PanzerWaltz: The Jumpchain



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Welcome to World War 2, Jumper! Well, yes and no, really. You see, while the time period is the same, the situation is not. This is a world wherin mankind developed animalistic “Beast Tanks” for manual labor and, surprising absolutely no one with a brain, they lost control and now mankind is fighting a desperate war

for survival against their own creations. Now where have we ever heard that before?

The militaries of the time were completely outmatched, shocker, but hope is not lost! As an evolution, there's a joke there, of the same 'tank core' technology that was used to create beast tanks the brightest minds of humanity created the Metal Maiden. All female because for "*reasons*" men are incompatible with the process.

That's, really all there is to this world, Jumper. Now go out there, blow up lots of beast tanks, try not to die, and just maybe get yourself a cute tank girlfriend. Oh wait, and you have aliens to deal with that just sort of drop out of nowhere, kind of like you, and largely assume control over the beast tanks. Now that's everything.

+1000 CP

Location

Really, you can choose where in the world you want to plonk down. There are plenty of beast tanks to be shot no matter where you walk. And mankind is likewise as stressed out all over too. If it matters to you, the bulk of the game's "Story" occurs on the European continent.

Origin

Either Origin may be toggled as Drop-In. The Military or any fluff-wise PMC you encounter will just assume your paperwork got lost. Commanders may be freely of either sex, but a Metal Maiden must obviously be female. If you really want, you can ignore that. But expect immediate suspicion and skepticism from literally everyone if you show up as a "Metal Man."

-**Commander**: (Free)

Well someone has to be the brains behind these emotional, excitable Metal Maidens, and that someone might as well be you. You have been trained in tactics

and strategy, with potentially dubious standards, at one of the finest military academies left standing in this war-torn world. You're also expected to lead from the front, and you're a normal human running around high explosive shells that could turn you into red mist with a glancing hit. Fluff-wise you could instead opt to be a mercenary commander, but you'd still end up fighting beast tanks for your paycheck. And what extra money you'd make would get spent on ammo for your tank girls.

On the obvious plus-side, you get to surround yourself with beautiful girls who would happily eat bullets (they'll be fine) to protect their precious Commander as they inevitably fall for the one taking care of them. Flip-side of the previous point, you are surrounded by beautiful girls that are literal humanoid tanks weighing in between 30 to 80 tons *each* with the strength to heft that weight around without any effort at all. Good GOD almighty don't let her be on top!

-**Metal Maiden:** (Free)

Congratulations, jumper, you are now a literal, humanoid, World War II tank. Your skin is tough enough to laugh at small to medium gunfire and eat high-velocity, armor-piercing shells to a limited degree. You're strong enough to carry around dozens of tons of ammo and gear without any strain at all. AND, without your tank attire on you look just like a normal girl.

Why is this Origin Free when you consider all this power? Ha ha, because you're literally property. The SVS (Secret Victoria Service) owns your ass as military hardware unless you get bought by a PMC, and then the PMC owns you. Only Metal Maidens with long and utterly heroic careers can be released from service, and the scant handful of examples can be counted on one hand.

Bear in mind though, that while you may be superior technologically to the beast tanks, they still have the unparalleled numbers advantage. And the aliens, the Star Farers? They've got better tech than you.

Further though, you have to decide what class of Metal Maiden you are: Light Tank, Medium Tank, Heavy Tank, Light Armored Vehicle (LAV), Anti-Tank Gun (ATG), or Self-Propelled Gun (SPG).

Light Tanks are, exactly as you would expect from the description. Equipped with lighter armor than almost every other class of tank they exist to move fast, for a tank, and punch hard at close range while also being good scouts and VERY aggravating to hit. Examples would be the MS-1, the T-38, or the BT-5.

Medium Tanks are, again, exactly what you would expect them to be. They are generalists that are good in every aspect while not particularly excelling in any. Possible examples include the Grant Mk-VIII, the T-34, and the Sherman Mk-IV.

Heavy Tanks are, well, heavy tanks. Despite how on the nose it might seem, heavy tanks exist to draw fire away from their allies and soak obnoxious amounts of damage. So to "tank" to use the RPG term. Your contemporaries would include the Tiger I, IS-2, and KV-5.

LAV's are, support, so to speak. Apart from their secondary role as scouts the primary function of an LAV is to evade fire and deliver rocket toting "infantry" into close range battle with the enemy. Bear in mind, "Infantry" in this case refers to chibi, temporarily existing versions of yourself (It is not explained). Example vehicles include the T17 Staghound, M2 Halftrack, and the BMP-1.

Anti-Tank Guns are another case of 'what you see is what you get.' These heavily armored vehicles excel at one thing, annihilating heavy enemy armor. Their main guns boast the highest armor penetration values in the field, and as mentioned, they're quite survivable. Your peers would be the Marder I, the Jagdpanzer IV, and the Hetzer.

Self-Propelled Guns are, for lack of a better word, snipers. Boasting both the highest overall firepower and longest engagement range out of all Metal Maidens. They're also trivially armored and almost incapable of engaging targets within 500 meters. Examples include the Bison I, the T1 Howitzer, and M43 SPG.

Perks

Discounts are 50% off. 100 CP Perks are free to the respective Origin.

Commander Perks

-**Armored Warfare**: (-100 CP)

The end result of that military education you received to fight the beast tanks. You have a basic, if competent, understanding of how to field and fight against tanks. Positioning, firing arcs, approaches, defense… and a workable set of tactics for every viable set of terrain.

-**Ignore the Man in the Jeep…**: (-200 CP)

As it might have been mentioned, you are supposedly a normal human hanging around armored war machines. This Perk should help you out with that. You see, upon purchase, you should be able to escape the notice of most beast tanks as long as your Metal Maidens are in combat. As long as you aren't doing something stupid, like shooting RPGs at them, you should be able to skate by under the radar, and even escape without harm if all of your girls get taken down… you miscalculating monster. Works exactly the same for any troops/minions/Companions you are commanding, you bastard.

-**RnD Commander**: (-400 CP)

Weird little rub to being a field commander… you have to do all of your own RnD, Research and Development. How curiously lucky, if you buy this Perk, that you happen to be so naturally gifted at it! Research and Development of armored war-machines is trivially easy to you, allowing you to design and build new, higher-quality Metal Maidens in a fraction of the time, and with a fraction of the resources that you would normally need. You can even substitute a greater quantity of lower quality items to fill the place of a requisite at a 10 to 1 ratio. On the more, personal, side of things, you can freely modify the cosmetic appearance of any Metal Maiden under your command with a mere couple of hours. Taller, curvier, more adult, etc.

-**Ultimate Tanker**: (-600 CP)

Might as well call you the god of tanks, because that's how you'll eventually be viewed here. Your ability to command, and drive/shoot, with tanks has ridden a rocket through the stratosphere. Metal Maidens obeying you will hit harder than they should, shrug off damage that would otherwise kill them, and hit "impossible" shots more often than not. If you manage to get yourself in a tank, then you can pull off utterly stupid things, like ramping a tank, rolling it midair, shooting a target in the roof, and then landing on your treads, along with all of the previously mentioned boons applying to the tank you're driving. Armored superiority!

Metal Maiden Perks

-**All-Terrain Queen**: (-100 CP)

Because why should a tank girl as illustrious as you ever be at a disadvantage? While your peers might need to worry about mud slowing them down, or loose rocks shaking their aim, you will never need to worry about any of that. A howling blizzard and knee-deep snow is just as amenable to your ability to fight as a clear sky in an open field.

-**Gorge to Glory**: (-200 CP)

Interesting little quirk, ripe for abuse. Metal Maidens can substitute large meals for battlefield experience. So, it logically follows that it is entirely possible for a Metal Maiden to be at the absolute peak of power and ability… but have never, ever set foot on a battlefield. The "experience" value of a meal also scales with, put bluntly, how absolutely unhealthy and caloric the food is. So a nice, healthy plate of sushi will not get you nearly as far as chowing down on deep fried fish n chips, triple stacked burgers, or Bavarian chocolate cake. Just don't overdo it, this Perk does nothing to boost your metabolism.

-**HAX!!!:** (-400 CP)

Looking to copy the Stardust Farers? More than fair, given how much you'll inevitably draw their attention. Choose any single ability that would be completely unfair for a WWII battlefield and acquire it for yourself. For reference, and to give you fair bounds to prevent abuse, you might have an 'air shield' that prevents direct fire from hurting you, like Epsilon. Or, like the Lambda, you can teleport. Fanwank responsibly.

-**Legendary Prototype**: (-600 CP)

A fresh Metal Maiden? Hardly! You're at the top of your game, world renowned for your heroism! Fluff aside, taking this Perk instantly boosts you to the maximum possible power for your chosen tank type. A heavy tank would be able to endure thousands of hits without flinching, an SPG would similarly shatter enemy heavy tanks with a single shot… This Perk also conveys the intrinsic respect that being a war hero deserves, right up until you do something to prove that respect underserved. In future Jumps, this Perk will boost you to be equal to

the most legendary individual example tied to your Origin. Like, Goku, for a Saiyan. Or Superman, for a Kryptoinan.

Tank Specific Perks

Metal Maidens of the appropriate type get their respective Perk for free. Anyone else pays full price.

-**Super Heavy**: (-400 CP, Free to Heavy Tanks)

Let's be blunt, you're not going to be dodging shit as a heavy tank. Hell, if the enemy misses, it's entirely their fault. It's your *job* to get hit, to draw fire away from the more fragile Metal Maidens. So what's a girl to do in the face of inevitable future abuse? Armor. Armor, armor, armor, and more armor. You are rewarded for swathing yourself in the biggest, heaviest defensive gear you can manage. 50% of the combined weight of you, and your armor, in pounds, is added to your Defense. You won't be moving very fast, but that's not your problem.

-**The Jack**: (-400 CP, Free to Medium Tanks)

Being a generalist is good, and bad. With no sterling stats of your own, it might be hard to justify bringing you along in an "efficient" unit. How fortunate you are that you just grow so fast in every regard that you're absolutely worth it. Every bit of progress you make in one area is reflected at a slightly lower rate in every other aspect. Say you go running, get a little faster. You get just a little bit stronger and tougher, a little bit smarter.

-**Speed Kills**: (-400 CP, Free to Light Tanks)

"Tanks are slow." Said everyone that never met you. You're faster by far than even other Light Tanks. You hit harder while on the move, hit more often, are more difficult to hit… 50% of your top speed, in kilometers per hour, are added to all of your other attributes while on the move.

-**Point Blank**: (-400 CP, Free to LAVs)

Getting in close is kind of your whole shtick. So why not double down? Your guns hit all the harder the closer you get, easily up to five times as hard. Getting there is

easier too, as you are more talented than your peers by far at utilizing ‘cover’ and your clumsier allies to hide your advance.

-**Collateral**: (-400 CP, Free to ATGs)

The old adage is “don’t punch *at* something, punch *through* it.” An aphorism you have firmly taken to heart. You have become exceedingly talented at making every single shot do as much damage as possible, deflecting your shots through your enemies, to hit more of your enemies. Banking an sabot round through five or more targets is your usual.

-**Love The Lob**: (-400 CP, Free to SPGs)

All the range in the world won’t help you smite your enemies with an explosive if there happens to be this inconvenient thing called ‘a wall’ or ‘a hill’ between you and your target. At least it *would*, if you weren’t so good at yeeting your explosives over those barriers so they land like the angry finger of God. As long as your enemies aren’t inside a metal box, or literally in your face, you can hit them.

Items

Commander Items

-**The Magic Jeep**: (-100 CP)

Visually, this standard-issue military jeep is nothing special. Performance-wise, nothing special either. What IS impressive, is that somehow it can carry up to three Metal Maidens along with you, without getting crushed by the girls that each individually weigh more than it. Should it still get destroyed, you’ll magically find it waiting back in your Warehouse, within the hour.

-**Gear Supply**: (-200 CP)

Heavy machine guns, armor spalls, camouflage netting… all the tank equipment your Metal Maidens could ever need, drip fed to you week by week in a crate that mysteriously appears in your Warehouse when no one is looking. The best part though, is that over time the gear you receive will gradually escalate in quality and power as soon as you’ve balanced the power of the gear-level of your Metal Maidens.

-**Tank-Tank**: (-400 CP)

As in, a *real* tank. The kind you get in and drive instead of the kind you just, ask to shoot the monkey lobbing explosives at you. Pick any WWII tank, you now have your own personal copy that has infinite ammo, infinite fuel, and repairs itself outside of combat. For additional CP, in instalments of 50, you can upgrade your tank in terms of armor, firepower, additional weapon mounts, etc, up to five times in each category. For instance, upgrading an IS-2, a Heavy Tank, five times in armor would make you fundamentally invulnerable to anything not exclusively designed to pierce armor. Use your imagination for the rest. Or, you can Import a tank you already own to tweak.

Metal Maiden Items

-**Shells Aplenty**: (-100 CP)

Pick a flavor of tank bullet: AP (general use, no real weakness or strength), Composite Rigid (more powerful the closer you are), Armor Piercing Discarding Sabot (very strong penetration, good range), HEAT (good penetration, likely to set a target on fire), High Explosive (long range, can set enemies on fire, goes boom), or Rocket Propelled (longest range bar none, also goes boom). For your purchase, you receive a limitless supply inserted directly into your gun. You will never have to reload, and no one will find that odd. You can purchase this multiple times, and can swap with a thought.

-**FOOOD!!!**: (-200 CP)

A simple, but delightful purchase. Buying this Item grants you your choice of any Food item available in PanzerWaltz, I recommend the Bavarian Chocolate Cake, and you will always have a full serving available for you to pull out of the nearest drawer, cupboard, or thin air. Whichever amuses you the most. Just don't go too crazy.

-**G-Milk Factory**: (-400 CP)

Ok, so, G-Milk is a 'special' drink that is used to reinvigorate tired Metal Maidens. How exactly it is produced is a mystery to all, except maybe the black robed figures who congregate at this plant every night with maidens in tow. Regardless of the "mystery" involved, you now have this source for all the G-Milk you could ever want. What does G-Milk do? It's like an energy drink on steroids. Calorie

dense, and enough caffeine in it to literally kill a normal person. For you though? It's a panacea that can get you back in fighting shape from the brink of death. Guaranteed to not have a "crash."

Companions

-**Import**: (-50 to -200 CP)

Want to bring some existing friends along to command, or be commanded by? Perfectly understandable. Individual ones run you 50, or import eight for 200. They each receive 600 CP, and cannot take Drawbacks.

-**Tank Girls**: (-50, -100, -200)

Particular girl caught your eye? Easy, depending on her Rarity as a Metal Maiden. A Blue rarity will cost you 50 CP, a Purple Rarity will cost you 100 CP, and a Gold Rarity will cost you 200 CP. Commanders get one Free Purple Rarity, and two Blue Rarity Metal Maidens to get them started.

Refer to this http://www.metalmaidendepot.ovh/index.php?route=home for the whole list of available girls.

-**Stardust Farer**: (-300 CP)

You… want one of the aliens? I mean *I guess?* It's not impossible for them to find you likable, even if Epsilon will start off wanting to eat you, and absolutely not in the fun way. So sure, if you want one, pay up. Naturally they come with their particular brand of **Hax!!!** Epsilon comes with her air shield, Lambda with her teleportation… Having them on your side is definitely going to raise some eyebrows though.

-**Panzer Battalion**: (-800 CP, Discounted for Commander)

Ten years here? More than enough time to RnD or randomly acquire every single, what, of the 300+ Metal Maidens? You wouldn't want to leave any of them behind, now would you? Don't. This single purchase allows you to take your collection of tank girls along as a Group Companion, acquiring Perks equally between them.

Drawbacks

-**Busywork**: +100 CP

You will have little lasting downtime, Jumper. Seems every other day you've got some tedious little skirmish to interrupt whatever you were doing at the time. It'll never be dangerous, just annoying.

-**Whiff Fest**: +100 CP

You want annoyance? Because now it seems that neither you, your Metal Maidens, nor your enemies could hit water if you fell out of a boat. Upwards of 70 percent of all shots fired will whiff horribly.

-**Butt Monkey**: +200 CP

You are the cosmic plaything, Jumper, and now every humorous thing to happen in your general vicinity is now going to be at your direct expense. Flock of birds? Guess who's unlucky enough to get bombed? Hole? You're the lucky sod to step into it. Bumps and bruises, and injured ego, await you.

-**Exhaustion**: +200 CP

Metal Maidens under your command, or yourself if you are one, seem to be like bottle rockets in terms of battle stamina. Two or three firefight and they're already begging for a break. Not particularly dangerous, unless you get ambushed while resting, but *very* annoying.

-**Sophia's Bitch**: +400 CP

Ouch, you poor soul. For the first three years of your Jump you are compelled to be the understudy/assistant to the director of the Frunze Military Academy, Sophia Malinovskaya. And she is a petty tyrant of the HIGHEST order. Expect degrading treatment, humiliating "assignments," and a level of abuse worthy of years of prison time. But, because she's a war hero, no one will ever believe you.

-**Lazy Lumps**: +400 CP

So, it seems like your Metal Maidens have all turned into NEETS. Beyond personal hygiene, they have no impulse to do anything other than laze around your base, raid the ration closet, and nap. It will be a constant struggle to get them to train, work, or maintain their equipment. And as your force expands, perhaps literally in both turns of phrase, expect to be the butt of public ridicule. This

applies to ALL tank girls you recruit, even fitness nuts like Sophia, should you be mad enough to pick her up.

-**Beast Bait**: +600 CP

You are cursed, Jumper. You seem to be emitting a pheromone cloud several miles wide that drives any beast tank within it into a bloodthirsty frenzy. And in this state, they want nothing more than to eat you. Expect any "friends" you make to keep you at more than an arm's distance when people figure out why the beast tanks are swarming towards you. And I should point out, that at this point there are more beast tanks on Earth than there are people. So good luck with that.

Star Marked: +600 CP

The Stardust Farers, those are the aliens remember, have deduced that you are not from this world, and are very eager to acquire you and understand how you're doing it. They will make every effort to capture and dissect you, from direct assaults to infiltrating what human societal structure remains to get you thrown out. Naturally, if they capture you, they will kill you while trying to understand you, and you Fail the Jump.

Ending

Home?

Have you finally had enough, Jumper? Dealt with enough stupidity? Go home then, keeping everything you have acquired.

Stay?

Stay here? I mean, you *could*. And I'm sure a Jumper like you could do a whole world of good…

Jump On

Onwards then? But of course, more power and adventure await you.

Notes:

-Post Jump, RnD Commander would allow you to unravel the secret of the "tank cores" that allow Metal Maidens to exist.

-On 'Sophia's Bitch:' Just for reference, she is willing to press-gang Frunze *alumni* into a school-based, student exercise because she is so desperate to win. And without morally dubious conduct on behalf of the Player Character, she still would have lost.

-Gorge to Glory/Lazy Lumps: To be perfectly blunt, a Metal Maiden putting on weight would not negatively impact their combat performance unless it were to an absurd degree. When you're strong enough to heft multiple tons of gear without any effort, potentially a couple hundred pounds of chub isn't going to make a difference.

-Star Marked: For fairness sake, Lambda can't just teleport in and abduct you. She can, however, still teleport into somewhat close range and try to blitz you while your guard is down.