black-furred with burning red eyes. Lastly, it enhances the thrill of the hunt for you and, should you get a truly spirited chase in, will further enhance your power at the climax of these hunts.
This may also let you grow massive, golden antlers which glow with inner fire after any such good hunt. Or it could enhance horns you already possess with its golden display.
Just take care not to grow too reliant on it, lest its loss lead to your downfall.

<u>Corrupted Native:</u>

Sex Toys [100, free Corrupted Native]
The most noticeable effect of corruption is the increased libido it is almost always accompanied by. And since you might not always have someone else on hand to relieve your lusts, this collection of toys may help with that. Onaholes, dildos, and self-stimulation belts both common and deluxe, custom made in all shapes and sizes you could want. From a standard single-piece dildo, to a large and floppy one that produces aphrodisiacs, and variants that use intricate clockworks to vibrate. There's even specialized aids for people with different body structures, like fake mares and poles for centaurs.
Besides these mundane examples, there's also some enchanted fare here. Belts that cover the wearer in a layer of temporary and pulsing latex, strapons that allow the wearer to feel through them and produce actual cum, and more. But most curious of all are the organic

'items' serving as toys. Hybrid animal-plant creatures that feed upon semen, belt-like creatures that clamp down to grow and organic dildos to rub and fuck their wearer, even the occasional arm-sized squirming tentacle. These are not for the delicate, as the experience of using them is often quite overwhelming.

Lust Weapons [100, free Corrupted Native]
Sometimes seducing your opponents in the midst of battle may not be the best idea, or you might require a weapon of your own to turn aside their blows and supplement your teasing caressing. Luckily there's quite a variety of weaponry that are meant to arouse as much as hurt when they land a hit. Some could even be useful in a serious capacity... though most are simply more enjoyable for their libidous wielders to use, like the leather riding crops.
You may pick one such weapon to take for yourself, made specifically to your tastes and enchanted with a minor, but arousing, magic to help seduce the reluctant. Perhaps a blade enchanted to always be covered in a light aphrodisiac to arouse with every cut, a whip that seems to literally radiate with lust, or a light bow that covers its arrows in aphrodisiacs. Whatever you choose, it will be easy to use this weapon without harming your opponent too much, leaving them pained and aroused but not too wounded to have fun with.

Wizard's Accoutrements [200, discount Corrupted Native]
Far be it from a proper mage to use a mundane weapon. Instead, they rely on staves inscribed with arcane marks and other implements of a similar nature to enhance their spellcasting further. You've gotten your hands on a particularly good focus, perhaps a great whitewood staff sizzling with magic or a crystal orb infused with the arcane, which can greatly enhance the effects of your spells while you are holding it.
If you'd prefer, you could also take a weapon like a sword engraved with arcane lines and patterns to serve as a focus, allowing it to serve as a weapon on its own. Though keep in mind that such sorcerer-crafted weapons may not be as sharp as a blade tempered by a skilled blacksmith's hammer, and a dedicated focus may be slightly more powerful.
Aside from the type of focus you want, you have one more choice to make. You could take some simple wizard's robes, which help your spellcasting but provide little to no protection, or you could take a page from the inquisitors of the old human kingdom. Red like dried blood and decorated with elaborate gold trim and embroidery, these hooded robes are far more protective and draw on your lifeforce to power your spells with blood magic enchantments.
If you'd like, you could also take a sexier version of the inquisitor's outfit with a corset and miniskirt, blending in better amongst the corrupt in return for somewhat less protection.

Fetish Piercings [200, discount Corrupted Native]
The favourite tools of a certain omnibus, this collection of piercings features a dazzling amount of variety. A seemingly endless array of different types, made of a variety of metals, studded with a variety of gemstones, and enchanted with a variety of different effects.
For the most part, these enchantments make it easy to put them on people without the hassle of a normal piercing and inflict the wearer with one of many fetishes. Exhibitionism and bondage are the most common, but in this collection you'll find piercings that grant just about any fetish you could think of and most certainly every kind you are interested in giving to your pets. On top of those, there are a few piercings with different enchantments, mostly designed

to play well with the fetish-granting ones. Piercings that make it impossible for the victim to raise a hand in anger, or that force them to think of and call themselves 'pet'.
Moreover, even if your pets found a way to remove the piercings, the damage is already done when they are put in. Removing the piercings doesn't release them from the artificial fetishes imposed on them, but you could clear their heads yourself if you wanted to.

Cocksocks [200, discount Corrupted Native]
No, not slaves. You'll find those in the next section. Clothing, if you can call these small pieces of fabric that, with patterns and specially sewn to accentuate every sweet curve and throbbing vein on their wearer's erection, all while still exposing the most sensitive bits.
You've got a staggering variety of materials, sizes, colours, and shapes with this. Basic woolen ones to keep warm, thin lacey ones to show off, ones with sewn-in cockrings… Along with a surprising amount of enchanted ones, with a variety of penis-related effects ranging from letting it grow faster, preventing it from growing too big, or hastening natural healing into a sort of lustful regeneration. At the high end, you've got such oddities as a gilded cock-sock that converts excess cum into gemstones and strangely-shaped ones made with magic channeled down from the stars themselves.
As a little bonus, this supply of vivid fabrics comes with something extra. Notes on a simple little spell that'll ensure the socks won't won't slip or slide. No matter what, they'll remain in place until you use the equally simple counterspell. The spell will even keep the material clean and repaired, so you won't have to keep washing and stitching them back together.
If you'd like, you could also exchange these for more feminine lingerie. Though they still won't conceal much in favor of showing off, it *would* change the enchantments to better suit the new garments. Perhaps boosting or inhibiting breast-enlarging transformations.

Hellish Factory [400, discount Corrupted Native]
A towering iron structure belching cloying pink smoke from its tall smokestacks. A bevy of green-tinged copper pipes stem from the rear of the building, climbing up the steep mountainside and disappearing into a hole in its face. High atop the roof sits a huge water tower fed by smaller pipes that run down the building's side and off towards the lake.
This is a demonic factory, constructed for corruption on an industrial scale. There are no windows to it, and only a single iron door adorns the front wall. Here they take humans and once-humans, pump them full of aphrodisiacs, body-altering drugs, and corrupting agents, and then continually milk them of their tainted milk and cum for the rest of their lives. The resulting river of drug-filled sex-juices is used both to wash away the last pockets of purity and to create large quantities of premium goods. From body-altering drugs, to exceptional aphrodisiacs, all the way to concoctions that force people to survive on semen.
As a newly-built facility, this factory doesn't quite have row upon row of human and formerly-human cows to milk just yet. For the moment, you'll have to make do with about half a dozen altered dickgirls mercifully eager to please, to obey, and especially to be milked. You'll have to supply additional cow-sluts yourself if you want to meet demonic production quotas, perhaps sourced from some of Mareth's portals, but even without doing so you'll have a sizable stream of pink-tinted corrupt chemicals to do with as you please.
Regardless of what you decide to do with it, you've got a simple but comfortable office for yourself as the new overseer of the factory. Set one floor above the main chamber, it provides an excellent view of the 'factory floor' through a glass wall. Your new position also comes with

a loyal and beautiful, if a little air-headed, succubus secretary to man the reception desk and handle any *other* tasks you'd require of a secretary.

Corrupted Garden [400, discount Corrupted Native]
The flora of this world may not have souls to lose (barring some exceptions), but that certainly doesn't mean they can't be corrupted. There's an entire classification of 'Violation Plants' that'll happily try to breed with any humans or such they catch, from massive shambling horrors to small plant-animal hybrids that attach themselves to people. And that's not even mentioning the efforts of the demons, creating writhing gardens of tentacles and corrupted glades with plant-life closely resembling genitalia. Most dangerous of all are the flowers that would fill the glade of the corrupt goddess Fera, incredibly vibrant and beautiful with hypnotically changing patterns and wondrously sweet aromas. Only occasionally marked by obvious corruption, but all a sensory-overloading trap that leads to a lifetime of orgasms at the hands of predatory plants for any creature that wanders into the glade.
With this purchase, you'll get all you need to start your own expansive garden. Seeds, cuttings, some young potted plants, instructions on how to take care of such plants, even some notes on the creation of animal-plant hybrids and how to corrupt existing plant-life. Whether you'd like writhing bushes of tentacles, beautifully flowering pussies, insidiously sweet floral flytraps, parasitic vines that fuse themself to their victims, or shambling tentacle beasts that could actually hold a conversation… you'll have it all. Some (most) of them might just need to be watered by something other than normal water.

Mountain Stronghold [600, discount Corrupted Native]
The seat of your power, from where you can plot your plans for this world and be attended by your slaves and serfs in the great throne room at its center. It need not be a *fortress* specifically and could just as easily be a hidden cave or a great tower. But regardless of the particulars of its construction, it is the perfect place to raise and house an army, serving as an excellent staging ground for your (possibly demonic) horde to sweep across the land.
Securely hidden from any enemies, it's difficult to even find this place without having a map or something similar to guide people to the entrance. Despite that, it still provides easy access to yourself and your followers, allowing you to quickly send forth a veritable flood of soldiers if you so wished. Speaking of, while you'll have to provide the army yourself, the stronghold does come with impressive defenses of its own. Whether those are in the form of powerful defenders who will loyally defend the place from intruders, things like enchanted statues and a garden of tentacle beasts, or a mixture of both is up to you. Either way, these will be a worthy challenge to any enterprising, lone champions trying to infiltrate the citadel, but will likely not be able to stand up to any actual armies on their own.
Lastly, there are expansive dungeons built under or within the stronghold, perfectly set up to hold prisoners and slaves. If you wanted to raise an army, house a slave harem, or corrupt so many you could snack on lethicite like it was popcorn, these dungeons will provide most of the tools you would need. While inescapable for all but the most powerful, at least without any outside help, their real main feature is the way the cells are set up to either facilitate and speed the rapid breeding of an entire army using breeding slaves, or to break and train your captives with incredible pleasure. Besides the obvious trappings of a sex dungeon, these dungeons are packed with an entire stock of goblin-made potions, several collections worth of bondage gear,

and a variety of enchantments on the restraints, tools, and the cells themselves to help you with both of those goals in equal measure.

Divine Lethicite [600, discount Corrupted Native]
Normal lethicite is rare, as the gemstones are only produced when a mortal becomes a demon, cumming their soul out to crystallize as a purplish gem. Combine that with the fact that it's every demon's favourite treat and power boost, and it's rare to see any such stone.
This large stone though, this is something different. Something more. The crystallized soul of a goddess, this giant pink gem is far larger and more potent than 'normal' lethicite. Where other crystals would be bite-sized, easily swallowed whole or crunched between a demon's teeth, this one is closer to the size of a watermelon and darkly radiant with power besides.
Even if you broke it in three by its crystal protrusions, wasting smaller shards that break off and evaporate, each chunk would still be larger than other crystals and contain enough energy to reshape bodies with little more than a command, instantly grow a large thorny tree to cover an extensive campsite with its canopy, or give a demon who consumed the piece the equivalent of several souls worth of power. If you decided to keep it in one piece though, using the entire thing for one purpose… it could certainly bring changes.
Enchanters might use it to power a golem that could threaten even the demon queen indefinitely, mages or even gods could spend its energy to work massive spells that would ordinarily be far beyond even them. And of course, this is the ultimate prize to a demon, as one who got their hands on a crystal like this could have the entire world at their feet.

COMPANIONS:

Companion Import [50/300]
You can import an existing companion here for **50cp** each, granting them an origin with all its free perks and items, as well as appropriate discounts. They also receive a budget of 600cp with which to purchase further perks and items, but cannot take companions themselves. Alternatively, you could pay **300cp** to import a full set of eight companions at reduced cost, with the same benefits. Either way, you could also use this option to create one or more new companions with the same pricing and budget.

Canon Companions [50]
Of course, you might instead want to bring someone from here along to other worlds. With this you can either pick someone specific and be guaranteed to meet them under favourable conditions at least a few times, though ultimately convincing them to come along is still up to you, or you could simply leave a slot open for anyone you might come to like enough.
In the latter case, you might not want to advertise too openly the fact that you have a way out of Mareth. There are a great many unscrupulous people who have been looking for that.

Champion of Ingnam [100]
Each year, the small village of Ingnam sends a champion through a nearby portal to the Demon Realm, so as to guarantee the safety of their friends and family. Sadly, these

"champions" are more like sacrifices sold out by the village elders. Whenever they are sent through, unarmed and unarmored, a demon will already be waiting to pick them up.
This year, however, the village elders chose poorly. Disoriented by the portal's lustful energies, and drugged with lust draft, this latest champion managed to resist and pummel the imp that had been waiting for them into fleeing. Instead of a sacrificial lamb, a wolf has been sent through the portal this year. And then they met you.
Fresh from the portal into Mareth, they know nothing of this world beyond the danger the demons could pose to their own village. Underequipped and with little prior training, they'll have to work their way up to pose any credible threat to the demons. It's up to you whether you want to help them with that or just want to corrupt them yourself.
Either way, they do have one advantage over other human youths. They're just bursting at the seams with potential, learning and adapting at a ridiculous rate. Given the chance, they could become a warrior powerful enough to tear down the demons' strongholds before the next champion is even sent through. Or take to other pursuits with similar ease, particularly if you decided to train them into a perfect pet for your own purposes… They might even end up providing the key to allow demons to have children other than imps, if taken by one?
If you'd prefer a bit more focus to their unbound talent, you could purchase perks and items for them with a standard budget of 600cp. While they won't start with these, their talent will be focused on whatever you picked for them. This guarantees they'll pick those purchases up pretty quickly and means they'll have an even easier time developing along similar lines, at the cost of somewhat lowering their affinity for any other paths.

Goblin Alchemist [100]
A goblin who upon meeting you immediately determined you to be her perfect stud and started following you around like a lovesick puppy. And if you happen to be fully female or even neuter? Don't worry, she has potions for that! And to increase virility, stamina, libido, and fertility. That's not even getting into the variety of aphrodisiacs she can make, all so you can spawn a sea of green shortstacks together. Pretty please?
She'll teach her daughters (and she *will* have her daughters) to love you unconditionally too, wanting to give you lots of beautiful sluts to fuck. But if you'd prefer not to, she'll be willing to help coach them in accepting you don't want to breed them as well. It might be a somewhat hard sell, considering goblin instincts. Either way, she will take on her daughters as assistant alchemists and get a big operation running once their numbers start getting large enough. They could potentially even start making alchemical concoctions not specifically geared to help you put more babies into her, if you really wanted them to do so (and maybe if you bribed her by knocking her up again in return). She actually is a rather brilliant alchemist, aside from the goblin fixation on pregnancy, and her daughters inherit enough of that talent to greatly speed production, if not devise new concoctions themselves.
All her daughters will count as followers, coming with their mother's companion slot. They don't gain any perks from their mother being imported, but do gain the benefits of hereditary abilities if she gains any from an import.

Minotaur Queen [100]
Possessing a body that combines a vision of curves and ripe sexuality with a nonetheless powerful and amazonian physique, this imposing warrior woman stands over seven feet tall.

She’s at least part cow, with upraised horns and a long flicking tail, as well as obviously mountainous and egregiously supple breasts, which leak milk when she wishes them to. Aside from her brute strength, she received the training of an amazon princess before she ever entered Mareth, in exile for reasons she never deigns to clarify. Whatever her reasons may be, she has since put her skill to good use by cutting down her opponents with a massive, deadly-looking axe too heavy and too large for most people to wield properly.
Largely eschewing armor in favor of more mobile barbarian-like outfits or a variety of golden accessories and jewelry, she’s still incredibly durable on her own. A trait that seems to be carried in her milk as well, since drinking it restores wounds taken, though it does leave one somewhat aroused and more vulnerable to seduction. The latter might be intentional on her part, if it isn’t simply a byproduct of the transformatives she took to gain her cow-like traits. She does, after all, also have a fondness for golden, honey-based lipstick similar to that used by the harpies of the high mountains. Then again, perhaps the aphrodisiac drug-laced lipstick is merely one part of ploy to dominate the minotaurs she’s declared herself queen over. The minotaurs themselves value strength and, left to her own devices, she might actually manage to unite some tribes into her own makeshift kingdom. For the moment though, she's just looking to join up with a fellow dimensional traveller. Maybe if you proved your strength she'd be interested in creating a powerful new race together.

Pet Hellhound [100]
Large and muscular, this demonic hound is easily distinguished from other dog-morphs by his twin heads placed side-by-side, the visible fires burning in his eyes and mouths, his thick black fur, and of course his large and menacing claws. As all hellhounds, he’s comfortable both walking on two legs for normal life, and running on all fours when out hunting.
While hellhounds are most known for their ability to breath corrupt red hellfires that arouse instead of burn their prey, they also possess the ability to link their minds to powerful corrupted beings, most notably the hellhound master responsible for the creation of these creatures. Without this connection, hellhounds are little more than feral beasts, but with it they can draw on their master’s mind to think and often gain the power to speak.
This hound’s mental connection latched onto your mind instead, allowing you to guide his thoughts and control his consciousness to a degree. Calling him to you from a considerable distance and speaking with him telepathically are the least of the powers this link grants, with speech granted to him being a close second, and the other abilities he, and you, might gain from this symbiosis being determined by the sharpness of your own mind.
Still, even beyond the absolute obedience enforced by this bond, he is eager to be helpful to you in gratitude for helping clear his head. Primarily by hunting for you or helping you hunt, to be fair, but drawing on your mind does mean that he’s likely to pick up some of your own peculiarities and tastes over time. Though he’s still more likely to beg you to go on a walk through the mountains than to join you in arcane research. Even so, sharing some of your own skills with him through your connection certainly isn’t out of the question, allowing him to join you in your tasks with similar expertise when needed.

Dryad Attendant [100]
A gift from Marae, a daughter of the goddess herself. She is intended to serve as your personal attendant, but the state of this land means she could be either corrupted or pure. Starting as a leafy green shoot springing up from the soil near whatever home you have here,

she will grow quickly to become a beautiful flower, then a small tree, and finally a mighty ancient-looking tree as the top half of a humanoid form emerges to greet you.
Should she be corrupted, the leaves of her tree will have their undersides covered in pulsing purple veins, tentacles will hide within the foliage, and her flower will look obscene and serve as a pussy. Her humanoid form will have gnarled, branch-like horns and black sclera to go with her pale jade skin and dark green hair, resembling a succubus in green.
If she is still pure despite the corrupted soil she sprang forth from, every one of her leaves will instead be particularly vibrant, bright green with life and color. The flowers growing from her will be similarly vibrant, filling the air around with sweet, fresh scents as she very slowly beats back the corruption surrounding her tree. Her dryad form will be lither, lacking the horns, and her eyes will be radiant with intelligence, compassion, and warmth. Almost the spitting image of her mother, excepting their colorations.
Either way, she is a powerful, direct offshoot of Marae, with bark as strong as any armor and magic empowered by the very land itself. There are still limits to her power though, as her plant-based magic is not nearly as mighty as her mother's and she won't be able to leave her tree for the first few years. Despite this, her status as a demigoddess means she might be a *littl*e prideful, especially if she's corrupted. But surely you can deal with that?

Omnibus Mage [100]
The initial pitch for demonhood was immortality and immense magical power all in one. Certainly, a lot of demons immediately lost themselves in the ensuing debauchery, but not everyone focused entirely on sex. A savant of black magic, the loss of this bespectacled omnibus' soul seemingly changed little more than her now gorgeous body. Still as reclusive and focused on the art of black magic as she was before her eager dive into corruption, she's kept herself secluded from demonic society ever since the fall of their kingdom.
The heightened libido and arcane power of her demonic body has only fueled her drive towards self-improvement, ever trying to make herself better, stronger, faster. Normally she'd have told you to get off her lawn like the demons who tried, but she took an interest in you. And if her libido might be calling the shots on that decision a bit more than she pretends, well, that just means more emotion to fuel her spellcraft with, no? Nevermind that she has decades of sexual frustration just waiting to burst free. She'd never do something as undignified as asking her fellow demons for help with that, and hasn't had the *time* to find herself a fucktoy otherwise. Besides, even with the loss of her conscience, the idea of capturing a slave and forcing them into it seemed… unappealing.
It's not nearly as fun if they don't *want* to be there, after all. But if you decide to put on that collar she conspicuously leaves laying around her workshop… Well, that's another matter. She'd be happier than an incubus at a convent, and you'd quickly find that her talent for domination is perhaps even greater than that for the arcane arts. But if you're not interested in indulging her craving, she'd also be willing to aid you with her impressive array of magic in return for the chance to examine you or otherwise further her research.

Overprotective Mouse [100]
A survivor from one of the many villages ravaged by the demons, this mouse-morph is just very happy to be in good company again. The fact that you were the first friendly person he met after fleeing from a demonic horde might explain why he's so protective of you, worrying about your safety whenever you leave whatever home you've got.

His time wandering and fighting demons alone has taught him much, hardening him against the rigors of this world. His wiry, mousey body might not be a match for a Minotaur in a straight fight, no matter how well-trained, but he's sturdier than you'd expect and has mastered some tricks of white magic to even the playing field. One of those tricks is the ability to shield someone with his magic, taking any damage they would suffer in their place. Something he insists on protecting you with whenever the two of you end up in a fight.
Even outside of battle, he tends to fuss over you, making sure you're comfortable and well-protected at all times. Whether that's making sure you're dressed appropriately for the (non-existent) weather, keeping your armor in good condition, or even insisting on putting his skills to work cooking a healthy dinner for you when you get back.
If you need *anything*, he's there for you. And if you're going out into the wastes, he'll insist he should come along, even if you can clearly handle yourself. He just wants you to stay safe. Partly out of perhaps justified paranoia and protectivess, and partly because of an incredibly poorly-hidden crush. It would be incredibly easy to tease him with that, the mouse already gets flustered when the mere idea of romance comes up, but at the same time he'd like nothing more than to have his affection reciprocated.

Dragon Egg [100]
Found within a hidden and warded cave, this egg is perhaps the last of its kind, as corruption and strange magic caused the young and unborn of Mareth's great dragons to turn into little deformed creatures called Kobolds. The egg contains the last healthy dragon to be born, requiring a small ritual to awaken from magical stasis and a sharing of essence to hatch.
The accompanying notes are a little vague on what exactly that entails, but considering the world you find yourself in, it's not hard to guess. What might come as a surprise is that any such fluids poured on it are quickly absorbed into the egg's surface. By using various fluids or potions, you could somewhat shape the form of the dragon that will be hatched from it.
By default, they will be hatched as a suitable mate of the opposite sex to you (or a fellow hermaphrodite if you happen to be one), thanks to the essence shared with it. Depending on what other items you soak the egg with, that may be changed. Some items could even influence their level of corruption. Though even altered, the shared essence will still cause them to be naturally attracted to you. Should nothing else change, their appearance will be a humanoid shape covered in reptilian scales. Standing taller than any human and adorned with huge draconic wings, a pair of long, ebony-black horns, and a lashing tail.
Regardless of what they end up hatching as, some things will remain constant. They are born fully grown, already knowing their name and much of the old dragons, though they know nothing of the current state of Mareth. And while they lack any kind of training, their natural draconic might makes them a mighty opponent even without that. This natural strength is further supported by dragonfire, and may be the root of their arrogance.

Maiden of Light [100]
An elven priestess who happened to tumble out of a portal right when you had the good fortune of being there. She is slender and soft, looking no older than a twenty year old girl, with the characteristically long and pointed ears typical of elves.
Having spent most of her life in quiet seclusion with the Order of Light, a monastic order of elven maidens dedicated to peaceful meditation and simple prayer, she has been trained in the arts of war and white magic. Though she has no real experience with combat.

Striving to follow her order's edicts of helpfulness and chastity, she is always ready to help those in need despite personal costs and tries to control any lust through her meditation.
But her secluded upbringing has made her almost painfully naive, being particularly unprepared for a place like Mareth. Upon hearing a description of the world, and the unlikeliness of a return to her own, she quickly asked to travel with you for security.
While she may not be able to help her sisters continue the quest that brought her to the portal she came from, she reasons she might at least be able to help the people here. Accordingly, she'll urge you to help her fight the corrupted and the demons, to attempt to halt their deviance and protect the innocent. Non-lethally, of course, as taking a life is a terrible sacrilege and prevents her from preaching to and attempting to purify these wayward souls.
She also may or may not be hiding something very large in those heavy robes of hers, but they might just be extra loose to hide her figure and preserve her modesty.

Mirror Fangirl [100]
Well, less a girl and more a shapeshifting demon. But one who decided your body was the greatest thing ever when they caught sight of you, and quickly transformed themselves into a clone of yourself. If you'd like, they could even do you the courtesy of making a few small adjustments to the 'template', turning themselves into more of an opposite sexed twin of you instead of a direct (only slightly sluttier) copy. You might also note small horns peeking out.
Aside from their talent at shapeshifting and imitation, they're actually pretty powerful, though the infatuation with you means they're bending all their demonic magic to the purpose of imitating your own abilities and even gear. Depending on the specifics and how much this taxes her, these mirrored approximations might be more or less accurate.
Needless to say, their fascination is not just limited to your look, and they'll even try to style their actions and personality after yourself. Their soulless lack of a conscience is not much of an obstacle to that, the drive to resemble you taking its place. On the other hand, the admiration for you is itself a bigger problem. They'll often end up breaking character in their excitement to cheer you on or squeal at something you did or said. No matter how much they try to copy you, they're still just overly excited to follow your lead and fangirl all over you.
Another thing to consider is that your double is not as used to your body as you are, which leaves them incredibly easy for you to take advantage of. A benefit of knowing all their sensitive spots better than they do, and a consequence of them never quite growing used to the foreign senses copied from you. Maybe also a bit of that fangirl devotion.

Demonic Familiar [100]
One of the big benefits of demonhood is the magical power gained from the transformation, and the ability to gain further power by consuming lethicite. Even such puny and weak creatures as imps naturally have an affinity for the use of black magic.
Yet for many of the surviving mortal mages, increased power isn't worth going through mind breaking ecstacy and losing their soul. Despite this though, there might be another way for you to access the arcane power of demons, without joining them yourself.
The key lies with this particular demon, by all appearances a puny and unremarkable creature. A short, little ball of unrestrained lust and ego, primarily distinguished by the ease with which you captured it. Perhaps an imp spawned by a greater demon, or bratty little succubus that might've once been a goblin or some such. If they ever had a soul, they definitely weren't able

to keep a hold of their lethicite. Still, they have relatively strong magic compared to most mortals and could conceivably grow in power… if you allowed it.
An enchanted leather collar with an one-way snap mechanism worn around their neck both signifies their new station as your personal (sex?) slave, and simultaneously acts as a conduit for you to siphon from their magical ability and direct it into your own spells.
There are of course some side effects to this process. If you were to continually draw on this to maintain a large, constant ward for example, it would drain your new familiar's energy and vitality until you stopped doing so. On a more interesting (for them) note, drawing on their magic for black magic is almost guaranteed to backfire as it interrupts the flow of power in their body. While it certainly doesn't prevent you from casting such spells, it does mean they will end up flooding with magical arousal with every black magic spell you cast.

Ice Spirit [100]
Mareth's seasons are mostly insubstantial, but it does get colder during the winter, allowing for the abrupt appearance of small, localized patches of snowfall. And allowing the possibility of building snowmen (or snowwomen, if you add an extra two balls of snow), assuming you can find a carrot, some sticks, and either coal or gems for the eyes.
After you build one, it disappeared the next day, leaving nothing but jolly laughter and jingling bells in the distance… and a pale blue shape right where it used to stand. Mostly humanoid and matching the gender of the snowman you build, with literally snow-white hair, glittering skin covered in frost, and either coal black or shining, vibrant purple eyes.
As they excitedly explain, they're an ice spirit, explaining the cold of their body and their ability to call forth small flurries of fresh snow. When winter rolls around, and snow falls, they get sent out to random people around the world. It's their duty to help out in any way... especially sexually. This being their first time out, you're now their first master or mistress.
Not native to Mareth itself, they come from a hidden realm of icy cliffs, perpetual cold, and an immense factory making toys. They will be forced to return there when the weather heats back up again, their frosty body melting away as the winter season ends. Luckily, your personal ice spirit enjoys their time with you enough to request for them to be sent back to you each year. Perhaps in a colder climate, or if you had some other way of keeping them cool, they could stay with you for longer than a few months each year.

Goo Armor [100]
This goo-girl, composed of a viscous blue goop and clad in shining plate mail, is somewhat different from most of her kind. Aside from the obvious armor, she's a lot more human than they usually are, being able to talk normally and having formed real (though goopy) legs
A result of early experiments in the creation of goo-creatures, she was an adventurer before the demons got a hold of her. Nowadays she's mostly displeased at the loss of strength accompanying her changed body. It's hard to punch someone while your arms are quite literally goop, and it makes fighting or adventuring effectively very difficult. She finally got a lucky break when she ran into you, suggesting you team up as an adventuring duo.
Not just fighting together, but wearing her (and her plate) as armor, keeping you snug and safe within her wet and squishy embrace. Being squashed flat against the inside of her armor doesn't bother her a bit and this way any bits of you not protected by the armor, mostly your joints, are securely clad in squishy goo. The goo's even got healing properties, which can be taken full advantage of with the close contact involved in this arrangement. Further, with the

way she’s encased your loins, she would also be able to provide mid-battle… relief, if necessary. She does survive on such fluids now.
If you think you’ve got something better than a suit of heavy plate mail, you can also bring in a suit of your own for her to occupy. Even if there’s no gaps where she would shield parts of you in whatever you bring in, having a goo-girl to serve as a squishy undersuit beneath the armor still helps a lot with absorbing the blunt force of any blows you take.

Errant Cum Witch [100]
With ebony skin so dark it's hard to make out her features, a pendulous pair of breasts, and platinum-white hair, this tall witch certainly cuts a striking figure. But perhaps her most eye-catching feature is her large and quite literally hypnotic cock. Previously the resident cum witch of a large coven of sand witches, she was exiled when she was discovered to be hypnotizing her sand witch sisters. In hindsight, even she admits she overreached by trying that on the coven’s Sand Mother. It wasn’t the best idea she ever had.
But not to worry, she assured you she wouldn't do that to you. No, you're falling in love with her cum all on your own. After all, would someone with a cock that gorgeous lie to you?
Aside from her talents in hypnosis and brainwashing, her focus lies mostly in sexualized magic and fertility enhancement. And she does have more time for research and studying now that she’s on her own. Rifling through someone’s memories, shaping bodies, and using her cum to heal are but some of the things her study of spells allows her to do. Granting a 'blessing' of superhuman fertility would be easy enough as an example, though with the way most of her magic involves cum, you’d have to get on your knees for something like that.
Which, honestly, she'll likely try to convince you to do anyway. Along with wearing pretty outfits and much, much more for her. Sure, she might not be corrupted and does retain her sect’s hate of demons... but she still earned her position on account of her nymphomania, and long since got used to an entire coven of women all coming to her for sex and breeding. On that note, she only seems more eager if you happen to be male, relishing the novelty and already imagining a possible transformation.

Kitsune Trio [100]
While kitsune civilization and their patron god might've died with the advent of the demons, these foxy creatures are tricky and magically powerful, continuing to survive deep in the woods. These three sisters in particular live there in an imposing, extravagant mansion.
One blonde, one redhead, and one with black hair. All with stunning looks, ornate tattoos, large fox ears, and six luxuriously soft fox tails each. Friendly but mischievous, they might play some tricks on you, but they’re *mostly* harmless. Aside from their hair colours, the biggest distinction is the futanari cock one of them has… but she can make that recede to leave her looking no different from her sisters, if you wanted her to.
Luring you in with illusions, or a simple invitation to come and play if you see through their tricks, they’re quite eager to have fun together. Exchanging a feast of delicacy, alcohol, and caresses of their fluffy tails in return for a feast of cum, and small bits of life energy, coaxing more fluids out of you with carefully-applied foxfire. They’d be especially pleased if you had any tentacles for them to play with. The next morning they’ll be gone, along with the mansion and any other sign of the sisters’ presence. The mansion may or may not be an illusion, but the alcohol and the good times are definitely real. And before long, you’ll run right back into a small, pale blue flame beckoning you to follow it back towards the sisters’ mansion.

After a couple of these encounters, you might end up getting invited for more than just an evening's feasting. Or you might wake up and still be there the next morning, instead of lying naked in the wilderness. Especially if you've got a prodigious production of fluids, a tentacle or two, or both. Being a package deal, all three sisters share a single companion slot.

Ant Princess [100]
A small, four-armed ant-morph, with limbs covered in hard chitin and a large insectile abdomen. After saving her from trouble found while she was out looking for a mate, she's chosen you as the potential mate she searched for. Exchanging memories of her large anthill home and her name with a kiss, she left you to find your way there yourself.
Following those visions to find the ants' dark cave, you'll be welcomed by the ants' queen and given trials to prove yourself in combat as a worthy mate. Should you win the right to start another colony with the princess, she will be eager to join you wherever you live and get started on that either by digging on her own or by laying eggs, if you let her.
As her mate, you also share a mental connection allowing both of you to pass thoughts and memories between each other. Giving you a rudimentary (at best) awareness of each other most of the time, this link can be intensified to its full potential with a kiss in very intimate situations or when under extreme stress, most notably during sex. A very similar kind of bond naturally connects her with her children, allowing her to direct the workers and allowing them to send specific feelings back to her when they encounter unusual situations.
Because her race only ever produces a few female eggs, the vast majority of these children will be male warriors and workers helping to mine deeper into the ground, with any eventual daughters destined to one day depart and start their own colonies.
You can take the entire colony along with her, the anthill with its network of caves itself and all her children, who will come along as followers sharing their mother's companion slot.

Incognito Gorgon? [100]
A curious-looking lizan, being a tall, thin, and grey-green reptilian woman with iridescent red tentacles sprouting on her head where hair or a feather crest would otherwise be. The large beret worn over them only partially restrains the wriggling, stinger-covered tendrils most of the time, but serves well enough to hide her tentacle hair when necessary.
While she insists in a peculiar accent 'zat' she is, in fact, a foreign subspecies of lizan called a gorgon, the stylish protective shades she is always wearing could clue one in about the truth and the reason for her caution. Being a rare female basilisk, she's had to fashion for herself a "cunning" disguise to stay out of the demons' influence, having fled her mountain 'ome when ze deal that doomed ze rest of her race to demonic servitude was made.
Between her paralysing gaze and numbing tentacles, people who figure that out usually end up left behind in a ditch somewhere, motionless and painfully aroused by the venom-stings. Wiz you though... zere is a certain 'je ne sais quoi' about you, leading 'er to trust you.
Though if you happen to be into zat, she is still more zan willing to do ze paralyzing sing, just without the 'left in a ditch' part? More to ze point, as a female of a race now under a demonic curse to be all-male, she's one of ze few remaining 'opes for the basilisks to get out from under zeir demon masters. Though she's personally more interested in acquiring support to start a basilisk résistance zan she is in simply bearing clutches of eggs, even if she found a suitable donor. But ze résistance is a difficult sing to start, especially wiz ze uzzer basilisks

firmly under ze demon's thumbs and always exposed to ze corruption. Per'aps, you could 'elp her with zat? Or simply 'elp to find uzzer allies for ze cause. Vive la révolution.

Sphinx Incubus [100]
What has the upper body of an incubus, the lower body of a lion, and the wings of an eagle? This huge, demonic sphinx is adorned with jewelry, possessing the body of a horned adonis atop a powerful leonine body with a quartet of strong legs ending in sharp claws. Massive wings grown from his lower body easily span over a dozen feet across when spread.
Luckily, he's more interested in riddles and gems than tearing you apart, either literally or sexually. That's not to say he's not interested in sex, he *is* still a demon after all. But he can't resist any opportunity for a good riddling contest, and loves wealth beyond measure.
Still, self-indulgent to a fault, he's decided that hanging around you makes for pretty great entertainment. It's almost as if you're set up to be walking amusement for someone, so he might as well take advantage of that. Besides, if you can answer his riddles and especially if you manage the unlikely feat of posing some he hasn't heard yet, he might even help you out with whatever problems you have. Of course, if you end up losing his riddling contests, well, you'd have to appease him with offerings of gems or surrender your body.
Still, being somewhere between forty and eight-hundred years old (he's unwilling to be more specific), he's acquired a wealth of experience along with actual gemstone wealth. Between his massively powerful body, demonically-enhanced magic, and shrewd mercantile mind, there's very little he couldn't be of use with as long as you can deal with him.

FOLLOWERS:

These groups are treated as followers rather than companions and do not take up any companion slots by default. However, you may later choose to import them somewhere either individually or as a group, which permanently makes them into full companions.

Followers, Lovers, Slaves [200]
A world like Mareth offers ample opportunity to acquire an entire harem of lovers for yourself, and even more opportunities to capture a harem of slaves if you happen to be of a more corrupted bent. Either way, a harem like that couldn't be abandoned. It would be a tragedy to do so, especially if they have grown dependent on your continued presence.
With this purchase you'll be able to take as many of the inhabitants along as are willing (or are unable to refuse, in the case of any slaves) to join you on your journey.

Demon Horde [100]
A gang of twenty demons of various kinds, enough to terrorize a village or form a tribe of independents roaming Mareth's wastes and desert. Imps, incubi, and succubi of all sizes and colors with many and varied corruptions across the group. There's demonic high heels, twisting horns, swinging cocks, and bouncing breasts of all shapes and sizes. Perhaps even the odd bull's head or a tentacle dick used as a kind of belt by its owner.

This group splintered off from Lethice's armies, renegades loyal to you instead of the demon queen and are now at your full disposal. They might not be terribly special as far as demons go, but they're unusually loyal enough that they would likely follow at a distance even if you told them to leave, unwilling to abandon you to fend for yourself.
Apart from that, just about the only order they wouldn't follow if you gave it is to stop having sex, as it is their nature to do so. There might also be some grumbling about upholding their reputation if you told them to behave, but ultimately your wishes come first.
If you'd prefer a more uniform group, you could change the composition of this demonic band to whatever you prefer on purchase. Just in case you'd rather have something like a horde just full of imps, a harem of succubi, or a gang of incubi. Additionally, you may add more demons to the group in exchange for an extra **50cp** cost per ten demons added.

Fetish Cult [100]
A congregation of twenty human-looking cultists, most often clad in bizarre religious outfits and robes with holes over their naughty bits. Though 'most often' doesn't say too much, as their primary magic trick allows them to shift and twist their clothes into whatever they want. Mostly they use it to swap between a variety of strange, whorish outfits and to indulge in a variety of roleplay scenarios. Besides that, most have retained enough skill in black magic to be able to fill people's minds with a blur of every sexual perversion imaginable.
Seeing you as a high priest or living (sex) god to obey in all things, they would blindly soak up whatever you preached to them. But for the most part, they've lost their grasp on sanity entirely, filling that void with religious devotion and pure perversion. Still, if you pointed them in a particular direction and told them to get to it, they'd happily and surprisingly competently spread their gospel of unholy debauchery and lust. Though without your explicit direction, they'll often get lost in nonsensical prayers or a religiously lewd fervor. Or just sex.
The ratio of men and women among this cult is entirely up to you. Additionally, you may add more members to the cult in exchange for an extra **50cp** cost per ten cultists added.

Harpy Flock [100]
A brood of twenty harpies, covered in down but remarkably human in appearance aside from their large eyes, obvious feathery arms, taloned legs, and large wings sprouting from their backs. Even their "hair" is actually a mass of long, downy feathers hanging down.
They are also fond of gold-tinted lip gloss, which functions as a powerful, delayed aphrodisiac to keep male partners on edge for hours. It also serves as a minor magical focus, turning spoken commands into compulsions by focusing magic through their lips.
Already incredibly lazy about anything aside from seeing to their bodies' needs even before the demons' rise, the quick corruption of their all-female species didn't have much effect on the harpies themselves, aside from further heightening their libido and fertility.
This particular flock seems to have decided that hanging around you is their best ticket to easy food and mating, following you around and roosting close to wherever you live.
If you'd prefer a more martial group, you could pay **50cp** to upgrade this flock to a platoon of phoenixes. The result of a cross between harpy and salamander, these phoenixes look like tall, muscular hermaphrodites with crimson wings, scaled feet, and long fiery tails. Likely the most professional fighting units in Mareth, they are trained to fight in a tight-knit shield wall with tower-shields, scimitars, and heavy chainmail. Additionally, you may add more harpies to the flock in exchange for an extra **50cp** cost per ten harpies added.

Sand Witches [100]
Oddities in this land, sand witches appear to be totally human. At least as long as their simple robes continue to conceal their four big breasts. Fled from the fallen city of human mages set in the mountains before they were turned into demons, they've been preparing to fight them ever since, using black magic to change their bodies and increase their fertility.
This particular group of twenty witches follows you now, possibly because you seem like their best shot at accomplishing their goals. All of these spellcasters are gorgeously tanned with lustrous, blonde hair, but there's more than enough variety in facial features, hair style, hips, and even breast size (though they are all gifted there) to distinguish them.
Their magic is mostly concerned with lactation and milk, primarily meant to heal and change others' bodies to be more like themselves, though their battle magics afford them incredibly precise control over sand and stone. Besides these direct abilities they also have some skill in enchanting objects, and the distilling of corruption-purifying ambrosia.
If you'd like, you could pay an extra **50cp** to add a number of cum witches to the coven as well, who trade the second row of breasts for incredibly virile male endowments and whose magic is far more focused on fertility. Additionally, you may add more sand witches to the coven in exchange for an extra **50cp** cost per ten witches added.

Bovine Tribe [100]
A tribe of twenty minotaurs, these mountain-dwelling bull-men are some of the largest, strongest, and toughest creatures around. While they're usually thought of as dumb brutes, they mainly just give off that impression because the emphasis they put on self-reliance, strength, and sex leads them to prefer overpowering people over social niceties and scavenging over creating things themselves. This particular tribe has been cowed by your strength, now following your wishes and doing whatever you command them to.
Being an all-male species, their seed completely overrides the mother's race, with any pregnancies resulting in pureblooded minotaurs. In addition, their cum has powerful drug-like chemicals in it, both an addictive narcotic and potent enough that just being close enough to a pent-up minotaur to smell it can be overwhelmingly arousing.
If you'd like, you could freely exchange any number of the minotaurs in this tribe for Lacta Bovines, or cow-girls. Far less brutish and generally more benign, these all-female cows are just as corrupted. While their milk does strengthen the drinker, it also allows the cowgirls to control them, weakens their seed to ensure only cowgirl offspring, and eventually subjects them to fatal withdrawal within a few days if they stop nursing. Alternatively, you could also fill this tribe with the rarer minitaurs, smaller human-sized minotaurs that trade the muscular builds of normal minotaurs for something more curvy. Lastly, you may add more bovines to the tribe in exchange for an extra **50cp** cost per ten cows added.

DRAWBACKS:

If you need more points to pay for everything above, you can get some extra here. You may take as many drawbacks as you like, or can stomach.

Champion Jumper [+0]
If you'd prefer being the star of the show, you can take this option and become the latest Champion of Ingnam yourself, freshly stumbled out of the portal with a smug imp standing over you. Hopefully you'll be the one to actually put an end to the demonic corruption around you, instead of ending up like all the previous "champions"
Your race is set to a pure human at the start, and your purchases in this jump will be a mix of things you could've picked up back in Ingnam and things you'll very quickly acquire now that you're in Mareth proper. After the jump, you can still take whatever race or hybrid of races you chose or paid for, in addition to whatever you end up being after a decade here.

Silly Mode [+0]
Mareth can be a strange place at the best of times, but if you've got the sense of humor to appreciate a little bit of extra silliness, you can add a little extra spice. Crazy, nonsensical, and possibly hilarious things may occur as a result of this choice, adding both strange anomalies and fractures in the fourth wall to the world.

Modded Mareth [+0]
Of course silliness is not the only thing you might want to add, with a variety of additions and mods that could change your experience. A great many things might be added to Mareth because of this, even entire new areas and species, which might add to the richness of the world... or make less sense depending on what you choose to add with this option.
Regardless of the specific mods you decide to add, this doesn't change anything you gain in this jump document, only the world you're entering.

CoC 2: The Fuckening [+0]
Something went a little pear-shaped and instead of appearing in Mareth, you appear on the world of Savarra a year later than planned, just after Kasyrra's entrance. A world not yet broken by demons, but scarred by things that may be far worse. And now under threat by Mareth's own demons. Are you going to help corrupt this world, or fight against her?
This is only an option as long as there's no dedicated jump for CoC 2. Once there is one, disregard this and just use that jump document.

New Arrival [+100, incompatible with Champion Jumper]
Mareth gets more than its fair share of extradimensional visitors, with how many portals open up into it and how few ways there are to leave. While normally you'd be more prepared for this land than most of those, this drawback puts you on even footing with any clueless new arrival. You start out with none of the purchases you made in perks, items, companions, or followers. The only new thing you get to start with when you enter Mareth is your race. Over the course of your ten years here, you'll grow and acquire the other purchases made in this jump. At the end of the jump you'll have them in full, but in the meantime you might want to be careful.

Obviously Corrupted [+100]
It might be the horns, an aura around you, or just your bad attitude, but you won't be welcome in civil company. For whatever reason, you give off the impression that you are thoroughly corrupted regardless of whether that's correct or not. Even magical probes and scans all seem to support the idea that you are all but lost to the darkness of this land.
If you were planning to make friends amongst what remains of the pure inhabitants of Mareth, you're going to have a hard time convincing them you're not one or two steps away from turning into a demon. And it won't get much easier even if you *are* actually as corrupted as this makes you seem, as no amount of shapeshifting or attempting to look innocent will fool people into thinking you're anything but a corrupted creature of some sort.

Corruptible [+100]
You can say goodbye to whatever resistance or immunity to corruption you might have had, as you are now about as susceptible as the average human. That is to say, very much so and more so than most of Mareth's native races. You'll have to carefully avoid the worst parts of this place, if you don't want it getting to you. First in dreams and gradual changes in your personality and thoughts, then, well... Even the brightest hero could end up little better than a demon. Or a demon in truth, if they let themselves fall to it. So perhaps finding some way to clear your mind and body of its twisting influence would be a wise decision? Maybe take up daily meditation sessions, try to get your hands on a supply of corruption-decreasing items to regularly snack on, or find a rarity like a cleansing spring to live by.

Cum Drunk [+100]
Your body has the tolerance of a fairy, at least when it comes to cum. Even small amounts of it can leave you woozy, and the way you handle girlcum isn't any better, getting you stoned as if it were a drug. More than a gulp or so will quickly leave you very drunk, or marveling at the bright colours depending, and might leave you nursing a hangover the next morning if you get too messed up. But the worst part might not even be that, or the inability to walk in a straight line, or the way it makes you hungry, but the fact that it also leaves you feeling more sensitive and horny. It's something one could easily get hooked on, if not handled carefully.

Minimum Lust [+100]
While there's a general increase in libido amongst the people of this world with how things have become, most at least get the luxury of calming down and continuing their day after they relieve the tension they build up. Not you though, as even when you're just recovering from a good orgasm, you would still be aroused and needy. If perhaps not debilitatingly so.
More than likely this is the result of a demon's magic, keeping you from ever being truly satisfied no matter the extremes you go to. Or you might just be a natural nymphomaniac. Either way, you're kept constantly aroused. While this does make you more vulnerable to teasing approaches in fights and such, at least you'll always be up for some fun.

Monster Magnet [+100]
Now, let it never be said Mareth is a terribly safe place. Even in the least dangerous and populated places a would-be explorer is liable to run into corrupted creatures like scouting imps, or goblins with a "throw aphrodisiacs first, ask questions when pregnant" attitude.

You seem to have particularly horrid luck though. Any time you leave the relative safety of a village, city, or similar protected place, you can't help but stumble your way right into hostile denizens of the wilds lost to corruption. Even if these creatures would originally be willing to let someone go unmolested, you'll end up accidentally provoking them. You might simply look particularly fun to that demon, or that goblin might think you seem like a good stud to catch, or maybe you just tripped and stepped on that naga's tail. Oops?

No Masturbation [+100]
There's a lot of forms this could take. Perhaps you're a ghost who needs to possess people to feel physical pleasure, perhaps you're a centaur who can't reach that far back, or maybe your genitals have simply become too numb for your hands to cut it for some reason.
Regardless, you can't masturbate or blow off steam on your own. You could certainly try when you get aroused enough to need some relief, but all your efforts will only serve to make you more pent up. The closest you could get on your own is just helplessly aroused, teetering right on the brink of orgasm. To actually get off you need someone else to push you over that edge. Certainly a problem, in a land where fights are almost as often decided by teasing your opponents into submission as they are through physical force.

Ceraph's Attentions [+100/+200/+300]
A favourite trick of a certain omnibus, your mind has been afflicted by one or more powerful, supernatural fetishes. Whether you actually have one of the accompanying piercings doesn't really matter, as either way these fetishes are permanently ingrained into your mind. Each of them you take on individually gets you **+100**, to a full total of **+300 cp**.
First is a fetish for exhibitionism. Being exposed and humiliated makes you hornier than a dog in heat, forever linking nudity and humiliation with desire and lust. You'll have to get used to a bit more arousal whenever you're exposed in public. Even trying to tease an opponent in the middle of a heated battle will result in you getting excited as well.
Second is a fetish for heavy bondage. Fantasies of being tied down and fucked, of being restrained and helpless, distract you and leave you terribly aroused. With your body aching to be turned into a lovingly bound pet, it's hard to resist your excitement at being pinned down or wrapped up by coils or a whip even when you're in a serious fight.
Lastly is perhaps not so much a fetish as a straight up curse. One of submission, preventing you from ever raising a hand in anger again. Slapping, punching, striking with a weapon… you can forget all of them, and if you want to win any fights, you'll have to get more creative. Teasing your enemies into submission might work, but would be difficult when you get off on exposing yourself and fantasize about being tied down by those very same enemies.

Imp Breeder [+200]
Whether or not you're actually a demon, you share one of their biggest weaknesses: The inability to create new souls. Just as soulless creatures are incapable of creating new souls, so too are you unable to. All you can create is raw, unhinged id and ego in the form of imps.
All your children, whether sired or carried yourself will end up as vicious little bundles of carnality and insatiable lust, instead of souled creatures or even proper demons. Wretched little imps, with none of their parents' strengths and knowing nothing but their own desires.

Theoretically, you could sidestep this issue by creating creatures directly with magic or other means instead of going through a normal pregnancy. But even if you have the power to do something like that, you can still only create soulless, demonic versions of these.

Scylla Diet [+200]
You have some new dietary requirements. Thanks to a curse or demonic alchemy, most types of food and drink taste like ash to you now, while even the finest wines might as well be salt water for all the enjoyment and nourishment you get from it. There's just one thing that isn't affected by this: sexual fluids, which your body is now capable of surviving on.
In fact, it isn't just capable of it, it now *requires* you to gulp down a steady supply of cum to carry on without starving yourself of the nutrients you'll need to carry on. Even if you tried to sate your hunger with other foods, or if you didn't actually need any food before, you'd find your hunger steadily growing and your body gradually weakening.

Worms [+200]
You've had a few encounters with mountain-dwelling parasitic worms. These slimy things seem to have taken a liking to you, and have permanently taken up residence in your body. If you've got a cock, they've slithered in there and made themselves at home in your balls or prostate. Even if you happen to be female, they've managed to adapt in the same way to live in your womb despite their usual preference for male hosts.
You'll be stuck with them wriggling around inside your body, constantly heightening your arousal so they can spread to more hosts. Needless to say, most people are going to be disgusted by a crotch that's squirming as much as yours, especially with the way the slimy things keep slipping part way out to taste the air. Unfortunately, even if you manage to purge the infection, you'll soon find yourself re-infested even if you avoid the mountains.

Don't Eat Everything You Find [+200]
It's good advice in this world. Sadly, you can't seem to follow it. Whether because of absent-mindedness, curiosity, just plain not having anything else to eat, or any combination of those three, you'll end up swallowing down just about every transformative item you come across. They seem to take well to your body too, transforming you with the same ease as they do most non-natives. There's a reason few of them still look entirely human.
You'll spend your time transforming into a lot of different things while you're here, but at least you can somewhat influence what you end up as next. Either by going out looking for specific items, or just biting the bullet and grabbing the next thing to chow down on from your pack. Better the peppers whose effects you know than whatever that potion will do, right?
Mercifully, the big warning labels on bimbo liqueur and bro brew at least let you hold back on guzzling those down. Though you may want to store them securely away just in case.

Pure Maiden [+200]
A jumper should be as chaste as a true champion! A perfectly modest maiden, yet still full of erotic energy to overwhelm their enemies with. Or at least, that's the sentiment you will be forced to uphold for your time in this world. You have to guard your chastity well, and maintain your virginity for your entire stay in this world of unrestrained lusts.
As soon as someone tears through your hymen or takes your cock, you will fail this jump as surely and immediately as if you'd died. That said, servicing people with your mouth, chest, or

ass is still alright as long as no "actual" sex is involved. Perhaps that might provide you with one option to distract the more aggressive natives from your virginity?

Poisontail Curse [+200]
By now, you should have gotten the message that making deals with demons is generally a bad idea and not something you should try. Nevertheless, you made the foolish decision to buy a pill from one of their kind and likely regretted it ever since. Oh, sure. It did work as advertised initially, increasing the size of your cock (or your breasts, if you prefer).
The problem is that it never *stopped* growing, even long after the laughing demon made off with their payment. The only way you can shrink it back down to normal for a time, is to orgasm in someone's poop-deck (or have someone do the same to you if you went with the breasts variant). Better do so regularly, or you'll have a lot of trouble finding someone willing and able to take your size (or difficulty walking around to find someone if its your breasts).

Addiction [+200]
You are an addict. The specifics can vary, perhaps you keep going back to the mountains because you *need* more thick, hot minotaur cum. Maybe you've found a really nice cowgirl to suckle on every day, enjoying her delicious milk. Maybe you just had a bit too much fun with an aphrodisiac-spewing sex toy. Or, just maybe, you started drinking away your sorrows with alcohol in whatever bar you could find. Pick your poison.
The important part is that you can stop anytime you want. Really. Honest. So yeah, you're just a *little* dependent, and maybe you wanted to stop already, but it's so good and you need to have more… No, it's going to be a long, hard road to recovery if you want to kick this habit. Withdrawal is going to hit you hard, and even just seriously trying to quit will require some willpower. It'd be so much easier to just give in, get what you need and feel so relieved and happy. Maybe finding a support group would help?

Divine Curse [+200/+300]
For once, this curse is not a demonic one. Instead it is laid upon you by a magician who followed Marae's teachings. Considering you to be too grave a danger to be allowed to roam free, they cursed you into the form of a cat. Luckily, your power proved too great to be contained with this and the spell partially broke. You now have the form of a jaguar, and if you exert your will and focus on it, you can temporarily take a bipedal form.
But as nice as it might be to regain the use of your hands, the curse is still powerful enough to steal your ability to speak, rendering you mute aside from catlike growls. Moreover, the magic numbs your genitals and dull whatever pleasure you might receive, a constant annoyance if you were looking forward to feeling any but the roughest sexual acts.
If you prefer, you could take this for **+300 cp** instead of the normal **+200**, and have the curse work as it was originally intended. You'd become an ordinary cat, retaining your mind but restricting your physical and magical abilities to that of a housecat. Needless to say you won't be able to fight anything like this, aside from maybe a fairy who flew too low.

Bath-filling Endowment [+300]
There's being productive, and then there's going overboard. Whether through magic or alchemy your breasts, or balls if preferred, are oversized enough that either the weight forces you to crawl around or the size of them means they drag around the floor. Without your hands

holding them up, or some other kind of support, they just kind of pin you to the floor. Moving around quickly is pretty much out of the question like this. Perhaps a wheelbarrow wouldn't be a bad thing to acquire, if you can find one?
Of course the size is only half the problem. You'll need to be milked frequently, and that over productive deluge needs to go somewhere. You might want to get someone to help milk you on a regular basis, or even keep a succubus around to drain you every few hours. And even if you got your hands on some with your lack of mobility, transformatives that would reduce this have little to no effect at this point, and certainly no permanent effects.
But on the bright side, you'll be able to fill an entire pool with this stuff on your own. Would make for some interesting pool parties if you could get yourself a big enough bowl.

Revenge of the Imps [+300]
You've been drugged by a vile poison, once brewed by demon lords to topple heroes without risking noble combat. Nowadays it's mostly used by imps for revenge on their larger enemies. The vile magic of the poison saps your size and your strength, causing you to regress to about three feet tall if you were a human. If you're a member of a smaller species, you'd get even smaller, with something like a goblin being lucky if they ended up a foot tall.
By now the poison's too far along to be treated, leaving you with no hope of overcoming any attackers and your small body as weak as a child. And not even a particularly strong child. Even a lowly imp would be fully capable of dragging your tiny body off to be enslaved no matter how 'fiercely' you might try and struggle. But at least your mind and your sexual endowments are still fully intact, right? That's gotta count for something.

Bimbo Liqueured/Bro Brewed [+300]
Looks like you got your hands on some weird booze and now you, like, feel really sexy? Also kind of airheaded. Like, dumb as a bag of rocks or maybe something like a dumb bimbo? But hey, it's totally fine. You can still, like, stop the demons or whatever you were planning to do before. You'll just have to show off your sexy bod until they're offering to serve you.
Besides, you're not really *that* stupid. See, you can still count to, like, two? And the number after two! It's just that thinking and paying attention is hard. So okay, maybe you're now an air-headed ditz with nothing between your ears but a hunger for sex and pleasure, but look on the bright side. Sex is so easy and, like, natural to you now. Plus, you feel awesome and ready to have a lot of fun. It's not like you really need to be smart or anything, right?

Demon Target [+300]
Since most of the "champions" sent through the portals really are just near-helpless sacrificial cows, easily captured with a lust draft and the effects of the portal itself, there wasn't much need to send anyone more important than an imp to handle the pickup.
And quite frankly, a confused human wandering around on their own and calling themselves a champion isn't something the demons are particularly concerned about.
Unlike you. Something about you must have caught the attention of the demon queen, because her agents and minions will be hounding you every step of the way in this world. Even some renegade demons and various other corrupted creatures will be hunting after you in hopes of getting leniency for their desertion or failures, earning a reward from the de-facto queen of Mareth, or simply the prestige of being the one to take you down.

Demonic Hordes [+300]
The demons today are a fractured lot, with most of their once-mighty horde broken apart and turned on itself, its members scattered to the winds. What remains is a far cry from the armies that swallowed Mareth and slew the gods themselves. Turns out that unrestrained hedonism and ego might not be a good strategy for maintaining standing armies.
Well, that's what they would've been. Instead, your arrival brings a revival of the demonic armies of the early war, with the creation of new horrors soon to follow. The demon queen has finally been roused from her throne, rallying the demons from every corner of Mareth into a great, hellish army to stomp out every bit of resistance that still remains in this world. Nothing pure will be allowed to remain, and even if you decided to join the "winning" side, you would be forced to submit to Lethice's rule and cruel whims. Many of the demons and the corrupted creatures that serve them would choose death over the punishments she devises for even minor mistakes or defiance in her subordinates.

ENDING:

Once you've survived your ten years in Mareth (hopefully with your body, mind, and soul still mostly intact), you have one last choice to make.

Return: Did you develop homesickness, or do you just want to get back to someplace more familiar after the madness of this realm? The way home beckons.

Stay: Maybe you really liked it here, or maybe you just aren't done purging every bit of corruption from the land. Either way, you can stay here and settle down.

Move On: Or you could simply move onto the next jump, taking everything you bought here with you to a virgin world to despoil. Or possibly save. Maybe both.

NOTES:

For the items and companions based on existing things and people, you can pick and choose whether you'd like them to be the existing ones or additional copies.

Most of the pre-made companions are locked into their genders for various reasons (when it's not left entirely up to you). This ranges from being a mono-gendered species, to being part of a mono-gendered group, or simply needing to be female to be a princess.

The hellhound, omnibus , mouse, kitsune, and spinx could be switched to either if you prefer through. Additionally, it'd be pretty easy to change any of their genders in-setting.

Regarding the Demonhood perk, you **only** lose the spiritual bit that would be called your soul here. It doesn't cause you to lose anything from other jumps. You also don't suffer the usual drawbacks of losing your soul with that perk, in case it wasn't clear enough.

Souls here are a little weird in that they only really support people's empathy and self-control, not their identity or other mental functions. These are instead handled by something called the spirit, essence, or ki that serves as their spiritual aspect.

This still leaves the demons without a conscience, struggling to empathize with others, and with difficulty focusing on long-term plans instead of short term hedonism. Those with great willpower can, however, push past this and continue to act mostly as they did before.

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