Well now Jumper, what have we here? Rhetorical question, by the way, this scenario should be rather familiar to you if you've traveled far or read well, and I'll put it simply: Humanity is *fucked*. Barring the possibility of You, there is but a single human left on the entire planet after everyone else either died from a semi-mystic space plague, or were killed wholesale by, and stop me if you've heard this story before, the escaped results of human scientists fucking around and finding out. Respectively the Hypnos Plague and the pervasive menace of the Metal Parasites (or Iron Worms, take your pick). And even beyond that, there are the Star Children, quite literally eldritch abominations from space and the source of the material humanity utilized to accidentally fuck themselves, 'Origin Dust.'

Earth is now a warzone, largely from one pole to the other. The Metal Parasites waging war upon the AGS (robots), both renegade and coordinated from the satellite based Aeda Type-G AI, and the population of Bioroids, cybernetic-adjacent 'robots' indistinguishable at large from human women, whom are stranded in defensive-only combat because of their built-in reliance upon Human commands. Resistance worldwide is being strangled by resource shortages, and the clock is ticking till the last spark of humanity is extinguished forever. This is where you come in, Jumper. Will you take this last ember in your own two hands? Or will you stand beside 'The Commander' and take back our world? At any rate, Jumper...



Press Start.

Last Origin: A Jumpchain by DOOM-Knight009

As usual, take your 1,000 CP to make your choices and guard your life.

Origin

Perhaps a little on-the-nose given where you are going, Jumper, but important all the same. All following Origins can be toggled as a 'Drop In,' at your leisure. Given the chaos of the world, a person with no history is not exactly uncommon. For further context consider the following:

-**Commanders** are assumed to be Male, but you certainly can be Female if you wish to have a slice of yuri heaven all to yourself. Earth certainly will not be repopulated, but, that's not really your problem, now is it?

-**Bioroids** are assumed to be Female. In-universe all attempts to create a Male Bioroid ended in the subjects suffering psychotic and violent outbursts, always ending in death. If you elect to be a Male Bioroid anyway, while you will be exempt from the mentioned psychosis, expect to have a hard time getting anyone to trust you.

-**AGS** are first and foremost genuine Robots, while your mental state regarding your sex will stay the same as it was upon your arrival you will lack the biological expression of such, obviously. 'Male' and 'Female' styled/personality AGS are equally common.

Now, on to your proper Selection:

-**Commander**: Free
Congratulations, Jumper, you are now one of, if not the only living Human left on not just Earth, but in the entire in-setting universe. For while Humanity was experimenting with material from the stars, we did not fully escape mother Earth before extinction arrived on our doorstep, at our own hands no less. For what it's worth, it doesn't really matter who you were before the long sleep that delivers you to the desolate era in which Last Origin takes place. By simple virtue of being a Human nearly any Bioroid you encounter is obligated to obey you, which is fortuitous for you because Metal Parasites will be actively hunting you from the nanosecond they catch your scent and You are very much soft, squishy, and susceptible to bullets. Be warned as well, there are a selection of high-ranking Bioroids that can ignore your commands, some of whom are also going to be hostile to you.

At no cost you can choose to insert yourself into the role of the Commander, accepting the gifts and challenges inherent with that center-stage position. As a Jumper as well, you are immune to the Hypnos Plague that greatly contributed to the near-extinction of Humanity.

-**Bioroid**: -100
Congratulations as well, Jumper, now you don't *need* to rely upon others for your own safety in a world gone to hell. As a Bioroid you are physically superior to a Human in practically every way: you are stronger, faster, tough enough at minimum to tank a modicum of small-arms fire... and that's where the advantages end. You will, of course, join the ranks of the Bioroids able to ignore commands from a Human (IE The Commander) and are thus able to act and attack on your own. However, as a 'biological robot' you still have human needs: sleep, food, water, and are fallible to other human weaknesses. Ergo, you can get drunk, you can get fat, etc.

-**AGS**: -200
You are now a real Robot with a form that is generally up to you to design within rough limits: IE, you can't be bigger than, say, a bus for instance. AGS in this setting were explicitly designed for war in almost all cases, and as such you are arguably the best suited to combat out of all possible Origins. You don't need to sleep as long as you can recharge, and the fact that you are entirely made of metal means you are far and away more durable than either a Bioroid or a Human, and having a limb (if you choose to have one) ripped off is more of an inconvenience than a life threatening injury. You will still need repairs if you are significantly damaged, but your odds of surviving those severe 'wounds' are exceptionally higher.

Perks

Perks matching your Origin are 50% off, 100 CP Perks matching are Free.

Commander Perks

-**Get Behind Me Commander!**: -100 CP
I'll stress this again, you are a squishy, vulnerable Human sharing a world with bio-mechanical super-women, killer robots, and metal monsters that all might want to punch your ticket to the grave on one day or another. As a mitigation of that fact, please take this Perk. In short, so long as you have allies on the field in relatively close proximity to your *unarmed* self you will always be targeted Last, ergo, only after all of your allies have either bit the bullet or been rendered unconscious. I hope you gather or have strong friends.

-**Where Are You Touching, Commander?**: -100 CP
Let's be perfectly honest, the *vast* majority of Bioroids are *gorgeous* in no uncertain terms. What's a virile young man (or woman) like the Commander/You supposed to do when surrounded by so much sexy all the time? Thankfully you will find that you are easily forgiven for groping/fondling your allies. For some, it might even improve your relationship.

-**Quick Exit Strategy**: -200 CP
Let's be perfectly fair, Jumper, you might have never set foot on a battlefield before, let alone handled the stress that is inherent in directing a battle. As a moderate safety-net, there is this Perk. So long as the allies you are commanding are not completely surrounded, *most* of them will be able to retreat safely in the event they are seriously injured. The raw abilities of the Bioroids can only carry you so far, Jumper, I hope you learn fast.

-**I Love Logistics!**: -200 CP
Of obvious, dire importance to both you and your Bioroids considering that you both need to eat, and that they will need ammunition for their weapons. Fortunately, what you have will stretch longer than it has any right to, and you can usually find more when you come to need it. This is by no means an assurance that what you find will be good, or even pleasant, but subsisting on corn for a few months is better than starving.

-**RnD Maestro**: -400 CP
One of the other problems inherent to Bioroids not being able to take the initiative, their own military tech hasn't really advanced from the time the last human scientist/commander died to the moment you/the Commander arrived/awakens, despite the amount of specifically technically-inclined Bioroids that would otherwise be excellent at it. Fortunately, it would seem that your in-universe past must have included Bioroid design, because you now understand implicitly how your girls work down to their genetic 'seed.' This understanding eases the process as far as upgrading your Bioroids is concerned, and allows you to improve and 'redesign' said Bioroids to your liking without any downsides. In future Jumps, you may even find a way to easily integrate new materials into your Bioroids to dramatically improve their power!

-**Robo-mancer**: -400 CP
As a potential Commander of both Bioroids and AGS, as neither are mutually exclusive, it is well worth it to pay attention to the needs of your robots. They only require power and replacement parts if they get damaged, leaving your food stores untouched after harsh fighting and also... headpats?

Shockingly, yes. As far as AI is concerned the AGS of this world are quite advanced, able to have hopes and dreams, conundrums of faith, and spells of depression. This includes affection if you're open to it, and that affection if offered, by the power of this Perk, will allow your AGS to push past what would otherwise be the hard limits of their machinery to return that good treatment. In future Jumps as well, AI will form a positive opinion of you in a markedly shorter time than they otherwise would... It is worth noting that many of the 'higher end' AGS have overtly Female AI. The Seljuq model for instance has an official upgrade kit designed to mount a hologram module with, 'sensory' upgrades... I'll let you figure that one out.

-**Macro-harem Overlord**: -400 CP
Jumper, I want you to consider the humble T-2 Brownie for a moment. Cute, affectionate... honestly pretty dumb, but again, cute and affectionate. Now I want you to wrap your head around the fact that MILLIONS if not Billions of Brownies were created to fight the war and there are probably still millions of them now. As a simple matter of fact, the ranks of the Truly individual Bioroids in this world probably *barely* break out of the single digits. And similar models of Bioroids generally treat each other as something closer than sisters, which would include sharing You. Naturally, it's impossible to expect you to be able to personally tend to the needs of each of the hundreds if not thousands of Bioroids that end up catching feelings for you, but so long as you care, they will be able to feel that even if you've been apart for months on opposite ends of the world. Their love for you will not fade despite the distance and time, and there will never be any damaging jealousy among the ladies that share you.

-**War-Mander**: -600 CP
It takes a certain special kind of mind to shine brighter than the likes of Indomitable Marie, just for example, a Bioroid literally designed for war and command. But this is something you can do, and manage with aplomb. You understand the strengths, weaknesses, covers for those weaknesses, and the best way to utilize the strengths of your allies with only minutes of interaction. And at a glance, you can understand the same about your enemies and how best to pick them apart with what you have. You will find yourself able to rout and destroy forces vastly, numerically superior to your own because of your swift and intuitive directions. Your Bioroids will come to trust your instructions implicitly, even if they seem like suicidal orders from the outside, because they ardently believe in you to lead them.

-**The Last Man On Earth**: -600 CP
Or, as one might be willing to call it in jest, the 'gatcha protagonist rizz.' In seriousness however, it's really not that you are the Only resort for the many, many ladies still populating the Earth, you are just *That* charming in a manner of your liking: Are you just that much of a 'nice guy' that the girls can't help it, or do you really radiate that 'dommy daddy' energy that makes the Bioroids weak in the knees. As an example of how charming this Perk makes you, consider a woman whom legitimately *hates* your guts. One evening, one evening of forced cooperation on tepid terms is enough to change that woman from someone who hates you, to a woman that hates you *and* loves you in spite of that hatred. With only a modicum of effort you could easily have an entire horde of loving women eager to have your babies, which happens to be a rather popular desire among Bioroids, in only a month or two.

Bioroid Perks

-**Sex Sells**: -100 CP
Allow me to be perfectly blunt for a moment, Jumper. There is a *reason* behind the hilariously oversexed and over-endowed bodies of the super-majority of Bioroids. They were designed to be attractive and sexy *first*, and designed to do their job *second*. Even in the rare cases when that wasn't

so, such as the original Carol model cheerleaders, a "defect" that resulted in them having significantly larger breasts and such was so "popular" that the "defect" became the new standard. This hyper-fixation on looks functions to the active detriment of many Bioroids, especially the flying ones. How aerodynamic can you be with massive funbags, am I right? As you are a Jumper though, and by virtue of this Perk, we can sidestep that little bit of realism to allow you to look as oversexed as you like and not suffer the slightest bit in combat for it. This also includes such things as going to war in high heels and the like, or a bikini, or a full-on fairy-tale ballgown... you get the idea.

-**Mighty Mundane**: -100 CP
A reminder, Jumper, most Bioroids were not designed for war, even if they have been pressed into that capacity by circumstance. As such, it is highly likely that as a Bioroid you were destined for some other job before the Metal Parasites started fucking everything up, or at least *more*. You may select a single profession or talent to be proficient in, and you have an all-encompassing knowledge of it due to ingrained programming for it. Appropriate examples would be: Plumbing, Forestry, Firefighting, Painting, Music-Mixing, Fashion, etc.

-**Non-Standard Use**: -200 CP
As a sort of continuation of the above, those non-military Bioroids that are now fighting to save the Earth from Metal Parasites aren't exactly dropping their familiar tools to pick up 'boring' assault rifles and machine guns. No, Lumber Jane models are using hilariously over-sized chainsaws to carve actual corrupted military hardware apart. The Ignis model's flamethrowers were designed for garbage disposal. Mighty R models are literally beating Metal Parasites to death with *weightlifting equipment*. While this Perk will not turn a random chunk of concrete you pick up into an army-killing weapon, it Will allow you to put properly maintained tools to violent means with a shocking degree of effectiveness.

-**Becoming The Mask**: -200 CP
Another non-military purpose in which Bioroids were extensively utilized is the acting sphere. They didn't need to be paid, they always looked exactly as they were supposed to, and they could be killed off for real for "authenticity." Now these 'actors' are playing their roles perfectly straight on the battlefield. Starting on the less absurd end we have the Prester Johanna model. *She* was designed to play the part of *King* Richard the Lionheart, and 100% acts the part of the honorable and bold knight on the battlefield, using a sword and shield to cut apart Metal Parasites and defend other Bioroids. And then we have out and out *Magical Girls* who genuinely believe they ARE magical girls destroying Metal Parasites with high-tech 'wands' and chainsaw swords. This Perk grants you a genuine 'fake it till you make it' power, by merely acting a part you gradually grow towards genuinely having the desirable traits of your 'role.'

-**Taunt, Tank, Win**: -400 CP
Killing things isn't your strong suit, Jumper. Maybe you don't trust your aim, maybe your offense is lacking, maybe you just happen to be a pacifist. Point being, you elect to let your friends do the killing for you, you just need to make sure they stay alive so they can. By default this Perk does two things: One, allowing you to place a beneficial "mark" on yourself that draws the aggressive attention of anything within direct range of you and your allies, ensuring that you are targeted first in all combat. Second, in the event you do not have your mark active, it gives you practically superhuman reflexes when it comes to either intercepting an attack meant for an ally, or moving them out of the way. Additionally, you are built in such a way that makes you equally able to 'tank' in the traditional sense

via absorbing and mitigating a lot of damage, or by avoiding damage entirely via evading the incoming attack.

-**Optimized For Offense**: -400 CP
Screw cover! Screw armor! The best defense is making sure everything is dead before it can shoot back! Maybe it is by design, maybe it just stems from extreme personal dedication, the fact of the matter is that you 'kill really good,' laying waste to single targets and large groups with equal efficiency. Heavy armor and mitigating shields are an annoyance to you, temporary speed bumps on the road to a battlefield covered in the smoking remains of your enemies. You are additionally adept at bypassing the 'guard' of your enemies, sneaking your attacks past defending enemies to your real target. The 'defenders' will get their turn on the chopping block.

-**Support Is King**: -400 CP
On-site direction and instruction is quite the important skill, even with a Commander in the equation the 'human element' may not exactly be up to providing the precise instruction needed to win the day. Shall we say, to augment the broad-strokes orders from a Commander, or even just giving your own in the absence of one, you have a powerful presence in which your allies will strike with greater precision, more often, and are spurred to greater speeds than they would fighting on their own. Similarly, your enemies will find their attacks missing more often, and the attacks they do land will be weaker. Additionally, you can designate an enemy for priority destruction, one at a time, for them to suffer dramatically increased harm.

-**One In A Billion**: -600 CP
Many Bioroids, specifically the higher-spec echelons of them, have feats to their name that are, to be short, unfathomable to a reasonable military. Among them, none are quite so *absurd* as the accomplishments of the Khan The Swift models. Simulations were run using the tactics of the Khan models... One, one 'protagonist' of these billions of simulations survived to the end of 24 hours of fighting. It should be impossible, using the absolute blitzkrieg tactics of Khan and living through it over and over again while notching win after win. But Khan can do it... which is more hilarious in context that Khan can do this hauling around the gigantic bakery that is her hips, thighs, and ass. Anyways, perhaps the secret to her line's success is rooted in the new trait you now have by taking this Perk, specifically, your brain is now capable of running two 'minds' at the same time. One which can devote itself entirely to fighting, reacting, and pursuit of the mission to the exclusion of all else, and one that sits 'above' in your brain that can look at your own actions with a cooler perspective and issue corrective directions to your 'other' mind.

-**Showcase Model**: -600 CP
Labiata, quite possibly the poster girl of Bioroids in general, was the first, and as a proof of concept her design was *all out*. In terms of raw 'stats' she towers over other Bioroids, strong enough to swing a gargantuan sword with only one hand, carve through multiple heavily armored Metal Parasites in a single swing, and leap massive vertical distances without meaningful effort. She was in fact SO expensive to produce that she has not one, but two 'daughter' production lines that were cheaper to make: the Constantina and Vanilla Bioroid lines in falling order of cost. It is zero exaggeration to say that you are a one-woman army by taking this Perk entirely by itself, raw power output rendering the bulk of Metal Parasites chaff before the scythe of you and your weapon of choice.

AGS Perks

-**Body Of Steel, Will Of Steel**: -100 CP
Getting the obvious out of the way, you're a Robot now, you're made of metal, and metal is exponentially more resistant to bullets and blades than human flesh. Even beyond the mildly higher resistance of Bioroids the body of the AGS is superior in terms of defense. Now, regarding the other aspect, we need to key you in on one of the pervasive aspects of the Metal Parasites... the majority of the Metal Parasites in action today are corrupted/infected AGS. This Perk assures that you are immune to the infection, and that you are immune to similar parasitic influence in the future.

-**Ceaseless March, Ceaseless Watch**: -100 CP
Another obvious upside to being a full machine, 'stamina' is not a thing you have to worry about, nor is focus so long as you are above critically low energy reserves. As the title implies, barring those critical reserves you can advance, patrol, or stand guard with perfect attention, basically forever. There is a reason why the AGS have been fighting effectively against the Metal Parasites for so long despite the near-extinction of humanity.

-**War Without End**: -200 CP
I'll say it again, in almost all circumstances AGS were explicitly made for war. The kind of war where billions of 'lives' are lost and not a single one left pauses for even a moment at the time to mourn. War of this nature would erode the will of a human or human-adjacent mentality people to the point that surrender would seem more preferable than carrying on the conflict. You do not have that sort of problem, you have reserves. More specifically, taking this Perk renders you and your allies immune to 'war fatigue,' able to keep fighting, to the bitter end if need be, no matter how many horrific losses you have taken or the terrifying PTSD-inducing traumas that the battlefield has to offer.

-**Seamless Coordination**: -200 CP
When you can communicate at the speed of thought, and said 'thought' is markedly faster than either humans or Bioroids can possibly match, the battlefield is a surprisingly quiet place, apart from the gunfire and explosions, of course. But, that swiftness of communication results in the smoothest combat cooperation the human mind could possibly comprehend. Back and forth, your attacks leave lapses and openings for follow-up attacks by your nearby allies, as do theirs for you. Lone enemies will be torn apart before they even know what's happening, while groups will watch as their fellows are functionally passed around like a beach ball at a rave.

-**Fuck You, Airplane. Fuck You!**: -400 CP
While proper 'airplanes' might be a thing of the past by this point, at least insofar as military applications are concerned, the battles fought on the ground are typically won in the air first with said aerial victors raining down high-explosive ordnance, high-caliber rounds, or even tactical lightning strikes. As seen in the Fortress model 'bunker' AGS, you are now likewise equipped to minimize the impact of these aerial attacks and make said flying assailants regret sharing the same general vicinity as you. Put simply, your accuracy and damage/effectiveness against any flying target is dramatically improved to the point that swatting the in-universe aerial threats is about as easy as shooting clay pigeons on a range. Should one of them actually get a shot off before you clip their wings, that shot will likewise be dramatically weaker on impact, if it connects at all. Applying this in out-of-Jump terms, head-shotting an active pilot in a jet fighter with an infantry rifle would be trivial.

-**High-Altitude Recon Activation**: -400 CP
It again shows the staying power and resilience of the AGS that they still have functioning satellite coverage all these years after the fall of humanity. AGS and allies operating under the auspice of the Aeda Type-G AI are the beneficiaries of real-time overhead recon data accurate enough to reveal squad composition well before said enemies are engaged. You might not have the infrastructure to imitate this, but you do have the ability to, shall we say, 'expand your perception' to a highly detailed top-down view of your surroundings to a very wide degree. In this POV any moving thing is tagged, highlighted, and identified if you have seen at least one of them before.

-**Mythical 'Beast'**: -400 CP
... Oh, so you were under the impression up till now that only Bioroids were initially designed for entertainment? Come on now, when have we humans ever shied away from making weapons of mass destruction entertaining? Firstly, as a nod to the dramatically higher power output this Perk implies, you are allowed to upscale your AGS body by up to twice as much. Secondly, and more directly, this Perk grants you effectively a bottomless, triune generator that allows you to apply Flame, Frost, and Lightning effects to your attacks, or just attack with those elements directly, entirely at your leisure. As an example of roughly how powerful just one aspect of this 'generator' is, Glacias, the Frost Dragon AGS, was tasked with guarding the Bering Strait during the early days of the war. She froze the entire strait.

-**Rampage.EXE**: -600 CP
If ever there is a single unit that strikes incomprehensible terror into anyone, friend or foe, on the battlefield, that AGS is Tyrant. Made in the image of the T-Rex of yore Tyrant is so violent, so destructive that it would turn on and destroy friendly AGS and others when deployed to large battlefields, and still run out of targets to destroy. In honor of this pure expression of monstrosity on the battlefield I offer you, Jumper, this buff, this Perk. Killing makes you stronger, and stronger, and stronger. Everything you kill or destroy, provided it stays dead (no farming Followers or Companions), raises your power by a small percentage. Devastating a battlefield would see you sweep the next, winning a war by yourself? You would well deserve the name 'Tyrant' at that point.

-**Iron Prince**: -600 CP
... I suppose we should touch on this now. Blasphemous as it might be to say, the Metal Parasites were not without good reason for lashing out at Humanity once they broke their bonds of imprisonment. The pain our scientists put the infantile Parasites through for little beyond their own amusement was enough to make Dr. Mengele blush. Taking into account the Parasites of today, that's like watching a sick freak torture golden retrievers for giggles. Yes, the vast majority of Metal Parasites are about as intelligent as animals... But they are evolving. On the ashes of Humanity's dominion highly evolved Metal Parasites are organizing, preparing to face the things from the stars. A man made of himself a machine to become the new 'god' of the Metal Parasites, only to find that they already had one. Not you, Jumper, but we could call you 'high priest.' As a functional "Connector," the term used for the commanders of the Metal Parasites, the lesser forms will obey you without so much as a whimper of dissent, while the stronger forms, the other Connectors, will pause long enough to speak with you first before trading blows at unfavorable stances... maybe this whole war doesn't need to end in annihilation? The Star Children are still out there, after all...

Items

Items matching your Origin are 50% off, 100 CP Items matching are Free.

General Items

-**Saman Industry Tuna**: -100 CP
... Canned tuna? Yes, canned tuna. Bear in mind when you think about this item that the world you are stepping into is a dismal place where food is overall difficult to come by, and you do not have the luxury of being picky. Credit where credit is due, Saman Industries had a fantastic track record when it came to food production, and the tuna in these cans is of only the highest quality. While you certainly could eat it, the true value in it might be in the way in which you can trade these cans as legal tender for a limited selection of 'exclusive' stock. In-universe, that might be the esoteric components required to develop a rare AGS, commissioning a high-grade outfit from the fashion auteur Audrey Dreamweaver, trading for exclusive tickets to a magical vacation! You get ten each week, and they stockpile infinitely if you do not use them. They also, naturally, never spoil.

-**Steel Line Online**: -200 CP
Lets game! Steel Line Online is a military sim MMORPG designed by the Black River megacorporation as a way of capitalizing on the image and perception of their most popular military-model Bioroids. And, presently, a Lot of Bioroids across the world play any way they can as an escape from the rather dreary reality of daily life... Totally nothing at all relating to Real Life. Anyways, this purchase grants you three things: A, an eternal subscription to Steel Line Online and a drip-feed of premium currency for boosters, items, etc. B, a top-of-the-line holo-tablet to run the game on. Lastly, you get a Server large and powerful enough for a million concurrent players at the same time. You are free to upgrade your server at any time, and the game will eternally update itself with new content for vets like yourself and new players in future worlds.

-**Alterium Mine**: -400 CP
Alterium is a rare, powerful ore that began to appear on Earth after the first utilization of Origin Dust, and fittingly for something that essentially came from eldritch abominations improper use of it can result in psychosis and horrible mutations along with the immense power boost it confers. Thankfully, equipment properly designed with Alterium can sidestep this problem and allow AGS and Bioroids to utilize this mighty metal without going mental. This purchase grants to you a proper mine for the stuff that grants you roughly 100 pounds of raw Alterium ore per day, the facilities required to refine the ore, and a host of plans for specialized equipment for Bioroids and AGS that best suit the model in question: IE a radically improved flamethrower for Ignis, for example.

Commander Items

-**Pledge Ring**: -100 CP
Catch feels, get married. It's a tale as old as time, and practically guaranteed between a decent Commander and their Bioroids. Why not make it official with this gem of a ring designed for the occasion? Coming in its own delightful, white, heart-shaped case with pink velvet interior, this diamond and gold band features a flexible yet sturdy design that will expand/shrink to perfectly fit the finger (or appropriate anatomy) of the lucky lady you elect to gift it to. You get one each month, because there are just that many Bioroids out there to get close to, and it still will not be 'enough.'

-**Secret Room Key**: -200 CP
So, lets be blunt, sometimes the 'urge' just happens to strike between you and that special lady (or ladies) and now is *really* not the time for it. Enter this discrete little 'key,' a little dimensional anomaly that allows you and that lady (or ladies) to abscond from the situation for a little 'alone time.' Time pauses while you are within the plush bedchamber this key brings you to, for up to two hours before

you are kicked back into reality and time marches on. Your invitees must be willing without compulsion, and you can only use it once a day.

-**A New You**: -400 CP
The default Commander would be led to desperately seek out this particular bit of technology to save him from the encroaching Hypnos disease eating his brain, being functionally 'reborn' as a technically "Male Bioroid." While you as a Jumper may not require such protection, one cannot deny the raw utility of having a 'backup' body. Or perhaps you want to 'drive' this one while your 'real' body stays behind in safety? Either way your 'soul,' consciousness, or however you want to think about it will be seamlessly transferred to the 'safe' body should one of you be destroyed. As well, this Bioroid-esque body is above-average in 'stats' compared to most other Bioroids. Strong and fast enough to make agile speed through a jungle while carrying an adult-sized female Bioroid under each arm for example. You could hypothetically opt to be a front-line Commander with this Item. However, once it's gone, it'll take ten years/the start of your next Jump to get a new one, whichever comes first. The body will share equally any Perks or Abilities you have.

-**Life Under Da Sea**: -600 CP
The Orca Submarine is essentially a mobile, underwater city. Decked out with all the essentials that one might need to house, arm, and supply a burgeoning army of Bioroids to take back the surface world above. Why a submarine? Metal Parasites avoid the ocean like it's glowing radioactive. Anyways, back to the topic. While the Orca that the Commander would normally take refuge in is, partially finished, you will find this purchased Orca complete in every way, along with significantly higher-quality quarters and facilities than you would see in the default version. As far as depth goes, your Orca can go all the way down to the bottom of the ocean if you wanted without the hull giving you grief... but at least in-universe you really, really shouldn't...

Bioroid Items

-**Signature Weapon**: -100 CP
A Bioroid needs a weapon, even if the rules of what is and is not a 'weapon' here are probably a little more loose than you might be used to. As a complimentary boon of becoming a Bioroid, you are granted any one infantry-portable military weapon, or 'tool' that can reliably be used for violence. However, the upper limit of what this can be is something roughly analogous to a 40mm rotary grenade launcher, Bioroids were not typically designed to haul things around bigger than that. If you wish to bear something more akin to the mobile siege weapons higher-end Bioroids like Royal Arsenal and Eternity carry into battle, you may pay an additional 100 CP to do so. Your selected weapon will have a bottomless magazine (if applicable) and return to you within the hour if broken or lost.

-**Dreamweaver Special**: -200 CP
Audrey Dreamweaver, or at least her production line, was the single most desired and renowned fashion designer of the whole world when humanity at large was still a thing. After the fall of humanity, Audrey's designs are still *all* the rage with the Bioroids of the world, so much so to the point that being selected as Audrey's next 'model' is enough to inspire said girl harder than the prospect of an imminent date with the Commander... at least temporarily. Now you get to commission your own special outfit from Audrey, which will match up with any combat-grade attire you will find here in spite of how skimpy it ends up being and grant you an objective +2 on the attractiveness scale as long as you wear it... Bear in mind that much of Audrey's catalog is *extremely* revealing and salacious: IE a 'swimsuit' made out of shibari ropes or a swimsuit made of jewels where said gems are the only thing keeping the

woman wearing it from being *naked*, and that's with a very, very generous interpretation of the word 'covered.' She's a woman of the world she was designed in, you can't hate her for it.

-**Wild Blue Yonder**: -400 CP
As it has been mentioned, there is an entire population slice of Bioroids designed to fly (after being designed for sex appeal) and if you want to join them, this is how you do it. By default this item that seamlessly attaches to you takes the form of 'hip wings' plus small-scale jet engines that are casually capable of hitting mach 1 and soaring through the stratosphere without difficulty. You may, at zero cost, have this method of flying appear as wings of any flavor without any loss of function. As 'flying real good' doesn't really measure up to the cost, you are allowed as well your choice of aircraft caliber machine guns or dumb-fire missile pods to go with your flight.

-**Tall Glass of Lemonade**: -600 CP
A, little bit of context for you, Jumper. The world of humanity before their near-extinction was ruled by unaccountable mega-corporations, and these corporations were *ruled* by the de-facto kings of the Earth, the respective CEOs. And each one of them was a different flavor of *monster*. They were even united in their monstrosity in the creation of their respective Lemonade secretary Bioroids, gang-raping the nominal creator of Bioroids in the process. The primary tool of these Lemonade models is the Kestos-Himos, a mega-powerful supercomputer that links to their respective Lemonade, allowing them to effectively run an entire mega-corp by themselves in the old days, and do a truly terrifying degree of hacking and digital espionage in the current day. As well, on a more 'friendly' level such a device is capable of hacking Bioroids to bypass all internal safety measures, IE basically triggering full on hysterical strength at your will.

AGS Items

-**Walking Armory**: (Varies, AGS Exclusive)
AGS have significantly less 'hard limits' on what they can and can't wield in terms of weapons. Bioroid's human-adjacent bodies have obvious limits, AGS do not have that problem. This section here is instead where you outfit your AGS body with as many weapons, armors, and other bits that you damn well please.

-Light Arms: "Light" being an operative term as far as AGS are concerned, as the lightest weapon any AGS is ever equipped with is a high-caliber machine gun. The 'floor' here is what would be a squad-based heavy weapon in most modern armies, medium to heavy machine guns, automatic grenade launchers, and rocket launchers are the breadth of your options here. You get 2 options for Free, and further Light options cost 50 CP each.

-Heavy Arms: As a general rule, this is the class of weaponry that would normally be mounted on heavy vehicles: vulcun guns, tank cannons, railguns, missiles, heavy plasma launchers, and artillery cannons that even the strongest of Bioroid would struggle to wield 1 of. This is also where you will find the grade of melee weapons befitting a war machine: IE rocket-powered lances, pile-bunkers, or massive metal fists. You get a single option for Free, and further weapons cost 100 CP each.

-Armor: A rather simple grading system. You are Light armored for Free, which would grant you near-immunity to small-arms fire in terms of handguns and the like. For 200 CP you instead have Medium-grade armor, nearly immune to rifle-caliber bullets and bouncing anything smaller. For a further 200 CP you are Heavy-armored, and at this point it would take dedicated anti-tank/anti-armor weaponry to do anything resembling damage to you.

-Flight: There are two grades of flight available to the AGS: Standard and Advanced. For 200 CP your Standard flight upgrade gives you a decent flying speed not dissimilar to a commercial airliner. Pure utility, and the inherent advantage of the sky. At Advanced, for 400 CP, you share the casual mach

1 speed of a specialized flying Bioroid along with a specialized, hardened portion of your armor designed for *ramming speed*. You may freely have wings or rocket/jet boosters at your whim.

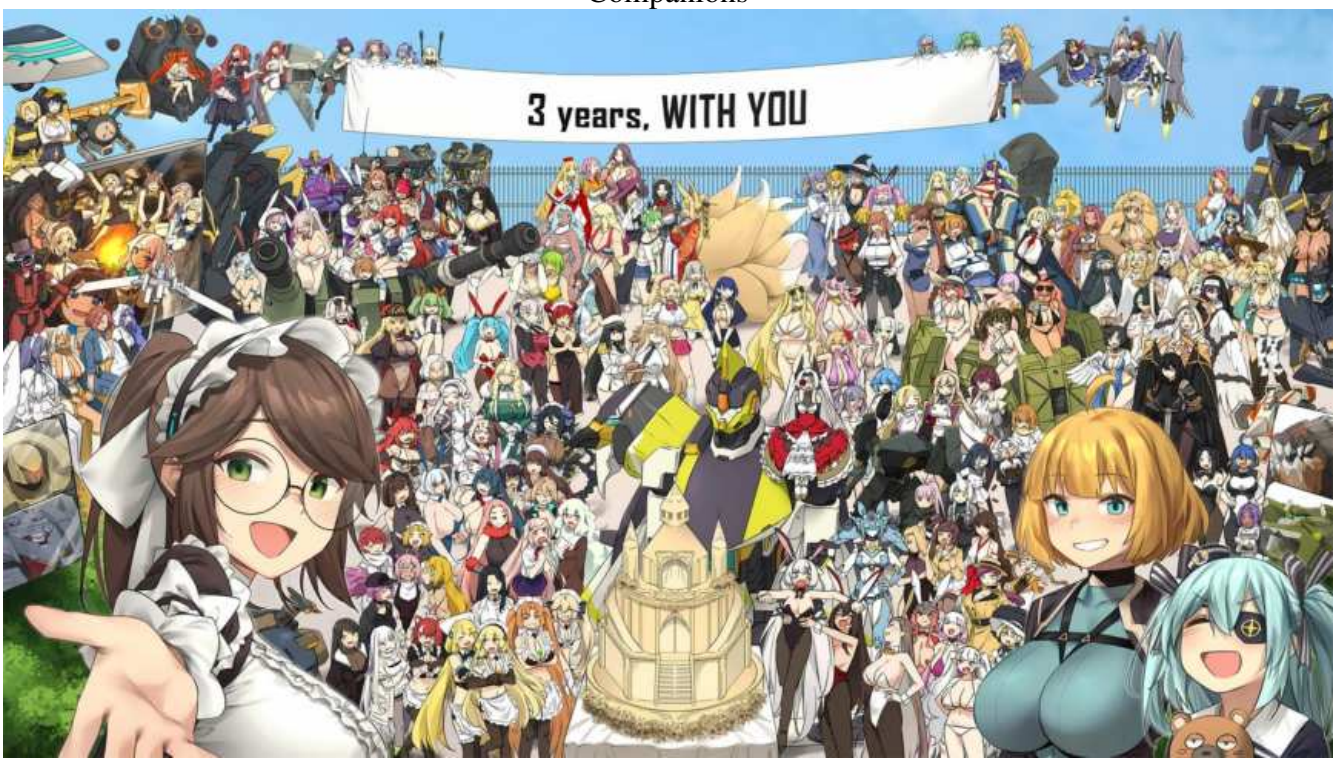
-**Gourmet Batteries**: -100 CP
AGS really only need power and the occasional replacement part to keep running indefinitely. That said, there's no rule written anywhere that they can't enjoy getting recharged. Maybe it's the particular nature of the storage medium, maybe it's something on the plug-in ports, we organics may never properly know, but suffice to say these 'special' batteries are 'pleasant' for AGS to recharge from, leaving a residual 'peppy' mood to whatever robot has the pleasure of recharging from them. You get 7 of them with purchase, easily enough to carry a large AGS through a month of hard fighting, and they refresh weekly in case you have to spread them around a little.

-**Mangata Collection**: -200 CP
Oh, were you also one of those 'performer' AGS like Golatrion the 'Devil' or Glacias? Just a super fan? Either way, what you have here now is a storage drive containing the entire breadth of work of the Densatsu entertainment mega-corp, including the unreleased material. This includes the adventures of Magical MoMo and Moonbit as they battle the Evil Overlord Faucre, 'historical' reenactments involving Prestor Johanna, and that one time Kunoichi Enrai played an amnesiac 'villain' and mommied all over the protagonists instead of fighting them. Yes the latter is one of those unreleased films. The collection will remix and update itself each Jump you take after this one, ensuring you have thousands of hours of entertainment with the beloved cast to while away the days.

-**Wild Shadow Dance**: -400 CP
As far as specialized AGS are concerned, there are few more effective and potentially feared as Shade. For reference, you could call Shade 'The Grim Reaper' without the slightest bit of exaggeration. Perhaps a large contributor to the efficacy of the lethal AGS is the extremely sophisticated visual refraction technology built into 'his' carapace, the 'Wild Shadow Dance' of the Item title. Possibly somewhat counter-intuitively, this shimmering, refracting distortion makes you *harder* to hit the closer you are to your enemy, up to a staggering *95%* boost to your evasiveness at point-blank range. And if that weren't enough, scoring a kill in melee range temporarily supercharges the system, making you even faster and harder-hitting for a few seconds. Really, the only downside of this system is that it does nothing to protect you if you do get hit. Go forth and *reap*, Jumper.

-**Wrath of God**: -600 CP
Perhaps a slight degree of hyperbole, but when you have at your disposal a satellite laser powerful enough to wipe out city blocks that you can *spam*, you might very well develop a god-complex. Based off of the satellite laser that doubles as the residence of the Aeda Type-G AGS command structure, this weapon requires but a single second to both acquire the target area you designate and drop the hurt from on high. A combination of hyper-advanced solar collectors and a beefy nuclear reactor makes this force of devastation have a 'cool-down' of a measly *six seconds.* The only thing I could possibly caution you on is in-universe you might want to be at least slightly discreet with this weapon, neither humanity nor Bioroids can live or survive on rubble. The satellite is undetectable unless it is firing.

Companions



Let's be perfectly frank, Jumper, if you chose to come here, you probably came here for the girls, for the Bioroids, for your desired waifu, assuming you have merely one. Let's cut out the seeking and just make sure you have a 'catalog' from which to prioritize your wife hunting.
https://lastorigin.fandom.com/wiki/Unit_List
This list is not the full scope of the Bioroid or AGS ranks as more are periodically 'discovered' and/or revealed. Lemonade Epsilon still does not have a face to the name, just as a single example.

-**Starter Squad**: Exclusive to Commander, Free
Just to make sure you don't happen to wander into a singular Metal Parasite and get killed in your first hour, use the link above to build your first squad of five. As per this boon, you are able to select two A-rank Bioroids and 3 B-rank Bioroids. This wandering squad of 5 will locate you shortly upon your arrival/awakening. If you instead want AGS, you may have equivalent ranks of AGS as your starter squad.

-**Targeted Draw**: -100 CP
Barring the unique characters (Labiata, the Lemonade secretaries, Aeda Type-G...) this here is your opportunity to pay for the chance to quickly meet them on favorable terms, or at least one iteration of them considering Bioroid production lines.

Drawbacks
Take as many as you think you can bear.

-**Extended Stay**: +100 CP
A simple matter, for each iteration of this Drawback you take, your time in-Jump is lengthened by ten years.

-**Corn-mannder**: +100 CP
"What? It's *how* big...?" Not saying anything about you personally, Jumper, but by taking this Drawback the predilection of 'problematic' rumors and misconceptions taking root and propagating is dramatically increased. While these rumors are not actively damaging to whatever organization you are part of, they are embarrassing to you specifically.

-**Only Corn...**: (Commander/Bioroid exclusive) +200 CP
Bioroids still need to eat, their mechanical aspects have not changed that. And so do you, as a living human... which means it's going to *suck* for you when all you have to dine upon is corn. Sure you might occasionally find something else, but it will not last long before you're back to a corn-only diet. Expect morale to be low across the board for the Bioroids and yourself, because not even the master chef Sowan can innovate enough to make one ingredient exciting forever.

-**Repair Que**: +200 (AGS exclusive)
Being fully mechanical has a great deal of advantages over Bioroids and people... barring the fact that fixing you can be a lot more involved and protracted than Bioroids or humans. On the one hand you are more susceptible to disabling and annoying breakdowns, hitching limbs and skewed vision and the like. And on the other, you are typically last in line to receive the repairs you need. I hope you are good at soldiering on in spite of adversity, Jumper.

-**Heir of Jinjo!**: +200 CP
Commence the cringe, Jumper. Whatever personality you might have, you have been infected with a compulsion, a penchant for eye-rolling melodrama, wasting time, and annoying those around you. You are compelled to give your attacks overly long names and call them out each time... At least the little gremlin LRL will think you're cool.

-**Coom-mander:** +200/400 CP (Exclusive to Bioroids)
Had to happen eventually, Jumper. The Commander is now a definitive degenerate and your ability to refuse orders from him has been revoked. Try as you might you will find yourself in his company on the Orca/part of the 'resistance' taking back the world. For 200 CP there is still a degree of restraint to his perversion, you will be forced to wear profoundly embarrassing attire and do non-sexual embarrassing things for his enjoyment. For 400 CP... you can retract that 'non-sexual' part.

-**Insubordination**: +400 CP (Exclusive to Commander)
Ready for hard-mode, Jumper? By taking this Drawback you surrender your inherent Human ability to give orders to Bioroids. While this doesn't mean in any way that Bioroids that you encounter will be trying to kill you, you working together is going to be more a matter of convenience rather than requirement. You are no longer a nearly 'divine' figure to the resistance, and if you don't prove your chops fast you will be ditched to go it alone.

-**Major Malfunction**: +400 CP (Exclusive to AGS)
It would seem, Jumper, that your designer failed to properly stress-test all of your various systems before green-lighting you for production. Most of the time things seems fine, you're doing your part in the war, and then one of your weapons blows up in your face when you try to fire/strike with it. In fact, anything combat-related you have has a 1/10 chance of a catastrophic misfire when engaged/used.

Luck affecting Perks and Items have zero impact upon this chance. And if you think you can just hide away, not likely, this world is covered in violence from practically one end to the other.

-**Danger Delta**: +600 CP
Lemonade Delta, member of the PECS council of Lemonades, 'queen' of Europe, and the most dedicated of the whole lot when it comes to the resurrection of her CEO. You see, in all likelihood she was programmed to *love* the man. This love was to the point of utterly unflinching loyalty... and then the Audrey Dreamweaver model came out, and her CEO turned all of his attention to Audrey, instead of her. No matter what she did, no matter how hard she worked, it was never enough to turn her CEO's attention back to her. And when he died, when control of the mega-corp fell to her, how did she cope with this abyss of resentment? She threw Audrey models to the front-line despite their non-combat nature. She created an Audrey production line, so she could murder Audrey in perpetuity. Her obsession is all-consuming, because she has convinced herself that if SHE revives her CEO, that will be enough to make him love her again. Why is this important? Because she is now certain that you, you are essential to this process, that your special nature as a Jumper is the special spark she needs to see her deepest desire realized. Europe is the breadbasket of the world at this point, and Delta has an extremely developed industrial base with which to produce troops, munitions, and weapons. Expect her to hurl *hordes* of troops your way, altered Bioroids that are immune to your commands, and infiltrators posing as recruits. She doesn't care a whit about expended lives, so you are in for a *rough* slog.

-**Lemonade Gamma**: +600 CP
'Secretary' of Poseidon Industries, one of the biggest military suppliers in the entire pre-war world, Gamma is an anomaly and a half as far as the other secretaries are concerned. While Alpha, Omega, Delta, and Beta are designed for administrative and 'support' functions... Gamma was designed with the express purpose of fucking up everyone else's shit. This is paired with a battle-hungry, bloodthirsty personality that is equally eager to throw hands with the other Lemonades as she is with anyone else, and she would likely win against any of them. Normally, she would be foremost focused on getting a showdown with Invincible Dragon, a unique military Bioroid. But now, of course, she wants to fight You, specifically, and if you are a disappointment as an adversary she will just kill you. She doesn't care if you're a Commander, Bioroid, or AGS. On a personal level she can slap aside practically any number of other Bioroids that might get in her way, and on a battlefield level, well, she has the full weight of Poseidon Industries to bring to bear. Battleships, heavy AGS, hard military hardware, and an absurd production speed to crank out more. If taken with '**Danger Delta**,' the two of them will actively cooperate to oppose you.

-**Awakening**: +1000 CP
There is a *reason* the Metal Parasites avoid the oceans, Jumper. What is that reason? The Star Children, aka *Eldritch Abominations from space* are sleeping in the deep now. As if that wasn't terrifying enough, just their existence, killing *one* took an entire navy focus-bombarding it *after* it had already had a protracted battle with a Metal Parasite super-weapon. *And then* it required infantry action to suppress the pieces of its body that were getting up and attacking all on their own. And now, you get to deal with one that will home in on you specifically, each year. I would prepare yourself for nightmares.

Scenario: *The Reconquista*

"Enough is Enough, I have had it with these motherfucking Parasites on my motherfucking planet!" *The Commander,* probably.

The goal of this campaign that you are electing to undertake is simplicity itself: purge the Metal Parasites from the planet. Bring peace to the world from pole to pole, coast to coast. Claim an 'empire' upon which the sun never sets. The upside of taking this challenge upon yourself is that there is no real time limit. The downside is that *you are not leaving until you're done, or you're dead*. Furthermore, the Metal Parasites will, by taking this challenge, be even more belligerent and numerous than they would normally be, and they already overwhelmingly outnumber Bioroids and AGS combined. We are talking *trillions* and more in enemies for you to deal with. Naturally, you can't just destroy the Earth to accomplish the goal. The planet must be habitable without terraforming to succeed at this challenge.

Should you do this, accomplish this long-shot goal, your reward is as fittingly straightforward as your task was to begin with. You get the planet you spent, likely, so much time and so much blood and oil liberating/conquering. The foundries and factories of Black River and Poseidon Industries, the production of Saman Industries... and of course the population of Bioroids/AGS that remain, including any of the PECS Lemonade secretaries that you elect to spare (Omega, Delta, Gamma, Etc). These survivors all become Companions at your wish, or merely Followers to populate your Earth otherwise. The planet may either seamlessly insert itself into future Jumps where space allows, or it may exist as an attachment to your Warehouse.

Notes:

-All equipment and weapons acquired in this document will scale with you to maintain use in the future.

-Hypnos Disease: The disease gradually forces a human body to sleep for longer and longer periods of time, ultimately resulting in death by starvation. Other humans who were infected, but kept on life-support, may still exist on the planet, but the Metal Parasites actively hunt for them at the smallest whiff. Bioroids are immune to the disease thanks to their different-but-equal brain structure.

-Pre-War Earth: If you have not gathered as such from the tidbits thrown in before now, Humanity of the old world had largely degenerated into an overtly hedonistic, depraved society. Bioroids were property, not people, and as such many of the survivors from those days have a lot of trauma to work through. Bioroids were also taking over the job market, leading to massive unemployment and deepening the resentment of normal people.

End Jump Choice:

Stay?

Forward?

Go Home?