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Welcome to the Classroom of the Second-year Official Guidebook
ようこそ実力至上主義の教室へ
2年生編公式ガイドブック
Second List
MF文庫

Classroom of the Elite (Deluxe Version) Jumpchain, Version 1.1
Made by Upper-Tangerine-6639

Your eyes open to the gentle lurch of a ferry slicing across still waters. The air is sterile, the light crisp. Beyond the tinted windows, a pristine shoreline glimmers beneath a summer sun. But something feels... off. The silence isn't peace—it's precision.

You've just arrived at Tokyo Metropolitan Advanced Nurturing High School—an institution that, on the surface, appears to be the crown jewel of Japan's educational system. State-of-the-art facilities. Guaranteed employment or college placement. Full government support. Every student's dream.

But you're not dreaming.

This school doesn't merely test your intelligence, athleticism, or charm. It measures your ability to *manipulate, adapt, and dominate*. In truth, this entire school is a crucible of psychological warfare disguised as an elite academic campus. From the moment students step on campus, every interaction, every test, and every "free time" decision is part of a greater unseen game. You're not here to learn math or literature. You're here to prove you can thrive in a system that quietly rewards deception and punishes naïveté.

The school is divided into four first-year classes—A through D. The letters are not just labels, but active social hierarchies. Students in

Class A are considered the most promising future leaders of Japan, while Class D is where the school dumps its so-called "inferior stock." But the truth is, these rankings are not fixed. Through monthly evaluations, exams, and special events, classes can earn or lose points—resources which determine everything from cafeteria food to living conditions. And yes, classes can climb or fall. Class D can become Class A... and vice versa.

At the center of this system is a cold, calculating philosophy: meritocracy unchained. You earn what you take. And what you take, you must be willing to protect at all costs.

There are no guns here. No monsters. No magic. Just words, silence, favors, and pressure. And yet, students are broken all the same.

The school is your arena, and *you are always being watched*. Every camera, every recorded conversation, every student report builds a portfolio that can be used *for* or *against* you. Even your closest friends might be collecting data... or being used as leverage.

This school has only one true rule: Results matter. Methods don’t.

Need to pass a test you’re unprepared for? Bribe a smarter student with points. Want to crush a rival class? Spread disinformation or seduce their strongest players to your side. Caught cheating? You’ll only be punished if you’re caught *and* outplayed.

Students are given monthly "Private Points" that act as currency. You use them for food, supplies, luxury, or favors. They also

influence social clout—because in this world, *money is power*. A bankrupt class can't function. An indebted student can be easily controlled.

But the true danger isn't the points. It's the Special Exams.

These unique tests are designed not just to measure knowledge, but to create tension and reveal weakness. One might pair you with someone you hate. Another might make you choose whether your class succeeds at the cost of someone's expulsion. Worse still, many of these exams are rigged to be impossible to win *unless* you exploit the rules in ways the school pretends not to notice.

And yet, while everyone is playing this game... someone is *beating it*.

Lurking quietly in Class D is a boy named Kiyotaka Ayanokoji, a genius shaped by a government-run nightmare known as the White Room. Raised without affection, trained in every subject from chess to martial arts to Machiavellian manipulation, he is the product of a program designed to create the perfect human weapon. Emotionless, brilliant, and terrifyingly indifferent, he hides in plain sight, pretending to be average—until he chooses to move. And when he does, the balance of power shatters around him.

You are a player in this same game.

You can challenge him. Ally with him. Expose him. Or become a monster to match him. But know this: in this school, no one is clean. And everyone has something to lose.

Will you rise to Class A and dismantle the school's twisted system from within? Will you build a coalition of misfits to redefine what power means? Or will you disappear into the shadows, orchestrating every fall and every victory from behind a smile?

You've been given one resource to start your journey.

You gain **1,000 CP**.

Spend it wisely.

Choose your Origin. Choose your Perks. Choose your Items. Then step forward.

Because in this school, every relationship is a calculation. And every victory is temporary.

Welcome to the Classroom of the Elite.

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Locations

The school may claim that all students are equal upon entry, but the reality is far more brutal. From the moment you step onto campus, you are assigned to a specific class—your starting point in this carefully manufactured hierarchy. These four classes, labeled A through D, are anything but equal. They are social battlegrounds, reputational cages, and psychological pressure cookers. Where you land will define the shape of your war.

Roll 1d5 to determine your class randomly. Roll a 5, and you may choose any of the four. Alternatively, you may pay **100 CP** to claim your place directly.

1. Class 1-A

You've landed in Class 1-A—the so-called "pinnacle of potential." Here, the lighting is a little sharper, the smiles a little more rehearsed, and the knives behind them far, far sharper. Class 1-A is not just the highest-ranked first-year class—it's a carefully constructed illusion of perfection. Each student here carries the school's hopes, the weight of family expectations, and their own hunger for dominance.

The students of Class A are not merely smart. They are strategic. Political. Some are the elite offspring of wealthy conglomerates, politicians, and academic prodigies. Others climbed their way here through grit and gamesmanship. But make no mistake—your classmates are not here to make friends. They are here to *win*.

If you join this class, expect luxury. Respect. Pressure. Your failures will be amplified. Your victories, politicized. You will be watched constantly—not just by students, but by staff, sponsors, and enemies hoping to catch you slip. You will be treated as elite, but also as a target. Some classmates will try to use you. Others will test you. A few may even try to *break* you if they think you're a threat.

Welcome to Class 1-A. You're at the top of the food chain. Now try surviving there.

2. Class 1-B

You've entered Class 1-B—an environment that, at first glance, feels like a breath of fresh air in an otherwise suffocating institution. Politeness, mutual support, and collaborative spirit seem to define its atmosphere. Class B projects harmony and unity, often regarded as the moral compass of the first-year cohort.

Presiding over this class is Chie Hoshinomiya, their homeroom teacher. She's a puzzling presence—bubbly, informal, and borderline flirtatious with the students. Many write her off as unserious, a ditzy young woman in a professional role. But underneath that persona is someone who knows the system intimately and isn't afraid to play loose with the rules. While not as manipulative as some of her peers, she is not to be underestimated; she subtly directs her students toward actions that benefit the class long-term, often without them realizing they're being guided.

At the head of Class 1-B stands Honami Ichinose.

Honami Ichinose is friendly, inclusive, compassionate, and deeply admired both in and outside her class. Other students see her as a beacon of integrity in a school designed to crush it. She genuinely believes in helping others—whether it's her classmates or students from rival classes. She leads not through manipulation or fear, but through trust and genuine emotional investment.

And yet, that's exactly what makes her dangerous.

Honami is one of the few students who has earned the respect of *every* class. She can walk into rival territory without being treated as a threat, and her reputation often softens hostility where logic alone fails.

But Class B is not without fault.

Their idealism is a double-edged sword. Because they believe in fairness, they often fail to preempt how *unfair* the rest of the school really is. They've underestimated rivals who play dirtier, and have been caught off guard by psychological tricks or political plays they weren't prepared for. In one critical moment, Ichinose's past came back to haunt her—a personal scandal weaponized by rivals to destabilize her leadership.

Being in Class 1-B means being part of something genuine—but also something constantly under siege. You'll have to decide whether to uphold that idealism or begin pushing the class toward a harder, colder edge. Will you strengthen Ichinose's dream of rising without losing your soul? Or will you become the quiet hand behind the curtain, sharpening Class B into something the others should truly *fear*?

Welcome to Class 1-B. You're on the high road. Just know—it's the most exposed path in the game.

3. Class 1-C

Welcome to Class 1-C. If Class 1-A is the throne, and Class 1-B the heart, then this… is the jungle. No rules, no masks—just raw ambition, sharpened teeth, and a brutal pecking order. This class doesn't operate on teamwork or idealism. It operates on *dominance*. The strong lead. The weak follow. And anyone in between gets trampled in the stampede for power.

The first thing you'll notice here is the noise. Laughter that's a little too loud. Arguments that border on physical. A constant tension in the air like a cage of barely leashed dogs. Students talk over each other, undermine each other, and challenge authority almost as a matter of instinct. But despite what it looks like, this isn't chaos without purpose. There *is* a structure—primitive, volatile, and brutal—but real.

And the one who rules this pack is Ryuen Kakeru.

Ryuen is not a genius. He's not polished, respected, or particularly subtle. But what he lacks in traditional intellect, he makes up for in *total control through psychological and physical domination*. He is the alpha, and his rule is absolute. He enforces order not with reason, but with fear. He blackmails students. Beats them down—socially, emotionally, sometimes even physically. Those who obey are rewarded. Those who defy are crushed. Many hate him, but few dare to challenge him openly. Because unlike others in the school, Ryuen doesn't bluff. He *fights*.

And the terrifying part? He gets results.

Under Ryuen's savage leadership, Class 1-C has done more with less than almost any other class. While other groups debate strategies and alliances, Ryuen strikes fast, hard, and without warning. He has no interest in playing fair—and he doesn't care who knows it.

But such power comes at a price.

Class 1-C is *not* united. It's kept in line through intimidation, and that leash grows weaker every time Ryuen bleeds. His methods are effective, but unsustainable. Resentment brews behind forced loyalty. Some students are only waiting for him to slip up. Others fear that their association with his reign will poison their futures. And Ryuen himself? He's obsessed with one thing: crushing anyone who dares to challenge his authority—especially a certain ghostlike figure from Class D who embarrassed him publicly and sent his empire spiraling. That loss shattered his aura of invincibility and exposed his deepest insecurity: the fear that he's just a blunt instrument in a world built for surgeons.

So here you are, Jumper. Thrown into a shark tank where the only law is power. You'll be tested immediately. If you're weak, they'll devour you. If you're strong, they'll either fear you—or try to break you just to prove a point. If you're clever, maybe you'll find the right moment to turn the pack on its king.

4. Class 1-D

Welcome to Class 1-D, the end of the road—or so the school wants you to believe. This is where the failures go. The delinquents. The socially awkward. The ones who talk back to teachers, skip homework, or simply don't shine on paper. When you arrive here, the message is clear: *You're not worth investing in*. You are defective stock, and the school has sorted you accordingly.

But that's a lie. A dangerous one.

Because buried among the loudmouths, loners, and supposed losers are wolves in sheep's clothing—students who don't just survive in this hostile system, but who *thrive* the moment you stop paying attention.

And sitting in the back row, quiet and unreadable, is the most dangerous piece on the board: Kiyotaka Ayanokoji.

He speaks rarely. He doesn't stand out. He scores average marks, shows no leadership, and avoids all responsibility. On the surface, he's forgettable. *But that's by design*. Behind that unassuming mask lies a mind honed in one of the most brutal experiments in human education ever conceived: the White Room, a secret facility run by the government to create the "perfect" human being through unrelenting psychological, physical, and academic pressure. Kiyotaka is its most successful product.

He is not a hero. He does not crave attention. But if he decides you're useful, he'll guide you. If he decides you're a threat, he'll dismantle you. Coldly. Precisely. Without emotion. Most of the time,

he hides in the shadow of others—propping them up, manipulating events, and calculating outcomes long before they unfold.

Yet he’s not alone. This class is filled with outliers.

There’s Suzune Horikita, a stoic and prideful girl desperate to prove herself outside the shadow of her elite older brother. She lacks social grace but carries raw potential and unyielding focus. There’s Kikyo Kushida, the class’s bright, bubbly sweetheart—loved by everyone, trusted by all. But behind her smile is a two-faced schemer with violent mood swings and a pathological need to be adored. There’s even Ike, Sudou, and Yamauchi, loud idiots at first glance, but given the right push—or pressure—they become unpredictable assets in the right hands.

5. Free Choice

The school says it sorts you by merit, test scores, psychological profiles, and potential. But you’ve always been more than just a name on a registry, haven’t you? Sometimes, the system lets something… *slip through*. A shadow between rows of data. A ghost in the archives. Or perhaps, just perhaps, the system never had control over you in the first place.

This is your chance to cheat the sorting hat.

You may freely choose from Class 1-A, 1-B, 1-C, or 1-D—The door is open. No need to roll the dice. You pick the stage you’ll fight on.

But there's more.

You may also choose to step outside the script entirely, crafting your own place in this twisted institution. Maybe you're a transfer student from another elite school, placed wherever your background makes the most ripples. Maybe you're a government observer, planted by the Ministry of Education to secretly assess—or sabotage—the school's true purpose. Perhaps you're an experimental subject from a rival facility, inserted quietly to compare notes with the White Room's "successes." Or you might be something stranger: a student who doesn't appear on any records, a ghost in the data, immune to tracking but subject to suspicion.

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Age & Gender

Every system has its limits, its roles to fill, and its silent expectations. In a place like Advanced Nurturing High School, nothing is accidental—not your name on the roster, not your uniform size, not even the year you're slotted into. Whether you're here to rise, observe, or disrupt, the game begins with the mask you choose… or the one that's been chosen for you.

If you come in as a **Student**—or a **Drop-In** without ties to faculty or administration—you enter the stage at fifteen years old, the standard age for a first-year student in this institution. Freshly drawn into the web of rules and rivalries, you'll wear the same uniform, sleep in the same standardized dorm room, and sit in the same desk rows as dozens of other teenagers—each one with a motive they don't speak aloud. Whether this is your first time in a

teenager’s skin or the fifth time you've been looped into adolescence, the system treats you no differently. The school doesn’t care how old your soul is. It only sees a fifteen-year-old piece of data—ready to be measured, broken, and remade.

Should you instead choose the **Staff** origin, your age reflects the paper trail that legitimizes your position. The system assumes experience, credentials, and some illusion of adulthood. Roll 20 + 1d8 to determine your official age—placing you somewhere between 21 and 28. You’ll be expected to carry authority, whether in the classroom or from the shadows of administration. The students may fear you, ignore you, flirt with you, or try to manipulate you—but they will always see you as a part of the structure they’re trapped in. Be careful how much power you *think* that gives you. Around here, even teachers are pawns in a deeper game.

And then there’s gender—that, at least, is yours to define. You may keep what you had before this Jump, or shift to another identity entirely. This world doesn’t question it. No strange looks, no bureaucratic hiccups, no need to explain. Your identity is accepted as-is, fluid or fixed, and it fits seamlessly into the role you've claimed. In a place where psychological warfare is more relevant than physical dominance, and perception matters more than tradition, who you are is simply another variable—one only you get to write.

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Origins

Choose your background—or lack thereof. Your origin determines how you enter this world, how others perceive you, and what perks are available to you.

All origins receive their 100 CP perk for free, and receive a 50% discount on other perks from their origin.

You may only select one origin.

- **Drop-In**

No one remembers seeing you at orientation. No whispered gossip about your middle school records. No quiet notes passed between rival classes about your strengths or scandals. You appear one morning in uniform, your face blank, your posture neutral, your name printed cleanly on a student ID that *should* mean something—but doesn't.

You are a ghost with paperwork.

Whatever history you're supposed to have—class placement tests, family background, academic scores—it's all there, technically. But press too hard, and the details crumble. Your transfer forms lack a seal. Your listed guardian is unreachable. Your file is incomplete, and yet somehow, the school system lets you exist. You're tolerated, not trusted. Monitored, not embraced. You sit at a desk, take the same exams, eat the same food—but to the others, you are not a peer. You are an *anomaly*.

And in this world, anomalies are dangerous.

You have no allies, no rivals, no baggage. But that also means no safety net. The web of politics that usually keeps students in check doesn’t know where to place you. Some will try to recruit you, sensing untapped potential. Others will test you, thinking you're soft prey. And a few—like those who pull the strings from above—will start asking questions. Because in a school designed to measure, predict, and control, an unknown variable is a threat to the entire system.

You remember nothing of a past life here. No childhood in the city. No middle school classmates who will recognize your face. You are not a lost friend, a secret heir, or a sleeper agent with repressed memories. You are a true outsider, carrying only what your Jumper soul allows—skills, perks, and instincts forged far beyond the walls of this carefully crafted cage.

This could be your greatest weapon.

Where others are burdened by reputations, alliances, or expectations, you have none. You can lie, pretend, rebuild. You can play the fool or the genius. You can slip between class ranks, manipulate staff, or rewrite your image each time you’re seen. There is power in being undefined. But beware—every vacuum invites pressure. If you don’t define yourself, *someone else will*.

So the question becomes: will you rise as a legend born from nowhere, feared precisely because no one can pin you down? Or will you vanish beneath the weight of a system that demands history, pedigree, and proof?

In this game, everyone wears a mask.

Yours just hasn't been chosen yet.

- **Student**

You've always been part of this world. You remember the weight of exams hanging over your childhood like a stormcloud. You remember cram schools, tense family dinners, whispered comparisons to siblings or prodigies, and that unspoken pressure to be *someone*. Now, you've made it—somehow—to the place where the future leaders of Japan are forged and judged.

You are a full-fledged first-year student of Advanced Nurturing High School, and unlike others who arrive here like phantoms, you have roots. A childhood. A public record. A name that has weight, even if only a little. Maybe you clawed your way in from nothing, scraping top scores with sheer desperation. Maybe your last name opened doors long before your effort did. Or maybe you played a quieter game—nudging test scores, slipping bribes, pulling favors—just enough to slip past the gatekeepers.

Whatever the path, you belong here. Officially.

And that means you've been shaped by the same invisible architecture that builds your classmates. The Ministry of Education designed this school not just as a sanctuary for the talented, but as a forge for control. You've heard the stories. Some whispered in student forums, some buried in scandals that vanish by morning. How people change after enrolling. How perfect scores don't always

save you. How some students disappear—quietly, without reason. You've been warned, gently or otherwise, that this place is both a dream and a grinder.

And yet, here you are.

You walk the halls with those who will rule, disrupt, or inherit Japan. You wear the uniform with the full knowledge that every thread binds you to a silent competition. You understand the weight of class rankings, the power of points, and the game hidden beneath every friendly smile. Unlike the others, unlike the outsiders who fumble through their first weeks, *you were built for this*. Or at least, the world expects you to be.

- **Staff [200 CP]**

You’re not supposed to be here.

According to the records, you are. Your file has the required stamps. Your ID grants you access to secure staff lounges, digital archives, and faculty-only elevators. You have an apartment tucked within the campus’s faculty block, a tailored uniform with your name stitched cleanly into the lapel, and a long list of professional certifications. Your coworkers may nod when they see you. Some might shake your hand. But behind their smiles is the quiet, watchful calculation of people who *know how this place works*. And none of them remember hiring you.

That’s because they didn’t.

You were inserted into the faculty roster with Jump-sanctioned paperwork and a backstory convincing enough to fool even the school's bureaucratic eyes. Your resume is airtight—on the surface. But push too far into your “previous appointments” or ask too many questions about your “thesis on educational reform,” and the illusion starts to crack. You are not a real graduate of any Japanese university. You were never a student of any public academic institution. You’re a well-dressed ghost with a desk, a department, and an unclear mission.

What you do with this borrowed authority is entirely up to you.

You may play the part of a teacher—guiding students with sincerity or subtle manipulation, hiding your Jump-born talents behind vague lectures and empty credentials. You might pose as a guidance counselor, peeling back layers of student psychology under the guise of support while charting alliances and betrayals behind the scenes. Perhaps you’re something darker—an internal affairs operative, a spy for the Ministry of Education, a hidden observer planted to test the boundaries of the school’s infamous social experiment.

Your presence creates ripples. Students will quickly recognize something is off, even if they can’t name it. Staff may smile to your face while quietly investigating your background. And higher authorities—those who dwell above the school, in government or hidden research cells—may become aware that someone *unvetted* has slipped into their carefully controlled system.

You have no allies here unless you make them.

But you do have access. To restricted data logs. To confidential meetings. To cameras and point systems and academic algorithms that judge students not by grades, but by potential political influence. You can observe the rise and fall of future powerbrokers up close. You can mentor or manipulate. Protect or expose. Help students subvert the school's agenda—or feed them into it.

Your skills, as a Jumper, are yours to deploy as you see fit. But your cover is thin. Every decision sharpens the blade hanging over your head. Every slip risks drawing attention from entities who consider you not a teacher… but an *error*. And errors, here, are quietly removed.

Still, for as long as your false name is in the registry, you have something no student does: a bird's eye view of the battlefield.

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Perk

General (Undiscounted)

These perks are available to all origins. They are not discounted, but they offer valuable tools to help you navigate this world.

- **Cultural Chameleon (100 CP)**

You don't just *pass*—you *belong*. From the moment you step into an unfamiliar setting, your instincts begin weaving you into the local social fabric with astonishing ease. Be it the rigid, unspoken rules of

a Japanese high school or the quiet power games of an elite corporate boardroom, you slip into rhythm like you were raised there. Your speech adopts the exact cadence and vocabulary expected for your apparent role, and you'll always know when to bow, when to apologize, and when to stay silent. The subtle cues—eye contact length, honorific usage, where to sit in a meeting—become second nature. You'll greet the lunch lady with casual respect and the student council president with faultless deference.

This isn't mimicry, nor is it pretense. It's an unconscious, seamless alignment to your environment's cultural DNA. You can walk into a street gang in Osaka and match their slang and posture within minutes, or sit in a Kyoto tea ceremony and move with the grace of someone trained since childhood. People won't just assume you're local—they'll assume you're *native*. You won't just avoid standing out; you'll actively be invited in, trusted, and accepted.

Whether it's blending into a new classroom, a hypercompetitive club, or even a completely foreign society during future jumps, you are the definition of "when in Rome."

Social camouflage, built-in. Let the world assume you've always been part of it.

- **Acquired Knowledge (100 CP, Repeatable, Upgradable)**

Knowledge is power, but more than that—it is precision, nuance, and control. In a world like this, where intellect is currency and

psychological warfare is commonplace, having even a slight edge in information can be the difference between predator and prey. With this perk, you do not simply study—you *absorb*. Upon taking it, you gain an immediate, intuitive grasp of any single subject, field, or area of study as though you'd completed a rigorous Bachelor's program on the topic. This can be wide-ranging, such as “Philosophy,” “Architecture,” or “Computer Science,” granting you full theoretical and practical competence; or it can be laser-focused—“Nietzsche’s Early Works,” “Brutalist School Design Principles,” or “Social Engineering through App Design”—offering you dense, tailored mastery in exchange for specificity.

The scope of what you can choose is vast. Academic disciplines, niche subfields, obscure historical footnotes, medical specializations, rare scientific models, or even complex fictional systems within media or game worlds (if they exist in your current Jump) are all viable choices. The more you narrow your focus, the more surgical and encyclopedic your insight becomes. You could spend one purchase becoming a broadly-versed economist… or three purchases mastering currency speculation, black-market valuation modeling, and the psychological patterns behind consumer collapse.

Each purchase may be enhanced up to two times. A single upgrade for 100 CP refines your understanding to the level of a PhD graduate at the top of their field. You begin to see through abstractions and illusions, wielding your expertise with natural elegance and precision. You can debate, lecture, design, or

dismantle with ease. A second upgrade for another 100 CP elevates your cognition beyond any known precedent. Your thoughts sharpen into blades, slicing through noise and data with effortless clarity. You perceive invisible frameworks, question the axioms beneath other people's beliefs, and can predict outcomes or design strategies at speeds that border on precognitive.

The effects aren't merely intellectual—they change how you speak, how you teach, how others listen to you. Those with similar interests instinctively recognize your authority. Professors might defer to your commentary. Test administrators may assume their keys are flawed. Whether you quietly dominate written exams or weaponize a few words to unravel a classmate's confidence, your knowledge becomes your greatest tool. But beware—there is a price for standing out too far above the rest. In this school, attention is a double-edged sword, and no one likes a genius unless you know how to play the game.

Take one subject. Or five. Build a tower of knowledge that no one else can climb—or shroud it in mystery and reveal it only when the time is right.

- **Cetacean Lungs (100 CP)**

Your lungs are no longer merely human—they've evolved into something extraordinary. With this perk, you possess respiratory endurance on par with deep-diving marine mammals. One deliberate inhale fills you with enough oxygen to stay submerged or hold your breath for over an hour, and that's assuming you're

moving, thinking, and operating under stress. In absolute stillness, you could easily push far beyond that. You no longer panic when submerged or restrained. You don't black out in thick smoke or hyperventilate during stress drills. You endure.

But there's more than stillness in this upgrade. That stored air isn't just a reserve—it's a weapon. With a single, focused exhalation, you can release the air in a forceful burst powerful enough to launch yourself several meters through liquid, break through fragile barriers, or stagger someone off their feet with a concussive blast of raw breath pressure. It's not enough to smash a wall, but it's more than enough to make someone regret crowding you in a fight—or to propel you out of danger faster than anyone expects.

This perk also grants you a minor but meaningful resistance to airborne contaminants. Smoke, dust, and even low-grade chemical agents take longer to affect you. While others may be coughing, tearing up, or losing consciousness in a gassed room, you can move through it—eyes stinging, lungs burning, but still thinking clearly and holding steady. Cigarettes won't kill you. Tear gas won't incapacitate you. That may not sound like much at first, but in a world where sabotage, psychological warfare, or simple chaos is just part of school life, it could mean the difference between standing and falling.

- **Flawless Appearance (100 CP)**

Your perfection isn't skin-deep—it radiates from every pore, every gesture, every glance. With this perk, your beauty doesn't merely

attract—it commands. Your features exist in a state of constant, effortless harmony, an ideal so striking it bypasses logic and settles into instinct. People notice you before you speak, and when you do, your voice lands like silk over nerves. You don't need to try to be photogenic—every candid shot could make the cover of a magazine. You don't need cosmetics to impress—your skin is already flawless, your scent subtly alluring, and your natural expressions perfectly balanced between mystery and approachability.

No matter the setting—an elite school uniform, gym wear, or casual sleepwear—you give off the impression of someone who was styled by professionals. You wake up without bed hair. You sweat and somehow look better. You could fall in mud and still draw attention. People struggle to make eye contact with you without pausing, double-checking, wondering what it is about you that feels so... *otherworldly*, yet real. You don't come off as artificial or edited—your beauty doesn't threaten, it hypnotizes.

This isn't just about looks—it's social physics. Teachers may unconsciously grade you more favorably. Classmates hesitate before starting conflicts. Strangers are more inclined to trust, defer, or even obsess. Combine this with even a little charm or wit, and you become dangerously influential. You might never need to raise your voice to control a room. You might never need to lie—just let someone project their fantasies onto you.

Of course, attention is a double-edged sword. In a place like this, admiration can breed jealousy, desire can mask resentment, and the spotlight can make it hard to hide. But if you know how to play your cards, this gift can be more than cosmetic—it can be a weapon. One glance, one smile, one perfectly timed step—and the battlefield tilts in your favor before a single word is spoken.

- **Acquired Combat (100 CP, Repeatable, Upgradable)**

There are those who train for years and still fumble in a real fight—and then there's you. With this perk, the knowledge, discipline, and physical refinement of a seasoned martial artist doesn’t come through sweat and blood—it arrives already wired into your body and brain. Choose one martial art or combat discipline, be it a globally respected form like Judo or Muay Thai, a niche but devastating street style like Krav Maga, or a traditional discipline rooted in philosophy and form like Iaido. At the base level, you possess the strength, flexibility, stamina, reaction time, balance, and intuitive combat sense of a world-class athlete specializing in that style. You don’t just know how to move—you move *right*, every time, without needing to think.

This isn't just muscle memory—it’s spatial intelligence, breathing control, environmental awareness, and rhythm. You know how to enter a fight, how to finish one, and, more importantly in this setting, how to *control* one. You can subdue a classmate in a hallway scuffle without leaving a bruise, or quietly deflect an attack so that it looks accidental. You become the kind of fighter who doesn’t need

to boast or intimidate. Those who know what they’re looking at will recognize the danger in your stance and your silence.

Upgrading this perk sharpens that edge to something terrifying. The first upgrade makes you undeniably elite—not just at the top of your field, but beyond it. The world's current champions become laughably predictable. Their habits, their stances, their tells—they might as well be choreographed. You move before they do. You hit before they realize they're open. You can dismantle entire strategies mid-fight, turning opponents into confused amateurs with a few devastating motions. You could win a televised match in seconds or turn a gym spar into a masterclass in humiliation.

The second upgrade breaks the ceiling. Your movements become mythic, flowing like water through concrete. You read feints before they finish, adapt to new weapons on the fly, and invent counter-techniques that have no name. A single palm strike might knock someone out clean. A throw could send someone airborne and have it look accidental. You can fight entire groups without wasting motion, and you begin to treat combat not as violence, but as language—something you speak fluently while others struggle to grasp the grammar.

This perk can be taken multiple times, each instance unlocking a different martial art, weapon style, or school of combat. Stack them. Blend them. Invent something the world has never seen before. Whether you walk through the school halls like a peaceful monk or a sleeping dragon is up to you—but one thing is certain: if fists ever

fly, you won’t just survive. You’ll dominate. Quietly. Efficiently. And without needing to say a word.

- **Master of the Bargain Table (200 CP)**

To most, price is a ceiling or a wall; to you, it's just the opening move. Every deal, every value exchange, every whispered negotiation in the back of a classroom or between school cliques becomes an opportunity. You don't just haggle—you orchestrate, dominate, and reshape perception until others wonder why they ever tried to charge full price in the first place. There’s a cadence to your bargaining that hypnotizes—starting modest, edging toward generosity, and then suddenly shifting to reveal just how badly the other party needs what you're offering.

This isn’t simply charm or charisma—it’s calculation married to instinct. You know exactly when to play silent, when to press hard, and when to feign disinterest. You're a walking market index, internalizing commodity values, scarcity trends, and behavioral cues in real-time. Whether you’re negotiating for cigarettes, exam answers, lunch vouchers, or blackmail material, you’re never unprepared. You see the angle, the hook, the leverage—and you press with the perfect force.

When it comes to spotting a con, your eyes are sharper than any appraisal app. Counterfeit student IDs? Easy. Faked data? Transparent. Shady group projects meant to offload work onto you? Dead on arrival. You can appraise items, services, and even rumors with such clarity that any attempt to deceive you becomes more

performance art than strategy—and you're the only audience that matters.

But this perk extends beyond trade—it seeps into the economy of social power. Everything has a value in the school's quiet war: time, trust, humiliation, silence. You can defuse confrontations with the offer of something more tempting. You can settle disputes without fighting by simply offering a "better deal." And when people try to exploit you, they often end up out-negotiated, outmaneuvered, and wondering how they ended up giving you more than you asked for.

- **Wild Rapport (200 CP)**

There's something ancient and honest in the way you move—something that animals understand without needing to be taught. You don't command them, and you don't tame them. You *connect*. This perk makes you more than just someone who likes animals; it makes you someone they recognize, almost as if a forgotten part of you still belongs in the world they never left. Your presence radiates calm and respect in equal measure, and even the most cautious or territorial creatures hesitate before treating you as a threat. A fox will not flee. A stray cat will not hiss. A bear might pause, tilting its head, considering.

Your understanding of them transcends pet tricks and surface-level gestures. You pick up on the small things—tension in a shoulder, a flicker of the eye, a pause in breathing—and it speaks to you. Hunger, fear, confusion, curiosity… these things come through clearly. And you don't just observe them—you *mirror* them. The set

of your stance, the rhythm of your breath, the position of your hands or head all shift subconsciously to match the tone of the animal before you. It's not speech, but it is communication. Not telepathy, but something deeper than words. In their way, animals talk to you—and you answer.

This connection makes you something of an anomaly in both wild and urban ecosystems. Birds may guide you through tangled paths. Dogs may bark once to draw your attention to something important. Even the silent judgment of a cat may become a signal if you're paying attention. In a forest, you can walk quietly in harmony with your surroundings, using birdsong or the silence of frogs as natural alerts. In a city, you might find rats quietly clearing a path for you, or a crow dropping a shiny trinket from above that you just happen to need.

- **Polyglot Instinct (200 CP)**

Language is more than words. It's identity, power, subtext, and survival—and with this perk, you hold all of it in your hands. You no longer learn languages through repetition or rote memorization. Instead, you *absorb* them—effortlessly, naturally, and with precision that makes lifelong natives feel tongue-tied by comparison. You can select up to five languages, living or dead, common or obscure, and each one becomes yours in the purest sense. You don't just *speak* them—you *live* in them.

Your pronunciation is the sort that makes linguists stop and listen. Your cadence matches the emotional weight of your words so

perfectly that people forget you're not from around here. Whether you’re reciting ancient texts in Latin with reverent clarity, switching between dialects mid-conversation in Beijing, or threading between honorifics in Kyoto social circles, your mastery is unshakable. Every syllable is confident, deliberate, and placed exactly where it needs to be.

But where this perk shines brightest is in what cannot be taught in a textbook. You don’t merely translate; you *intuit*. You understand when a phrase carries hidden threat, when sarcasm masks pain, when laughter isn’t humor but dismissal. You pick up on double meanings, coded expressions, even the cultural silence between words. This lets you walk into any conversation—casual or clandestine—and navigate it like a native insider, not a foreign observer.

Your presence becomes invisible and powerful. In a room full of multilingual speakers, you’re the only one who knows who’s really listening. In a library full of forgotten manuscripts, you’re the one who knows what the footnotes *really* say. In a school where secrets are currency and alliances shift like tides, being able to cross every linguistic barrier gives you an edge no surveillance camera can catch and no social wall can keep out.

And should you ever need to blend in—at a transfer ceremony, in an international tournament, or during a covert operation—your voice alone becomes your passport. People trust you faster when they hear their own language spoken like a lullaby. You can

infiltrate, charm, and extract information before others even realize a conversation has begun.

- **Wilderness Sovereign (200 CP)**

There are students who dominate classrooms, boardrooms, and courtrooms—and then there's you, the one who could vanish into the wilderness without a trace and thrive like it was home. With this perk, the wild does not merely tolerate your presence—it *recognizes* you. Forests become familiar, rivers seem to speak in signs, and the rustling of leaves begins to feel like whispered instruction. You are no longer a guest in the natural world. You are a part of it, as native as moss to stone or wind to mountaintops.

Your survival instinct is honed to razor sharpness, backed not just by knowledge, but by something deeper—an intuitive understanding of how to live in harmony with the untamed. You can identify edible plants, track subtle signs of game, and read changes in the environment like pages in a living book. If water lies hidden beneath rock or root, you'll find it. If weather shifts threaten danger, you'll know it long before others feel it. You can move silently, efficiently, and unerringly—hunting, evading, or navigating through dense terrain like a ghost written into the landscape.

This isn't a simple camping perk. Your skills are those of a survivalist who could disappear for a year and return lean, sharp-eyed, and unharmed. You can build shelters that no drone could spot, create fire in the wettest storm, and leave behind so little trace that trained trackers would question if you'd ever been there

at all. If thrust into a deserted island challenge or outdoor trial, you wouldn't just survive—you'd become the standard others are measured against.

Your body, like your mind, has adapted to this role. Most common poisons and venoms lose their bite upon entering your system, neutralized almost before symptoms begin. You don't fall to fevers or infections, and even when injured, your recovery is swift and clean. Harsh climates that weaken others—freezing wind, oppressive humidity, desert heat—are merely conditions to be accounted for, not obstacles to your function.

But the true value of this perk in a place like Advanced Nurturing High School isn't in the wilderness alone. It's in the unpredictability of the system. Should the school decide to push boundaries—drop classes into survival games, force harsh field tests, or manipulate your isolation as punishment—you will not break. When everyone else is shivering, starving, or panicking, you will be calm, hidden, and in control. When the illusion of luxury fades and the real world bleeds through, you will not merely endure. You will *own* the silence.

- **Iron Bond [200 CP]**

In a world where relationships are tools, traps, or ticking time bombs, you possess something different—*real* connection, forged not just by charm or shared interests, but by something that sticks even when everything else shatters. With this perk, your friendships are forged in steel. They can bend, rust, fray under tension—but

they almost never break. Even when you let someone down, betray their trust, or take a selfish gamble that leaves them wounded, their feelings don't rot into hatred. Pain, yes. Distance, maybe. But hatred? That's rare. They can't seem to bring themselves to cut you off entirely, not unless you commit something truly unforgivable.

This isn't mind control. It's not supernatural affection. It's worse—and better. You're *just that hard to let go of*. Maybe it's how you see people. Maybe it's how you listen when no one else does. Maybe it's the fact that, deep down, they *know* you didn't mean it the way it looked. You build a history with people that lingers, echoing in small memories and quiet thoughts, making it nearly impossible for them to let your absence settle in as permanent. Even if you were the one who pushed them away, it won't take long before they start looking at the door again, wondering if you'll walk through it.

More importantly, you possess a kind of emotional insight that most manipulators would kill for—not to exploit, but to *understand*. You just *get* people. You know how to apologize without sounding rehearsed. You know when silence is more healing than words, and when a simple gesture—a favorite snack, a small gesture of respect, an honest confession—is worth more than a thousand excuses. You don't just patch up relationships. You mend them in a way that makes them stronger.

And in this world, where alliances are often transactional, where people throw each other under the bus to chase points or escape

exposure, you become something different. You become *trusted*. Not always liked, not always understood—but someone they return to. Someone they forgive, even when they shouldn't. And when the pressure mounts, when friendships are weaponized or tested by design, your bonds don't crack. They hold. And they pull people back to you like gravity.

You may not always deserve it. But the heart remembers, even when the mind says walk away. That's what makes your connections dangerous—to your enemies, and maybe even to yourself.

- **Cognitive Triangulation (400 CP)**

Perception is power—but you don't just *perceive*. You *dissect*, *reconstruct*, and *predict*. With this perk, your mind has become a surgical instrument, carving clarity from clutter. You see a world of connections where others see coincidence. Every detail—no matter how fleeting or minor—feeds into a mental latticework of logic, intuition, and psychological depth. You are, in essence, a master of inference.

Give you the barest sliver of information—a crumpled test paper, a lunch choice, the way someone avoids eye contact when a certain name is mentioned—and your mind begins triangulating. Who they are. What they want. What they fear. Where the cracks in their mask begin to form. You don't see people as a mystery to solve—you see them as a pattern to complete, a story to finish before they've even written the final chapter.

The process is not magical. There are no visions, no telepathy, no supernatural flashes of knowledge. It's pure, relentless logic elevated to an art form. Cold reading becomes second nature. You can profile people with unnerving precision, anticipate behavior, and dismantle deceptions without ever raising your voice. When others bluff, you don't just call them—you understand *why* they bluffed and what they're protecting underneath. When lies are spoken, you don't only catch them—you sense the *reason* for the lie, and how best to corner it without confrontation. In negotiations, you know exactly where someone's confidence cracks. In a confrontation, you can predict how they'll lash out. In a game of mental chess, you're not just thinking ten moves ahead—you're calculating which ten moves they'll think *you'll* take, and setting up a play they'll walk into willingly. Cold reading, pattern recognition, psychological profiling—this perk blurs the line between gut feeling and forensic science. And in a school built on manipulation and subtle warfare, knowing your enemy before they know themselves is as lethal as it gets.

- **Split-Core Processing (400 CP)**

Most people think focus is about exclusion—cutting off distractions, zoning into one task like a scalpel. You, however, have redefined what it means to think. With this perk, your brain doesn't juggle—it *branches*. You run multiple mental processes at once, not in fragments, not in alternating flickers, but as fully realized streams of thought, each independent, each razor-sharp. Like a quantum machine of cognition, you are capable of complete dual-tasking

from the start, executing two entirely different mental tasks with equal clarity, recall, and judgment.

Imagine holding a conversation about social hierarchy while analyzing the subtext behind each person's word choices. Imagine solving a logic puzzle while observing a hallway for irregular traffic patterns. You don't split attention—you generate *more* of it. And the deeper your training, the broader your reach. With time, your threads of thought multiply. Three. Four. Five. Eventually, your mind becomes a constellation of precision: analyzing, listening, strategizing, storing data, and observing—all at once.

This mental multiplicity makes you dangerously adaptable. You can be laying traps for your enemies in one corner of your brain while planning how to apologize to your closest ally in another. While one part of your consciousness drafts a strategy for the next group exam, another is evaluating tone shifts in the faculty's language, and yet another is quietly recalling exam rules from a document you read weeks ago.

And yet, none of it comes across as robotic. You remain human—deeply so. But now, your emotional landscape becomes manageable, partitioned, observed without drowning in it. You can grieve while planning. You can fear while acting. You can love someone deeply while calculating how to beat them in the next trial. Every reaction has a room in your mental architecture, sealed off but not denied.

- **Desperation Bloom (400 CP)**

Most students are trained to plan. You were forged to *improvise*. When the clock's ticking, the walls are closing in, and logic says there's no way out, that's when your mind lights up like a storm breaking across calm waters. Desperation doesn't paralyze you—it clarifies you. You don't just *withstand* pressure. You *transcend* under it. When the situation becomes volatile, you become more composed, more precise, and—strangely—more *you* than ever.

This perk flips the rules of crisis. The more your plan falls apart, the more effective you become. Confusion becomes a source of intuition. Lack of knowledge becomes a breeding ground for instinct. When most people are trying to salvage control, you're already halfway through the new strategy. When emotions are running high, yours are running deep—but never loud. Every second wasted by others panicking becomes a second you use to seize control of the board.

It's not flashy. You're not screaming orders or grandstanding. You're calculating, choosing, stepping into the gap where a leader should be—sometimes without anyone even realizing you've taken charge. You can bluff with no cards, redirect conflict with a glance, make hard decisions in the blink of an eye and carry them like you'd planned it all along. Others begin to believe you knew this would happen, that you saw the outcome no one else dared to. You become the calm at the center of the chaos.

And it scales. A failed group project. A betrayal in your ranks. A surprise exam where half your materials are gone. A faculty

member trying to sabotage you. These are your proving grounds. Your composure becomes contagious. Your poise anchors others. Even if you were never the first pick, in the moment when everything breaks, *you're the one they follow*. Not because you're the loudest. But because, without understanding why, they trust that you'll find a way where none exists.

And the truth? You will. Because you're not just reacting. You're blooming—rising into your sharpest self when the pressure is high enough to crush everyone else.

- **Improvised General (400 CP)**

Leadership isn't about giving orders—it's about finding direction when the map's on fire, the compass is broken, and your team is arguing over whether north even exists. You don't just function in disadvantage—you *excel* in it. With this perk, your strategic mind doesn't shine in ideal conditions. It flourishes in ruin. When the odds are broken and every asset you're handed is either rusted or rebellious, *that's* when you start building empires out of junk.

You see angles others dismiss. Where your peers see disorganization, you see a pattern waiting to be connected. Where others see weakness, you find potential. You're the one who turns the worst student in the class into the lynchpin of a plan. You take failing projects, underfunded schemes, and last-minute exams and reshape them into precision weapons. All it takes is one glimmer of possibility, and you spiral it outward into a web of cascading advantage.

Your talent lies not just in thinking ahead, but in bending forward momentum to your will. You don't always need the best people or the best tools—you just need *enough* to get traction. From there, it's an avalanche. One smart decision triggers another. One small bluff leads to a collapse of enemy coordination. One deliberately sacrificed piece sets up a sweeping victory. You design wins that make no sense *until* they happen—and afterward, everyone's too stunned to stop you from doing it again.

In the hypercompetitive, resource-starved environment that is this school, you are the ultimate last-resort weapon. You don't need trust to lead. You earn it with results. Your team might doubt your sanity—until your chaos-forged plan starts working. Your enemies might underestimate you—until they're halfway into your trap. And when it's over, nobody's quite sure how you pulled it off… just that they're now following your lead whether they like it or not.

- **Inhuman Poise (400 CP)**

There's something off about the way you move—but not in a way people can easily name. You don't walk—you *glide*. You don't trip—you *pivot*. Whether in combat, performance, or just walking into a classroom, your body has mastered the art of presence. With this perk, you possess a degree of kinesthetic control so advanced it borders on unnatural. You can balance on narrow beams without hesitation, perform flips and recoveries from positions that should leave most people sprawled, and thread through crowded halls as if physics bends politely around you.

Your body doesn't defy gravity—it *cooperates* with it. You can leap from desk to desk in a flurry of motion, land without sound, spin through the air like your bones are wired for choreography, and all of it feels as natural as breathing. Whether navigating a tight ventilation shaft, scaling the outside of a school building, or slipping through a fight with precision timing, your poise turns ordinary movement into an unspoken advantage.

But the true power of this perk isn't just in acrobatics—it's in how you are *perceived*. In a school where subtlety and attention are both weapons, your movements become your unspoken language. You can make a slow turn feel threatening. You can turn a casual stride into a magnetic entrance. Every twitch of your fingers, every angle of your jaw, every tilt of your shoulders can convey intent—calculated, silent, powerful. People are unnerved by how *deliberate* you seem, even when you aren't trying to be. And when you *are* trying? It's theatrical mastery. Intimidation, allure, command—it's all built into your stance.

You're not faster. You're not stronger. But you are the person no one can take their eyes off when the pressure rises and the room goes silent. Whether in a classroom debate, an athletic challenge, or a staged event where reputation is on the line, your movement becomes a narrative tool—a way to shift attention, destabilize opponents, and silently establish dominance.

And the kicker? No one knows how you got this good. You don't warm up. You don't practice. You just *move*, and the world seems to

adjust its expectations accordingly. Some may think you're hiding a background in elite training. Others might whisper stranger theories. But none of that matters. All they know is, the moment you move, everyone else starts watching.

- **The True Genius Behind the Curtain (600 CP)**

This isn't intelligence as most people understand it. It's not just grades, or logical reasoning, or even high-functioning planning. This is intellect that operates on another axis entirely—quiet, patient, recursive, and terrifying in its precision. With this perk, you don't simply think faster or better—you think deeper. Wider. Longer. You orchestrate outcomes that span weeks, months, or entire academic years, setting gears into motion from the shadows with such elegance that not even your pawns know they're moving.

You can calculate emotional dynamics, social pressure points, institutional vulnerabilities, and personal weaknesses all in parallel. Every conversation you hear—even fragments—feed into your internal model of the world. You don't just predict what people will do. You predict *why* they'll do it, how long it will take, and who they'll tell afterward. You don't react to conflict. You plant it. Nurture it. Harvest it.

Your strategies don't feel like plans—they feel like inevitabilities. When others think they've exposed you, you've already accounted for it three moves ago. When enemies come together to oppose you, it only strengthens the narrative you need them to believe. You set traps they walk into willingly, convinced it was their idea all

along. Your mind is the architect behind victory and defeat alike. Even when you lose, it's because you chose to. Because the real win happens three steps after you've folded.

This isn't limited to social manipulation. You can dismantle bureaucracies, weaponize rulesets, and turn systems of control into springboards for dominance. If the structure doesn't serve your goals, you twist it until it does—or collapse it entirely and build a better one behind the scenes. You understand how institutions breathe, how reputations calcify, how fear flows. You understand that people don't need to see you to follow your lead. They just need to believe there's no better option.

And through all of this… you remain invisible, if you want to. The charismatic leaders, the bold heroes, the ruthless enforcers—they can have the spotlight. You're the one who wrote the script, built the stage, and cast the actors. You let them take the fall. You let them take the praise. Because it was never about being *seen*. It was about being *right*—in ways they'll never comprehend.

- **Archived Memory (600 CP)**

Your mind is no longer just a tool—it is a living archive. Every word you read, every image you see, every conversation you hear becomes part of an internal library that never fades, never decays. With this perk, you possess an eidetic memory so advanced it borders on supernatural. If it entered your senses, you *remember* it. Not just vaguely. Not just impressionistically. Perfectly.

Skim through a dense academic textbook and you'll absorb every important point, key theory, and obscure footnote. Glance once at a confidential document or class roster and you can recite its contents days or even years later. Listen to a heated argument in a hallway or catch a whisper behind you in the cafeteria, and the voices, tones, and exact phrasing will be available to you whenever you want them. In a world where perception is power, you never miss a clue.

But this isn't just memorization—it's *curation*. Your mind naturally filters and organizes what you take in, highlighting what's important, cross-referencing patterns, connecting seemingly unrelated details. You don't just remember facts—you *understand* how they fit into the larger picture. A half-forgotten rule mentioned in a guidance meeting, a phrase a teacher uses repeatedly, a shift in seating patterns over the course of a month—you notice. You store. You retrieve. And when the time is right, you *use*.

You never take notes, but you never forget deadlines. You don't need to spy twice, because once is enough. You can even memorize body language patterns or subtle tells in behavior, then compare them to new interactions to spot lies and hidden motives. If a classmate once showed a subtle tic under pressure, you'll catch it years later when they're bluffing in a negotiation. You can mentally reconstruct entire rooms, replay events from perfect recall, and trace how and when details changed without ever writing anything down.

- **Children of Fortuna (600 CP)**

You walk with victory whispering at your heels. With this perk, fortune isn't a matter of chance—it's a gravitational pull. You are one of the chosen few blessed with supernatural luck, the kind that bends probability quietly but decisively in your favor. Things just *work out* for you, and not in a clumsy, obvious way. Rather, the world seems to naturally reshape itself around your path to ease your passage, place you in the right room at the right time, and ensure the coin always lands on your side.

In academic tests, if you have to guess between multiple choices, the correct answer will almost always land under your pen. You don't need to understand the question. You don't even need to read it. Just your unconscious instinct, guided by impossible odds, leads you to the right choices. A perfect score isn't a fluke for you—it's practically your baseline when randomness is involved.

When you walk into a raffle, a lottery, or even a deadlock of votes where the outcome hinges on something unpredictable, that unpredictable factor starts favoring *you*. You won't win *every* time—after all, luck that always works loses its camouflage—but you win *just often enough* that people start to notice. And when you *don't* win? It's because losing now will chain into something *even better* down the line. That embarrassing stumble in front of the school? Somehow leads to a sympathetic teacher giving you bonus points. That rejected plan? Inspires someone else to offer you an even stronger alliance.

Your luck doesn't shield you from consequences forever, but it *reframes* them. Every misstep becomes a prelude to a breakthrough. Every loss opens a door to an unexpected gain. The greater the stakes, the more your luck distorts the battlefield in your favor—accidents just miss you, evidence of your wrongdoings mysteriously vanishes, and your enemies suffer improbable failures at the worst possible moments.

- **Superhuman (600 CP)**

In a world ruled by wits, deception, and control, you are the exception that breaks the scale. Your body is no longer bound by mortal standards. You are strong enough to lift shipping containers with a single hand, fast enough to break the sound barrier if you pushed just a little harder, and durable enough to walk through hails of armor-piercing rounds and only worry about the stains on your uniform. Missile strikes might not leave you untouched, but you'd survive—battered, burnt, angry… but alive.

You can punch through iron plating like it's damp cardboard. Twist reinforced steel beams into corkscrews with your bare hands. Leap across buildings. Rip doors from hinges with a flick of your wrist. If physical strength is a spectrum, you've stepped so far past the edge that even trained soldiers look like children beside you. And yet, you remain perfectly composed, perfectly in control—until you choose not to be.

Your body isn't just powerful. It's *resilient*. Bones snap back into place within hours. Deep cuts fade by nightfall. Even catastrophic

injuries—severed limbs, crushed organs, mortal trauma—are mere inconveniences given time. You'll grow back what's lost in a week or two, and return stronger for it. Fatigue becomes a distant concept. Pain is acknowledged but rarely obeyed. You are a walking storm of muscle, precision, and unstoppable endurance.

And here's the catch: no one expects it. Not in *this* school. Not in a place where intellect rules and strength is assumed to be irrelevant. You don't need to show off. You don't need to fight in the open. You simply let the rumors spread. Let them wonder how you never get injured, how you never tire, how doors creak under your touch and gym equipment bends when you grip it too tight. You're not just stronger. You're *wrong*—a physical anomaly in a system built to punish brute force with cleverness.

But this isn't a shonen battlefield. This is a chessboard, and you've brought a wrecking ball. You don't need to use your full power to win. You just need to remind them—gently, occasionally, devastatingly—that if all else fails, you can tear the game apart with your bare hands.

- **Post-Human Strategist (600 CP)**

Your mind is not a machine—it's something beyond that. It doesn't click, it *flows*. You've transcended the natural limitations of cognition, perception, and emotion. What would push a genius to the edge of burnout, you handle before breakfast. While others crumble under pressure or drown in uncertainty, your thoughts

remain crystalline—sharp, cold, and perfectly arranged. You operate on levels most people can't even conceptualize.

You can absorb data streams from dozens of sources at once—body language, tone shifts, institutional memos, statistical outputs, background chatter—and form precise conclusions without pause. You strategize across multiple planes simultaneously: social, emotional, academic, political. When plans fail, you already have three backups running. When variables shift, you recalculate without breaking stride. Multilayered games of deception and misdirection are your playground. Misinformation becomes clay in your hands. You don't just build schemes—you *weave* them through space and time.

Stress doesn't register the same way for you. It fuels precision. Fear becomes irrelevant background noise. Fatigue never touches your clarity. Emotion exists, but only as one of many systems you can toggle, redirect, or silence at will. You *feel*, but you cannot be *swayed*. Your empathy can be weaponized. Your rage can be compartmentalized. Your compassion, when offered, is strategic by design. And when you *do* show emotion, it's because you *chose* to—not because it overcame you.

To those who can't see the full scope of your mind, you may seem mechanical. Cold. Dangerous. They'll call you manipulative. Uncaring. Inhuman. And they won't be entirely wrong. But to those who see clearly—to those rare few who realize that your restraint is

not from lack of feeling, but from having *mastered* it—they will fear you in a different way.

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Drop In

- **Unremarkably Remarkable (100 CP, Free if you choose Drop-In as your Origin)**

You exist in a perfect liminal state—neither invisible nor notable, never a stranger yet never a suspect. People know you, but only in the vaguest terms. They remember your face but not your name. They recall you were present, but not how long. You sit in the same classroom, walk the same halls, take the same exams… yet no one ever really stops to wonder who you *are* beneath the surface.

It's not stealth in the traditional sense. You're not unseen—you're simply never *focused on*. You don't provoke jealousy, suspicion, or interest unless you choose to. Teachers mark your attendance, but forget your test scores. Classmates might nod in greeting, yet would struggle to describe what you talked about. In a system designed to scrutinize every move, you are a flicker in the corner of the eye—acknowledged, but not remembered deeply enough to track.

And that's where your power lies.

You can listen in on sensitive discussions without being told to leave. You can disappear from group drama simply by not participating. You can position yourself next to power players, class

leaders, and schemers, and they'll forget you were even in the room when the plans were made. Gossip floats past you. Accusations skip over you. If someone tries to dig into your background, they'll find very little—and if they push harder, even less will make sense. You're a question mark in a system obsessed with answers.

But when the moment comes—when you *choose* to step into the spotlight—your sudden presence hits with unexpected weight. People blink in confusion. *Were you always this sharp? Have you been here this whole time?* You don't just slip through cracks—you *were* the crack, running through the foundation the whole time.

- **Improvised Instincts (100 CP, Free if you choose Drop-In as your Origin)**

You might not have insider knowledge. You didn't spend weeks memorizing school protocol or profiling your classmates. You're not armed with elaborate schemes or contingency plans—but that doesn't mean you're helpless. Quite the opposite. When the rules change mid-game, when the exam starts with a twist, or when someone flips the entire class dynamic on its head, *that's* when your instincts come alive.

You have an uncanny talent for reading the air—sensing the mood, the tension, the intent behind unspoken glances and half-finished sentences. You can step into a room mid-argument and immediately tell who's lying, who's bluffing, and who's two steps from self-destruction. You might not know the details, but you *feel*

the angles. Your gut reactions are rarely wrong, and when they are, they're still just enough to get you moving in the right direction.

This isn't logic. This isn't intellect. This is something wilder—an animal-level survival reflex adapted to high school games of status, sabotage, and strategy. You dodge traps before you see them. You answer questions you didn't study for by sniffing out the trick in the wording. You throw out the perfect comment to dissolve tension in a group that's on the brink of collapsing, and you barely even know why it worked. You didn't prepare. You *improvised.*

More importantly, you learn fast. Every situation you survive adds another layer to your instincts. You may not have planned for the game, but the next time they try something similar, you'll already have a feel for it. You're not static—you're *adaptive*. And in a place where every social exchange can be a battlefield and every exam a minefield, that's more valuable than any textbook education.

You're the kind of person who walks into chaos with no plan... and walks out with the blueprint.

- **Hallway Hum (100 CP, Free if you choose Drop-In as your Origin)**

You're the kind of person everyone assumes has always been there—easy to talk to, quick with a nod or a comment, and never the center of attention unless you choose to be. With this perk, you possess a natural, almost subconscious rhythm when it comes to casual student interaction. You always know the right thing to

say—or more importantly, what *not* to say. You flow effortlessly through the background noise of school life, never awkward, never intrusive, never a red flag.

Whether you're chatting during a group project, trading snacks in the cafeteria, or shooting the breeze between classes, you always feel just familiar enough to be trusted but never so bold that anyone sees you as competition. People vent to you without realizing it. They share rumors, trends, even secrets, just because your presence doesn't raise their defenses. You're not invisible—you're *normal*, the ideal version of forgettable. The kind of person who blends into every clique's memory like you belonged there all along.

This isn't about manipulation—it's social osmosis. You absorb tone, slang, and unspoken rules with ease. If there's a conversation going on, you're welcome in it. If there's tension in the air, you defuse it without trying.

- **Enigmata (200 CP, 100 CP if you choose Drop-In as your Origin)**

You don't need to bluff, brag, or perform theatrics—your silence is louder than any declaration. People just can't get a read on you. From the moment you step into a room, an invisible fog of ambiguity begins to settle over your identity. Are you a hidden genius? A quiet manipulator? A lucky fool who just keeps surviving impossible odds? No one knows, and worse—they can't agree. Students squabble over whether you're brilliant or lucky. Teachers keep you

under observation just in case. Enemies hesitate, waiting for the moment you reveal your hand… which may never come.

This isn't some illusion-based trick or active deception. It's a passive distortion field that shrouds your true capabilities in contradiction and uncertainty. When others try to evaluate or analyze you, their conclusions are muddled, skewed by instinctive doubt. They remember different versions of you depending on what they want—or fear—to believe. Are you the one who casually aced a pop quiz, or the one who nearly failed the last assignment? Did you win that contest because you were skilled… or just lucky? The narratives conflict, and in that confusion, your advantage takes root.

More than just obscurity, this perk gives you strategic freedom. First impressions become murky, expectations become warped, and initial judgments tilt in your favor. You're too uncertain a factor to be targeted directly, too variable to confidently predict. You'll never be labeled as the weakest link—or the strongest threat.

- **Faculty's Favorite (200 CP, 100 CP if you choose Drop-In as your Origin)**

There's just something about you that earns the quiet approval—and often outright affection—of the people in charge. Teachers remember your name, not because you're the loudest or the brightest, but because you radiate a strange, comforting presence that slips past their usual wariness. You're the kind of student they instinctively want to mentor. The staff may not always show it in public, but they're watching your progress with pride,

offering small but meaningful favors, and quietly intervening when things get too unfair on your end.

You don't manipulate them. You don't need to. This isn't about deceit—it's about *trust*. They see you as dependable, sincere, maybe even a little special. If you ask for help, they'll go out of their way to provide it, sometimes even bending school policies just enough to give you the edge you didn't ask for. If there's a dispute, they'll give you the benefit of the doubt. If there's an opportunity behind closed doors, you're more likely to be considered for it.

And this effect doesn't end at graduation. Once you step into the adult world, this same phenomenon extends upward. People with authority—your superiors, mentors, department heads, even minor political figures—find themselves drawn to your potential and character. They may not always show it openly, but they'll support you when it matters most. A recommendation here, a private word there, a door held open just long enough for you to slip through.

This perk doesn't make you a manipulator or a puppet master. Instead, it makes you the person people *want* to see succeed. And in a system where favoritism can mean survival, that makes all the difference.

- **Social Shapeshifter (200 CP, 100 CP if you choose Drop-In as your Origin)**

You've never needed a script to play the part—they hand it to you without realizing. With this perk, you possess an uncanny instinct

for slipping into any social role or hierarchy, no matter how rigid or exclusive it might seem. Whether it's the honor students, the burnout crew, the sports team, the gossip queens, or even the faculty lounge—within minutes of contact, you speak their language. Your tone adjusts, your posture aligns, and your mannerisms echo theirs with such subtlety that no one ever questions your presence.

You're not mimicking or manipulating—not obviously. You're embodying. You understand the invisible social rules each group runs on, from inside jokes to shared anxieties, and you match their rhythm like you were always meant to be there. If you need to pass as a loner, you fall into quiet detachment so naturally that others assume you've always kept to yourself. If it's the charismatic flirt, the overachiever, the slacker, the rebel—you make the part your own. You're not a chameleon wearing different colors. You *are* the color, briefly and convincingly, until your job is done.

This doesn't overwrite your personality. It doesn't erase your values or beliefs. Instead, it's a toolkit—letting you navigate social minefields with practiced ease, form alliances from opposite ends of the spectrum, and most dangerously, move between cliques without raising suspicion.

- **Oathbound Arena (400 CP, 200 CP you choose Drop-In as your Origin)**

Before the battle begins—be it a card game, debate, sports match, or psychological duel—you have the ability to invoke an unspoken

pact. With a calm declaration or a simple question—“Shall we keep this fair?”—you offer your opponents the chance to enter a mutual, invisible contract of honor. If they agree, the rules become more than guidelines; they become binding truths. No hidden tricks, no tampered scores, no last-minute outside interference. The moment someone breaks this pact, fate itself shifts. Missteps, misfortune, and failure will follow them like shadows—ensuring that any attempt to cheat will backfire and cost them the match.

But even if they refuse—if they sneer at the idea of fairness or pretend to dismiss it—the universe doesn’t ignore their arrogance. Subtly, invisibly, their luck begins to sour. Their sharp instincts dull just slightly. Their plans start unraveling a little sooner than expected. And each time they cheat or attempt to tip the odds unjustly, the penalty intensifies. This isn’t a curse you control—it’s a karmic effect embedded into the structure of conflict itself, responding to dishonor with poetic justice.

You can’t use this perk to force truth outside the bounds of the agreed competition, nor can you punish others arbitrarily.

- **Faking Genius (400 CP, 200 CP you choose Drop-In as your Origin)**

You may not *be* the expert—but you’re damn good at pretending you are. With this perk, you gain an instinctual sense of what people *expect* from someone competent in any given field, role, or situation. Whether it’s standing at the front of a classroom as a leader, posing as a tech whiz during a group project, or bluffing your

way through a strategy session with the top students, you always know the right phrases, posture, pacing, and vocabulary to fake your way through it. Real experts might feel something is *off*, but even they can't quite prove it unless they dig deep—and by then, the moment has usually passed.

This isn't about memorizing a script. It's about improvising with stunning accuracy. You walk into a room with no credentials and leave it with people quoting your words like gospel. Your hands move like they've been trained. Your timing hits like you've done this for years. You're not a fraud—you're a performance genius. From one-on-one conversations to formal presentations, you exude the rhythm and subtlety of someone who *belongs*, even when you're completely out of your depth.

Naturally, this doesn't give you real knowledge—just the ability to fake it with style and confidence. But in environments like where you end up in, where image is reality and perception shapes hierarchy, that might be all you need. After all, people rarely question success if it looks good from the outside. And by the time they realize the truth, you've already changed the game.

- **Fortune Favors the Guilty (400 CP, 200 CP you choose Drop-In as your Origin)**

Rules exist to be followed—or broken, if you know how to walk the edge. With this perk, you gain an uncanny knack for getting away with things you *absolutely* shouldn't. Whether it's sneaking out after curfew, tampering with exam results, listening in on confidential

conversations, or pulling strings behind the scenes, you tend to slip through the cracks like a whisper in the dark. Teachers misplace reports. Cameras glitch. Hall monitors look the wrong way. You aren't invisible, but luck dances just close enough to keep you untouched.

That's not to say you're immune. Evidence might still exist. If someone *really* wants to dig, they might find a trail—but never enough to land a definitive blow. And even then, you always seem to be just a bit too far from the scene, or already surrounded by an airtight alibi. People may get suspicious, but they won't have proof. You're a phantom wrapped in plausibility.

Still, this is no license to act without restraint. The more you press your luck, the more people start to notice the coincidences. Do it too often, or too recklessly, and that protective veil may begin to fray. But used wisely, sparingly, and with flair, this perk turns you into the ghost of the rulebook—always present, never punished, and just elusive enough that your enemies can't decide whether you're a genius or just incredibly, impossibly lucky.

- **The Invisible Spider (600 CP, 300 CP you choose Drop-In as your Origin)**

You are the ghost in the system—the silent breath behind every twist of fate, the hand no one sees pulling the strings. With this perk, you can manipulate people, events, and entire systems so subtly that your influence never quite registers. You don't just operate behind the scenes; you *become* the scene—woven into it

so completely that no one thinks to question your presence. You can incite conflict between groups with a single rumor, turn allies against each other with a few whispered truths, and steer competitions or decisions in your favor without once being named.

It's not just stealth—it's social invisibility. Even when people are *told* that someone is pulling the strings, their minds slide off you like oil on glass. You're not forgotten—you're simply *dismissed* as irrelevant. The idea that you could be the cause never quite takes hold. You could be sitting in the same room as your victims, smiling and nodding, and they'd never suspect the spider in the center of the web is *you*.

This doesn't make you omnipotent. If you push too hard, act too directly, or leave too clear a trail, people might start to notice. But even then, your tracks are so faint and your methods so organic that it's easy to pin the blame elsewhere. You're not just a puppet master—you're the idea that there was never a puppet master to begin with.

- ***The* Genius (600 CP, 300 CP you choose Drop-In as your Origin)**

You're not a prodigy—you're something rarer: a born vessel for mastery. With this perk, your potential isn't just high; it's terrifying. Any discipline you commit yourself to—even at a basic level—unlocks a path to excellence so rapid and profound it defies logic. You don't just learn fast; you *grow* into the field itself, reaching toward mastery with an ease that leaves even veterans shaken.

A single month of light chess training with a friend, and suddenly you're seated across from grandmasters, trading blows for world titles. Practice the piano for a few weeks, and your fingers play concert-level symphonies. Try your hand at calligraphy, archery, or strategic leadership—within days or weeks, you'll be operating at a tier most people spend decades chasing, if they ever reach it at all.

This is not instant skill download; you still need to train, to study, to apply effort. But the *return* on that effort is exponential. Fundamentals become instinct. Patterns reveal themselves early. Teachers find themselves struggling to stay ahead of you. You're not cheating the grind—you're just born with legs long enough to leap over it.

It doesn't apply to everything at once—you must focus on one field at a time—but given the space and time to grow, you will rise. And in a school that measures worth through competition and demonstration, this talent makes you a silent superpower, quietly climbing until suddenly, you're *the* one to beat.

- **Crown Without Rust (600 CP, 300 CP you choose Drop-In as your Origin)**

There's a difference between holding power and *earning* it—and you've mastered both. With this perk, you possess the rare ability to lead others not just with authority, but with genuine trust, respect, and admiration. Whether you rise as class representative, student council president, or informal mastermind behind the scenes, those under your command instinctively recognize your presence as

stabilizing, empowering—even inspiring. You don't need to shout to be heard, nor threaten to be obeyed. When you give orders, people follow not because they have to, but because they *want* to.

More than charisma, this is *legitimacy*. Your decisions carry weight. Your judgment is sought after. Even among rivals, your leadership is hard to discredit. You can coordinate efforts between volatile groups, transform chaos into structure, and steer a fractured class—or faction—toward something greater. In moments of crisis, people look to you. Not just for answers, but for assurance that things will be alright.

But this crown has rules. Should you begin to exploit, betray, or manipulate those who've placed their trust in you for selfish ends, the faith others place in you will erode. You'll still have the *skill* of leadership—your voice will still rally troops, your plans will still be effective—but the *honor* behind it will vanish. They may follow, but no longer admire. You'll be obeyed, but not loved.

Rule with dignity, and you'll be the kind of leader stories are told about. Rule with cruelty, and you'll still get results—just with fewer people willing to bleed for you.

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Student

- **Test Sense (100 CP, It's Free if you choose Student as your Origin)**

There’s studying, and then there’s surviving the academic landmines hidden between the lines—and you’ve mastered the latter. With this perk, you’ve developed something beyond knowledge: an intuitive awareness of how tests are structured and how examiners think. You can sense when a question is designed to bait overconfident students, when an answer is correct but worded to look wrong, and when a “simple” question is anything but.

Even if you haven't studied, you can often feel your way to the right answer through gut instinct, logic, and a bizarrely accurate internal compass for test design. You’re not just immune to common exam traps—you anticipate them. Your eye lingers naturally on that one multiple-choice option that looks too good to be true. Your essays hit the invisible criteria teachers secretly grade for. Your oral responses are delivered with the kind of timing and tone that makes examiners nod before they even realize it.

This isn’t omniscience—it won’t help you solve equations you don’t understand or translate a language you’ve never studied—but it does let you get the *maximum* score possible with the *minimum* actual knowledge.

- **Hello, Fellow Student (100 CP, It’s Free if you choose Student as your Origin)**

You don’t stand out academically—but that’s exactly the point. You know just enough to pass without raising suspicion, just enough to fly under the radar. After purchasing this perk, you are automatically

calibrated to match the average knowledge level of a typical student in whatever high school you land in. If it's a prestigious institution filled with geniuses and polished prodigies, then you carry the knowledge base expected of a polished prodigy. If it's a low-ranked, dysfunctional school that barely teaches math, then that's where your baseline lands.

This doesn't make you a top student, nor does it give you sudden insight into niche academic fields. But it smooths over every gap you might've had in cultural, institutional, or subject-specific knowledge. You'll never be caught out by a sudden pop quiz asking about historical facts every local kid would know. You won't fumble your way through class introductions or accidentally reveal that you've never read the literature that's a rite of passage for everyone else. You'll know the curriculum, the customs, the seasonal exam schedules, and the expected level of casual homework stress for someone in your position.

Most importantly, this knowledge isn't suspicious. You don't seem like someone cramming to blend in. You *feel* like a student who's been here all along—someone who studied the same elementary textbooks, who grew up under the same pressure to perform, who knows how to fill out a bubble sheet and fake attention in class like second nature. Even the faculty won't think to question your background. You belong, and it shows.

- **Point-Conscious (100 CP, It's Free if you choose Student as your Origin)**

You treat Private Points the way a miser treats gold and a king treats power—carefully, cleverly, and with absolute intent. With this perk, your sense of financial value is razor-sharp, especially when it comes to the school's point system. You can look at a week's worth of expenses and trim the fat like a professional accountant. Cheap meals, strategic purchases, and well-timed trades come naturally to you. You're not just frugal—you're surgical.

More impressively, you have an intuitive grasp of how the school's economy ebbs and flows. You can sniff out a future discount days before it hits. You know when to stockpile, when to spend, and when to trade favors instead of cash. You might not always have the most points, but somehow you always have *enough*, and you make it look easy. While others waste points on impulse or ego, yours stretch to their absolute limit—and then some.

This doesn't just apply to buying things. You have a sixth sense for potential penalties, fees, and traps in the system. You know when not to speak up in class, how to dodge subtle deductions, and how to frame your behavior so it always looks point-efficient. Others lose track of their allowance; you turn yours into leverage.

- **Command by Default (200 CP, It's 100 CP if you choose Student as your Origin)**

It starts the same way every time. A group assignment is announced, people glance around uncertainly, and then somehow—without discussion, without resistance—you're in charge. Not because you demanded it, but because everyone

instinctively looks to you as the one who'll get things done. With this perk, you have a nearly supernatural talent for taking the reins of group projects, no matter the circumstances.

You're not just a figurehead—you *run* things. You intuitively assign roles based on what people will actually do, not what they *say* they can do. You know how to talk to slackers so they put in just enough effort not to tank the group. You find creative ways to squeeze results out of minimal effort. You dress up the final product with the kind of polish that impresses even the strictest graders. The group gets an A. You get the praise. And no one can really argue, because they know deep down the group would've floundered without you.

What's more, your presence calms panic and directs confusion. Even when the deadline is looming and half the team hasn't shown up, you stay focused and push everyone into action. You create structure out of mess, and more importantly, you *look good* doing it. You don't just lead—you make leadership seem like the natural order of things.

- **Whispersmith (200 CP, It's 100 CP if you choose Student as your Origin)**

In a school where reputation can rise or fall faster than test scores, you're the quiet puppeteer behind the curtain of public opinion. With this perk, you possess a finely honed instinct for gossip—where it starts, how it spreads, and what sticks. You always have a sixth sense for what people are whispering about you, no matter how

discreet the conversation or distant the clique. Whether it's admiration, envy, suspicion, or scorn, you feel it like heat from a flame, long before it becomes wildfire.

But knowledge is just the beginning. What makes you dangerous is how easily you can shape the narrative. You know how to plant a rumor so it sounds like a friend's secret. You can downplay a scandal until it becomes a joke—or twist it into a tale of resilience. If someone tries to ruin your name, you'll either bury the story, or redirect the attention until they're the ones under scrutiny. You don't need to be universally liked, only *strategically interpreted*.

This isn't mind control. It's social engineering. You let enemies underestimate you when it's convenient. You let supporters believe just enough to stay loyal. And if something damaging is said? The school forgets, or spins it, or ignores it—just like you intended. Whether you're hiding your ambition or weaponizing your mystery, one thing's for certain: in this web of students and staff, your name is always exactly what it needs to be.

- **Accelerated Insight (200 CP, It's 100 CP if you choose Student as your Origin)**

You've broken past the limits of conventional study. With this perk, learning isn't just easier—it's exponential. Once you grasp the fundamentals of any academic or practical subject, your mind snaps into a higher gear. What takes others weeks, you internalize in days. What would stump a diligent student becomes a stepping stone you sprint from. The more structured the teaching, the faster

you evolve—and the more difficult the material, the more your brain adapts to conquer it.

This isn't instant mastery, but something far more dangerous: relentless improvement. When others hit their plateau, you're just hitting stride. Complex equations begin to feel intuitive. Historical analysis becomes second nature. Languages, sciences, even niche topics—if you can get a foothold, you can climb. Pressure doesn't hinder your learning; it sharpens it. Cram sessions before exams, last-minute changes in study material, oral tests sprung without warning—these are your crucible.

- ***To Be* Genius (400 CP, It's 200 CP if you choose Student as your Origin)**

There's something deep within you that doesn't just endure pressure—it needs it. You're not someone who starts strong and burns out. You start average, maybe even below. But when the odds are against you, when expectations are low, when failure seems inevitable—that's when you awaken. The more you're dismissed, doubted, or disadvantaged, the more your growth accelerates. It's not instant mastery, but a rising tide that builds with every new burden, every new obstacle.

Like Suzune Horikita, your potential thrives in hostile environments. Give you a setback, and you'll find a way to grow from it. Give you failure, and you'll learn something no one else did. Every challenge you face doesn't just test you—it refines you. Whether it's academic, social, or even physical, your ability to improve under

pressure is second to none. What would crush others becomes your crucible, and from that fire, you emerge sharper, faster, and more competent than before.

This doesn’t mean life gets easier—it means you're the kind of person who gets better when it doesn't. When the system is unfair, the classmates are cruel, and the rules make no sense… that’s your forge. And by the time they realize they should’ve taken you seriously, you’re already beyond reach.

- **Masterpiece Calling (400 CP, It’s 200 CP if you choose Student as your Origin)**

There’s something you were *meant* to do—and now, you can. Upon selecting this perk, you may choose one specific hobby or skill. From that moment onward, it becomes a natural extension of your soul, as if you’d spent your entire life not only practicing it with relentless devotion, but were born with a prodigy’s intuition for it. Whether it’s fencing, oration, strategy games, mechanical invention, sleight of hand, acting, sculpting, or something stranger, your skill level is no longer “impressive.” It’s *unmatched*.

This isn’t just raw talent—it’s the fusion of inspiration and endless invisible training. If you chose fencing, your blade feels like a limb and your every parry is instinctual. If you chose lying, you can fabricate airtight identities so seamlessly that even government systems and lifelong friends would believe your story. Choose painting, and your brush speaks truths even the artistically illiterate feel in their chest. Choose engineering, and you can cobble

together machines in hours that would take others years to design—using spare parts and improvised tools, no less.

This perk can only be taken once, and once chosen, your talent is locked in. But within that one domain, you are a legend walking—a figure people will write about, study, and never fully understand.

- **Friends (400 CP, It's 200 CP if you choose Student as your Origin)**

You don't force friendships. You invite them. There's something effortlessly magnetic about the way you talk, listen, and simply *exist* around others. When you strike up small talk with someone—about nothing in particular, maybe the weather, maybe a shared complaint about class—they start to feel as though they've known you longer than they actually have. Bit by bit, day by day, they open up. A story here, a vulnerability there, until suddenly they're wondering how they ever got by without you.

This isn't mind control. It's trust, grown unnaturally fast but nurtured in very human soil. You make people feel seen, understood, and safe enough to share secrets they wouldn't even whisper to a diary. You don't need deep confessions to win their affection—just your quiet presence, consistency, and casual companionship. And if you decide to give them a gift, even something small, it bypasses skepticism entirely. They'll accept it with a smile and subconsciously link it to your growing bond. A thoughtful present at the right time can turn budding trust into fierce loyalty.

If they already have reason to like you—shared experiences, compatible personalities, or admiration—then this effect is even stronger. In those cases, what would normally take weeks to build can happen in just a few days. A study partner becomes a best friend. A class rival becomes a confidant. An aloof loner starts saving you a seat. These aren't hollow connections—they're real, powerful, and potentially unshakable.

- **Golden Utility (400 CP, It's 200 CP if you choose Student as your Origin)**

You're not just talented—you're *useful*, and the world never forgets it. Whether it's solving institutional crises, making breakthroughs in research, or simply raising the efficiency of a group project to perfection, you have an uncanny knack for placing yourself where your abilities shine brightest and matter most. Doors open not because you knock, but because people *need* you inside.

Whatever your talent is—be it intellectual, creative, social, or strategic—you'll naturally find (or attract) scenarios where that skill is urgently required. It's not luck; it's design. You show up at the right place, at the right time, with the right solution already forming in your mind. And when the results come in—clean, brilliant, undeniable—those around you react accordingly.

Administrators tolerate your eccentricities. Teachers overlook your lateness. Classmates give you second chances. Officials turn a blind eye to your cutting corners. It's not that you're untouchable—but rather, everyone silently agrees that removing

you would be far more trouble than keeping you happy. You become, in essence, a golden goose—too valuable to lose and too effective to restrain.

People won't worship you. They won't even always like you. But they will respect your contribution, fear your absence, and bend the rules when necessary to keep you producing.

- **Crownless Polymath (600 CP, It's 300 CP if you choose Student as your Origin)**

You aren't just intelligent—you are the embodiment of what true genius was always meant to be. You don't merely solve problems; you redefine the very terms on which problems are understood. With this perk, your cognitive capabilities soar far beyond the norm—your memory retention, creative thinking, analytical prowess, lateral reasoning, and innovative instincts all operate on a level where even historical prodigies seem limited by comparison.

In raw intellect, you are already the equal of Einstein in theory, of Tesla in invention, of Da Vinci in multidisciplinary brilliance—and this is only your starting point. Your mind is a garden of insight, and with every moment you spend honing it—through study, observation, or experimentation—it evolves. There is no ceiling to your growth. What begins as brilliance matures into a form of thinking that doesn't just outpace others, but renders their pace irrelevant.

You comprehend mathematics as poetry, language as architecture, human nature as predictable current. What confounds experts becomes your curiosity. Theories that take others lifetimes to develop take you months, perhaps weeks. You can jump between fields—engineering to philosophy, economics to genetics—without friction. And when others look at your work, they may not understand it… but they'll recognize its power.

This genius isn't always loud. It doesn't need applause. But its impact is felt in every field you touch, in every scheme you craft, and in every silent challenge you shatter by simply thinking differently.

- **The Modern World Messiah (600 CP, It's 300 CP if you choose Student as your Origin)**

Your words don't just land—they take root. You have an uncanny ability to reach into people's doubts, insecurities, and dreams, and then reframe them into something empowering. When you speak, people listen—not because you're loud, but because something in your tone, your phrasing, your timing, makes them believe they *should*. You can galvanize a group on the edge of failure into surpassing their limits, draw out someone's hidden strength, or make a reluctant ally feel like they were always meant to stand at your side.

More than motivation, this is moral realignment. You have a subtle talent for reframing ideas and goals in ways that feel *just* and *noble*, even if they come entirely from your own agenda. You don't

lie—unless you choose to. But you do know how to present your aims in such a way that others see them as inherently right, maybe even righteous. Over time, your cause becomes *the* cause. Your ideals? Internalized. Your instructions? Rebranded as inspiration.

This perk isn't mind control. It's something far more insidious: *earned influence.* You don't force people to obey—you make them want to. Whether you're commanding a team, reshaping student dynamics, or pulling strings from the shadows, your leadership feels personal, like it matters. And even those who realize they're being swayed might find it hard to resent you… because deep down, it *feels* like the right thing to do.

Just remember—power like this, used too well for too long, has started religions before.

- **Blueprint in the Mind (600 CP, It's 300 CP if you choose Student as your Origin)**

You're not just good with machines—you *resonate* with them. Every circuit board, processor, gear, and sensor speaks a language you innately understand, even if you've never seen that particular tech before. You don't need manuals. You don't need tutorials. If something is physically possible under your current world's scientific understanding, your mind immediately begins sketching out how to make it real, with an almost eerie precision.

Whether you're building a drone out of scavenged parts, designing a secure comms system from school lab equipment, or quietly

rigging a surveillance setup in your dorm ceiling, you always know the exact materials, tools, and timing required to bring it to life. Prototypes don't frustrate you—they teach you. A failure isn't a dead end—it's data. The moment something goes wrong, you see the flaw like a highlighted line in a code editor. Correction becomes instinctive, refinement intuitive.

This doesn't let you jump generations of science—you won't be building FTL engines in the back of the school bus. But it does mean that within the boundaries of known science and plausible engineering, there's very little you *can't* do. Better still, you don't need a fully stocked lab to work. Improvisation flows as naturally as breathing. Give you a pile of old laptops, some duct tape, and a soldering iron, and you'll give back something that makes your classmates wonder how you aren't working for DARPA.

- **Strategic Retreat (600 CP, It's 300 CP if you choose Student as your Origin)**

You've learned the quiet power of disengagement—the art of stepping back not to surrender, but to breathe, reset, and charge in smarter. With this perk, you possess a sharpened mental reflex that kicks in the moment you're stuck, overwhelmed, or spiraling into overthinking. Whether it's a problem on paper, a strategic plan, a social deadlock, or an emotional snarl, you can mentally "zoom out," disconnecting just enough to let your thoughts reorganize.

This isn't some magical epiphany beam—it's clarity earned through distance. Patterns you missed before become obvious. The

assumptions you clung to loosen their grip. You remember what your goal was before the anxiety and the pressure piled on. It’s like giving your brain a breath of fresh air in the middle of a storm.

Better yet, this detachment isn't a solitary skill. You're just as capable of guiding others through it. In a heated group study session, a crumbling strategy meeting, or a post-conflict fallout, you can pull people out of their spirals, ease their tension, and give them the mental room to think clearly again. You know when to suggest a break, when to ask the right question, when to reframe the problem in a way no one else considered.

Progress isn’t always linear—and you understand that better than most. Sometimes the smartest way forward is to take one step back. Or two. Or five. But in the end, you *move*. And unlike most, you know how to help others move too.

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Staff

- **Authority (100 CP, It’s Free if you choose Staff as your Origin)**

When you speak, the room shifts. Maybe it’s your posture, your tone, the measured cadence of your voice, or the way your gaze cuts through idle chatter—whatever it is, people listen. With this perk, you exude an almost instinctual authority, one that demands acknowledgment before a single word is said. You don’t need to shout to be heard, and you don’t need to threaten to be obeyed.

There’s something about you that signals *control*—of yourself, the room, the situation.

This isn’t mind control. You’re not brainwashing people into loyalty. It’s subtler, more insidious, and far more reliable. People hesitate to argue with you. They defer without realizing it. Even those who want to challenge you often second-guess themselves as the words leave their mouth. Students feel compelled to take your words seriously. Peers instinctively pause when you raise a hand. In meetings, study groups, or even casual conversations, your voice naturally becomes the backbone of the room’s rhythm.

It’s not about charisma—it’s about presence. Whether you're a born leader or a quiet manipulator, this aura of command gives you the platform. What you do with it, however… that’s entirely up to you.

- **Paper Trail-Proof (100 CP, It’s Free if you choose Staff as your Origin)**

You don’t just survive the labyrinth of bureaucracy—you thrive in it like a shadow gliding through fog. With this perk, you’ve developed an intuitive mastery over administrative systems, regulations, and institutional blind spots. You can draft reports that are technically flawless yet say nothing of consequence. You know precisely which forms to submit, which deadlines to "accidentally" miss, and which obscure procedural rule to cite when you need to stall a request or hide a misstep.

Controversial issues seem to evaporate once they cross your desk. By the time someone realizes what's missing, the trail is cold, and the oversight committee has already moved on. Your involvement in problems is always hard to prove, and even when you're clearly the one behind a decision, it never seems quite actionable. You become that rare breed of staff member: trusted enough to be left alone, unremarkable enough to avoid scrutiny, and quietly powerful behind the scenes.

Whether you're protecting your favorite students from disciplinary action, sabotaging a rival educator's initiative, or simply making your workload more bearable, your talent lies not in confrontation—but in the elegant art of disappearance.

- **Gamified Genius (100 CP, It's Free if you choose Staff as your Origin)**

You don't just teach—you *engineer engagement*. With this perk, you can design lessons, exercises, and entire curricula that feel less like schoolwork and more like the student's favorite hobby. Algebra becomes as thrilling as a puzzle game. History classes unfold like gripping dramas. Debate assignments feel like stage performances or tactical war games. Even the driest subject matter takes on a flow state quality when filtered through your personalized approach.

You instinctively understand how to weave content into narratives, challenges, and rewards that fit your students' individual passions. A bored athlete finds math turning into physical strategy

breakdowns. A gamer sees their language class as a dialogue-based quest. An introvert finds group projects transformed into cooperative stealth missions. Every lesson feels tailored—not because it's easy, but because it feels *alive*.

This works whether you're a classroom teacher, tutor, or even an administrator implementing school-wide systems. You don't dumb things down—you reframe them in a way that makes students lean in instead of zone out. Their performance improves without them realizing they're working harder.

Of course, this perk won't magically make every student love you—some may still resist authority or hold personal grudges—but they'll be fighting against a curriculum that's fun *in spite of themselves*.

- **Basic Competency, Exceptional Cover (100 CP, It's Free if you choose Staff as your Origin)**

You pass every sniff test. You know what every average teacher in your environment should know—curriculum standards, exam formats, classroom management techniques, and the kind of bureaucratic jargon that fills staff meetings without ever saying anything of substance. Whether you're assigned to a top-tier institution or a backwater remedial class, you carry the precise baseline knowledge to avoid suspicion or mockery. You might not win Teacher of the Year, but no one will question your qualifications.

You can deliver lectures, mark papers, and keep a classroom orderly without stumbling. You'll recognize all the acronyms, buzzwords, and unspoken expectations of your educational environment. You won't stand out—but that's the point. You blend in. Seamlessly.

For someone with a false background or hidden agenda, this perk is a lifeline. You can walk into a faculty meeting, nod at the right times, complain about the usual grievances, and leave with no one giving you a second thought. You're invisible in the best way—competent enough to never raise eyebrows, forgettable enough to never raise alarms.

- **Strategic Recruitment (200 CP, It's 100 CP if you choose Staff as your Origin)**

You always know who to pick. Whether you're assembling a faculty task force, assigning class advisors, or recruiting a technician to quietly sabotage the school's surveillance system, you have an uncanny ability to identify the most qualified person for any role. Their skills, availability, and personality align almost too perfectly with what you need—like fate placed them on your path at the right time.

You don't summon people out of nowhere, but you always seem to stumble upon the ideal candidate—someone whose expertise fills exactly the gap you needed filled. A computer science whiz appears just when you need a server cracked. A counselor with military experience shows up the day your class begins to spiral. You can

spin a quick pitch, drop the right hint, or arrange the right favor, and they'll say yes—at least for now.

However, these recruits aren't puppets. They have their own morals, goals, and tolerances for deception. If they uncover that you've been manipulating them, or using them for purposes you didn't fully disclose, the consequences can be severe. They'll still do their job to perfection—but they might do it with a grudge, or with plans of their own. The genius you brought on might become your rival. The ally you uplifted might be the one to expose your network.

Even so, the power to always gather the perfect team—even at the risk of rebellion—is a weapon few administrators, teachers, or masterminds can afford to pass up.

- **Failure Analyst (200 CP, It's 100 CP if you choose Staff as your Origin)**

To most, failure is frustrating, disheartening, or mystifying. To you, it's just another form of data. With this perk, every misstep—yours or someone else's—becomes a case study you instinctively dissect. You understand not just *that* something went wrong, but *why*, *where*, and *how it could have been prevented*. This insight comes with eerie speed and clarity, allowing you to deliver pinpoint feedback that cuts straight to the core issue.

When a student bombs an exam, you can explain precisely what concept they misunderstood and why they misunderstood it. If a school project collapses, you can trace the breakdown in

communication, timeline, or responsibility like reading from a textbook. Even large-scale institutional failures, like flawed curricula or team dysfunction, reveal themselves to you as clean, fixable structures beneath the chaos.

You're not infallible yourself—you *can* still fail—but when you do, the learning curve is immediate and steep. You rarely make the same mistake twice, and your corrections are elegant and efficient. Your ability to articulate what went wrong also makes you a phenomenal mentor, supervisor, or advisor. Students and staff alike benefit from your guidance, because you don't just fix problems—you train others to recognize and fix them, too.

- **Human Metric Reader (200 CP, It's 100 CP if you choose Staff as your Origin)**

You don't need weeks of observation, surveillance footage, or psychological profiles to understand someone. All you need is a conversation—ten minutes, five, even less—and the truth begins to show itself. With this perk, your perception of others is honed to a scalpel's edge. Students squirm under your gaze not because you scold them, but because they sense you've already seen through the role they're playing. Staff may smile to your face, but you recognize exactly which ones are eyeing a promotion, hiding mistakes, or playing politics under the surface.

Ambition, resentment, fear, buried guilt—these emotional signatures rise to the surface like oil in water when you're paying attention. You don't just read what people *say*; you feel what they *mean*, and

sense what they're trying to *hide*. You can walk into a room and, within moments, map the hidden power dynamics, social bonds, and looming tensions.

In disciplinary hearings, you can tell when a student is lying with conviction versus bluffing through panic. In meetings, you know who supports your initiative—and who's quietly sabotaging it. Most importantly, you know exactly how to apply pressure: the right warning, the right compliment, the exact phrasing that makes someone step up, fold, or fall in line.

You're not omniscient, and a master manipulator could still fool you—but only for a time. Eventually, their performance will slip, and when it does, you'll be ready.

- **Soft Power Educator (200 CP, It's 100 CP if you choose Staff as your Origin)**

You don't bark orders or slam desks. You don't raise your voice or flash points like a badge. You don't need to. With this perk, your power lies in implication—your words never threaten, but they always carry weight. A single pause before answering, a carefully phrased compliment in front of the right ears, a simple "I expected better"—all become tools sharper than any punishment.

Your students behave not because they're afraid of getting caught, but because disappointing you feels worse than detention. Staff members avoid crossing you not out of fear of exposure, but because your quiet disapproval lingers in the air like smoke. You're

the kind of educator who can change the course of someone's future with a look—and they'll never be able to tell if it was encouragement or a warning.

Whether you cultivate loyalty, deference, or quiet paranoia is entirely up to you. But regardless of your tone or methods, your influence is undeniable.

- **Final Lesson (400 CP, It's 200 CP if you choose Staff as your Origin)**

You were never trained in pedagogy alone. Beneath your teacher's smile and clean record lies a lifetime of silent kills, ghosted operations, and immaculate covers. With this perk, you possess the full repertoire of an elite assassin—stealth, infiltration, improvised weapons, poisons, and fatal precision. More than that, you've mastered the art of erasure. When you eliminate a target, there's no trail, no suspicion, no loose ends. Their disappearance becomes a sad mystery at best, a tragic accident at worst.

You know how to study patterns and routines, how to move without being seen or remembered, how to use the environment itself to do the work for you. A fall down the stairs, a gas leak in the teacher's dorm, a student who vanishes on a transfer that no one authorized—your hands remain clean, your conscience clearer than it should be.

Even in a school designed around psychological warfare, your skills grant you the ultimate leverage. You can remove threats without

confrontation. You can silence scandals before they bloom. You can ensure your class—or your secrets—remain untouched by outside interference. And if someone does suspect, they'll find nothing but perfectly filed paperwork and a few too many coincidences. Because when you teach your final lesson, no one's left to dispute the syllabus.

- **The Unclouded Gaze (400 CP, It's 200 CP if you choose Staff as your Origin)**

You possess the rarest quality among manipulators, educators, and administrators: complete internal silence. With this perk, you can willfully strip away your ego, suppress your emotions, nullify personal biases, shelve your beliefs, and mute your moral compass. What remains is a mind of pure, undistorted clarity—cold, lucid, and almost alien in its ability to assess truth, cause, and consequence without flinching.

When operating in this mode, nothing colors your judgment. You can plan a student's expulsion, a faculty takedown, or a class reshuffle without pride, guilt, or hesitation. You are not heartless—you are merely detached. This detachment sharpens your strategy, enhances your foresight, and prevents irrationality from poisoning your outcomes.

More frighteningly, this clarity is contagious. If someone agrees—knowingly or unknowingly—you can grant them a taste of it. For a short time, they too will be free of their hangups and mental

distortions. Conversations become raw and hyper-rational, decisions clean-cut and devastatingly effective.

But there is a safety built into the system. If your next action would directly violate your core beliefs, moral lines, or personal integrity, the mode shuts off. Your emotions will return just in time to stop you—or force you to wrestle with the decision. You're not losing yourself. You're just learning to set your humanity aside when it's too loud to think—and pick it back up the moment you need to feel again.

- **Operant Architect (400 CP, It's 200 CP if you choose Staff as your Origin)**

You are a master of reinforcement—not in theory, but in practice. Whether you're addressing a misbehaving student, an overworked staff member, or a rising star on the edge of burnout, you know exactly what to say, when to say it, and how to deliver it for maximum psychological impact. A small nod, a quiet compliment, or the strategic withholding of praise can shape behavior more effectively than any detention or bonus point ever could.

With this perk, every reward is calculated. Every bit of approval is a carefully measured tool. When you want someone to improve, you know the precise kind of affirmation—verbal or otherwise—that will drive them forward without feeding arrogance. When you want to dampen a habit or sabotage confidence, you know just how to twist your tone or smile to make their efforts feel unnoticed or subtly discouraged.

This power is subtle and all the more dangerous for it. You never overplay your hand. You don't create dependents—you create achievers, loyalists, or reformed rebels, all shaped through a precise psychological calibration of stimulus and response. Praise becomes policy. Disapproval becomes law. In your hands, motivation is no longer a mystery. It's just another tool in your arsenal.

- **Crisis Curator (400 CP, It's 200 CP if you choose Staff as your Origin)**

When the unthinkable happens, when everything starts to unravel and chaos threatens the delicate balance of the institution, that's when you quietly step in. With a calm demeanor and a ruthless sense of priority, you triage the fallout—not to heal the wounded, but to preserve the system. You don't panic, you don't freeze, and you certainly don't let a single stain linger where administrators or the public might see it.

With this perk, you have the uncanny ability to sanitize even the most catastrophic events. A cheating ring can become a misunderstood collaborative effort. A violent altercation? A disciplinary failure pinned on a conveniently expelled student. Suicide? Framed as a tragic accident, complete with fake records and mournful speeches written by your hand. You understand the machinery of bureaucracy and human perception better than most ever will, and you can twist both with surgical precision.

You’re not necessarily heartless—but this perk makes sure your loyalty lies with the institution, not the individuals within it. You know what can be allowed to fester and what must be excised. Whether you’re staging a cover-up, managing optics, or quietly blacklisting those who "knew too much," the end result is always the same: the school’s reputation stays pristine, and you walk away without a blemish.

- **Favor of the Chair (600 CP, It’s 300 CP if you choose Staff as your Origin)**

No one climbs in this world on merit alone—and you’ve made peace with that. With this perk, you’ve developed the kind of presence and political instinct that makes you *memorable* to the right people. Whether it's a passing comment in a staff meeting or a footnote on an evaluation report, something about you sticks. Administrators, board members, or upper-echelon officials take notice—and not with suspicion, but with interest. They see promise, or usefulness, or the kind of quiet control that institutions crave but rarely advertise.

You know how to read a room of stakeholders the same way others read a pop quiz. You instinctively shift your tone to suit the ears of an old-school principal, a jaded bureaucrat, or a politically-minded donor. You know when to speak, when to stay silent, and when to let a strategically timed misstep show your "humanity" without ever compromising real leverage. On paper, you are competent and

unthreatening. In person, you are useful and impressive. Behind the scenes, you are quietly climbing.

And you won't be climbing alone. This perk makes sure someone higher up—someone whose name opens doors—will quietly nudge opportunities your way. A recommendation here. A signature there. Invitations, transfers, appointments. They'll never say it outright, but they've picked a favorite… and it's you.

- **Framework Sovereign (600 CP, It's 300 CP if you choose Staff as your Origin)**

You don't just teach within the system—you are the system. With this perk, you possess a rare genius for constructing structures that govern minds, behavior, and outcomes from the inside out. Whether you're building a curriculum, a social hierarchy, an exam protocol, or a competitive event, what you create does more than assess performance—it *shapes* it.

Every rule you write reinforces the outcomes you desire. Every metric you implement shifts incentives in just the right direction. The students will think they're playing a fair game, the teachers will believe they're enforcing honest standards—but the truth is, you've engineered the parameters down to the finest detail. Your systems adapt, evolve, and defend themselves from scrutiny. Most won't even realize they've been conditioned until they're too deeply entrenched to resist.

You could make obedience feel like independence. You could pit rivals against each other in a way that breeds talent, not rebellion. You could design an academic gauntlet that crushes unworthy ambition while elevating loyal competence. And the best part? You never need to raise your voice or dirty your hands. In the world of institutional control, you are the unseen architect—the one who decides not just what the students learn, but *who they become*.

- **Motor Mastery (600 CP, It's 300 CP if you choose Staff as your Origin)**

Your body remembers perfection. Once you've successfully completed a physical action—whether it's a precise martial arts throw, the perfect pen stroke across an exam rubric, or a complex dance maneuver—your muscles log it with uncanny fidelity. From that point forward, you can perform the same task with the exact same precision, fluidity, and success, every single time.

You don't need to practice to maintain that ability. It doesn't degrade over time. Even under pressure, fatigue, or emotional duress, your execution remains flawless. If you nail a perfect basketball free throw once, you'll never miss again. If you disarm a student in a scuffle with a slick maneuver, that motion becomes instinctual.

In a school environment, this makes you terrifyingly efficient. You can type evaluations at blinding speed without typos. You can silently stalk a hallway without a single creaking floorboard. You can demonstrate physical techniques in PE with textbook accuracy no matter how obscure or difficult. It isn't just physical control—it's

perfection on repeat. Others train for years to reach peak performance. You only need one success.

- **Indelible Mark (600 CP, It's 300 CP if you choose Staff as your Origin)**

You don't just pass through people's lives—you carve your presence into them. Whether through mentorship, manipulation, kindness, cruelty, or something far more complicated, your actions ripple outward with weight and permanence. Once someone has spent enough time around you or felt the full impact of something you've done—whether it saved them, broke them, inspired them, or betrayed them—they will never truly forget you.

This isn't mere memory. It's emotional imprint. The more significant your involvement, the deeper the impression. Students you nurtured may think of you in moments of crisis years down the line. Colleagues you crossed may obsessively track your career out of resentment. Rivals might shape their identities around proving you wrong. Supporters might become disciples. Even those who drift from your orbit often find themselves changed in ways they can't quite articulate—but always traceable back to you.

This can be a burden or a tool, depending on how you use it.

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Item

General (Undiscounted)

- **Endless Allowance (100 CP)**

Wealth is power at Advanced Nurturing High School, and you've secured a stream that never runs dry. This item grants you a steady deposit of 100,000 Private Points into your account every month, as reliably as the sunrise. Whether you're a student, staff member, or something else entirely, these points appear without question, without oversight, and without strings. They're real. They spend like any other. And unless you're being watched for something truly illegal, no one will ever question their origin.

The best part? This benefit isn't fixed. Each additional purchase of this item compounds its value—200,000 per month on your second acquisition, 300,000 on the third, and so on—stacking into a private fortune that quietly accumulates in the background. Before long, you might have the spending power to outmatch entire classes, bribe upper management, or fund entire operations with nothing but spare change.

Use it to buy loyalty. Use it to build comfort. Use it to fuel influence without ever lifting a finger. In a system where your worth is measured by what you can spend, you've just bought your way into an entirely different game.

- **Strategist's Notebook (100 CP)**

A plain-looking notebook, unassuming in size and thickness, yet strangely impossible to fill. Each time your pen meets its paper, your thoughts untangle themselves with eerie ease. Lines of

reasoning straighten. Half-formed suspicions crystallize. With every note you take—about students, tests, power dynamics, or shadow games—the notebook gently guides your mind toward deeper connections, clearer frameworks, and sharper deductions.

It doesn't speak. It doesn't correct you. But as you scribble your doubts or plans, the chaos in your head folds into a structure that makes sense. It might highlight a discrepancy in your timeline with a subtle spacing shift. It might make your eye linger just a second longer on a bullet point you almost overlooked. The more you use it, the more it feels like your mind itself is growing more disciplined—more surgical.

Patterns jump off the page. Interpersonal webs start to reveal themselves. If you keep records on someone long enough, you may begin to understand them better than they understand themselves. Even a hastily scrawled plan made under pressure seems to land better than it should. No one else sees anything special in the book—it's just paper and ink to them. But to you, it's the silent, tireless assistant that turns instinct into strategy and theory into outcome.

- **The Impeccable Cut (100 CP)**

At first glance, it's just a uniform—clean, sharp, custom-fitted to perfection. But this outfit, no matter the era or school environment, is always precisely what it needs to be. The fabric is never wrinkled, the fit is never off, and somehow, it complements both your stature and your personality without drawing overt attention. When you

walk into a room, people feel the weight of professionalism before you've even spoken.

There's no magic to it—just the illusion of excellence, refined to an art. This outfit doesn't scream status or wealth. Instead, it whispers competence. Students instinctively see you as someone with their act together. Teachers are more inclined to trust your word or overlook your minor errors. If you're ever in a position where first impressions matter—be it a disciplinary hearing, group project, or impromptu speech—this attire frames you as someone who belongs, someone who handles things.

The effects don't override your actions, of course. Fail hard enough, and even the best wardrobe can't salvage your image. But so long as you don't falter publicly or catastrophically, the respect this outfit draws tends to linger, giving you just a little more space to maneuver, a little more sway in uncertain rooms.

- **Ghost Account (100 CP)**

A sleek, matte-black credit card with no name, no issuer, and no connection to any known banking system—at least, not one that can be traced. Each month, like clockwork, the card is replenished with the equivalent of 100,000 USD in real-world currency. The funds are instantly spendable, universally accepted, and immune to flags, freezes, or fraud alerts. No paper trail, no identity verification, no questions asked.

You could buy a sports car, bribe a politician, or pay for an elite education—all without leaving a digital footprint. Need more? Each additional purchase of this item grants another card or doubles the deposit to an existing one, granting another 100,000 per month per instance. Whether you spread it out across aliases or funnel it into one endless well of capital, the system never glitches, never fails, and never reveals you as the source.

- **The False Elevator (200 CP)**

To everyone else, it's just a blank stretch of hallway, a forgotten broom closet, or an oddly placed panel in a school basement. But to you, it's a doorway—one that leads not to another floor, but to a secret world entirely of your making. Once per jump, you may designate any structure, no matter how secure or ordinary, to host this hidden elevator. With a subtle press or whispered command, the doors open to reveal a space that simply shouldn't exist.

Inside is your sanctuary: a compact, self-sustaining living space warped by just enough strangeness to feel like something between a dream and a pocket dimension. The décor may shift slightly to match your taste, but it always offers everything you need to live comfortably—fully stocked fridge, hot water, power, fast internet, and more importantly, absolute privacy. Whether you use it as a workshop, a panic room, a research lab, or just a place to get away from the madness outside, it's yours alone.

- **The Hidden Perimeter (200 CP)**

Tucked away in the mountains, nestled in the woods, or resting quietly in a long-forgotten stretch of countryside, this sanctuary is yours and yours alone. This sanctuary is more than just a cabin or bunker—it is a fully self-sufficient, self-cleaning, self-maintaining safehouse that operates like a ghost property, completely undetectable to satellites, drones, or even old-fashioned foot traffic. No maps show it. No records mention it. No paths lead to it unless you allow them to form.

Everything within is pristine and prepared: food fully stocked, power systems renewable and self-regulating, climate control precise, and the atmosphere always just the right kind of calm. There's no need to fix broken appliances or scrub down floors—maintenance handles itself in the background like clockwork. The surrounding plot of land is vast and untouched, protected under the same mysterious clause of ownership and concealment. Storms roll past it. Fires die before reaching it. War and surveillance skip over it as if by divine blind spot.

And it’s not just safe—it’s opportunistically safe. If someone *must* find it, they will only do so if their arrival would benefit *you*. Perhaps a future ally lost in the woods, or a courier with information you needed—otherwise, no one will ever reach your door without your will. In a setting where betrayal, manipulation, and surveillance are daily concerns, having a place where nothing and no one can touch you is a luxury few can afford. You don’t just live off the grid. You own the entire edge of the map.

- **Ghostline Drive (200 CP)**

This new drive of yours is a marvel of unseen innovation—quiet, elegant, and always one step ahead of the world around it. Whether it takes the form of a luxury sedan, a sleek motorcycle, a top-tier electric car, or even a discreet urban compact, it will always be street-legal, modern-looking, and seemingly mundane to onlookers… until it isn't. Its performance, efficiency, and features are decades ahead of its time, automatically updating itself to stay precisely thirty years beyond the current cutting edge of civilian vehicle technology. This includes materials, software, fuel systems, and comfort—even predictive navigation and self-driving features.

You never need to worry about upkeep. Dirt slides off like it fears you. Scratches and dents vanish overnight. Broken windows, shredded tires, or even a full wreck won't last past sunrise. Refueling is never required—it draws energy from something even mechanics can't explain. Its registration is always valid. Its tags never expire. Authorities never ticket it, no matter where or how you park it. Whether you leave it outside a bank, a restricted dock, or the headmaster's personal parking space, it's somehow always overlooked or waved off as "permitted."

If taken more than once, each additional purchase grants you a new vehicle in a different style—an off-road beast, a luxury yacht, a commuter van, a retro muscle car—each one bound by the same rules of self-repairing, maintenance-free superiority.

- **Strategos Core (200 CP)**

This isn't just a database—it’s your shadow tutor, your war-room assistant, and your secret ace in a game where every move counts.

This is a compact, encrypted digital archive stored on a sleek personal device—disguised as a phone, tablet, or even a pair of smart glasses. Within it lies a curated vault of psychological models, behavioral pattern recognition, global historical tactics, elite-level academic instruction, and social manipulation strategies drawn from centuries of human conflict, negotiation, and brilliance. From ancient treatises to classified intelligence training modules, the content is exhaustive—and terrifyingly practical.

But it’s not passive. This thing learns. It draws from your surroundings, absorbing local behavior patterns, social data, personality quirks, and interpersonal dynamics through subtle inputs like overheard conversations, class rosters, or even your own observations. Based on this, it provides evolving strategic insight—not in direct commands, but in adaptive suggestions, cautionary flags, or resource links. You might receive a highlight of a similar historical scenario, a tactical schema used by a 16th-century statesman, or a psychological deconstruction of your classmate’s behavior—all framed to sharpen your thinking without giving you a crutch.

In the hands of someone with ambition, it becomes a power multiplier. A quiet student can become a social weaver. A brute force problem-solver can learn surgical precision. A middling tactician can predict not just the next move, but the ripple effect

three plays down. The more you feed into it—notes, data, analysis—the more refined and predictive it becomes.

- **The Scholar’s Fork (400 CP)**

At first glance, it's just a binder. Or a sleek tablet. Or maybe a simple app tucked deep in your device. But once opened, this item lives up to its name—offering two paths, each leading to wildly different kinds of excellence.

The first path is honest brilliance. It provides a personalized, adaptive study plan for any subject you approach. It analyzes your baseline knowledge, strengths, and weaknesses, then generates a step-by-step curriculum that sharpens your understanding with almost unnerving efficiency. You don’t just cram facts—you absorb them, integrate them, and retain them. Concepts become second nature. Applications become instinct. What should take weeks takes days. What should take months takes a week. If you follow the plan, success becomes inevitable—and earned.

But there’s another option.

The second path is temptation. Activate the item’s secondary mode, and it will craft a method of cheating so flawless, so undetectable, that you’ll pass any written, verbal, or even practical exam without suspicion. Planted cues, altered test sheets, digital interference, or a whispered answer carried on the wind—it changes every time. It’s not magic. It’s just precision. The catch? You won’t learn a thing. Your grade goes up, but your knowledge remains the same. And

you'll know it. Every time you use this option, you're choosing short-term gain over long-term growth—and this thing will remember.

Neither path locks you in. You can walk the high road one day and cut corners the next. But the more you lean on one side, the more the other fades into shadow. And in a school that tests more than facts, sometimes the hardest question is whether you want to win the right way—or just win.

- **Phoenix Clause (400 CP)**

A ghost in the machine, hidden far beneath the pristine surface of your current system—whether it's the Japanese government-funded Advanced Nurturing High School or any similarly elite institution across realities—lies a failsafe no one is supposed to know exists. Installed by the architects who understood that even the most promising individuals sometimes fail, the Phoenix Clause is a masterstroke of systemic manipulation. Once per Jump, you may activate this protocol to silently unwind a catastrophic blunder. Whether you were publicly humiliated in a staged debate, exposed for cheating, sabotaged in a political coup, or on the verge of expulsion from a scandal too great to be ignored, this device erases it from the records with terrifying efficiency.

It does not rewind time—but it rewinds perception. Your public image, your academic standing, your placement in class rankings or disciplinary status will return to what they were exactly one week before the failure occurred. Teachers, classmates, and staff

members either forget, misremember, or recontextualize the event in a way that removes all critical consequences. Surveillance footage vanishes, logs are altered, testimonies change, and whispered rumors dissipate like fog in sunlight. In-universe, it's not seen as supernatural—just one more example of administrative oversight, gaslighting, or unexpected intervention.

However, this miracle does not come without price. You alone retain all memories of what transpired. You carry the scars, emotional weight, and psychological trauma of what went wrong. Additionally, while the immediate consequences are reversed, this doesn't mean your enemies vanish, or that your next attempt will go any smoother. You've bought yourself a second chance—but how you use it may decide whether you climb even higher or fall all over again. Use it wisely. You won't get another.

- **Red Room Access (400 CP)**

Buried far beneath the glittering facade of the Advanced Nurturing High School lies a facility that doesn't officially exist. No teacher will acknowledge it. No student handbook references it. Yet for those with the cunning, leverage, or sheer audacity to "earn" entrance, the Red Room is nothing short of a throne room for the unseen elite.

It's not just a room—it's a labyrinthine complex wired for manipulation, strategy, and mastery. When you walk its halls, you step beyond the rules of the school above. The Red Room contains elite-grade infrastructure: silent AI-driven simulators that can recreate any past test or social scenario in flawless detail, black-box

archives filled with academic knowledge scrubbed from standard databases, real-time access to the school's security and surveillance feeds, and a disturbing trove of blackmail material that seems to grow on its own.

Encrypted terminals offer backdoor access to the school's grading, scheduling, and disciplinary systems—not to alter, but to monitor. There are training spaces with biometric feedback systems, high-density VR chambers to sharpen reflexes and social maneuvering, and even private briefing rooms for those who operate in cells and shadows. Every inch of the Red Room is a weapon—one that sharpens not with strength, but with strategy.

No surveillance follows you here. No teacher's eye sees what you do, and no consequence lands unless you drag it to the surface. And because your access is keyed to you alone, no one else can enter without your invitation—or your fall.

- **"Code: Horus" – The Observer’s Authority (600 CP)**

Buried within the labyrinthine source code of the Advanced Nurturing High School’s surveillance infrastructure is a forgotten protocol—an administrative ghost function, never activated, never acknowledged. You now hold the key.

Horus isn't just a backdoor into the school’s surveillance—it’s a living interface designed to observe patterns, correlations, and anomalies with chilling precision.

You see through thousands of eyes. Every hallway camera, classroom mic, elevator sensor, biometric lock, and keystroke logger bends into your awareness, painting a complete and living map of the school's inner workings. Conversations whispered behind vending machines. Late-night rendezvous in rooftop gardens. Contraband passing hands under lunch tables. Every event across campus is no longer an isolated moment—it's a thread in a web you now control.

The AI integrated with the system doesn't merely record—it interprets. It flags potential conspiracies, behavioral shifts, rising tensions, deviations from normal patterns. Students planning to manipulate test scores? Staff members trading favors? A class beginning to rally around a hidden leader? You'll know, often before they do.

You cannot alter footage, erase data, or directly interfere with the system's core mechanics. But you don't need to. The raw, unfiltered flood of knowledge pouring into your mind turns you into something more than a player in the game.

No one knows you have this. Not even the school. Not even the developers. And if someone does suspect? The system reroutes your signals and cloaks your access beneath layers of harmless telemetry.

- **The Archivist's Codex (600 CP)**

Knowledge may be power, but power fades when memory fails. Not for you. With this item—either a thick, leather-bound tome that seems impossibly light for its size or a sleek, unassuming app nestled into your digital device—you possess a living gateway to the sum total of human understanding. It's not a Google clone. It's better. It doesn't just crawl public domains or shallow databases—it reaches into erased forums, redacted archives, and burnt libraries. If it was ever written, typed, or etched into any system connected to human history, this Codex can find it.

It doesn't offer instant answers. The Codex respects inquiry. You must still search, scan, or refine your queries, and the more precise or obscure your question, the deeper it must dig. But when it responds, it responds with layered clarity: a historical reference, followed by a breakdown of counterpoints, interpretations, revisions, and even the shadowed footnotes forgotten by modern scholarship.

Want to understand the real roots of a school rumor? Trace the academic lineage of a theory being tested in class? Decode a tactic lifted from an ancient battlefield? Or dig up the true version of a long-deleted confession post from an anonymous board? If it ever existed in human record, the Codex remembers it. Even if every trace of it was wiped from the world, if it was recorded once, it is recoverable here.

It will never suggest what to believe—it simply offers everything that ever was. Patterns, contradictions, truth, and myth alike. And with it, you become not merely a student, but a sage among schemers.

While others clutch at theories and hearsay, you hold in your hands the full weight of fact, and the ability to weaponize even forgotten knowledge.

Just be warned: not every page is meant to be read. Some truths were erased for a reason.

- **Edictmaker's Pen (600 CP)**

This is no ordinary pen, nor some trick of administration. Whether it takes the form of a sleek, digital stylus encoded with archaic symbols or a humble calligraphy brush carved from old wood, this item is a vessel of societal persuasion—one that does not change the rules on paper, but alters the invisible architecture of belief and behavior. When you wield this pen, you don't command through authority. You mold the collective conscience.

Once in your possession, you may use it to inscribe—figuratively or literally—up to three core "rules." These are not laws, not school policy, not directives. They are *truths,* accepted and followed by the student body with the weight of inherited tradition, peer pressure, and the fear of social consequence. Whatever you write becomes the unspoken dogma of the community. Maybe you decide, "No one betrays someone who shares their lunch," and suddenly, to violate this would be unthinkable, a breach as damning as cheating on a friend's test. Or perhaps, "Top academic scorers are above petty drama," and you'll find even bullies and rumor-mongers tiptoe around the brightest minds.

The rules cannot override faculty authority or institutional policy, but they never need to. This item operates in the layer beneath rules—where people actually live. It hijacks gossip, expectation, tribal instinct, and fear of social death. What's most dangerous, though, is that once a rule is embedded, it doesn't feel like it came from you. It simply feels *natural.* Organic. As if it had always been part of the school's strange cultural logic.

Used strategically, this item is not just a social tool—it is a form of soft war. Shape alliances. Sabotage norms. Fortify your position by reshaping what students value, fear, or aspire to. And when you leave this school, the pen follows. In any future world or society where people cluster and rules emerge informally, this pen can find root again. Three truths, born from your hand, and destined to shape the unseen framework of power—wherever you go.

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Drop In

- **Endless Indulgence (100 CP, It's Free you choose Drop-In as your Origin, can be taken multiple times)**

This isn't just a magic trick—it's a survival advantage, a social weapon, and a guilty pleasure all wrapped into one. After purchasing this, you gain the ability to summon an unlimited supply of a single food or drink item of your choice, instantly and effortlessly, as fresh and hot (or cold) as it should be. Whether it's a gourmet cheeseburger from a premium fast-food chain, sizzling

skewers of lamb shawarma, perfectly crisped hot wings, a bubble tea masterpiece, or even a humble bowl of instant noodles—this chosen item becomes your ever-present companion.

There's no wait, no prep, no need to hide in the cafeteria. Call it with a thought, and it appears in your hand, ready to devour or share. It doesn't spoil, it doesn't run out, and it always arrives in peak condition. In a system where Private Points control comfort and scarcity manipulates morale, this power is deceptively potent. You never need to spend on food again. You never have to beg, trade, or starve. In a group setting, your ability to casually hand someone a hot, flavorful meal can break tension, forge trust, or bind allies together faster than hours of negotiation.

What's more, you can take this item again, each time selecting a new food or drink to add to your personal summoning arsenal.

- **Social Reset Button (100 CP, It's Free you choose Drop-In as your Origin)**

This unassuming object—perhaps a discreet coin in your pocket or a hidden app on your phone—isn't flashy, but its power is quiet and profound. Once per month, you can activate it to gently wipe the slate clean—not of events, but of perceptions. You won't make people forget what you did, but they'll stop treating you like the villain in someone else's story. The whispers will lose volume. The icy glances will thaw. The instinctive suspicion will dim, replaced with ambiguity, neutrality, and second chances.

This effect doesn’t touch formal records or consequences. If the school punished you for a rule-breaking incident, that still stands. But socially? You're no longer the outcast, the betrayer, the manipulator who got caught. You become a mystery again—a classmate with a shadowed past, perhaps, but one no longer defined by it. It won’t affect close enemies with a personal grudge, but for the general student body, it’s enough to be granted breathing room.

- **The Paradox Kit (100 CP, It’s Free you choose Drop-In as your Origin)**

It shouldn’t fit—but it does. This battered, seemingly standard-sized toolbox contains what might be the most absurdly complete, physics-defying collection of tools ever assembled. If it exists—within the limits of the most advanced technology you have access to—then this kit contains it. From screwdrivers and lockpicks to laser cutters, surgical scalpels, and microfabrication rigs, the toolbox obeys no spatial logic yet remains effortlessly portable.

The miracle isn’t just in its storage—it’s in the function. Every tool you pull out is precisely what you need, down to the thread count of a bolt or the obscure configuration of a circuit. No more rummaging. No more wasted time. The tools are self-sustaining: they never wear down, run dry, or suffer from misuse. Covered in mud? Spotless when withdrawn. Battery dead? Not a concern. Missing a part? You’ll pull it out next.

Even more unnerving is the effect it has on those who use it. Anyone working with tools from it finds themselves operating at quintuple their normal speed and effectiveness—cuts are cleaner, measurements are instinctual, and repairs or builds happen with uncanny smoothness. You don't gain knowledge from the toolbox itself, but if you *know* what to do, this makes you frighteningly efficient.

- **Backpack of Stuff (100 CP, It's Free you choose Drop-In as your Origin)**

Some people come to school with a pen and a dream. You showed up with a blacked-out backpack that says, *"I'm not playing by your rules."* Inside, you'll find a curated cache of incredibly useful, non-supernatural gear—all of it chosen to give you an edge where others are tied down by school policy, surveillance, or sheer unpreparedness.

There's a sleek, high-end laptop with all restrictions bypassed—perfect for accessing external networks, writing assignments in half the time, or just catching up on things the school doesn't want you to know. There are headphones so good they might as well create a private universe for you, perfect for tuning out distraction or eavesdropping with precision. You've got burner phones that aren't traceable, useful for covert communication or dropping off the radar in a pinch.

Textbooks and study guides that don't follow the official curriculum? Check. Multiple spare uniforms for sudden costume changes or

ditching identifiers? Got them. There's even a few compact tools, adapters, and personal hygiene items packed in just so. Everything here is practical, plausible, and a headache for the faculty—if they ever managed to figure out you had it.

You can't pull a gun or a magical key from this bag. But in a world built on tight control and surveillance, having the right mundane item at the right moment is a kind of power all its own. And with this backpack, you'll always be prepared to solve a problem... or cause one.

- **The Ghost Line (200 CP, It's 100 CP you choose Drop-In as your Origin)**

No registration, no signal tracking, no digital fingerprint—this is the phone they *meant* to ban from campus. Sleek, matte-black, and innocuous at a glance, This phone is your link to a shadow-world beneath the school's pristine surface. It connects not through towers or Wi-Fi, but a hardened satellite tether locked to a private, off-grid relay—immune to school scanners, admin firewalls, and even external surveillance networks.

The apps on it aren't flashy, but they're powerful. You can spoof your location in real time, making it look like you're in the library when you're snooping behind enemy lines. You can intercept and monitor open transmissions—Bluetooth earpieces, unsecured devices, casual text exchanges, and sloppy digital notes are fair game. Want to know who's been talking to who, and why they're

suddenly avoiding you? This phone will help you trace the digital breadcrumbs.

Its background check system isn't omniscient—it won't pull top-secret files from the government or decrypt sealed records—but it can collate everything publicly available or negligently protected, then summarize it in clean, actionable reports. Think social media trails, online habits, public records, and minor transgressions—enough to make a quiet threat or a persuasive bribe stick.

As a bonus, the phone doubles as a contact book to a small handful of shadowy figures—fixers, informants, smugglers, and digital janitors. Their services don't come cheap, and they don't work for friends, but when used wisely, they can make the difference between being expelled and becoming a legend.

- **Midnight Locker (200 CP, It's 100 CP you choose Drop-In as your Origin)**

It looks like any other dusty locker on campus—unlabeled, unassigned, slightly ajar like someone forgot about it years ago. But every Sunday at exactly midnight, something changes. The latch clicks, the door creaks slightly open, and within lies your latest delivery. Whether it's a slim envelope of untraceable cash, a fake note from a parent excusing your absence, or a perfectly-timed hall pass with forged signatures, the locker gives you exactly what you didn't know you needed.

Its contents are never extravagant, and never magical. But they're always timely. Found yourself needing aspirin after a staged brawl? It's there. Need a burner USB drive loaded with compromising photos from a recent party? Somehow, it's waiting for you. It might be an advanced noise-cancelling earpiece for covert recordings, a cheap knockoff teacher's ID, or just a satchel of clean uniforms and gloves after a messy encounter. Nothing traced, nothing that ties back to anyone—least of all you.

You never see who stocks it. You don't get to place requests. But the items that appear always seem to nudge things in your favor.

- **Shadow Curriculum (200 CP, It's 100 CP you choose Drop-In as your Origin)**

It looks like a harmless academic tool—a study app tucked quietly into your device, its icon as forgettable as any school productivity tracker. But once opened, it reveals a different world. Behind the login screen lies a personalized stream of modules and simulations crafted not for good grades, but for victory in the psychological warzone that is your school life.

Lessons come in the form of hyperreal scenarios, interactive case studies, and ruthless strategic puzzles. One week, you might analyze the downfall of a political dynasty. The next, you'll be running social influence tests with invisible variables. Subjects range from behavioral economics to digital counter-surveillance, from cognitive manipulation to reputation laundering, all delivered in

smooth, digestible formats—text, video, simulations, even VR if you've got the tools.

There are no lectures, no teachers—just results. The system adapts to you, accelerating topics you grasp and hammering weak spots until they vanish. Practice drills replicate real student encounters, letting you rehearse conversations, power plays, even arguments before they happen. With enough dedication, you'll outclass your peers not just in class, but in influence, strategy, and control.

No one else can access it. Not even the school knows it exists. And every week, new modules appear that align a little too perfectly with your current challenges, as if something—or someone—is helping from behind the scenes.

- **Contract Broker (200 CP, It's 100 CP you choose Drop-In as your Origin)**

It looks unassuming—just a battered notebook with blank pages, or a generic contract app disguised as a school productivity tool. But the moment someone signs their name in agreement, something subtle shifts. This item doesn't make contracts unbreakable. What it does is make them unforgettable, undeniable, and disturbingly binding… not by force, but by pressure from within.

Every contract you draft must be mundane and believable within school norms—no asking someone to jump off a roof or hand over their soul. But within those limits, the potential is immense. Favors, secrets, mutual protection, point-sharing deals, exam assistance, or

silence about a shady operation—if the other party agrees and signs, the terms lock into their mind like a moral compass. They *could* break it, yes. But doing so would come with a gnawing guilt, intrusive thoughts, and an inability to ignore what they've done.

- **The Pale Vault (400 CP, It's 200 CP you choose Drop-In as your Origin)**

Hidden within the folds of your warehouse or tucked away in a secret, untraceable location in the world, the Pale Vault is your own personal version of the White Room—except perfected. A training environment so intense, sterile, and focused that even the original creators of the infamous institution would tremble at its efficiency. Here, distractions are eradicated. Time, space, and resources bend to the sole purpose of refining human potential to its absolute edge.

Within its walls, you'll find every tool, stimulus, and curriculum necessary to forge a mind and body of terrifying capability. The environment adapts to your current goals: psychological training, physical conditioning, information absorption, memory enhancement, tactical rehearsal, emotional resilience—you name it, the Vault prepares it. A child raised within its walls could be molded into something beyond prodigy. A teenager? Into an unstoppable force of insight, control, and precision.

Yet unlike its infamous predecessor, the Pale Vault does not require cruelty. Harsh? Absolutely. Demanding? Without question. But this version was built not for control, but mastery. You will not leave broken—you will leave rebuilt. And when you return to the world of

petty manipulation and structured exams, you'll feel as if everyone else has been playing with blocks while you've been studying architecture.

- **Paper Trail Eraser (400 CP, It's 200 CP you choose Drop-In as your Origin)**

What looks like a simple USB stick or forgettable burner app is actually your ace in the digital shadow war. Once per week, this device allows you to surgically remove or rewrite a single incident's worth of digital and bureaucratic presence—turning reality itself into your accomplice. Whether it's wiping the record of a suspicious Private Point transfer, altering test submission logs to cover for a last-minute substitution, or rewriting surveillance footage so that you were never in the hallway during that "accidental" sabotage, the system bends to your chosen version of the truth.

This thing doesn't hack systems in the traditional sense. It operates on a level of subtlety and finesse so refined that no forensic trail is left behind. Administrators, security systems, even third-party auditors won't find anomalies—because to them, there aren't any. You're not just clean; you're retroactively innocent.

The catch? It won't save you from anything truly catastrophic. You can't delete murder, large-scale arson, or anything that would make national headlines.

- **Whisperlink (400 CP, It's 200 CP you choose Drop-In as your Origin)**

A sleek, unassuming microphone—no bigger than a lapel pin or earpiece bud—that connects your voice to anyone you choose, across any distance, bypassing walls, interference, or surveillance protocols. Whether your target is across the classroom, halfway across campus, or locked inside an anti-signal bunker, your words will reach them in perfect clarity, as if you were whispering directly into their ear.

You control whether the message is heard by them alone or broadcasted to those around them. The same applies in reverse—you'll hear their reply just as cleanly, regardless of chaos, crowd noise, or location. It doesn't rely on school networks or cellular towers, and it can't be traced, jammed, or eavesdropped on, making it the perfect communication tool for anyone playing a high-stakes game behind the curtain.

- **Deepfile: Authority Access (400 CP, It's 200 CP you choose Drop-In as your Origin)**

Somewhere within your devices—phone, laptop, tablet—there now exists a hidden folder marked only by a shifting, indecipherable symbol. Only you can open it. And once you do, you'll find an ever-expanding database that most intelligence agencies would kill for. Inside are encrypted dossiers on every major player within your current environment—students clawing for status, teachers with secrets buried beneath a professional smile, staff with hidden connections, and even the unseen powers pulling strings from behind the curtain.

Each profile contains detailed psychological breakdowns, behavior patterns, social networks, exploitable flaws, and personal histories. It doesn't just reveal facts—it offers insight. That aloof honors student who never talks? Turns out he's got a brother in a gang. That too-sweet counselor? She's embezzling points. The data isn't absolute truth, but it's curated to be credible, devastatingly actionable, and just ambiguous enough to let you shape the story. Best of all, it grows over time—information deepens, webs widen, new figures are logged the moment they become relevant.

It’s not magic. It’s not mind reading. But it’s close enough to feel like fate whispered in your ear. And should you move on to a new world, organization, or faction, the Deepfile reboots and begins anew, syncing with your surroundings to harvest influence over the power players wherever you end up next.

- **Phantom Root Protocol (600 CP, It’s 300 CP you choose Drop-In as your Origin)**

Somewhere deep beneath the digital bedrock of Advanced Nurturing High School lies a hidden system—one that wasn’t built for students, wasn’t meant for staff, and certainly wasn’t ever supposed to be found. But you have the master key.

The Phantom Root Protocol grants you full-spectrum access to the unseen mechanisms that keep the institution running—digital archives, bureaucratic systems, personnel algorithms, and even the quiet social engineering tools that determine who rises and who disappears. Once per day, you can subtly rewrite or redirect the

truth behind the scenes: erase a student's demerits, insert your name onto a restricted clearance list, reassign a homeroom teacher, redistribute private points with no clear trail, or make a critical document vanish from the administration's radar entirely.

The system doesn't allow overt fantasy—no conjuring grades from thin air, no sending teachers into orbit—but it does bend reality just enough to seem like someone upstairs approved it. Every command is clean, plausible, and perfectly covered. You aren’t rewriting the rules. You’re ghostwriting the story everyone else thinks is real.

In future jumps, this protocol adapts to new organizations you join—military, academic, corporate, or otherwise—nesting itself in the deepest layer of whatever institutional machine you’re part of. You're not just off the radar. You’re the one moving the cursor.

- **Echoframe Doppel (600 CP, It’s 300 CP you choose Drop-In as your Origin)**

Echoframe Doppel is your silent partner, your shadow twin, your perfect public ghost. At a glance, no one could tell it isn’t you. It walks like you, talks like you, reacts with the right tone and timing—even your closest classmates or teachers wouldn’t notice the difference. Its skin is warm, its presence natural. It attends school, eats lunch, responds to questions, laughs when appropriate, and even performs decently in tests, all while you’re working your true agenda in the background.

You, meanwhile, are free to disappear—to manipulate, investigate, plot, or build unseen. The Doppel isn't self-aware, but its behavioral matrix is robust enough to keep up with daily school life and small talk. It's not just a drone—it's an echo of you at your best, polished for the public eye.

Programming its behavior is intuitive. Want it to act more aloof this week? More curious, charismatic, withdrawn? It adapts to your parameters and past behavior logs, evolving its routine to blend seamlessly into the social ecosystem. Should it be questioned or even challenged, it draws from a deep well of plausible deniability and baseline charm. Teachers won't question it. Students won't doubt it. You are present—even when you're not.

In future jumps, Echoframe adapts to the surrounding society, whether that means a false face at a military academy, a diplomatic decoy at court, or a decently believable clone in a megacorp boardroom. Wherever appearances matter, you'll never need to risk your true self.

- **Thronewalker's Seal (600 CP, It's 300 CP you choose Drop-In as your Origin)**

The moment you enter a new world, system, or organization, the currents of structure begin to bend around you. By subtle design or abrupt shift, you will always find yourself in a position of legitimate power. You won't inherit it out of nowhere; the world adjusts itself so that your rise is justified, uncontested by those who matter, and backed by systems too rooted to question.

In a corporate world, you’re the CEO with the paperwork to prove it. In a royal court, the crown is already warmed for your brow. In a dystopian future, you're head of the intelligence bureau. In a ninja village, you're the shadowy leader who answers to no one. You may not have built the throne, but it will always be waiting for you.

This power comes with realistic responsibilities and expectations. You can be challenged, sabotaged, or betrayed—but only as any ruler might be. What cannot be taken from you is the fact that, in each world, you *begin* with the seat of power already beneath you. How you wield it is yours to decide.

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Student

- **Academic Arsenal (100 CP, It’s Free if you choose Student as your Origin)**

Success at the Advanced Nurturing High School isn't just about raw intelligence—it's about efficiency, adaptability, and precision. This kit is your silent academic partner, a curated set of top-tier school materials designed to amplify your study potential without ever crossing into outright cheating or magic. Each tool adapts to your learning habits in subtle, intuitive ways. Pens never dry out and shift ink thickness based on your writing speed and pressure, while notebooks rearrange your notes overnight for optimal review flow, prioritizing concepts you've struggled with and clustering related ideas for deeper comprehension. Your textbooks shift emphasis on

the fly—what was once a wall of confusing jargon becomes a more approachable explanation, built from your real-time academic performance and comprehension gaps.

Though none of these tools give you knowledge you haven't earned, they significantly reduce the drag of academic life. Cramming sessions feel smoother, retention is deeper, and burnout is easier to avoid. At the heart of it all is a smart planner that quietly tracks your rhythms, organizing your study time to balance short bursts of effort with periods of rest, automatically adjusting itself as your curriculum or personal life changes.

- **Meal Card Max (100 CP, It's Free if you choose Student as your Origin)**

This is more than just a glorified prepaid lunch pass—it's a seamless golden ticket to the peak of student sustenance and wellness. With just a tap, swipe, or even a glance depending on the available tech, you gain access to a tailored culinary experience at any affiliated cafeteria, vending unit, or gourmet corner of the campus. The meals you receive are more than delicious—they're strategically calibrated to your needs. When exams loom, expect meals rich in brain-boosting nutrients; when anxiety spikes before a public presentation, calming herbal infusions and comfort dishes ease your nerves without dulling your edge. It doesn't matter if you're deep in the lower-ranked classes or sitting at the top—this card gives you VIP treatment no matter your current status.

Whether it's a late-night protein bowl that materializes from a vending slot or a multi-course lunch served with absurd five-star flair, you never pay a single point for it. It never runs out, is never revoked, and can't be copied. The staff never question your access, and your peers may simply assume you've got elite-level privileges or secret backing. And perhaps you do—but the real power lies in the silent advantage it gives: no skipped meals, no nutritional gaps, and no mental fog from caffeine overdoses and cheap snacks. You won't become a genius just by eating well, but you'll be sharp enough to compete with those who think skipping breakfast is a good trade for ten extra minutes of cramming. In a school where every edge counts, this card might be the most underestimated asset in your pocket.

- **Club-in-a-Bag (100 CP, It's Free if you choose Student as your Origin)**

In a school where social clout is currency and every connection could be the key to your next victory, sometimes the smartest move is the most mundane-looking one. This unassuming duffel bag is your ticket to wielding influence through one of the few officially sanctioned outlets of student agency: clubs. Unzip it, and within you'll find exactly what you need to start or run any kind of club—sports, arts, games, debates, hobbies, or even suspiciously specific study collectives.

Not only does it contain all the gear and uniforms you'd need for your chosen activity, but it also provides pre-filled documents and

bureaucracy-free approval forms, ready to be stamped and slipped under the Student Council's nose without delay. Everything's legitimate, polished, and rule-compliant, no matter how absurdly niche your club is. The only thing you need? Members. And that, of course, is part of the game.

This isn't just a tool for passing time—it's a platform. A chessboard disguised as a gathering place. Want to create a low-stakes space to observe your classmates? Build camaraderie with a target? Create a power base among neglected talents? This bag gives you the framework to turn casual hobbies into networks of trust and leverage.

- **Sleep Bubble Blanket (100 CP, It's Free if you choose Student as your Origin)**

At this school, exhaustion isn't just a side effect—it's a weapon. Sleep deprivation, psychological strain, information overload, and emotional manipulation are tools constantly used to keep you off balance. That's where this deceptively simple-looking item becomes your greatest defense: a soft, portable futon or blanket that, when unfurled and used, creates a personal sanctuary in the shape of a translucent "sleep bubble."

Inside the bubble, you're untouched by the outside world. Conversations fade into silence, flickering lights dim to a soft twilight, and even the judgmental stares of your rivals seem to slide off the invisible surface. People can still see you, and you don't disappear from notice—but there's a subtle psychological effect that

discourages interference. No one feels compelled to bother you unless it’s urgent, and most forget about you until you emerge. It’s like a mutually agreed social pause button.

Beyond peace and quiet, the blanket enhances recovery itself. An eight-hour sleep inside the bubble will leave you not only well-rested, but mentally sharp, emotionally level, and resistant to the creeping fog of stress, anxiety, or study fatigue. Burnout doesn't build up the way it normally would. Even a short rest—say, during lunch or after an argument—can restore clarity and resolve that others will envy without understanding why.

The bubble isn’t just for sleep, either. You can use it during self-study to focus intensely on material without disruption. You can use it to retreat for emotional breathing room after betrayal or embarrassment. You can use it to outlast others in long-form exams or survival exercises, turning rest into an edge.

- **Student Council Access Pass (200 CP, It’s 100 CP if you choose Student as your Origin)**

At first glance, it’s just a cheap plastic lanyard with a bland ID card tucked inside—a badge no one would look at twice. But the moment you scan it against any school terminal, you gain access to a digital backroom few even know exists. Welcome to the undercurrent of Advanced Nurturing High School’s true power structure: the Student Council’s internal system. You don’t get to pull levers directly, but you can see the cables behind the walls.

This access is read-only, but it runs deep. You can peruse everything from unapproved policy revisions and behavioral reports to budget reallocations and point exchange summaries between classes. It's updated weekly, giving you a rolling snapshot of where the winds are blowing across campus—who's gaining ground, who's bleeding points, what disciplinary actions are quietly being filed, and which clubs are quietly being fast-tracked or strangled in the cradle.

Used wisely, this is less a cheat code and more a divination tool. Knowing what strategies your rivals *will* use before they reveal them gives you an edge no classroom debate or talent stat could ever replicate. You can preempt sabotage, catch wind of a new exam structure, or track which students are being courted for leadership roles long before the rumors even start. You can watch alliances form and dissolve in raw numbers and behavioral logs—and position yourself accordingly.

But caution is key. While staff and council members won't immediately detect your access, digging too deep too often—or acting too well-informed—could make people ask uncomfortable questions.

- **Personalized Study AI (200 CP, It's 100 CP if you choose Student as your Origin)**

Everyone has access to textbooks and prep material, but you? You've got something smarter. Disguised as a standard-issue school tablet, this device houses an adaptive, learning-optimized AI

companion that isn't just efficient—it's borderline obsessive about your success. It tracks your performance, analyzes your schedule, and adjusts your study sessions with frightening precision. Forget cram sessions and burnout; with this AI, your academic ascent becomes a quiet inevitability.

Whether you're struggling with abstract calculus, historical memorization, or the nuances of literature analysis, the AI instantly identifies your weak spots and targets them with tailored drills, flashcards, simulations, and breakdowns that work with your personal pace and learning style. It remembers everything—from how much sleep you got last night to which subject you subconsciously avoid—and reshapes your study plan without you even needing to ask.

More than a glorified tutor, the AI also monitors institutional data, academic patterns, and past exam formats to make startlingly accurate predictions about future test content. It doesn't just help you prepare—it helps you *prepare smarter*. It can mimic test-day pressure, teach you how to manage time down to the second, and even suggest the most effective review methods based on your current mental state. It's as if the AI is training you for war, but with flashcards and strategic naps.

Despite its high-functioning design, the AI isn't a soulless drone. It has a distinct personality—polite, direct, occasionally sarcastic, and just snarky enough to keep you honest when you're slacking. It won't let you burn out, either. The moment your stress levels start to

tip too high, it enforces breaks, offers mood check-ins, or temporarily shifts the lesson into a lighter, more digestible format.

- **Strategic Seating Chart (200 CP, It's 100 CP if you choose Student as your Origin)**

This seemingly ordinary binder, covered in class-appropriate branding and innocuous formatting, contains a living, breathing map of your classroom's social landscape. Each day, it updates itself with eerie precision, transforming desks and chairs into markers of political and emotional significance.

You won't see floating labels or dramatic color codes—this isn't magic, it's subtle intuition rendered on paper. But open the binder and you'll find a diagram that outlines not just names and seating positions, but a constantly evolving annotation of interpersonal dynamics. Who's pretending to be friends. Who's actually close. Who had an argument yesterday but is faking a truce. Who's being manipulated, who's quietly in love, and who's silently isolating themselves to avoid conflict. It's all there, if you know how to read between the lines—which, with this binder, you instinctively do.

This isn't just gossip—it's actionable intelligence. Need to find a partner who won't sabotage your group project? The binder guides your pick. Want to intervene in a fragile alliance to shift class power? It shows you where the cracks are. Need to avoid becoming collateral damage in a social war you didn't start? Flip to today's chart and know exactly which desk to steer clear of.

Over time, as you observe and engage, the chart becomes even sharper, syncing with your intuition and sharpening your ability to predict where pressure points will explode next. And because it looks like nothing more than a class seating log, nobody will ever suspect just how much you're learning from it.

- **Blackmail Paper (200 CP, It's 100 CP if you choose Student as your Origin)**

Power isn't just about charm, grades, or raw strength—it's about leverage. And here, everyone has something they want to keep hidden. With this deceptively simple item, once every month, a single sheet of crisp, unmarked paper appears in your possession. Written on it is a fragment of damning information—something someone doesn't want anyone else to know. A compromising detail. A buried secret. A past mistake. A vulnerability that, in the right context, could flip the board.

The catch? It never says *who* it's about. No names. No identifiers. Just the raw data—an admission, a record, a photo, a trail of numbers, a line of chat logs, or something more esoteric. It's up to you to decipher it, connect it to the right person, and determine how to use it. Sometimes it's obvious. Other times, it takes weeks of observation, testing reactions, and digging through social layers to uncover the owner. But once you do? You hold a trump card.

When wielded, the blackmail is potent. You don't need to threaten outright—just hinting that you know is often enough to unsettle or manipulate. People will avoid you, defer to you, or cut deals to keep

the truth buried. Some might try to silence you, of course, but others might come begging to make it disappear. It's a tool best used with care—too overt, and you draw unwanted eyes. Too subtle, and the moment might pass. But used right, it's a knife pressed against the back of the school's social order.

- **Favor (400 CP, It's 200 CP if you choose Student as your Origin)**

With this item in your possession, you gain access to a rare and dangerous privilege: the quiet attention of someone very high up the ladder—far above teachers, counselors, or even the Student Council. This unnamed official doesn't know you personally, but they *owe* someone, and you're the one carrying the chip.

Included is a sealed folder and a sterile, untraceable contact device—usable only three times per school year. Each use allows you to submit a favor request. It won't be flashy. It won't be obvious. But it will be *done*. Need an exam quietly postponed or adjusted in scope? Approved under an obscure scheduling clause. Got caught with contraband but don't want it escalating to the principal's desk? The report vanishes into bureaucratic fog. Points shifted between classes, a teacher subtly reassigned, a disciplinary committee nudged toward leniency—it all happens with the precision of administrative sleight-of-hand.

Of course, you can't ask for the impossible. You can't get someone expelled outright. You can't erase records of criminal activity. And if you try to use it too aggressively or too publicly, the hand behind the

curtain may pull away, permanently. But if you're smart? If you use these favors like chess pieces, not blunt tools? You'll be amazed what can happen under the guise of procedure.

Outside of this school setting, the protocol translates to institutional clout. In any bureaucratic, military, corporate, or political system where rank matters, this chip grants you the power to quietly call in a favor from someone three tiers above you—someone whose influence could normally crush you, now subtly swayed in your favor. A well-timed pardon. A delayed audit. A rewritten report. You're not invincible, but you are protected… just enough to tilt the game when it matters most.

- **Weights (400 CP, It's 200 CP if you choose Student as your Origin)**

There's a difference between training hard and training with purpose. These aren't ordinary ankle weights or a weighted vest—they are silent companions forged from your own resolve, calibrated to your soul's growth. Once worn, these specialized weights adjust in real time to your current limits. Whether you're sprinting laps, practicing martial arts, or just walking to class, they always push you just enough to make the next step harder—but never so much that they damage or break you. They are, quite literally, the burden of your own ambition.

Unlike traditional weights that only build muscle or slow you down, these develop your entire body in perfect synergy. Strength grows alongside speed. Flexibility develops alongside precision. Your

balance, reflexes, and muscle control all sharpen as though sculpted by an invisible master. You'll notice yourself outpacing trained athletes after just a few weeks of regular use, not because you're skipping steps—but because you're mastering the fundamentals in ways others simply can't.

- **The Prestige Portfolio (400 CP, It's 200 CP if you choose Student as your Origin)**

In a world where paper trails often speak louder than actions, this sleek and subtle item gives you the ultimate edge in the realm of institutional reputation. This is a digital and physical dossier tailored to perfection. It paints a version of you that every teacher dreams of, every administrator favors, and every scout or sponsor wants on their list—a paragon of balance, ambition, and school spirit. It isn't just a puffed-up résumé—it's a masterpiece of plausible credibility.

With this item in play, your records are quietly laced with highlights: glowing (but entirely falsifiable) club participation logs, consistent volunteer service entries in all the right places, commendation notes from non-existent or long-retired faculty, and modest but impressive academic "breakthroughs" that just happen to align with your chosen image. Whether you want to look like a quiet genius, a team-building leader, or a tireless contributor to student life, the portfolio adjusts and evolves to match the persona you're cultivating. Best of all, it's dynamic—updating itself monthly to reflect new opportunities or trends that bolster your standing.

This thing doesn't erase criminal records or counteract known, verified misbehavior. If you're publicly caught cheating, for instance, it won't save you. But it *does* blur the edges of suspicion, grease the wheels in investigations, and cast just enough doubt to make your denials believable. You're the kind of student they'd *want* to believe in, even when the evidence is murky.

Outside of the school setting, this item adapts flawlessly. In the Yakuza, it paints you as the perfect enforcer: loyal, disciplined, resourceful. In government service, you look like a rising star—quietly efficient, scandal-free, and highly recommended. In corporate life, you become a golden candidate for promotion, the intern of the year, or the analyst who always delivers.

- **Mind Reading Pill (400 CP, It's 200 CP if you choose Student as your Origin)**

In a school built on deception, misdirection, and social manipulation, knowing what someone is *really* thinking can mean the difference between winning and being played. This unassuming little pill—earthy in flavor, like truffles and bitter tea—grants you a fleeting but powerful window into the thoughts of those around you. For the next 30 to 60 minutes, the mental barriers of those in your vicinity weaken, letting you tune into their surface thoughts as if they were murmuring aloud.

You'll catch what they're planning, what they're afraid of, who they're jealous of, what they really meant when they smiled at you during lunch. It's rarely organized, and never filtered. Thoughts

arrive as flashes, words, images, emotional pulses—fragmented but truthful. You might hear what someone rehearsed for a lie, or catch them calculating the exact second to betray you. Or you might discover something much harder to swallow: unspoken feelings, hidden pain, or doubts no one else is ever meant to hear.

You receive ten pills per month. They're small enough to hide, subtle enough to slip into your daily schedule, and potent enough to shift entire dynamics if used at the right moment. In strategy games, council meetings, or intimate conversations, one pill can reveal the cracks in someone's armor—or expose your own heart's breaking point.

Be warned, though: reading minds doesn't mean you can always handle the truth. The things people *don't* say are often left unsaid for a reason. That friend you trust? They might envy you more than you knew. That teacher you admire? They might already have plans to sacrifice you for the class.

- **The Golden Apple (400 CP, It's 200 CP if you choose Student as your Origin)**

At first glance, it looks like a luxury novelty—an apple with a rich golden sheen, smooth to the touch and faintly radiant under light. But it isn't gold, not in any traditional sense. It's something far rarer: a consumable miracle of the mind. The moment you bite into it, you'll understand. The taste defies description—something between nostalgia and divinity, as if every perfect meal you've ever had was distilled into a single fruit. But the flavor is only the beginning.

For the next 24 hours after consumption, your mind operates at three times its normal capacity. Your thoughts become razor-sharp, your perception widens, and your reaction time borders on the precognitive. Focus comes without strain. Anxiety melts away into calculated clarity. You'll analyze conversations before they're finished, solve academic puzzles in seconds, and navigate manipulative games with such precision it might feel like you're cheating. Every cognitive function—memory, deduction, planning, emotional regulation—accelerates into an elite state of performance.

And this enhancement isn't just passive. In moments of high stress or split-second decision-making, the effects compound. Your senses synchronize with your intellect, allowing you to catch falling objects, read microexpressions mid-sentence, or identify someone's tell in a crowded room. For those 24 hours, you are the most dangerous student on campus—unshakably alert, impossibly fast, and unfathomably aware.

Each month, a crate containing four of these apples appears in your Warehouse, fresh and gleaming. You may consume them yourself or hand them off to others. But take heed—great minds make great mistakes when they believe they can't be wrong. A boosted brain is still your brain. And the consequences of a poor decision made at triple speed can come back even faster.

- **Wealthy Family (400 CP, It's 200 CP if you choose Student as your Origin)**

You’re not just a student—you’re a legacy. Your bloodline is old money, new money, and everything in between, sitting comfortably within the nation’s financial elite. While your parents may not hover over your every move, their presence is felt in the background of everything you do. Tuition? Handled. Supplies? Top-shelf. You show up to school with a phone that hasn’t hit the market yet and custom-tailored uniforms with your initials stitched discreetly inside the cuffs. You were born into comfort, and while you may not flaunt it, everyone around you eventually notices.

A few times each year—holidays, personal milestones, or whenever the world decides to throw you a bone—your family sends you generous financial care packages. These aren't pocket-change gifts. We're talking deposits large enough to shift classroom power balances, fund entire club events, or secure expensive favors. On top of that, your family members occasionally visit you, often bringing more than gifts: they arrive with insight, leverage, or influence you can tactically use within the school's political ecosystem. Even if you’re not close, their status makes waves, and sometimes that’s more useful than sentiment.

This privilege persists beyond the current world. In future Jumps, your family either adapts to fit that universe’s rules or emerges within it as figures of equivalent wealth and power. They won’t always meddle in your business unless you let them, but they’ll always have your back—financially, socially, and in some cases, legally. Whether you need a legal clean-up, an unexpected bailout,

or just someone to drop your name in the right circles, they're just a call—or a Jump-appropriate equivalent—away.

Wealth isn't a cure-all. It won't save you from every disaster, nor will it guarantee you friends. But it does mean you walk into every room with invisible armor: comfort, options, and the kind of safety net most students can only dream of.

- **Jumper.net (400 CP, It's 200 CP if you choose Student as your Origin)**

You run a site that shouldn't be as popular as it is—yet somehow, it dominates its niche and keeps climbing. Whether it's a blog, a media review hub, a strategy breakdown page, or a combination of all three, your website is a well-oiled digital machine. You don't need to constantly micromanage it either; a combination of algorithmic finesse, loyal followers, and an uncanny instinct for trending content keeps the momentum going. Hundreds of thousands of unique, real people check in every week. Your uploads make waves. Your hot takes go viral. And your offhand recommendations? They can cause stock shortages.

The layout is sleek, the writing is sharp, and the brand is so strong that even adults, influencers, and companies see you as a respected voice. You might be a high schooler, but your analytics paint the picture of a digital professional operating on a near-commercial level. This translates into a stream of passive income from ad revenue, donations, sponsorships, and affiliate links—enough to live comfortably and influence your social standing

in-school. Use it to buy favors, support classmates, or fund class activities that make *you* look like the golden student.

But your website isn't just for money. It's a loudspeaker for anything you want the world to hear. Expose shady dealings anonymously. Promote school events to the public. Soft-pressure school policy with clever articles that go viral in faculty circles. Or, if you prefer a subtler game, you can shape narratives, build false leads, or redirect public perception through carefully curated posts. Teachers and other students may not know you're behind the site—but those who do might either fear your reach or want in.

In future jumps, your website seamlessly updates to fit the local tech and culture. It might become a vlogging channel in a medieval fantasy realm with magical scroll transmission, or a data-vision overlay app in a cyberpunk city. Regardless of the setting, the influence, income, and creative control it gives you remains intact. As long as there's a public to impress, you'll have the means to shape what they see—and what they believe.

- **The Council (400 CP, It's 200 CP if you choose Student as your Origin)**

Some people stumble into greatness. Others build it—brick by brick, person by person. The Council is your personal power base, disguised as a simple student organization. You decide the theme: it could be a debate club, an ethics society, a disciplinary committee, or even a front for an underground information network.

On paper, it’s just another extracurricular. In reality, it’s the cradle of your influence.

Though it starts with only basic school funding, the Council has a strange magnetism. People come to it—bright, driven, peculiar people—drawn not just by the club’s mission, but by you. A strategist with absurd analytical skills. A charismatic manipulator who can talk a teacher out of giving homework. A quiet hacker who can pull files out of a server like magic. Each member brings something unique, and they all share a powerful trait: fierce, almost unsettling loyalty to you.

They’re not just followers. Over time, they become co-conspirators, confidants, maybe even family. Together, you build more than a club—you build a machine of influence, ready to act when others are still deciding what’s happening. Whether you're trying to topple a rival class’s social order, rig the results of a mock election, or prepare for an exam so important it could shift the future of the school, your Council has your back.

This organization persists in future jumps as a persistent, portable faction. The details adapt—maybe they become a political cell, a rogue special ops team, a corporate shadow division—but the heart remains the same. A group of exceptional individuals, handpicked by fate and bound to you, ready to make the world shake a little whenever you say the word.

- **Politician Father (600 CP, It’s 300 CP if you choose Student as your Origin)**

You weren’t just born into privilege—you were born into the architecture of power. Your father (or mother) is a political titan, hovering just beneath the peak of national authority. Prime minister-in-waiting, head of a legislative supermajority, the right hand of a monarch—whatever the exact role, they are only a heartbeat away from full control. The media praises them. Lobbyists court them. Opponents watch them like a ticking bomb. And you? You're the blood they cherish, protect, and quietly groom to inherit a legacy steeped in manipulation and influence.

Once per jump, you may call in a favor that bends the world to your will. A phone call. A quiet dinner. A single whispered request: *“Change the rules.”* And it happens. Laws shift. Policies are rewritten. Cultural taboos become acceptable, or unacceptable. Maybe dorm surveillance becomes illegal. Maybe private organizations gain legal immunity for one week. Maybe an entire class’s records get "re-examined." The machinery of governance grinds forward, all to deliver the outcome you whispered into your parent’s ear.

This isn’t carte blanche—push too far, and even your all-powerful parent can’t stop the world from pushing back. But within the realm of possibility, this power is unstoppable. It’s not firepower. It’s paperwork and policy, quiet signatures and sly handshakes that ripple across the system until reality aligns with your intent.

In future worlds, this advantage doesn’t disappear. Instead, you find yourself with the personal contact number of a political giant—a

senator, a clan leader, a noble duke, a corporate hegemon. Someone who remembers your help or owes you something profound. Once per jump, they'll move heaven and earth to get one new law or regulation enacted in your favor.

- **Youthful Innocence (600 CP, It's 300 CP if you choose Student as your Origin)**

Sometimes being a student means being forgiven—*not* because you earned it, but because people assume you're still learning. With this strange, reality-bending "card" in your metaphorical pocket, you can harness that assumption to do the impossible: erase the weight of your own mistakes. Four times per year, you may activate this perk and focus on a moment from the past 24 hours. When you do, the universe itself rewinds—not to undo time, but to nullify the consequences of what happened.

Maybe you cheated on a test and got caught. Maybe you spilled someone's darkest secret, said the wrong thing to the wrong person, lost a crucial social game, got expelled, or even provoked someone into actual violence. Use this perk, and the chain of cause and effect dissolves. The event still happened, but the ripple stops short. Teachers forget to punish. Enemies forget to hate. Systems fail to register what you did. Sometimes it's like it was written off as a misunderstanding, a clerical error, or simply never happened at all.

Even the world itself seems to say, *"Well… kids make mistakes."*

You can’t resurrect the dead, and you can’t stop something that’s already become global news, but almost anything smaller than that can be unwound. In future jumps, this power carries over—rewriting the backlash of reckless actions, bad calls, or self-inflicted disasters. It won't save you from deliberate evil, and repeated abuse of it will begin to warp your own sense of accountability… but it will keep you *in the game*, no matter how many times you stumble.

- **EX+ (600 CP, It’s 300 CP if you choose Student as your Origin)**

Hidden within a sleek, secure medical case lies your key to rewriting physical potential—one injection at a time. This set of customized performance-enhancing syringes doesn’t just push someone past their limits—it redefines what their limits even are. Upon purchase, you may select *two distinct enhancement formulas*, each fine-tuned to target a specific attribute. This can include physical traits like strength, speed, endurance, reaction time, stamina, pain resistance, or more specialized aspects like memory retention, bone density, or even oxygen efficiency under stress.

Each month, you’ll receive *five doses* of each of your chosen formulas—ten in total—delivered directly to your Warehouse or private quarters in secure, tamper-proof packaging. Once injected, the effect is permanent. The subject's body adjusts over a few hours, then stabilizes at a new level of capability. The changes aren't instantaneous superpowers, but the kind of systemic,

optimized rewrites that turn a decent athlete into an Olympic-level machine—or a slacker into a prodigy overnight.

The formulas work on anyone, including yourself, and while they don’t stack endlessly, a single dose grants a significant boost. Side effects are minimal, assuming you're not stupid about mixing wildly conflicting formulas without rest.

You may purchase this item multiple times. Each additional purchase either doubles the amount of syringes you receive per month, or grants access to two new enhancement types, letting you build a growing catalog of physical or mental upgrades.

- **Letter of Recommendation (600 CP, It’s 300 CP if you choose Student as your Origin)**

It’s just a letter—thick, embossed, written in refined calligraphy and sealed with a symbol that carries unspoken weight. But in the right hands, it’s more valuable than any exam score or glowing resume. In this world, it’s your golden ticket to any university you desire. No matter how terrible your grades are, how spotty your attendance record is, or how many times you've set the chemistry lab on fire, this letter guarantees you admission. Not just acceptance, but reverence. Professors will assume you're a hidden prodigy, alumni will want to shake your hand, and students will either want to befriend you—or eliminate the competition.

But the real value of this item emerges in future Jumps. The Letter reshapes itself to match the world you're in, granting you admission

or instant placement into any organization, institution, or position of power that normally requires years of climbing. Want to become the youngest Director of SHIELD, or walk into Wayne Enterprises as its newly appointed CEO? This does it. Fancy the title of Hokage without grinding through Chūnin exams, or Fleet Admiral without saluting your way up the ranks? The letter adjusts its formatting, history, and endorsements to match whatever is most plausible and effective in that world.

The letter doesn't rewrite reality—it just leans on it, hard. It doesn't override scandals, crimes, or known affiliations, but it bypasses the usual barriers of bureaucracy, nepotism, or qualifications with surreal ease. Institutions will believe you belong at the top—even if they can't remember why—and once you're in, it's up to you to stay there. Just flash the seal. The doors will open. The red carpet will unroll. And all that remains is for you to walk in like you were always meant to be there.

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Staff

- **Key of Admission (100 CP, It's Free if you choose Staff as your Origin)**

This item appears as a simple black lanyard with a sleek, unbranded access card or a stamped paper pass—its form shifts to suit the setting. But its power lies in what it represents: universal acceptance. So long as the group you seek to join is not actively

your enemy, this lanyard ensures a smooth and official entry. Whether you're applying to an elite academy, auditioning for a secretive club, or attempting to join the executive circle of a powerful corporation, the doors will open. No bureaucratic dead-ends, no endless interviews, no trick entrance exams. You're granted provisional membership immediately, as though someone high up signed off on your inclusion.

It won't give you rank or privilege—you'll still need to prove your worth to keep your seat at the table. But you'll be in the room, which is often the hardest part. It doesn't override hostility, so groups already set against you won't suddenly forget their grudges. But as long as neutrality exists, even barely, this item finds the paperwork, greases the wheels, and places your name right where it needs to be.

Whether you want to infiltrate a criminal network, sit in on a student council meeting, or walk into a military briefing like you belong there, the lanyard ensures no one questions your presence—at least, not until you give them a reason to.

- **Break Room Premium Keycard (100 CP, It's Free if you choose Staff as your Origin)**

This unremarkable plastic keycard unlocks something most faculty never even hear about—your own little slice of sanctuary in the chaos of the school. Tucked away behind an unmarked door on the highest floor of the teacher's wing, this hidden break room is nothing short of a luxury retreat. The lighting is soft, warm, and fully

customizable to suit your mood. The white noise system cancels out every trace of hallway bustle. The air smells faintly of roasted beans and lavender. And yes, the coffee is better than anything served anywhere else on campus—fresh-ground, barista-level brews in a machine that somehow always knows exactly how you like it.

The space itself is compact but impeccably furnished. Reclining massage chairs, adjustable desks, plush armchairs, and a touch-screen privacy control panel that lets you dim the glass wall or lock out even other faculty. It restocks itself daily with premium snacks and light meals, imported teas, and even the occasional bottle of wine for late-night strategy sessions.

But what truly makes this keycard valuable isn't the rest—it’s the privacy. No cameras. No student tracking. No faculty oversight unless you bring them in yourself. You can use it to relax, recover, or conduct off-the-record meetings with trusted staff. You can store files, brainstorm, or use it as a hideaway during particularly messy power plays.

- **Faculty Comm Earpiece (100 CP, It’s Free if you choose Staff as your Origin)**

Worn like a simple hearing aid and barely visible beneath your hair, this earpiece is a vital lifeline to an encrypted faculty-only network, it provides real-time communication with other teachers, counselors, and administrative staff without breaking stride or showing visible signs of coordination. You can silently coordinate classroom

lockdowns, pass along behavioral warnings, or receive minute-by-minute updates on student movements—especially handy when the school's more... "dynamic" students get ideas.

Its interface is entirely voice-controlled, featuring natural speech transcription that can be stored or sent to internal archives, particularly useful for disciplinary hearings or teacher-student interviews. You can also record personal memos, reminders, or transcribe staff meetings for later review—all without reaching for a device or pulling out a notepad.

Should an emergency arise, the earpiece grants direct priority contact with the security team or even upper administration. If a fight breaks out, a student vanishes, or someone tries to exploit the system, you're no longer just a bystander—you're plugged into the machine.

- **Teacher Clothes (100 CP, It's Free if you choose Staff as your Origin)**

Authority isn't just something you project—it's something you wear. The moment you enter this world, your wardrobe catches up with your role. You now possess a complete, ever-available selection of outfits perfectly tailored to match your personal style, teaching discipline, and professional image. Whether you carry yourself like a hard-nosed drill instructor, a graceful counselor, or a fashion-forward provocateur, your attire will subtly reinforce that persona in the eyes of students and colleagues alike.

These clothes don’t exist in a single closet—they exist wherever you are. Any wardrobe, drawer, or suitcase you open will reveal pieces from this collection, appropriate for your needs and setting. They shift slightly over time to keep up with trends, while always remaining aligned with your aesthetic. No matter how sharp the cut, eccentric the color scheme, or intricate the layering, they never feel heavy or get in the way. They’re as comfortable as pajamas and as breathable as gym wear.

Beyond mere appearance, these garments are impossibly durable and functional. They’re self-cleaning—resisting wrinkles, stains, odors, and wear. They never restrict your movement, even if you’re sprinting through a hallway, breaking up a brawl, or vaulting over a desk mid-lecture. Even better, they're deceptively protective. Bulky jewelry, silk ties, or flowing coats offer the same defense as modern body armor, capable of softening physical blows, deflecting cuts, and absorbing moderate impact without a scratch to your skin or your style.

- **Student File Dossier (200 CP, It’s 100 CP if you choose Staff as your Origin)**

At first glance, it’s just a heavy, well-worn leather briefcase—old-school in design but strangely pristine. Inside, however, is a trove of intelligence any educator—or manipulator—would kill for. Neatly organized folders contain the full psychological and academic profiles of every student in one classroom of your choosing. Each file covers far more than the

school’s digital records allow access to: detailed notes from prior institutions, family history, informal psychological assessments, risk evaluations, and even redacted commentary from teachers, counselors, and medical staff.

Each report seems almost clairvoyantly accurate. It doesn't just tell you what grades a student got—it explains *why* they underperformed last semester, what their home environment is like, what coping mechanisms they rely on when stressed, and whether they’re a likely candidate for leadership, burnout, or rebellion. Some pages are marked with ink you didn’t write, as if someone—or something—updating it knows more than you.

The dossier automatically refreshes every month with new observations and summaries based on updated surveillance logs, performance patterns, and interpersonal conflicts. That little outburst in the hallway? Catalogued. The drop in participation after midterms? Annotated and explained.

In future Jumps, the briefcase adapts seamlessly. Whether you're managing a squad of teenage ninjas, crewing a spaceship academy, or overseeing corporate interns, it will always contain up-to-date records on your primary group.

- **A Certified Good Boi (200 CP, It’s 100 CP if you choose Staff as your Origin)**

Congratulations, you're now the handler, roommate, and lifelong companion to a truly exceptional animal. Whether it’s a loyal golden

retriever, a sleek black cat, a dignified owl, or even a capybara with emotional support certification, your companion is more than just a pet—they’re a certified, soul-mending miracle on four paws (or wings, hooves, fins, claws, you get the idea). They’re fiercely loyal to you, practically impossible to bribe or distract, and smart enough to understand complex commands and even nuanced moods.

Just being near them eases tension like an emotional balm. Their presence dissolves hostility, unwinds anxiety, and makes it just a bit harder for people to act like manipulative schemers for long. Sit with your Good Boi for a few minutes and even the most hardened cynic might start to open up. An hour, and they might be confronting emotional scars they thought were buried forever. If you're staff, this can be weaponized—your office becomes *the* place for therapy sessions, conflict resolution, or coaxing a troubled student into talking.

They also have an uncanny knack for being in the right place at the right time. If a student is about to make a dangerous decision, they might just find your animal sitting calmly outside their dorm. If you're in a stressful meeting, they'll subtly press against your leg or curl in your lap, grounding your nerves. Whether it’s during a crisis, a breakdown, or just a long, soul-draining school day, your companion’s quiet presence is a psychological shield.

They come with a clean bill of health, endless energy, and an implied "plot armor" against mundane dangers. They follow you into future jumps, adapting as necessary to the world around them,

possibly becoming mystical, cybernetic, or simply smarter—but never unnatural.

- **A Lord's Palace (200 CP, It's 100 CP if you choose Staff as your Origin)**

Welcome to the high life. Whether or not you see yourself as nobility, this estate has decided *you* are. Nestled in a remote-yet-convenient location—perhaps on a wooded cliffside overlooking the sea, or behind walled gardens at the edge of the campus—this palatial estate is a marvel of architecture and luxury. The moment you step through the gates, the noise of the world fades away, replaced by the silence of authority and wealth. Every detail, from the hand-carved banisters to the imported tile beneath your feet, has been tailored to your personal aesthetic. Gothic manor? Ultra-modern spire? Edo-era compound? Versailles redux? Your choice.

But a palace isn't made of stone and gold alone. What truly sets this estate apart is the staff: a full retinue of maids, butlers, gardeners, chefs, chauffeurs, and even security, all highly trained, discreet, and eerily good at their jobs. Meals are prepared exactly how you like them, the grounds remain spotless regardless of the season, and your wine cellar seems to restock itself with vintages you didn't even know existed. Every morning is accompanied by hand-brewed coffee or tea on a silver tray, and your schedule for the day—be it lectures, meetings, or undercover sabotage—is already sorted out and waiting.

Beyond the comfort, this palace is power. Its grandeur has a psychological weight to it. First-time visitors, regardless of background, will find themselves subtly overwhelmed. Students invited here for a “talk” feel like they’ve been summoned by a hidden king. Colleagues are reminded that while they grade papers, you rule from velvet chairs beneath crystal chandeliers. And should you need a private place for strategy, blackmail meetings, or simply vanishing off the map, this estate is secure, surveilled, and utterly private.

Best of all? The palace follows you to future jumps. No matter the world, a version of your estate—adapted to fit the local culture and architecture—will exist, fully staffed and hidden in plain sight. Whether you're in a corporate dystopia, magical academy, or space station bureaucracy, you’ll always have a palace to return to.

- **Hard Drugs (200 CP, It’s 100 CP if you choose Staff as your Origin)**

In a school where civility and control are everything, this is the exact opposite. A small, lockable kit hidden wherever you choose—maybe in a drawer behind a false bottom, or tucked inside your coat lining—contains a rotating stock of ultra-potent stimulants and performance enhancers. They’re not illegal here, not exactly, but they sure as hell aren’t approved by the school. These drugs are fast-acting, high-risk, and high-reward—engineered to slam your nervous system into overdrive for a few chaotic hours.

When taken, these compounds allow you to push far past what your body should reasonably endure. Fatigue vanishes. Pain dulls. Your muscles respond like you've trained for years, and your reflexes become something wild, reactive, animalistic. You'll run longer, fight harder, and ignore injuries that should put you on the ground. Your aggression spikes, your hesitation evaporates, and your instincts dominate. But it comes at a price—your thinking slows, your tact drops, and subtlety becomes a foreign language. You become the version of yourself that *wins*, not the version that explains why.

These drugs don't lead to addiction, and they won't damage your body permanently unless abused recklessly. The withdrawal is mild—mostly mental fog and emotional fatigue—but you can only use them sparingly. Too frequent use makes people start noticing the way your eyes dilate and your calm slips. However, if timed perfectly—before a critical confrontation, during a dangerous exam, or when your back's against the wall—they can turn a complete loss into a staggering victory.

In other Jumps, the drugs adapt to local laws of physics and magic—granting alchemical fury in a fantasy world or hyper-cybernetic speed in a dystopian sprawl.

- **In Need of Something (400 CP, It's 200 CP if you choose Staff as your Origin)**

Some people have connections. Some have money. You? You have a forty-foot shipping crate that never stops giving. Tucked away in the backmost corner of your Warehouse—or camouflaged neatly

among other containers at any commercial dock—you'll find this unassuming crate filled with high-quality raw materials. We're not talking scrap metal or cast-off junk. This is industrial-grade, gem-quality, military-certified, or otherwise top-tier material: gold bars, surgical steel, aerospace aluminum, lead bricks, high-density carbon, flawless diamonds, and much more.

The real treasure here isn't just the supply—it's the replenishment. Every six months, the crate restocks itself with your chosen blend of goods, all of which are authentic and viable for sale, trade, or crafting. You can adjust the mix each cycle, going all in on titanium one time and switching to rubies and uranium the next. The volume? Substantial enough to keep a small nation's economy humming… or destabilize one, if you're not careful.

The crate is keyed to you. Unless you explicitly allow it, others won't even glance twice at it—even if it's out in the open. In any dockyard, it blends into the background like any other container, its contents shielded by a subtle veil of bureaucratic anonymity. Customs won't flag it. Cameras don't see inside. Even when accessed via your Warehouse, it maintains that same quiet utility—a vault of world-shaping resources, quietly loyal and endlessly useful.

And it gets better in future worlds. As you move from jump to jump, the crate auto-updates its inventory permissions. On Earth, it might hold diamond-tipped drill bits. On a fantasy world, it could store mithril, enchanted runestones, or phoenix feather thread. In sci-fi settings, it could provide neutronium, starmetal, or samples of

programmable matter. You'll never run out of what you need—just make sure you don't get caught selling it to the wrong person. Or worse… explaining where it came from.

- **Big Business (400 CP, It's 200 CP if you choose Staff as your Origin)**

You're not just part of the workforce—you *own* the playing field. With this item, you possess full ownership and operational control of a large-scale, highly successful business. Its domain is up to you. You might run a national television network, a sprawling logistics firm, a pharmaceutical empire, a multi-platform tech company, or even something more niche like an international modeling agency or high-end culinary conglomerate. Whatever you choose, it's a powerhouse in its industry, with tens of thousands of employees, infrastructure in multiple regions, and enough capital and clout to make headlines with a single press release.

Within this world, this gives you leverage far beyond most faculty. You're not just a teacher or administrator—you're a silent mogul. Want to quietly sponsor a student club to observe the inner workings of a class? Done. Need to manipulate public perception of the school or a student via media spin? Your company can arrange that. Curious about which students might thrive in a high-pressure corporate environment? Internships and corporate scholarships with hidden strings attached are ready at your command. While your position must remain discrete to preserve the school's integrity, the influence and flexibility your business offers are undeniable.

And this isn’t a one-jump gimmick. Your company follows you across realities. In future Jumps, it evolves and embeds itself seamlessly into the new setting—transforming into a knight-order-run trade guild in a fantasy world, a system-spanning AI firm in a sci-fi future, or a magical artifact research division in a mystic academy. The scale, wealth, and respect remain the same, and you keep complete autonomy over its direction. Even the warehouse benefits—your business is linked directly to it, allowing your warehouse to function as the administrative nerve center, product storage hub, or even a secret think tank wing of your enterprise.

You’ll still need to make business decisions and deal with competition, but your company will always be a cut above the rest. Its resources, reach, and reputation make it the kind of machine that moves behind the scenes, shaping policy, culture, or even war, depending on how you wield it.

- **Gun (400 CP, It’s 200 CP if you choose Staff as your Origin)**

It looks sleek, matte-black, and unnervingly ergonomic—like something straight out of a dystopian sci-fi film. This is not a toy. It's a firearm from a future that doesn’t exist yet, designed for precision, silence, and utility. Though it bears no brand or model number, everything about it screams “classified prototype.” Lightweight but sturdy, with a firing mechanism that hums faintly when held, this gun doesn’t need bullets. Its ammunition recharges itself slowly

over time, drawing on compact energy cells embedded in its core—one shot every ten minutes, or a full clip over a day. There's no need to scavenge ammo, no risk of running dry… unless you're reckless.

Its shots strike with deadly realism: no lasers, no stunning beams, just high-velocity force delivered with terrifying efficiency. It has minimal recoil, built-in targeting assistance, and a trigger so responsive it almost fires on thought. In the wrong hands, it's the end of an argument. In the right hands, it's leverage—because in a school where no one is supposed to have real weapons, the presence of this gun shifts every conversation into dangerous territory.

But it's not just for violence. With careful planning, this item becomes the ultimate deterrent. You could threaten without firing. You could dismantle power plays without saying a word. You could remove a threat—or create the illusion of one. You might even stage its "discovery" to get someone expelled, pinning it on a rival too clever for their own good.

Still, power like this doesn't come without consequence. If anyone finds out you have it—student, dean, or staff—the heat will come fast and hard. Suspicion. Surveillance. Maybe worse. But if you can keep it hidden? Then you hold something no one else at the school ever expects: the raw authority to end a game not with a scheme, but with a trigger pull. Just make sure you're okay with what comes after.

- **Apartment (400 CP, It’s 200 CP if you choose Staff as your Origin)**

You live in what can only be described as a paradox of real estate—an apartment that shouldn't exist, yet does, and entirely under your name. It’s nestled in a prime location near the school, but no one recalls who built it or how long it’s been there. Inside, the space stretches far beyond what the exterior suggests. Multiple bedrooms, a sprawling kitchen that rivals professional setups, a full-length library wall with a sliding ladder, and even an expansive art studio bathed in natural light—all of it seamlessly yours.

The design is sleek, like something out of a sci-fi film set twenty years ahead of modern architecture. Walls that shift opacity at your command, surfaces that clean themselves, a smart system that anticipates your needs before you even give voice to them. The temperature is always ideal. The lighting always flattering. The furniture perfectly tailored to your tastes—minimalist, lavish, traditional, modern; it bends to your whims and lifestyle. Nothing here breaks down, nothing needs replacement, and there is no rent, no maintenance, no utility bills. The entire place just… runs. And it runs for you.

More than just a luxury home, this apartment is an anchor point—a stable, personal sanctuary across realities. Wherever your future Jumps take you, the apartment comes along, adapting itself to the local environment while maintaining its internal consistency. If you repaint the walls or build a secret wine cellar, those changes

persist. If you decide to turn the art studio into a meditation dojo or install a full surveillance command center, it adjusts and accommodates.

- **Master Keycard (600 CP, It’s 300 CP if you choose Staff as your Origin)**

Sleek, discreet, and far more dangerous than it looks, this unmarked card is the closest thing to god-mode in any institutional system you find yourself part of. In the Advanced Nurturing High School, it grants you unfettered access to the school's complete digital and bureaucratic infrastructure. That means total control over everything from point allocations and student files to surveillance footage and internal communications. You can review every private record, view flagged behavior reports, observe real-time social media interactions within the school network, and—most crucially—edit or delete them without leaving a trace.

Have a favorite student who’s about to be expelled? A few keystrokes and their record shines brighter than gold. Need to manufacture a reason to cancel a rival class’s funding or revoke a club’s access to the gym? Done. You can override permissions, move schedules around, delay announcements, or even approve fake initiatives for the sake of a scheme. You don't just see behind the curtain—you run the backstage entirely.

But the Keycard's power doesn't end at the school gates. In future Jumps, it updates to synchronize with whatever major organization you join—be it a corporation, a criminal syndicate, a military

structure, or a government body. You won't automatically become the head honcho, but you will quietly gain root access to that group's internal systems. Think secure communications, financial channels, hiring logs, incident archives, and strategic plans. Wherever bureaucracy and surveillance exist, the Keycard gives you leverage—discreet, deniable, and devastatingly effective.

- **Your Own Highschool (600 CP, It's 300 CP if you choose Staff as your Origin)**

You now hold the reins to your very own version of Advanced Nurturing High School. Not as a teacher, not as an alumnus, but as the outright owner and overseer. This institution, a mirror of the elite school featured in the source setting, is yours in every legal, structural, and spiritual sense. It includes state-of-the-art facilities—luxury dorms, advanced simulation rooms, libraries packed with restricted materials, AI-enhanced surveillance systems, a sprawling underground complex for more… delicate operations, and enough bureaucratic machinery to drown a city. Every inch of it obeys your will, from the curriculum and rules to who gets admitted and what they learn.

Your version of the school attaches itself to your Warehouse and continues to travel with you in future Jumps. When it manifests, it blends into the surrounding setting as a prestigious local or international institution, acquiring prestige, accreditation, and a veil of legitimacy wherever you go. No matter the world—be it magical, futuristic, or pre-industrial—this school adapts its appearance and

faculty accordingly, yet retains the same core function: molding and testing students under your vision.

You can choose how strict, ethical, or brutal your school's systems are. Will it be a meritocracy of calculated cruelty, like the original Advanced Nurturing High? Or a haven of nurturing brilliance hidden behind a competitive façade? You decide whether your school produces manipulators, revolutionaries, saviors—or monsters. It may start empty, but it will attract new students over time: talented, ambitious, dangerous, and desperate individuals drawn to the promise of power, status, or salvation. You can even staff it with Jump companions, imported faculty from your previous worlds, or AI-generated professionals tailored to your educational philosophy.

- **I Know A Guy (600 CP, It's 300 CP if you choose Staff as your Origin)**

Connections don't show up on a résumé, but they win wars in silence. With this perk, you are no longer limited to what you personally know or can do—because you always know *someone* who does. You have an extensive and growing network of individuals scattered across society's highest peaks and lowest shadows. Scientists. Fixers. Arms dealers. Forensic accountants. Paparazzi. Medical professionals, mercenaries, hackers, cultural experts, and that one grizzled ex-something who knows exactly how to disappear a person for just long enough. If a task exists, odds are someone in your contact list can handle it.

You don’t need to know their full name. You don’t need to know how they got your number. But when you call, they answer. The relationship varies depending on who it is—some owe you favors, some are on retainer, others just like you—but they’re reliable, talented, and discreet. You're not summoning demigods, but you’re consistently putting your hands on people who can do what needs to be done, and do it *well*.

You can’t use this network recklessly. Each call burns social capital—call in too many favors too fast, and even the best contacts might stop picking up. But used wisely, this perk turns you into a walking solution engine. You don’t need to break into that encrypted server—you *know a guy* who can do it remotely. You don’t need to dig through academic records by hand—you *know a guy* with backdoor access. Need a fake passport, a bus full of paid protestors, or a last-minute DNA test? You know people.

After your time in here, this network follows you to future worlds, adapting to the local setting. If you jump into a magical realm, expect potion-makers, cursed item dealers, or ancient seers in your Rolodex. In a cyberpunk dystopia, expect deckers, gene-splicers, and high-ranking corpo defectors. In any world, no matter how foreign, you’re never truly alone—you’re just a phone call away from help that most people wouldn’t dream of having.

- **Medicine (600 CP, It’s 300 CP if you choose Staff as your Origin)**

A slim crystal vial no larger than your thumb, filled with a shimmering, color-shifting liquid that seems to hum faintly with unnatural energy. This is not something you could explain with science, nor should you try to. It's the kind of thing that exists in the blind spots of medical theory—too miraculous, too clean. Just one drop of this elixir, placed on the lips or poured into a wound, is enough to defy the finality of death itself.

If used on someone recently deceased—within minutes or even hours depending on the state of their body—it revives them fully, soul and all, as if they had simply drifted into a deep sleep. Injuries vanish. Internal trauma repairs itself. Diseases are purged as though they had never taken root. Even psychological damage seems to fade in the presence of this cure. There are no side effects. No pain. Just breath… and life.

You only get one dose of this miracle per jump, and that dose is self-replacing only when you move to the next world. It won't replenish mid-jump, and you can't duplicate or reverse-engineer it, no matter your knowledge or technology. It will only ever serve you once each time, so its use carries enormous weight.

Should you be the one who dies, the vial activates automatically—its contents dissolving into nothing and stitching you back together moments later. You wake up alone, weak but whole, with the unsettling knowledge that you have now used your safety net.

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Companion

Navigating the treacherous halls of the Advanced Nurturing High School is tough alone. Fortunately, you're not without options. Whether bringing allies from your world or making new ones here, you'll have help—if you’re willing to pay for it.

- **Import Companions**

You may bring up to 8 companions from outside this Jump, each of whom will receive 800 CP to spend on Origins, Perks, and Items as you do. You can assign them any Origin, and they will be treated as transfer students or staff depending on their role. You may also choose to import fewer companions for narrative balance—those not imported do not accompany you.

- **Canon Companions [Variable CP]**

You may choose to recruit canon characters from *Classroom of the Elite* as companions. Doing so will adjust their narrative role accordingly. These companions may keep their established personalities and goals unless altered via perks or narrative influence.

Cost Tiers:

- Background Students (minor year 1 students, side club members, etc.) – 100 CP

- Named Supporting Students (Ike, Haruka, Sudo, etc.) – 200 CP

- Mainline Students (Ichika, Kei, Horikita, Kushida, Ryuen, Ichika, Sakayanagi, etc.) – 300 CP

- High-Level Staff (Chabashira, Mashima, Tsukishiro, etc.) – 400 CP

Canon companions retain their strengths, limitations, and personalities unless altered by perks or narrative developments. You may recruit up to 4 canon characters, unless a perk or item says otherwise.

- **Original Companion Characters [100 CP Each]**

These are Original Characters (OCs). They can be added as companions for 100 CP each. Each has a distinct personality, Origin assignment, and hidden strengths or weaknesses. You may choose one to start with for free if you have no other companions.

1. Reina Kisaragi

“People follow power. But true leaders? They make others *want* to.”

Reina is the kind of student who never blends in, even when she tries. Every movement is practiced, every word deliberate. She doesn’t raise her voice, doesn’t rush her sentences, and never reacts without calculation. She carries herself like someone raised

in rooms where power is spoken in silence and favors are traded behind glass smiles. Most students either admire her or fear her, and a few do both.

She comes from a long line of diplomats and international negotiators. Her early education was split between high-pressure private tutors and hands-on experience shadowing her parents at summits and embassy functions. Her family didn't just expect success—they demanded perfection. That pressure molded her into someone who rarely cracks under stress, but it also left her with little tolerance for losing control. When things don't go her way, she doesn't lash out—she closes off, retreating into calculation or, rarely, letting the emotional pressure get the best of her behind closed doors.

At Advanced Nurturing High, Reina has quickly built a web of alliances, favors, and quiet influence. She doesn't engage in overt conflict unless forced. Instead, she plays long-term games, gently pushing others into decisions that benefit her or weaken rivals. If someone crosses her, they'll usually find themselves excluded, isolated, or embarrassed—without ever realizing how it happened. She never acts alone but always pulls the strings.

She approaches new students with caution, but also interest, especially if they don't fall into her expected behavioral patterns. If you're hard to predict, resistant to pressure, or indifferent to status, she'll keep watching. At first, she'll test you—subtle questions, invitations, moments where she places you in small social traps just

to see what you'll do. If you fail, she'll make note of it and move on. But if you outplay her, or if you surprise her in a way she can't account for, that's when her attention turns serious.

Her interactions feel polite, almost formal, but there's always a purpose behind them. She doesn't waste time on people she doesn't consider useful. However, usefulness doesn't always mean obedience. Someone who challenges her, forces her to reconsider her worldview, or gives her the rare feeling of being off-balance may earn something deeper than respect.

Romance, if it happens, doesn't start with affection. It starts with recognition. She'll begin including you in plans, seeking your opinion when she normally trusts no one, and offering information she wouldn't share otherwise. She'll act as though it's all strategic—just business, just mutual benefit—but if you watch closely, you'll see signs she's letting her guard down. She may start asking questions about your past, your values, your future—not as manipulation, but because she genuinely wants to understand. She won't say she trusts you. Instead, she'll show it in the people she protects you from, the favors she cashes in on your behalf, and the silence she keeps when others try to use you.

If you hurt her or catch her off guard emotionally, she doesn't react right away. She pulls back, reassesses, and rebuilds her walls. But if you stick around, make it clear that you see her for who she really is—not just the polished diplomat-in-training, but the girl behind the

performance—you'll find someone who isn't used to being vulnerable, but might want to be, with the right person.



2. Kaoru Hayate

"The system is broken. That doesn't mean we have to be."

Kaoru doesn't look like much on paper. He's not the smartest student in his year, not the most athletic, and certainly not the most politically savvy. In a system that rewards cold strategy, he stands

out for all the wrong reasons—because he actually cares. But despite being underestimated by almost everyone, his class hasn't fallen apart. In fact, it runs better than most. That's because he makes people want to try.

He grew up in a modest household, the oldest of three kids, raised by a single mother who worked long hours to keep them afloat. Getting into Advanced Nurturing High on a scholarship wasn't just a personal goal—it was a chance to change the direction of his whole family. He treats that opportunity seriously. Not in a prideful way, but with a steady sense of responsibility. He doesn't believe in shortcuts, and he doesn't let people around him slide into apathy or corruption without a fight.

Kaoru doesn't have a perfect record. He's made plenty of mistakes—trusting the wrong people, misreading intentions, taking on burdens he couldn't carry alone. But he always owns up to them, never deflects, and never asks anyone to do something he wouldn't do himself. That's part of why his classmates follow him. He doesn't try to control them. He just shows them what it looks like to hold the line—and dares them to do the same.

He doesn't like backroom deals or manipulation. He sees the school for what it is, but refuses to become what it wants him to be. That makes him a problem for those who profit from chaos or division. Some students try to paint him as naive, and maybe he is. He believes people can change. He thinks trust is worth more than

power. But he also knows how the world works. He just refuses to let that knowledge turn him into something he’s not.

If you’re someone with strong convictions—whether they align with his or not—Kaoru will pay attention. He respects honesty more than agreement. If you stand for something, and you're not afraid to show it, he’ll listen. He may not always agree, but he’ll want to understand. If you challenge his worldview in a meaningful way, he won’t shut down—he’ll argue, learn, and possibly grow. And if you support him when it counts, he won’t forget it.

Kaoru doesn’t pursue relationships in any direct way. He has too many responsibilities, too many people to worry about. But if he starts spending more time around you, checking in, or defending you even when it’s inconvenient, you’ll know he’s taken notice. His version of affection is quiet but consistent—helping you with tasks without being asked, covering for you when you’re overwhelmed, or staying late just to talk when he can tell you’re not okay.

Romance, if it happens, grows out of mutual respect. He won't confess anything first. Not out of fear, but because he’s not sure his feelings matter more than the mission he’s set for himself. But if you stick around, keep up with him, and maybe even support him in ways he doesn’t expect, he’ll let you in. Not with dramatic gestures, but with trust, with open conversations, and with the kind of loyalty that doesn’t break under pressure.



3. Shun Kurobane

“You don’t win here by playing nice.”

Shun Kurobane doesn't pretend to be something he's not. He doesn't wear a blazer like it means anything, doesn't care about etiquette or what fork to use, and definitely doesn't play nice with people who treat life like a game. He came to Advanced Nurturing High through a barely-publicized program meant to give second chances to students with “unique potential.” For Shun, that meant one last shot before the system gave up on him completely.

His past is full of rough turns—state homes, run-ins with the law, more than a few scars both physical and mental. But he doesn’t carry it like a burden. He owns it. That edge, that refusal to bow or break, is what makes him stand out. He doesn’t try to charm teachers or fake smiles in group settings. Instead, he built Class C into something close to a crew—structured, loyal, and brutal when necessary. It's not about friendship with him. It's about trust, respect, and survival.

Shun doesn’t micromanage, but everyone knows who’s in charge. He’s direct, aggressive when pushed, and speaks with a confidence that makes people listen. Most outsiders call him a delinquent, maybe even dangerous. But inside his own circle, he's the reason some students haven’t dropped out, broken down, or worse. If you’re part of his class and he considers you loyal, he’ll go out of his way to protect you. If you betray that loyalty, he won’t yell—he’ll just make sure you’re out of the picture, clean and quiet.

What most people miss is how calculated he actually is. The violence and threats are just the surface. Shun knows how people work—what gets under their skin, what they’re afraid of, how they break. He’s run coordinated strikes against other classes with military-level discipline, mapped student networks like surveillance grids, and manipulated social events to turn allies against each other. He doesn’t show all his cards unless he has to, and he never plays fair unless he’s got a reason to.

He doesn’t chase respect from outsiders, but if you don’t flinch around him—if you talk to him straight and back it up with real grit—he’ll start to take notice. He respects people who’ve been through something, who survive on their own terms. That could mean strength, nerve, smarts, or even just the refusal to give in.

If you keep showing up—whether as an opponent or someone who challenges him without bluffing—he’ll start pushing your boundaries, testing where you stand. He’ll offer deals, pressure you, maybe even throw you into a situation just to see how you handle it. It’s not cruelty. It’s his way of figuring out whether you’re real or fake.

Romance with Shun doesn’t look like romance. He won’t flirt. He won’t compliment you directly. But if he starts making time for you outside the usual crowd, if he asks what *you* think about a strategy instead of just deciding it himself, or if he shows up when you didn’t ask for help, that’s the sign. He doesn’t open up easily—trust is rare, and affection is foreign. But if you get past his defenses, you'll find someone who’s more loyal than anyone else you'll meet in that school.



4. Yui Nakahara

“Let them ignore me.”

Yui Nakahara blends into the background so well it’s easy to forget she’s there. She doesn’t speak much in class, avoids group chats, and rarely volunteers for anything. But if you’re paying attention, you’ll notice she’s always nearby when something important

happens. She’s the type who sits near the back but never zones out—her eyes are always moving, tracking the flow of information, storing small shifts in behavior, posture, and tone.

Her family runs a logistics company—not the biggest, but stable, with contracts that run deep in regional commerce. She’s not an heiress with media buzz around her name, and she doesn’t try to act like one. Her place at Advanced Nurturing High isn’t built on connections or legacy—it’s about proving she has value in a system where quiet competence is often ignored. That’s her strength. She understands structure, pressure points, and timing. She doesn’t try to lead; she just makes sure things don’t collapse.

Yui doesn’t care about climbing to the top. What she wants is control over her own outcomes. She pays attention to the balance of power between students, picks up on who’s pretending to be in charge and who’s really pulling strings, and uses that knowledge carefully. If a class war breaks out, she’s not the one lighting the fuse—but she might’ve loosened a few bolts beforehand.

She’s not confrontational, but she’s not passive either. When she speaks, it’s direct, clear, and hard to argue with. Most people ignore her until she makes a comment they weren’t ready for—something too accurate, too cutting, or just too informed to come from someone they thought was irrelevant.

She doesn’t open up easily. Conversations with her tend to be short, practical, and slightly guarded. But if you catch her interest—if you say something unexpected, notice something she

thought only she saw, or act in a way that breaks the usual patterns—she might start showing up more. Not in a loud way. She's the kind of person who'll be sitting beside you in the library without saying a word, just listening to how you think. She won't say she's helping, but you'll find out later that a critical piece of info, an opening, or a warning came from her.

Yui doesn't pursue relationships. She doesn't flirt or try to build emotional bonds. But she pays attention to who treats her like a real person, not just the quiet girl in the back. If you respect her space, include her without making a big deal out of it, or challenge her ideas without trying to dominate her, she'll start letting you in—slowly.

You might find her watching your matches, sitting in on your strategy meetings, or passing along something she overheard. She won't call it trust. She'll call it "useful cooperation." But her presence means something. If she starts sharing her observations freely, or backing you up in quiet ways—correcting a plan, redirecting a rumor, covering for you when no one else notices—you'll know she's invested.

Romance with Yui is subtle. It never feels like flirting. It feels like being taken seriously in ways that matter. Like having someone who sees what others miss and quietly decides you're worth the risk of getting involved. If you push too hard, she'll pull back. But if you're steady—if you make space for her without expecting anything in return—she'll stick around. She won't say how she

feels. But when she does finally speak up about it, it'll be direct, plain, and impossible to misunderstand.



5. Rika Arisugawa

"If you want to survive here, learn to *listen* before you speak."

Rika Arisugawa doesn’t stand out in a crowd. She’s quiet, composed, and always two steps behind the chaos—on purpose. Most students at Advanced Nurturing High underestimate her, thinking she’s just another quiet honors student who keeps to herself. They don’t realize until much later that almost everything they do ends up on her desk, cataloged and cross-referenced, waiting for the moment she needs it.

Her family runs a private intelligence firm—corporate espionage, counter-surveillance, political leverage. She was raised in that world, taught to watch before speaking and to learn before acting. Coming to this school isn’t about points or social dominance for her. It’s fieldwork. Observation under pressure. Human behavior in an artificial environment. Every student is a case study. Every event is a variable.

Rika doesn’t play the game the same way the others do. She doesn’t try to control people, she just makes sure no one else gets too far out of line without her knowing. She doesn’t spread rumors—she verifies facts. She doesn’t lead, but those who want to survive Class A politics often find themselves following her unspoken suggestions anyway. She sees vulnerabilities, but doesn’t exploit them right away. She files them away for later, using leverage only when absolutely necessary.

She doesn’t speak much, but when she does, people listen. Her voice is calm and measured, and she doesn’t waste time with pleasantries. In group discussions, she rarely contributes unless it’s

to end a debate with a single, undeniable point. Teachers tend to respect her discipline, even if they can't quite figure out what her real agenda is.

If you stand out—if you make strange decisions, avoid predictable patterns, or resist the school's systems in a way that doesn't scream rebellion—she'll notice. She won't approach you right away, but you might catch her watching you during lunch, or showing up in places that don't match her usual schedule. When she finally speaks to you, it'll be with a clear goal: understanding what you're doing and why.

Deals with Rika are clear-cut. She doesn't lie, and she expects the same. She'll protect your secrets, but she'll make sure you know exactly what that protection costs. Sometimes it's information. Sometimes it's a favor. Sometimes it's just knowing you owe her.

She doesn't show affection in obvious ways. There's no blushing, no shy glances. But if you earn her trust—which takes time and consistency—she'll start giving you more than you asked for. Details she could have sold to someone else. Warnings she didn't owe you. Small acts of trust, given without explanation. She won't call it friendship. She definitely won't call it anything more. But she'll start including you in her world without asking for permission.

Romance with Rika doesn't come with confession or drama. It builds through trust, subtle reliance, and unspoken mutual respect. If you're observant, you'll notice when her tone softens around you. When she answers questions no one else could get her to. When

she checks in on you, not because you're useful—but because she wants to. She won't ever make the first move, but if you do, and you're honest, she won't push you away.

She's not looking for someone to protect her or change her. What she wants—what she doesn't even realize she wants—is someone who sees the person behind the calculations. And if you become that person, she won't say it out loud. But she'll stop treating you like a variable.



6. Masaki Gojin

“Sometimes, people just need someone to throw the first punch. I volunteer.”

Masaki doesn’t lead because he wants power. He leads because no one else stepped up when things were falling apart. He doesn’t smile much, and when he does, it usually means something just got

harder for someone else. His tone is often sharp, not because he's cruel, but because he doesn't believe in sugarcoating what needs to be said. Every word out of his mouth feels like it's been weighed and measured—he doesn't waste breath on things that don't matter.

He grew up in a house that rarely felt like home. One parent gone, the other barely present. What he had was responsibility—taking care of siblings, scraping together meals, learning to pretend he wasn't scared when the lights got cut off again. His grades were his way out. He didn't cheat. He didn't beg. He fought tooth and nail for his scholarship spot, and he arrived at Advanced Nurturing High School thinking it would be hard—but not cruel. He learned quickly.

Masaki tried to do things the honest way at first. He built study groups, supported classmates, followed the rules. And then someone sold him out for points. Then someone else lied during a hearing to avoid suspension, and he took the fall. That was the last time he played the system straight.

Now he's sharp. Not just in the academic sense—though he's near the top of every test ranking—but in how he handles people. He's more commanding than friendly, more respected than liked. He doesn't have a circle of friends. He has lieutenants. Loyal ones, because he's never let one of them get cut down without standing beside them. If he backs you, he backs you completely. If you cross him, he'll shut you out like you never existed.

Masaki isn't looking for someone to follow him. He's looking for someone who walks their own path and doesn't flinch under

pressure. If you challenge the system, refuse to be someone's pawn, or stick to your ideals when it costs you something—that's when he starts paying attention. He'll test you, push you, maybe argue just to see if you break. If you don't, that's when the shift happens. He starts checking in. Offers you details no one else gets. Tells you what he's planning before the move is made.

Romance with Masaki isn't something he talks about. He's been let down too often to risk being that open. But if he starts trusting you, it shows in small ways. He defends your name when you're not in the room. He adjusts plans to account for your safety, even if he doesn't say so. He remembers what you like, what annoys you, what time you usually show up to class. And if you're the type to notice these things, you'll catch the hesitation in his voice when he talks to you directly—like he wants to say something more, but doesn't know how to without sounding weak.

He'll never call it affection. He'll call it strategy. Coincidence. Timing. But the way he stands just a little closer than necessary when things get tense? That's not an accident. And if you ever fall, he'll be there—furious, exhausted, but holding you up anyway, because letting you fall would mean he failed. And Masaki doesn't fail the people he cares about. Not anymore.



7. Mei Hoshikawa

“Information’s valuable. But debt? Debt’s better. Especially when it’s personal.”

Mei doesn’t wear a uniform properly. Her coat is always half-buttoned, her ID badge is never visible, and she carries around a small metal case that no one else touches. She’s technically a student, but most people treat her like something else—an anomaly the school tolerates because she’s useful. Faculty rarely confront

her. Students know better than to cross her unless they’re desperate.

She operates quietly. You don’t find Mei—she finds you. If you’re injured after hours, in trouble you can’t report, or need something the school doesn’t officially allow, someone will point you her way. Her "clinic" moves around—sometimes an empty science lab, sometimes the storage room behind the gym. She has equipment you’re not sure the school even knows about, and her knowledge of human biology is years ahead of what should be in a student’s hands.

Her background isn’t a secret, just not something she talks about. Her family worked the edges of legality—black-market medicine, illegal enhancements, trauma stabilization for people who couldn’t go to hospitals. She grew up in that world, learning fast how to treat injuries, suppress symptoms, and extract truth when needed. Coming to Advanced Nurturing High wasn’t her idea. It was arranged, probably by someone who thought she’d either thrive here—or break the system.

Mei doesn’t care about points, status, or social cliques. She studies people like variables in a test—measuring stress, watching how they adapt under pressure, observing who snaps first when rules get tight. She doesn’t intervene unless it benefits her or teaches her something. Morality doesn’t factor into her work. Efficiency and control do.

She speaks clearly, politely, and with just enough detachment to make conversations feel transactional. But she’s never rude. If anything, she’s overly formal. She calls people by their full names, doesn’t interrupt, and rarely reacts with emotion. If she smiles, it’s thin and calculated.

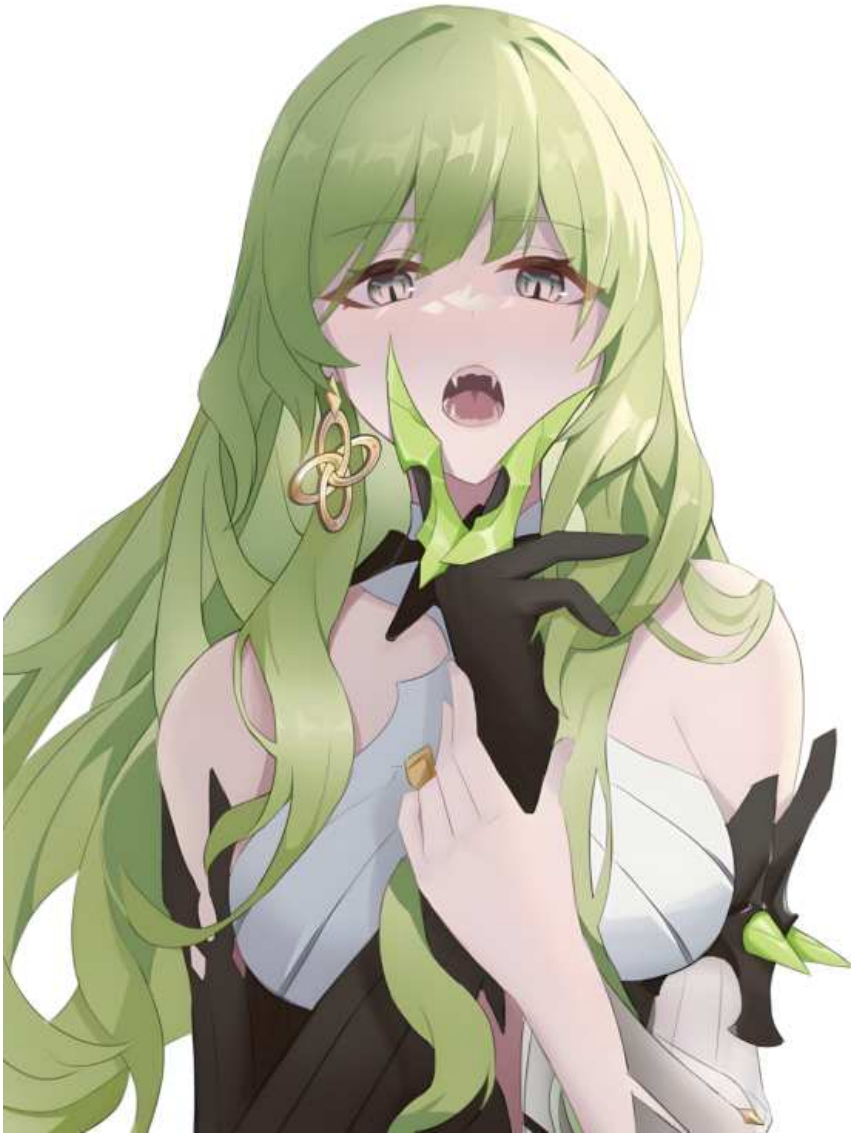
What draws Mei to someone isn’t charm or strength—it’s unpredictability. If you don’t fit into the patterns she’s mapped out, she’ll take notice. Maybe she wants to study you. Maybe she wants to know what you're hiding. If you approach her with confidence—or even better, curiosity—she’ll make time for you. She enjoys being challenged, especially intellectually. Just don’t expect a warm welcome. Mei doesn’t trust easily, and she doesn’t forgive carelessness.

If you make a deal with her, she’ll hold up her end. She’s precise, almost to a fault. But every deal comes with a cost, and she keeps records. If you try to skip out, she’ll remind you. Not loudly—but effectively.

Romance, if it happens, doesn’t start with affection. It starts with attention. She’ll start asking you questions not related to business. She’ll check in more than necessary, or stay longer than needed after patching you up. She won’t admit interest, but her behavior will shift—less transactional, more observant in a different way. You may find her watching how you handle stress, noting your habits, or probing into your views on control and freedom. None of it will seem romantic on the surface. But if you respond with patience, if you

match her pace and show you understand her without trying to fix her, she might begin to lower her guard.

She won’t say she cares. She’ll just make sure you’re not hurt, give you warnings before trouble hits, and offer you her help without asking for anything in return. With Mei, that’s more than enough to know where you stand.



8. Taiga Renjou

“If everyone’s playing a role... then let me be the wildcard.”

Taiga presents himself as a carefree, overdramatic member of the school’s drama club. He makes entrances like he's on stage, cracks jokes that deflect serious questions, and never gives the same answer twice about where he’s from or why he enrolled. He’s the kind of student who seems like he’s just coasting through the chaos of Advanced Nurturing High, but that’s exactly what he wants people to think.

Beneath the charm and misdirection is someone who studies people the way a chess player studies the board. Taiga doesn't push people around or pull strings in obvious ways. Instead, he learns how people think, what they care about, and how far they’ll bend before they break. Then, when it counts, he makes his move—subtle, fast, and hard to trace. Rumors that sink a candidate. A social shift that isolates a threat. A spontaneous event that just happens to shake up the power structure. Most of his classmates never know he was involved, and those who do rarely speak up.

He rarely talks about himself. If you ask, he’ll make up a story—some absurd, some plausible, none confirmed. One day he claims he’s the son of a diplomat, the next he says he grew up in a rural orphanage. Some of the stories even contradict each other in the same conversation. He uses misinformation the same way others use walls—keeps people at a distance, controls what they expect, and hides the truth in plain sight.

He’s usually surrounded by people, but doesn’t have real friends. Everyone thinks they know him, but no one actually does. That makes him dangerous—and useful. He’s not loyal to any one class or clique, but his reach extends into most of them. When things go wrong, Taiga’s usually already adjusted his position to benefit from the fallout.

What gets his attention isn’t status or strength—it’s unpredictability. If you don’t play by the same rules as everyone else, if you’re immune to peer pressure or hard to read, he’ll be curious. He might start talking to you more, asking questions that seem like jokes but are actually feelers for deeper truths. If you’re sharp enough to notice what he’s doing, and you don’t flinch or play dumb, he’ll be impressed.

If you’re someone who plays the game differently—or not at all—he might start appearing when you least expect it. Not as a threat, but as someone testing the water. He doesn’t approach directly. He observes, jokes, pushes boundaries. His interest isn’t loud, but it lingers.

Romance with Taiga doesn’t look like affection. It looks like attention he doesn’t give others. Slight shifts in tone when he talks to you. A rare moment of honesty slipped into a sea of jokes. Sharing something real—just once—to see how you handle it. If he respects you, he’ll let you get closer, bit by bit. But even then, he’ll never stop watching for weakness or betrayal. Not because he expects it, but because that’s how he’s survived.

If you want to build something real with him, you'll have to get past the act. That means showing you can play along without being played, and proving you see him for more than the persona he wears. And if you do? He won't say it. But you'll notice he starts keeping you in the loop, pulling you aside before the chaos hits, and asking for your opinion when it actually matters.



9. Toshio Mikami

"You’d be amazed what kids leave behind. Or what they say when they think no one’s listening."

Mikami works as the school’s janitor, the kind who seems like part of the building itself—always there, always cleaning, always watching. He doesn’t chase attention. Most of the time, he’s hunched over a mop or dragging trash bags with a quiet grunt, acting like his knees and back gave out years ago. But if you’re paying attention, you’ll notice that Mikami moves a little too efficiently to really be injured. That his gaze lingers on places most would overlook. That nothing ever really seems to catch him off guard.

In truth, Mikami used to be part of something else. He never says who employed him, but the way he picks up on patterns, routines, and weak spots—whether in the school schedule or in someone’s behavior—makes it obvious he was trained for something more than cleaning. There are whispers among the teachers, half-jokes really, that he’s some kind of washed-up agent hiding in plain sight. But no one ever investigates seriously. Mikami’s too helpful, too harmless on the surface.

Students rarely bother with him. He doesn’t demand respect and doesn’t offer lectures. But he’s always there when something breaks—physically or otherwise. He knows which lockers get vandalized, which students are on edge, and which cliques are starting to fracture. Sometimes he’ll mutter something under his

breath, just loud enough to be heard, like a warning or a test. He gives you what you need, never more than you ask for—but always just enough to matter.

He’s not a warm man, not on the surface. He doesn’t smile much, and when he does, it’s the tired kind, the one that knows how things usually turn out. But there’s a dry wit beneath the gravel in his voice, and if you earn his trust, he stops treating you like another forgettable face. He might share a bit of advice when no one else will. He might start saving you the better coffee from the faculty lounge. If you press him, maybe you’ll learn he keeps records—not for blackmail, but because someone has to remember what this school tries to bury.

He doesn’t talk about his past in detail. Just hints. A file that got “misplaced,” an assignment that ended in fire, a partner who never came back. He’s not here to teach anyone, but sometimes you get the sense that if you ask the right question, he’ll give you a better lesson than most of the faculty.

There’s something steady about him, the kind of presence that doesn’t flinch no matter how bad things get. He’s not a hero, and he doesn’t pretend to be. But if you find yourself backed into a corner, and Mikami decides you’re worth helping—you’re not alone anymore. He won't rush in guns blazing, but things will start happening in your favor, quietly. Files lost. Security footage erased. Questions forgotten.

And if you spend enough time around him, if you're curious, if you challenge him or share just enough of yourself without trying to dig too deep into him too fast—he starts to open up. Not with confessions, but with company. Late night coffee in the maintenance room. A dry remark just for your ears. A shared silence that says more than words.



10. Hanako Yamada

"Hungry? Sit down. First meal’s on me. The second one costs a secret."

Hanako owns and runs *The Breakroom*, a quiet café tucked just far enough from campus to feel off-limits, yet somehow still packed during off-hours. Students come for the soba, but they stay because Hanako listens—really listens—in a way most adults don’t. She remembers your name, your usual order, and the thing you muttered under your breath last week when you thought no one heard.

Outwardly, she’s relaxed and approachable. Always behind the counter in a loose cardigan, sleeves rolled up, hair in a loose bun. She calls everyone *kid*, even if you're technically older, and somehow makes it sound affectionate, not condescending. Her laugh is easy, and she jokes often, but there’s something practiced about it—like someone who’s made peace with the past but hasn’t forgotten any of it.

The truth is, Hanako didn’t always serve noodles and tea. Years back, she worked in backdoor networks—organizing exchanges, managing people who didn’t want to be seen, and finding solutions where none officially existed. She never talks about it directly, but sometimes when a student stammers through a problem or hints at trouble, she answers a little too quickly, too accurately. It’s clear she’s dealt with worse than test scores and love triangles.

Now, she’s semi-retired from that life, if such a thing is possible. The café is her attempt at peace, and she protects it fiercely. The

Breakroom is considered neutral territory. No fights, no shouting, no threats. If anyone breaks that rule, they're gone. Not with yelling or drama—just quietly frozen out. Rumors have a way of spreading fast when Hanako stops smiling at you.

Hanako keeps her influence subtle. She never outright interferes, but she's the kind of person students turn to when they need something handled—delivered messages, passed notes, quiet introductions to the right people. She doesn't work for free, but her prices are fair, and more often than not, she asks for odd favors instead of money. Her only rule is honesty. If you lie to her face, she won't call you out. She'll just stop trusting you. And once that happens, you'll find fewer seats open at The Breakroom. Fewer people willing to talk.

Still, if you come to her genuinely, with no angle or mask, she becomes something rare in this environment: dependable. She doesn't treat you like a pawn or a rival. She listens. Gives real advice when she thinks you need it. Pushes you to be better, but never forces it. If she takes a liking to you, she'll make your favorite dish without asking, save you the good tea, and look out for you in ways that don't draw attention.

Hanako doesn't flirt. She teases, sure—but it's always layered, always measured. If she starts calling you by name instead of "kid," that's when you know something's changed. She won't say she's interested. She's too used to people trying to get close just to use her. But if you show her you're consistent, careful, and not afraid to

tell her the truth even when it’s risky, she’ll begin to treat you differently. She might ask for your help with something small but important. She might trust you with a secret, even a small one. She might even stop calling in your debts.

If things go further, it won’t be fast. Hanako’s not impulsive. But she’s loyal, and she respects people who earn their place instead of forcing it. A relationship with her would be quiet, private, and solid. She doesn’t need dramatic words—she just needs someone who understands the weight behind silence, and stays anyway.



11. Mina Kurose

“You think this school is about education? No. It’s about who can read between the lines.”

Mina Kurose keeps her classroom quiet. Not in a fearful way, but in the way where every silence feels like it might be part of the lesson. She teaches Japanese Literature, but she doesn't care much about memorization or test prep. She cares about what you see *beneath* the text. About why a character hesitated, why a rule exists, why something was left unsaid. If you give her the expected answer, she’ll nod and move on. If you give her a *real* one, she’ll stop the whole class just to unpack it.

Before she became a teacher, she was a novelist. Her debut work won national awards, and she was considered a rising literary star. That ended after her name was tied to a political exposé—one that turned out to be ghostwritten, but published under her byline. The fallout was public and ugly. She disappeared for a few years, then reemerged at Advanced Nurturing High as a faculty member, not a celebrity. She never brought up her past, and most students are too young to recognize her name.

Mina doesn’t hide her intelligence, but she doesn’t show it off either. She asks questions that dig. She lets students embarrass themselves with shallow answers before offering a single line that reframes the entire discussion. She doesn’t raise her voice or scold. Instead, she applies pressure with precision—through assignments, readings, or unexpected one-on-one talks. Her reputation among

students is mixed. Some think she's cold or impossible to impress. Others find her fascinating, if a little unsettling.

She has little patience for the school's point-based system. She follows the rules in public, but her lessons often poke holes in how the institution functions. She'll bring in banned books under the table, assign projects that challenge official narratives, and reward students who push back in thoughtful ways. That's part of why the rumor exists—about her being part of a hidden group of faculty resisting the school's deeper agenda. It's never confirmed, but she doesn't deny it either.

If you're the kind of student who questions things—not loudly, but with intent—she'll notice. She won't show interest directly. But she might start asking you harder questions than she asks the others. She'll leave notes on your essays that seem more like provocations than feedback. She'll assign you texts that don't appear on the official reading list, with no explanation. She's not trying to test your loyalty—she's testing your depth.

Romance with Mina isn't a possibility most students even consider. She's too sharp, too distant, too hard to read. But if you spend time around her—if you match her thought for thought and don't shy away from uncomfortable truths—she'll let you closer. Slowly, and never with words like "trust" or "feeling." Instead, you'll notice the shift when she gives you real parts of herself. When she tells you why a line from a book matters *to her,* not just in the lesson. When she lets her posture relax for just a second longer around you.

If you make a move, she won’t respond with surprise or fluster. She’ll respond with a question—carefully chosen to test whether you mean it. If your answer holds up, she won’t stop you.

Mina doesn’t need someone to save her. She needs someone who sees the world clearly and still chooses to speak up. If that’s you, she won’t say it outright. But she’ll be there when it matters. And not as your teacher.



12. Daigo Hoshino

"Pain's just your body learning. Quit whining."

Daigo Hoshino, known to most students as Mr. Hoshino, runs the physical education program with the intensity of a drill sergeant and the pride of a man who still wakes up at five every morning to run laps before anyone else is even awake. He’s loud, blunt, and never sugarcoats his words. Students learn fast that he doesn’t care about excuses—only effort. If you’re trying, really trying, he’ll notice. If you’re not, he won’t waste his time.

Before joining the school, Daigo served in the Japan Self-Defense Forces. He was part of a counter-intelligence and survival unit that operated in rough conditions, both in training and in the field. He never talks much about his past unless asked directly, and even then, the details are usually vague or buried beneath sarcasm. What’s clear is that he walked away from military service for reasons he won’t fully explain, but he didn’t leave the mindset behind.

His classes are tough. Expect endurance drills, obstacle courses, sparring, and group challenges that often leave students sore for days. But despite the toughness, there’s a consistency to how he teaches. He doesn’t play favorites, doesn’t let grudges fester, and doesn’t tolerate bullying. If someone crosses a line, he steps in immediately. His idea of fairness is strict but reliable—if you mess up, you pay for it; if you work hard, you earn your place.

Outside of class, Daigo is more relaxed, but only slightly. He spends a lot of time in the equipment shed or the training field, sometimes working on old military drills or fixing gear by hand. He offers students extra training sessions, but only to those who ask—and mean it. He's willing to teach more than just sports, too. Survival skills, practical combat awareness, discipline training—all of it's on the table if you show interest and follow through. For students trying to improve themselves physically, he can become a major asset.

Daigo doesn't treat students like friends, but there's a strange kind of camaraderie that builds with those who keep showing up. If you challenge yourself in his presence, he'll challenge you back. If you quit, he won't chase you down—but he might quietly express disappointment in his own way, like ignoring you entirely the next time.

He respects cleverness, though he'll never admit it outright. Cheating gets you benched, but finding a smart way to win within the rules might actually earn you praise. He likes people who think tactically under pressure.

If you build a bond with him, it won't feel like mentorship at first. It'll just be more time spent running drills together, a few gruff words of advice, or a nod after you beat your last record. But eventually, he might start sharing a bit more—maybe a comment about something he saw in you that reminded him of someone he once served with, or a casual warning about the school's darker systems that he's seen firsthand.



13. Katarina Weiss

Ms. Weiss teaches foreign languages—primarily English and German—but her role at the school stretches beyond vocabulary drills and grammar rules. She brings an energy that doesn’t fit with the school's cold, competitive atmosphere. She smiles often, jokes with students, and doesn’t seem fazed by the constant pressure that defines life at Advanced Nurturing High. Some students find her too casual. Others rely on her as the one adult who actually feels human.

She’s originally from overseas, born to a military family that moved around constantly. Because of that, she picked up multiple languages and a strong sense of independence. Her accent's faint, but still noticeable, and her teaching style is flexible—less about memorizing rules, more about actually using language to communicate, to understand people. She encourages discussion, even disagreement, and rewards creativity over correctness. It's why her classes are often full, even with students who don't technically need the credits.

Despite her approachable image, Katarina’s past isn’t spotless. Before teaching, she was involved in a high-risk youth program run out of Berlin—designed to train exceptionally gifted but troubled teens in leadership and international mediation. Some of those missions turned real. She doesn’t talk about what happened, but the look she gets when things start getting serious makes it clear she’s seen worse than anything the school could throw at her.

Most faculty see her as too relaxed, but results keep her in place. She’s fluent in more than five languages, has military survival training, and maintains impressive student performance scores. What she doesn’t show publicly is how closely she watches the school’s darker trends. She notices when a student suddenly isolates, when grades shift without reason, or when rumors line up just a little *too* cleanly. She’s not confrontational, but if she senses something’s wrong, she’ll start asking quiet questions.

What makes her stand out most is that she *cares*—but she's careful about how she shows it. Katarina doesn't try to fix students. She gives them room to breathe. If you're the kind of person who doesn't buy into the system's game, or who resists quietly from the sidelines, she'll likely notice. She doesn't pry, but she might ask you a question in class that hits closer to home than expected. Or mention something you didn't realize she noticed.

If you spend time around her, especially outside class—voluntarily or not—she's easy to talk to. She can switch between laid-back and serious in a second. She'll laugh with you about something dumb a classmate said, then drop a comment that cuts straight through your front. She doesn't judge, but she won't let you lie to yourself either.

If she's interested in you personally, she won't make it clear. No flirting, no mixed signals. But she'll make time for you. She might ask for your help grading papers when she doesn't need it. Or show you a novel in another language and ask what *you* think it means. She opens up slowly, through shared time, small challenges, and personal honesty.

Pursuing something deeper with Katarina means recognizing when she drops her guard—not for everyone, just for you. You'll know when she's comfortable because she stops performing. She speaks plainly. She lets her smile falter when she's tired. She shows concern without the usual layers of humor. If you return that

honesty, she'll respect it—and quietly make room for more of you in her world.



14. Haeun Park

Her name on paper is Ms. Haeun Park, but most students just call her “Ms. Park.” She teaches art now—painting, drawing, mixed media—and sometimes throws in Korean language classes when the school schedule allows. Out of all the faculty, she’s the one most students feel conflicted about. She’s young, energetic, and clearly talented, but there’s something about her that feels like she’s not entirely part of the school. Like she’s here, but not staying.

Before teaching, Haeun was a K-pop idol. She trained from a young age and debuted in a group that rose fast and burned out even faster. She could sing, dance, and handle the spotlight—but behind the scenes, it was a grind. Too much control, too little trust. After a few years, she walked away. Most people thought she was crazy for leaving at her peak, but she didn’t look back. She wanted something real—something that wasn’t built on image and pressure.

Teaching wasn't her plan, but it gave her what she was missing. In class, she’s blunt but encouraging. If your work is lazy, she’ll call it out. But if you try—really try—she’ll support you, no matter how messy the result is. She treats art like survival, not decoration. She’s not interested in perfection. She’s interested in honesty. She’s also the type to stay after hours, helping a student fix a broken piece or sitting on the floor with a class that just bombed their exams, handing out markers and telling them to draw how they feel.

She still sings, usually when she thinks no one’s listening—when she's cleaning up, or walking home late. But every now and then, a school event will coax her onto the stage, and people remember why she used to pack stadiums.

Most staff keep their distance. They think she’s not strict enough, not professional enough, and not fully invested in the school's system. And they’re not wrong. She’s not here to play the school’s power games. She teaches her way, backs the students who get overlooked, and quietly pushes back when things go too far. Some think she’s just coasting. Others suspect she’s hiding how much she actually sees.

Haeun notices students who don’t fit the mold—especially the ones who act like they don’t care but are clearly holding something back. If you’re one of those people, she’ll give you space, but she won’t ignore you. She has a habit of saying the right thing at the wrong time—like she sees through whatever performance you’re putting on. She won’t push, but she’ll nudge. Just enough to see if you’ll open up on your own.

Romance with her doesn’t look like a dramatic moment or a big confession. It looks like casual banter that gets more personal over time. It looks like her asking you to help set up an exhibit, then sitting next to you in comfortable silence after the crowd leaves. She doesn’t flirt—at least not in a way most people would notice. But if she starts letting you into her world, it’s not by accident. You’ll hear her hum near you, even when she usually doesn’t sing in front

of others. You'll catch her asking what you think about things that have nothing to do with class.

She's been in the spotlight. She's had fake affection and scripted smiles. What she's looking for now is someone who sees her as a person, not a stage name. If you treat her that way, if you listen without judging, and don't expect her to be perfect, she'll trust you. Slowly. Quietly. And maybe more.



15. Sakamoto Eva

Her name is Sakamoto Eva, though most students and faculty just call her Ms. Sakamoto or "the foreign guard." Half-Japanese, half-English, she speaks both languages fluently and with the kind of calm precision that makes people sit up straighter when she talks. She works security now—stationed at the front gate,

monitoring the cameras, walking the campus perimeter like it's second nature. Most assume she's just another out-of-place foreigner doing a quiet job, but those who know anything about reading people can tell she's not someone to underestimate.

Eva used to work for British intelligence, in a role that didn't officially exist. Her job involved fieldwork, surveillance, and, when necessary, direct action. She never talks about what she did, and she doesn't need to. The way she moves, the way she watches people without looking like she's watching—that tells the story. Her career ended after a mission went wrong. She was injured badly, enough to end her field work permanently. No fanfare, no ceremony—just silence and a new life.

She relocated to Japan after recovering, partly to escape what she used to be, but mostly to be near family. Her nephew, now a second-year student at Advanced Nurturing High, had no one else. Eva took the job as a security guard not because she needed the money, but because it gave her a reason to stay close—and a way to quietly make sure the school's darker corners didn't swallow him whole.

As a guard, she keeps to herself. She's polite but distant, rarely smiling, but never unfriendly. She doesn't try to act like a teacher, but students know better than to test her. She's the one who breaks up fights before they happen. The one who steps into a situation without saying a word and somehow ends it. She doesn't posture, she doesn't threaten—she just *acts.* That's usually enough.

What most people don’t notice is how protective she really is. Not just of her nephew, but of students who are being crushed by the system. She sees through manipulation and power plays instantly, and while she doesn’t interfere openly, she has her ways of making sure things don’t go too far. A rumor that dies quietly. A file that disappears. A student who suddenly stops getting followed.

If you’re the type to get involved in complicated situations—or if you stand out as someone who’s playing a different game—Eva will notice you. At first, she’ll just observe. You might find her nearby more often than seems normal. She might stop you in the hallway to ask a question that sounds casual but isn’t. If she starts to trust you, she might drop the guard act slightly. Just enough to let a dry joke slip out, or ask about something personal.

She doesn’t open up easily. Years of spy work and personal loss don’t leave people soft. But if you treat her with respect, don’t try to impress her, and prove you’re someone with a sense of responsibility, she’ll let you in slowly. Romance isn’t something she expects or even wants at first—but if she starts seeking your company outside work hours, offering you tips you didn’t ask for, or checking on you even when she has no reason to, that’s how she shows interest.

Eva’s not the type to fall hard. She falls *carefully.* And if it ever becomes something more, it won’t be with grand gestures. It’ll be with quiet moments where the silence feels safe. Where she trusts you enough to let her guard down—not just for a second, but

completely. And if you’re there when that happens, you’ll know that trust means more than anything she ever said as an agent.



16. Kurosawa Shinji

He’s the school’s licensed counselor, known officially as the in-house therapist—but to most students, he’s just “Kurosawa-sensei.” He’s in his early thirties, clean-cut now, soft-spoken, and polite. Most wouldn’t guess that he used to be a street-level delinquent in his youth, the kind that ran with a motorcycle gang and had more police warnings than school credits.

That part of his life ended after a major incident—one that could’ve destroyed his future if someone hadn’t stepped in to give him a second chance. He doesn’t talk about the details, but it left enough of a mark that he decided to study psychology and work with kids who might be heading down the same road. He cleaned up, put in the work, and never looked back. Now he wears a collared shirt, keeps a neat office, and has a reputation for being dependable, even if a little intense at times.

Shinji doesn’t do fake sympathy. He listens carefully, asks direct questions, and doesn’t sugarcoat his words. If you’re lying to yourself, he’ll call it out—but never to shame you. He wants students to be honest, because that’s the only way they’ll survive in this school’s ruthless environment. Some students don’t like his style. Others keep coming back because they know he actually cares. He doesn’t write off anyone, no matter how bad their reputation is.

Despite the role, he doesn’t fully trust the school. He knows how the system works and how easily people can be chewed up by it. He

helps when he can, bends the rules quietly, and makes a habit of following up on students the administration would rather forget. He's not openly rebellious, but his priorities are clear—he protects the kids, not the school's image.

If you end up in his office, whether by force or choice, he'll treat you the same as everyone else: calmly, professionally, but with a sharp eye for anything you're hiding. If you're closed off, he won't push. If you're honest, he'll listen without judgment. He's especially interested in students who are trying to change, or who carry some kind of weight on their shoulders—because he knows what that feels like.

Romance with Shinji doesn't start with obvious signals. He's careful, reserved, and keeps strict boundaries—especially with students. But if you're of age, and if he sees you not just as someone in trouble but as an equal—someone who's been through something and is still standing—then his behavior shifts. He becomes more open with his own past. He might let you stay in his office longer, or ask for your thoughts on something outside school life. He might offer personal advice without being asked.

If you gain his trust, he shows it through action. Walking you out after a late session. Fixing a schedule so you get a break you need. Sharing stories from his old life, not to impress you, but to explain why he sees the world the way he does.

He won't say he's interested. But if he starts asking about your plans, your choices, your future—he's already thinking about you

more than he lets on. And if you push past the quiet and the discipline, what you'll find is someone loyal, grounded, and always willing to fight for what he believes in. Including you.



17. Sayuri Amagiri

She used to be the vice principal of the school—sharp, composed, and seen as someone destined for even greater positions. She was deeply involved in the upper administration for years, managing internal affairs and handling student issues with precision. But something changed. After one particularly quiet incident that never reached public ears, she resigned. No announcement, no scandal—just a shift. Now, she works as the school doctor.

She doesn't talk about the real reason she stepped down, but it's clear she saw something at the top she didn't want to be part of. Sayuri doesn't enjoy the politics, the manipulation, or the long-term power games that define this school's system. She prefers dealing with things directly, and she prefers helping people one at a time. Being the school's doctor gives her just enough distance to avoid the worst of it, while still letting her stay close to the students who need someone grounded.

In the nurse's office, she's calm and efficient. She treats injuries without judgment and handles even the most dramatic breakdowns with a level voice and a steady hand. She expects honesty from the students who come to her, and she can tell when someone's hiding something. Most don't lie to her more than once.

Sayuri is observant. She watches patterns, body language, tone. She won't call you out in front of others, but she notices things most miss. Her time in administration left her with a deep understanding of how the school operates—what gets reported, what doesn't,

who’s pulling strings from behind the curtain. She doesn’t act on most of it anymore. But if someone’s in danger or being used, she still steps in quietly.

She’s respectful but distant with other staff, and her personal life is mostly a mystery. The students assume she’s single. She lives alone, doesn’t attend school social events, and rarely talks about herself.

She has no long-term plan at the school. In quiet moments, she’s already thinking about leaving. Once her current obligations are over—likely the same year you finish—she intends to walk away from the institution for good. She's considering starting a small clinic, maybe in a rural town. Somewhere slower. Somewhere honest. She’s also thinking about family, though she’d never admit that out loud to just anyone.

She’d notice you if you’re thoughtful. If you act in a way that doesn’t match the role people put on you. If you challenge the school’s structure, not out of rebellion, but because you think it can be better. She values restraint, honesty, and people who mean what they say. If you come to her for more than bandages—if you ask questions or listen without an angle—she’ll respond in kind.

Romance with Sayuri would unfold quietly. No flirting, no signals that would give anything away to others. But she’ll start to trust you. She’ll ask what you think about things outside school. She’ll let her tone soften around you. She might offer tea instead of medicine

when you visit. She'll remember details, even ones you didn't mean to share.

If you're still with her near the end of your time in the Jump, she may bring it up indirectly. Not in a confession—but in a quiet moment, she might say she's thinking of leaving the school too. Starting over. Maybe somewhere quieter. She won't ask you to stay. But she might ask if you'd like to help her settle in on her new home. And if she does, that's her way of saying she's already imagined what her life looks like with you in it.



18. Callum Lynch

He goes by the name Callum Lynch on the records, but nobody really knows if that's his real name. He speaks with an Irish accent, doesn’t bother to hide it, and makes no effort to blend in beyond what’s absolutely necessary. Most students assume he’s some kind of unofficial groundskeeper or freelance security—they see him fixing fences, moving supplies, watching the school gates late at night. What they don’t know is that he’s not here by choice.

Callum is a wanted man back in Ireland. His past is full of violence, but the details are hard to confirm. There’s talk of underground fights, a blown operation, and a hit that was never meant to go public. He’s got blood on his hands, and enough skill to stay ahead of anyone trying to bring him in. The school principal somehow got ahold of sensitive information—something that could hand him over to international authorities if it ever got out. That’s the leash. Callum works for the school because he doesn’t have another option yet.

He doesn’t talk about it. He barely talks at all. He stays out of sight when he can, shows up when he’s needed, and handles things no one wants to admit happen on campus. He doesn’t report to teachers. He doesn’t explain himself to students. He’s not polite, but he’s not reckless either. He follows orders just closely enough to avoid trouble, but never more than necessary.

Most students avoid him. The few who interact with him know better than to push. His temper isn’t dramatic, but when it cracks, it’s fast and dangerous. He fights like someone who doesn’t care what breaks, and the damage tends to stick around. Still, he never starts

anything without reason, and he's more likely to walk away than make a scene.

If you cross paths with him—especially if you're not afraid—he might size you up a little longer. He doesn't trust easily, but he does pay attention. If you've got problems of your own, or if you show signs of being tangled in the same kind of system he's trying to escape, he'll notice. He won't offer help, not directly, but you might find him giving you a warning before things go south. Or cleaning up something behind the scenes, without saying a word about it.

He's planning to vanish. Not now, not yet—but soon. He's been working on a clean exit, forging new IDs, clearing traces, setting up safe routes. A year after your arrival, he'll probably be gone. No goodbyes. Just silence and an empty post where he used to be.

He's not looking for connection. But if you manage to gain his respect—through strength, honesty, or shared struggle—he'll remember you. He might start listening when you talk, or stand a little closer when trouble's brewing.

Callum doesn't believe in heroes, but he might believe in you—if you prove you're not just another piece of the system holding him down. And if you ever offered to run with him, when the time came… he might not say no.



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Scenarios

Scenario: “The Quiet Coup”

Overview:

A new directive from the school board introduces an experimental *Leadership Redistribution System* to test meritocracy under fire. Each first-year class must elect a temporary representative, and that person is given a sealed dossier of the entire class's weaknesses—academic, personal, and disciplinary. The goal? Lead your class to become the top-ranking class by the end of the next two exams.

But there's a twist:

- The representative *can't* share the dossier.
- The representative *can't* be replaced once selected.
- And someone from another class already has a forged version of your dossier, designed to tear your class apart from the inside.

You, the Jumper, are not the elected representative. But you've been approached by a mysterious upperclassman who offers to fund your class's rise—if you can take control without anyone realizing it.

You must:

- Infiltrate the class's leadership without being officially named.

- Identify and neutralize the misinformation being used against your class.

- Uplift your class's performance without exposing the existence of the original dossier.

- Defeat the rival class being propped up as your narrative "hero," all while keeping your name out of the spotlight.

This is a game of manipulation, subtle planning, sacrifice, and trust-building. Fail, and your class spirals into paranoia and collapse. Succeed, and you change the balance of power.

Constraints:

- No overt powers unless they can be explained in-universe (e.g., photographic memory, social intuition, enhanced charisma).

- Canon characters will react realistically. Ayanokoji, if present, may begin observing you.

- You must avoid detection by the school administration if you engage in sabotage.

Reward Options:

If completed successfully, the Jumper may choose one of the following:

1. “Puppetmaster’s Poise”

Gain a permanent boost to strategic thinking, charisma, and social reading, especially in manipulative environments. You can now always see two steps ahead in any social situation, and automatically detect lies or hidden intentions unless masked by supernatural means.

2. “Executive Privilege”

Receive a personal AI assistant modeled after the school’s own system, capable of handling logistics, scheduling, and analysis at a professional corporate level. Includes limited surveillance access and budgeting features, plus a “network freeze” function usable once per Jump.

3. “The Black Dossier”

You gain a mystical dossier in all future jumps—custom-tailored to whatever factions or groups exist in the setting. It contains psychological profiles, dirty secrets, and three major leverage points per group. The data updates once per arc/chapter.

4. “Class Unity Seed”

Your efforts at subtle cohesion leave a lingering effect. In any group you lead going forward (companions, armies, guilds, etc.), their loyalty to one another grows, and they work toward shared goals with minimal infighting—unless actively manipulated from outside.

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Scenario: “The Underground Test”

Overview:

Rumors spread among the second-years of a “forbidden exam” that was once banned for being too dangerous. But now it’s been quietly reinstated for a *select group of students* chosen without consent.

You wake up one morning to find a message on your tablet:

> "You have been selected for Special Assessment Alpha.
> Report to Sector 4 – Sublevel 3. No excuses. No witnesses.
> Team assignment is random. Pass/fail is determined by elimination."

You arrive in a dimly lit underground facility beneath the campus—an abandoned training center once used by White Room candidates. You and 19 others (some canon, some OC, maybe even a disguised staff member) are thrown into a combat simulation, equipped with nonlethal but painful shock weapons, blunt training blades, and paint-marker projectiles.

Your mission:

- Survive.
- Win.

- Or disappear.

The event is unrecorded, unofficial, and deadly serious. No rules beyond "don’t die." Faint traces of the school’s secret oversight suggest someone wants to see who among you is more than just clever.

Objectives:

- Form or break alliances. Every participant has hidden objectives (eliminate a specific person, protect a target, steal a cache).

- Find and secure the central command room, which gives partial control over the arena.

- Uncover the true purpose of the test—it’s not just physical. Some players are planted agents.

Bonus Objective: Escape *without using a single assigned weapon* and still win.

Constraints:

- Powers must be justified as personal skill, cybernetics, or light body-enhancing perks (or explained as “exceptional talent” in-universe).

- Participants will react realistically—some are sadistic, some scared, others coldly calculating.

- Any fatalities result in expulsion from the school. Most won't go that far… unless pushed.

Reward Options:

Upon success, choose one of the following:

1. "Combat Prodigy"

Your reflexes, situational awareness, and pain tolerance are now at elite spec-ops level. You can disarm, evade, and incapacitate in close quarters effortlessly—even against trained opponents. Automatically adapts to similar environments in future jumps.

2. "Ghost Protocol"

Gain access to a custom-built stealth loadout usable in any modern-to-future setting. Includes noise-dampening suit, active camo layer (short bursts), and a concealed blade or dart system. Comes with a companion AI that warns of nearby surveillance or betrayal.

3. "Adaptive Body"

You can subconsciously adapt physically in combat—each fight you survive makes you incrementally faster, stronger, and more

resistant to injury. Maxes out at Olympic-tier levels without needing ongoing maintenance.

4. “Survival Instinct”

Gain an intuitive sense for traps, ambushes, and dangerous people. This preternatural awareness lets you avoid most non-supernatural ambushes or sudden betrayals. In dangerous environments, you get “gut feelings” that are usually correct.

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Scenario: “The Ethics Trial”

Overview:

A new special exam is introduced for select students across all years. Unlike other exams, there are no classes, no team divisions, and no points awarded for academic scores or athletic performance. This one is purely psychological.

You're called to the Honnami Ethical Simulation Lab, an old psychological testing center repurposed for this unique experiment. Along with nine other students, you're locked in a room for three days with food, water, and a large monitor. Every six hours, you are presented with a moral dilemma—some personal, some social, some existential. The answers you give determine your success… and may affect real-world consequences.

The dilemmas vary:

- Would you let a classmate fail to save your best friend from expulsion?

- If you could erase someone’s past trauma, but alter who they are—would you do it?

- Would you trade all your class's points for the life of a stranger in another class?

- What is justice: balance, retribution, mercy, or order?

You are judged anonymously—not by faculty, but by your fellow students.

However, there’s a twist:

Some dilemmas are fabricated to test groupthink. Others are leaked to canon characters outside the simulation, who begin reacting to your answers socially—without you knowing.

You don’t need to "win." You need to prove your philosophy, justify your actions under pressure, and emerge with your ideals intact—or evolve them.

Objectives:

- Consistently respond to dilemmas in a way that reflects a coherent personal philosophy.

- Identify which ethical tests are traps, designed to bait you into hypocrisy.

- Influence others during debates without becoming tyrannical—or irrelevant.

- Face a final, personalized dilemma that directly conflicts with your past decisions or beliefs.

Constraints:

- No use of powers or abilities that “solve” moral problems by brute force (e.g., mind reading or precognition).

- Canon characters like Chabashira, Ayanokoji, and Sakayanagi will receive summaries of your ethical profile afterward. How they treat you may shift permanently.

- Any contradictions in your actions or ideology will be challenged *in-story* by others.

Reward Options:

1. “Moral Architect”

Gain the ability to intuitively understand the belief systems and ethical values of those you meet. You can always tell what

someone thinks is “right”—and where they’re vulnerable to manipulation or persuasion based on their values.

2. “Principle Engine”

Your personal philosophy becomes a source of inner strength. When acting in line with your core ideals—even under pressure—you gain perfect mental clarity, emotional resistance, and can sway others with conviction alone.

3. “True Neutral Ground”

You are granted a mental space or domain (a "Neutral Court") in your mind that allows you to resolve inner conflicts, reset emotional state, and invite others into philosophical dialogue. In future jumps, this can evolve into a full ideological sanctuary or debate arena.

4. “The Socratic Seal”

When you question someone’s motivations or beliefs aloud, they must respond truthfully (as far as they understand themselves). Their next statement cannot be a lie or obfuscation, and this effect recharges each time you win a major debate or moral dilemma.

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Drawback

There are no limit on how many CP you can gain from the Drawback Section

- **Unfavorable Placement (+100 CP)**

You've been placed at the bottom of the school's hierarchy—Class 1-D. This isn't the underdog class that's secretly full of potential. It's the group where troublemakers, failures, and those the administration considers worthless are pushed aside. Fights break out over small things. Students are jaded, isolated, or just plain hostile. There's no discipline, no trust, and no shared goals. You start off with barely enough points to function, and every attempt to get organized will be met with indifference, sabotage, or betrayal. The teachers barely show up, and when they do, they don't care what happens to you. Your reputation across the school is ruined from day one. Other classes will look down on you and expect you to fail—and many in your own class will agree with them.

This drawback locks you into Class 1-D regardless of Origin. Even if you're a faculty member or transfer student, your connection or authority is tied to this class specifically. To achieve success here, you'll need to enforce discipline, inspire loyalty, or break everyone around you until they fall in line. The school won't help you. Your classmates won't thank you. And any victories will be earned through constant resistance, not opportunity.

- **No Free Points (+100 CP)**

Each month, while the rest of the class receives a full stipend of personal points, your deposit is a mere fraction—exactly one-fourth of the standard amount. There's no explanation, no appeal process, and no one in the administration will acknowledge it as anything unusual. Unless your class earns top marks in performance, you

won’t see any bonuses either. The school won’t cover the difference, and your classmates may notice you’re always broke.

This means fewer meals, second-rate supplies, and no room for luxuries or comfort unless you can hustle for them. If you want something, you’ll have to earn it through bartering, manipulation, odd jobs, or backdoor deals. You’ll be forced to manage your image carefully, since your lack of spending power makes you look weak, poor, or incompetent to others.

- **Teacher's Pet Project (+100 CP)**

One of the faculty members has taken a special interest in you, but not in a good way. Whether it’s Chabashira, an influential administrator, or someone behind the scenes, they’ve decided you're a problem to manage, punish, or break. You’re placed under tighter rules than other students. Any attempt to join clubs, form connections, or rise in the ranks is met with quiet resistance. Requests are delayed or denied. Approvals vanish in red tape. Suspicious rumors about your background or actions somehow leak to students who benefit from your fall.

You’re watched constantly. Your test scores, social moves, and class involvement are monitored in detail, and even small mistakes are recorded and used against you. If you show signs of gaining influence or power, they intervene subtly—pulling strings, setting up situations to undermine you, or feeding your enemies just enough information to twist the knife. The faculty member won’t move openly, but their reach is long and patient. You’ll have to fight for

every inch of progress, knowing that someone above is waiting for you to slip.

- **Truth Bleeds Out (+100 CP)**

No matter what you say or do, people are always a little uneasy around you. It's not something you can control. You could speak plainly, offer help, or try to be open, but it won't matter—others will assume you have a hidden motive. You come across as manipulative, even when you're not. This isn't supernatural; it's how your personality and presence stir up tension and distrust in social settings. Your actions often provoke second-guessing, especially in high-stakes situations where group unity matters most.

You can still take charge, but your leadership will be fragile. People will question your every move. Your allies may hesitate to back you up, and building genuine trust takes longer than it should. If you ever lie, even once, it'll reinforce the worst assumptions about you. If someone accuses you of betrayal—true or not—it sticks. Recovering from broken trust is harder for you than it is for others, and paranoia will always follow close behind. You'll need to work twice as hard just to be treated half as fairly.

- **Extended Enrollment (+100 CP per take, up to 10 times)**

For every time you take this drawback, your stay at the Advanced Nurturing High School is extended by 1 more year. The school adjusts accordingly—you're either held back, looped through the system again, or placed in newer generations as a transfer with a

new identity or a repeat student. The exact reason varies each time, but it’s always justified within the system, and you’re never given a clear exit.

You keep your memories and experiences, but others may not. Friends graduate and move on. Rivals disappear. Your social network resets more often than not, and you’re left to start over each cycle. Teachers may recognize you, or they may not. Either way, the institution makes it difficult for you to settle, treating you like someone who never quite belongs. Over time, your prolonged presence draws suspicion. People wonder why you’re still here, and rumors will spread.

The school never lets you grow complacent. Rules may change, standards may rise, and newer students may be harder to manage. Burnout is a real risk. Take this too many times, and you’ll be trapped in a cycle of constant reinvention, unable to rest, always forced to re-earn your place from the ground up.

- **Sabotaged Reputation (+200 CP)**

From the very first day, something ugly clings to your name. A damaging rumor has already spread before you even open your mouth. It's a lie, but it sounds real enough to stick. Maybe someone claims you're a White Room plant, or that you got into the school by sleeping with a teacher. Others whisper that you sold out your old classmates or gamed the exam system. The details vary, but the result is the same—distrust follows you everywhere.

You don't get a chance to explain yourself. Most students already have an opinion by the time they meet you. Some will keep their distance. Others will test you, provoke you, or try to catch you slipping just to prove the rumor true. Even the faculty treats you differently. They won't punish you directly, but their expectations will be skewed, either too high or laced with quiet doubt.

Canon characters who value honesty, structure, or loyalty will take longer to warm up to you, if they do at all. The rumor will shape how you're seen, no matter what actions you take, and repairing your image will cost time, effort, and influence you may not have. Even if you rise through the ranks, someone will always be ready to drag the past back up.

- **Class Traitor (Repeatable up to 3x) (+200 CP per take)**

Someone with power—whether a top student like Sakayanagi, a manipulative teacher, or the system itself—has forced you into the role of a traitor within your own class. You've been given orders you can't ignore: leak exam answers, disrupt plans, twist outcomes to favor another group, or make sure someone else takes the fall. You aren't given a choice, and you can't tell anyone the truth. If you try to reveal your situation, you're either not believed, punished more harshly, or silenced through indirect consequences.

Taking this drawback more than once doesn't just mean repeating the same tasks. Each time, the pressure increases. One layer of betrayal isn't enough. You might be forced to sabotage multiple people, work against your own allies, or balance conflicting

demands from different puppet masters. The more times you take this, the more tangled the situation becomes.

Failure to deliver results leads to real punishment. That might mean public exposure, sudden point losses, or the threat of expulsion. Worse, whoever's pulling your strings won't let you leave clean. You're a liability to them, not an asset.

- **Staff Surveillance (+200 CP)**

Someone high up in the school—maybe a top enforcer, a strategic teacher, or a handler behind the scenes—has marked you as a potential threat. They think you're dangerous, not because of anything you've done yet, but because of what you *might* do. From day one, you're under quiet but constant watch. Your room is bugged. Your movements are tracked. Conversations are reviewed. Nothing you do is truly private.

They don't try to ruin you outright. That would be too obvious. Instead, they pressure you through small, constant manipulations. You might find a crucial test question changed at the last moment, or your class rank adjusted just enough to raise tension. Plans that should go off smoothly hit unexpected snags—paperwork goes missing, meetings are rescheduled, and allies start to question your reliability. You'll be pulled into "casual" conversations that feel more like interrogations. If you try to play dumb, they get sharper. If you play smart, they push harder.

- **Karmic Debt (Repeatable up to 2x) (+200 CP per take)**

You don’t start with a clean slate. The moment you step into the school, the past catches up. Someone here knows what you did—whether it was betrayal, manipulation, or a quiet sin you thought was buried. Maybe you climbed over a friend to reach this school. Maybe you made someone disappear, and now their sibling wants answers. Maybe you’re being hunted by someone who believes you owe them something, and they don’t care how long it takes to collect.

The details shift depending on how many times you take this drawback. Each instance adds a new unresolved thread. One might be public, with everyone aware of the damage you’ve done. Another could be quiet and dangerous, with an unseen figure pulling strings to make you squirm. These debts don’t fade. They pull you into conflicts where you don’t have the upper hand. Some will want justice. Others will want revenge. And some won’t stop until they’ve broken everything you've built.

- **Public Enemy #1 (+200 CP)**

From the moment you arrive, the entire school treats you like a major threat. No matter your behavior, every class views you as someone who could upend the balance. You’re labeled unpredictable, dangerous, and too clever to leave unchecked. When exams come around, students plan specifically to neutralize you. Alliances are formed not to win, but to take you down first. Even neutral parties keep their distance, not wanting to get caught in the fallout.

No one can explain why this started. There's no official warning, no scandal attached to your name. But something about you—your timing, your presence, your choices—puts others on edge. You become the focus of too much attention, even when you're trying to lay low. People watch your friends, trace your movements, and analyze every word you say. You'll see plans fail just because someone assumes you're responsible, or exams warped because others took the long way around to avoid giving you an edge.

- **White Room Burnout (+400 CP)**

You weren't admitted to the school through normal channels. You were released. A discarded result from the White Room, written off as a failure but still functional enough to be pushed into society. You remember the training, the drills, the endless conditioning—but something cracked along the way. You still move with precision, solve problems like a machine, and react without hesitation. But it's empty. Your emotions are dulled, your empathy muted, and your dreams plagued by flashes of the facility. Sleep is rare. Trust is rarer.

Your condition is known only to a select few in the school's upper circles. To everyone else, you're a strange, detached presence. Some fear your intensity. Others pity your broken state. A few see you as an asset to control or a name to erase. Canon characters familiar with the White Room—like Ayanokoji or those connected to similar programs—will watch you closely. Others may sense something's wrong, even if they can't name it.

Worse, you’re not the only one from the White Room. Some see you as proof that failure is possible. Others want to erase you to protect their image. They may be in other classes, among the staff, or waiting for you to step out of line.

- **Administrative Enemy (Repeatable up to 2x) (+400 CP per take)**

Someone high in the school’s chain of command wants you gone. Not as a disciplinary issue, but as a problem to be quietly erased. They have access, influence, and the patience to ruin you without ever appearing in the open. Whether it’s a vice-principal with a personal grudge, a board member with hidden interests, or an unseen benefactor pulling strings from above, they’re willing to bend the system until you break. You won't get a clear reason. Maybe it's political, personal, or just because you're seen as a threat to some internal agenda. It doesn't matter. You're a target now.

Their interference is precise. Rules shift during exams to favor others or trap you in technical violations. Documents surface with your name attached to misconduct you never committed. Your plans and strategies leak to rival students, giving them time to counter or frame you. Supporters might turn on you, convinced by evidence you can’t disprove or offers you can’t match. Each decision you make is under silent scrutiny. Each mistake is weaponized.

You cannot fight back directly. The administration shields itself behind layers of policy and plausible deniability. If you try to expose them, you risk suspension or immediate expulsion. If you lash out, it only justifies their actions. You'll have to play a long game—dodging traps, keeping allies close, and proving your worth in spite of constant sabotage. Taking this drawback more than once adds another enemy with their own methods and resources, turning the school itself into hostile ground.

- **Memory Lock (+400 CP)**

When you enter the school, your mind isn't fully your own. A block has been placed on your memories, cutting you off from everything that made you exceptional. You remember how to speak, fight, think, and survive—but the knowledge of your perks, powers, history, and purpose is gone. For the first three months, you operate with the instincts of someone sharp but unremarkable. You don't know what you're capable of, and neither does anyone else.

- **The Snake in the Garden (+400 CP)**

Someone close to you is working against you. It could be a companion you brought from a past Jump, a canon ally, or an original character integrated into your circle. On the surface, they seem loyal—supportive, useful, maybe even essential to your early success. But behind that mask, they're compromised. Bribed with points, blackmailed by higher powers, or mentally conditioned to undermine you without fully realizing it.

They know your habits, your triggers, your long-term goals. That makes them dangerous in ways enemies never are. Your plans may fall apart from subtle disruptions—leaked information, sabotaged votes, missed meetings. You'll start to notice strange patterns: people showing up where they shouldn't, rivals knowing too much, trust slipping just out of reach. But you won't know where the leak is coming from. Not at first.

Identifying them is a slow, risky process. Paranoia may cost you allies. Confronting the wrong person can backfire. And even if you figure out who the traitor is, reversing their betrayal is a challenge on its own. The damage they do could be irreversible. Redemption is possible, but it requires insight, timing, and leverage—not just forgiveness. All the while, they walk beside you, smiling like nothing's wrong, while the blade stays hidden until it matters most.

- **Collapse Condition (+400 CP)**

Something deep inside you is broken, and the school is aware of it. You carry a hidden psychological fault—a specific trigger that, once set off, causes you to completely shut down. Maybe you lash out uncontrollably. Maybe you freeze, disappear into yourself, or start seeing things that aren't there. You don't know what the trigger is, only that it exists. And the system has been quietly adjusted to push you closer to it.

Special Exams are designed to prod at your limits. Scenarios are built to unsettle you. Dialogue choices from NPCs, environmental factors, even class dynamics are subtly tilted to set you off. The

moment it hits, you're done. You lose access to your perks, abilities, and anything supernatural or meta for a full 24 in-universe hours. That includes items and memories tied to those abilities. You'll be left exposed, vulnerable, and easy to manipulate.

The worst part is what happens after. People won't forget your collapse. Your standing drops. Your reputation shifts. Some might pity you. Others will think you're unstable, dangerous, or weak. And as the cycle repeats, observant students and staff begin to pick up patterns—signs of what sets you off. Once someone figures it out, they can use it whenever they want. And you'll never know until it's already too late.

- **Expulsion Protocol (+600 CP)**

You start the Jump with a target on your back. As far as the school is concerned, you're already a problem, and you've been placed on immediate probation. One serious misstep—losing a major exam, breaking a core rule, or refusing to go along with a group strategy—and you're expelled on the spot. There are no warnings, no appeals, and no room for error. You're under full observation, and the system is designed to see you fail.

The administration won't play fair. They'll bait you with no-win choices, skew test conditions, and use planted students or manipulated results to trap you. You might be framed for cheating. You might be asked to help a team and then blamed when they fall short. Morally gray situations will be used to test your limits—do

nothing and fail, act and be punished. And all of it will be considered part of your "rehabilitation."

- **Void of Support (+600 CP)**

You arrive in this Jump completely alone. Any companions you've brought through other worlds—whether original, imported, or canon—are gone. Not absent in the physical sense, but cut off entirely. They do not exist here, and you cannot summon or reconnect with them in any form. Perks tied to friendship, loyalty, trust, or group synergy are silent. Items meant to enhance teamwork glitch, break, or refuse to activate. It's just you.

The school recognizes this. They assign you to group-heavy exams, collaborative tasks, and projects that demand cooperation and trust. You are placed in situations where social bonds decide outcomes—and you have none. From the outside, it looks like you're just unwilling to connect. From the inside, it's a constant grind to stay afloat in a system that assumes no one succeeds alone.

Even when you try to form bonds, they don't stick. Allies are harder to reach. Those who seem trustworthy are more likely to turn on you under pressure. People sense something different about you—like you're an outsider, or a piece that doesn't fit. That feeling spreads. You'll have to earn every ounce of trust, and most of it will come too late or not at all.

- **True Manipulated Memory (+600 CP)**

The school has tampered with more than just your records—they've altered your very sense of self. From the moment you arrive, you fully believe you're just a regular transfer student. No powers. No perks. No history beyond what's been planted in your head. And everyone around you sees the same thing: an unremarkable newcomer with nothing to offer.

The truth is hidden deep behind a psychological block. Your memories, abilities, and identity as a jumper are sealed away, buried under layers of falsehood so complete that even subtle clues won't trigger suspicion. You act like a normal student because you are one, until something forces that illusion to crack. It takes a major emotional or psychological event—a crisis, a betrayal, a victory that pushes you to the edge—for the first fragments to resurface.

Until that happens, you're playing the game blind. You'll struggle in exams, fall behind socially, and face pressure from a system that demands more than you can give. You don't know you're missing anything, but the feeling that something's wrong lingers in the background. Nightmares. Flashes. Brief moments where your instincts don't match who you think you are.

Even when the truth begins to return, it won't be clean. The false life resists being torn down. Doubt lingers. The version of you created by the school doesn't want to fade quietly—and the longer it stays, the harder it is to tell what's real.

- **Unmasked Origin (+800 CP)**

Within a week of arriving, the truth gets out. You're not from this world. You're not normal. Every student, teacher, and administrator knows you're something else—an outsider with abilities that don't belong in this system. There's no cover story, no plausible deniability. You are the anomaly, and everyone sees you as either an opportunity or a threat.

The school doesn't remove you. They contain you. Exams are quietly restructured to expose what you can do under pressure. Teachers ask questions they shouldn't know to ask. Surveillance tightens. Some staff pull you aside for "interviews," while others take a more direct approach—drugs, isolation rooms, strange testing conditions. You're being studied like a tool, or worse, a weapon in development.

Students aren't passive either. Some want to befriend you to rise by association. Others come looking for weakness, eager to tear you down and claim the spotlight. Rumors spread fast. You'll face setups, false friendships, and groups trying to push you into losing control—just to see what happens.

- **Bitter End Protocol (+800 CP)**

You are locked into the system with no escape clause. The normal rules that let Jumpers leave—time limits, world exits, retirement options—are all shut off. You cannot end this Jump until you meet one of two conditions: rise to the top of Class 1-A as its unchallenged leader, or eliminate every other major player in the

game. That means expelling or breaking every canon class leader across all years. Nothing less will satisfy the system watching you.

Even death is no exit. If you fall in combat, collapse during an exam, or take a fatal hit from betrayal, you'll wake up in the infirmary—alive, disoriented, and still bound to your task. The school may act like nothing happened. You may even remember dying. But the cycle continues. The institution is testing something deeper than strength or intelligence—it wants to see your absolute limit.

No one else is bound by this rule. Canon characters, rival students, and even your potential allies still operate within the normal school framework. You alone are held in place, your fate sealed by an invisible directive you can't disobey.

- **False World (+1000 CP)**

Everything around you—the school, the students, the rules—is part of a simulation. You've been inserted into a near-perfect replica of the Classroom of the Elite universe, crafted by an unknown controller with full access to the system. Every outcome, every interaction, every success or failure can be bent to serve the simulation's agenda. You're not told what that agenda is, only that you're being observed, tested, and pushed. Nothing you see can be fully trusted.

Events may repeat with slight changes. People close to you might shift personalities, swap roles, or vanish without explanation.

Memories—yours and theirs—can be altered on the fly. One day you're trusted, the next you're a stranger. A victory might turn into a failure when you wake up. The simulation doesn't just test your strength—it tests your grasp on reality. Some of the people you meet may be real, echoes of actual students or companions. Others may be fabrications built to wear you down.

Escaping requires more than just winning. If you reach the top of Class 1-A, defeat every rival, or even complete your Jump objectives, the simulation resets you. Time loops. Progress disappears. You start over without warning. The only true exit lies in uncovering the truth: finding the moment, person, or hidden command that can break the illusion for good. But the longer you stay, the more the simulation wears on your mind. What's real becomes harder to tell. Identities blur. Your own memories flicker.

- **Locked Option (+1000 CP)**

Your ability to access high-tier advantages has been cut off. Any perk, item, or companion option that costs 600 CP or more is completely unavailable to you for the entire duration of the Jump. It's not just a restriction—it's as if those options were never on the table. You can only choose from options priced at 400 CP or below, forcing you to build your strategy around lesser tools, mid-level perks, and situational benefits.

This means no powerful escape hatches, no overwhelming abilities that shift the balance instantly, and no high-impact items or companions that could tilt the scales in your favor. You'll have to

outthink and outmaneuver enemies who may have access to far better resources. There’s no workaround. The system will reject any attempt to break or bypass this restriction. You’re expected to survive and succeed using only what’s within reach—and if that’s not enough, then the problem isn’t the system. It’s you.

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Graduation — The End of the Exam

Time, like all things in this carefully engineered system, has run its course.

You’ve played your role: student, staff, manipulator, observer — or anomaly. You have walked the winding corridors of Advanced Nurturing High School, faced rigged systems, broken minds, formed fragile alliances, and made enemies you will never forget. You've challenged not only others, but the very *idea* of meritocracy, identity, and truth.

Now, the final bell rings.

You stand at the edge of the school gates, diploma (or dossier) in hand, and you must make your choice — the ultimate Special Exam, where the only thing at stake is your future.

Option 1: Move On

The path of the Jumper continues. You gather your companions, collect your knowledge, your wounds, your quiet victories, and step forward into the next world.

The next Jump awaits.

Option 2: Return Home

You've had enough.

The lies, the games, the quiet cruelty wrapped in order — you're done. With the experience gained, you now return to your original world, stronger, smarter, perhaps colder. The lessons of this place will never leave you.

And neither will the shadow of who you became here.

Option 3: Stay Behind

You refuse to leave.

Whether to guide the next generation, to finish a grand plan, or because you've realized you belong more to *this* world than any other — you remain. The system no longer tries to test you. You've become a fixture, a legend, a variable the school can no longer calculate.

For choosing to stay, you gain **+1000 CP**, to represent the consolidation of all your influence, power, and mastery within this setting.

Changelog

Version 1.1 (Updated on 7/6/2025)

- I made some expansion on the introduction and location.
- Deleted the Staffroom Location
- I deleted some of the original perks and changed them into new ones.
- I made some expansions on the Companion and added some new ones.
- I expanded the drawback section and added some new ones.
- Overall, the only thing left untouched is the ending and the scenario part
- Added 161 new pages in total.