

Child of Light

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Introduction

Far beyond the edges of any map you've ever known, where the seas stretch endlessly and the stars hang lower in the sky, lies a world ancient and alive with wonder—Tianwu and Libo, the twin continents adrift on a sea as deep as time. In this world, magic hums in the air like birdsong at dawn. The wind bends to the will of mages, fire answers whispered commands, and water leaps to dance at a flick of the wrist. Yet magic is not the only path to power—for there are those who awaken the battle spirit, the raw force of will and body, strong enough to shatter mountains and stand toe-to-toe with the arcane.

Humans live among many strange and marvelous beings—creatures of horn and scale, wing and shadow. Some speak in riddles, some in roars. Some grant wisdom. Others, only death.

And amid all this wonder and peril lies the Kingdom of Aixia, tucked into the fertile heart of Tianwu, where a child named Zhang Gong Wei wakes with the sun and stretches lazily beneath silken sheets. He is just seven years old, with a grin too wide for his face and not a single care heavier than a dream. He would rather nap than train, laugh than study—but his heart, oh, his heart is kind, and the world has always had a soft spot for hearts like his.

It is a peaceful time... for now.

Darkness stirs across the world, an old evil writhing once more beneath the surface of things, threading through forgotten places, igniting tension where peace should be. But such matters belong to another tale, perhaps a distant one. You see, you will remain in this world for only a decade, and this evil will not make itself known until quite a few years later.

At least, not normally.

But fate, as ever, has a curious sense of timing.

And today... today is the day the boy begins to choose his path in life. Today begins the story of the Child of Light.

You receive +1000 Child Points.

Origin

Races

Choose your kin. This will restrict your starting location.

❖ Eastern Races

Before the winds of destiny stir too violently, it is only right that we speak of the peoples of Tianwu—those who walk its sunlit valleys and shadowed forests, who shape the land as much as the land shapes them.

Humans (Free)

*Ah yes, the **humans**. The most familiar of the races, and by far the most abundant. They spread across kingdoms and mountains like the wildflowers of spring—resilient, unpredictable, and impossible to ignore. They are not born with the ancient gifts of other races, but that is their secret: what they lack in natural magic, they make up for with boundless choice. A human may wield fire or water, earth or space itself; they may pursue magic or master the battle*

spirit—or both. Their strength lies in their freedom, their adaptability... and their sheer numbers.

Among the great powers of Tianwu, never underestimate a determined human. For when their hearts are set ablaze, the world often bends to their will.

Elves (200 / 100)

Now here is where beauty and danger entwine.

The Elves of Tianwu are creatures of ancient blood, long-lived—on the order of thousands of years—and exquisitely shaped, their elegance a thing of legend. But beneath that grace lies a bitter truth—for the Elves are divided, and their hatred for each other runs deeper than roots beneath the oldest forest.

*There are the **Nature Elves**, with hair the color of fresh leaves and eyes like clear skies, their emerald wings glimmering like dew-kissed ferns. They are one with the earth, their every breath in harmony with the green pulse of life. Their magic flows from the heart of the wild itself—Nature magic—a power that cannot be learned, only inherited.*

*And then there are the **Dark Elves**, born of twilight and shadow. Their eyes gleam violet like amethyst, their wings as black as raven feathers, their hair midnight-dark. They command a magic older and colder than the deep earth, whispered to be the very opposite of life's song—Dark magic—a birthright only they can wield.*

And the two kinds cannot live in peace.

Between them walk the half-elves, born of human blood and elven lineage. They bear no wings, nor the strange magic of the pureblooded—but they are beautiful, almost painfully so. Their senses are sharp, their lifeforce stronger than humans, their hands steady, and their arrows fly truer than most. Yet they belong to neither world, and that, too, is a kind of curse.

Should you wish to call the fair elves kin, you may choose whichever tribe you prefer to become a part of, and if your blood is purely elven or not.

Half-elves, fittingly, must pay only half the price.

Dwarves (100)

Lastly, let us look to the roots of the mountains, to the forges that never sleep and the stone halls where laughter and hammer-strikes echo like thunder.

The Dwarves are not tall in height, but they are giants in spirit. Sturdy as the rocks they love, their hearts beat with a sincerity few can match. Magic does not come easily to them, nor do they care for it. But when it comes to making magic—ah, that is a different story.

Give a Dwarf a forge and time, and you will hold in your hands a blade that can sing, a ring that remembers, a shield that knows no break. They are born craftsmen, their fingers stained with soot and purpose. And while they live far shorter lives than Elves, they make each century count.

They do not speak much. But what they say, they mean. And when they swear a bond, it is as strong as their steel.

❖ Western Races

Across the vast mountain range lies Libo, the western continent—where the land breathes tension and the sky often watches in silence. It is a realm shaped not by harmony, but by struggle. Power is not inherited lightly here. It is earned—or taken.

Demons (200)

*In Libo, they are called **Demons**, but do not let the name color your thoughts. They are not monsters—no, they are something far more precise. They are the magical race, born of the world's pure arcane essence, shaped by the Darkness Element that courses through their very veins.*

They are tall, striking, with hair and eyes tinted the hue of amethyst. Beauty is their mask, and magic is their marrow. They do not learn magic so much as breathe it. While others struggle with spell and symbol, Demons are magic—instinctive and terrifying in their command of it.

But behind their elegance lies a deeper truth: they are ambitious. Hungry. Power calls to them like a song they cannot ignore, and conquest is not merely a choice—it is a craving. Their empires rise swiftly, driven by vision and will, and their leaders are often those who dared the most, hungered hardest, and reached farthest.

They live for centuries, yes—but in each of those years, they strive. For more land. More knowledge. More power.

And in the eyes of a Demon, you will often find not cruelty, but calculation.

Beastmen (100)

*Then, the **Beastmen**—the untamed blood of Libo.*

They do not build grand towers or bend the elements to their will. They are not made for spellcraft—incapable of it, really—or subtlety. They are warriors, born of fur, claw, and fire in the blood.

Beastmen are legion, formed into countless clans—each bearing the strength of the animal they descend from. Wolves with piercing gazes, lions with thunderous pride, serpents with quiet menace, and hawks whose eyes see far beyond human sight.

Their bodies are weapons: tough, fast, and feral—and highly resistant to magical attacks. Their minds? Sharp as a fang in the dark. Magic may be foreign to them, but they were born for battle spirit, for the pure, roaring force that surges through the body of a true warrior.

And within each of them lies a burning instinct: the need to be the strongest. It is not vanity. It is not cruelty. It is something older—a primal drive to stand atop the mountain, to be the last one standing, to prove again and again that they are not prey, but predator.

They are fierce. Loyal. Proud. And when challenged, they answer not with words, but with the ringing crash of might upon might.

❖ Magical Beasts

Ah... the beasts.

Across both continents—through glades, mountains, skies, and seas—roam the magical beasts. Not the clever races that build cities or write books, no—these are older than empires, deeper than words. They walk the world not with purpose, but with presence, wild and unbound. No throne, no nation, no god commands them. They answer only to the rhythms of nature... and to power.

Some are hunted. Others are revered. And a rare few choose to walk beside mortals—as companions, guardians, or equals.

But none command them.

They are divided not by species, but by strength—and strength, in this world, is everything.

The Weak Beasts (+200)

The smallest sparks of the wild flame.

These are the magical creatures most likely to be seen, though often they are overlooked—scuttling in the shadows of towns, hiding in hollow logs, darting through tall grass like wind-blown leaves. They are the size of foxes, snakes, or squirrels, and yet a faint magic stirs in their blood.

*Each can wield **a spell or two**—simple tricks of flame, spark, mist, or claw. Their intelligence varies wildly, but the cleverest among them have been known to bond with young mages or playful children. Such bonds, when nurtured, can last a lifetime... though for these beasts, that lifetime is brief. A decade or two, unless something greater awakens within.*

For in some... the spark of power grows.

The Average Beasts (100)

The wild's quiet power.

Larger now—comparable to small horses, lions, or great wolves—these beasts are not to be mistaken for mere animals. Their bodies are stronger than any human's. Their instincts are sharper. And their magic? On par with a trained Mage—perhaps even approaching the power of a Magister, if provoked.

*These creatures are born knowing **a dozen or more spells**, woven into their very blood. They speak not in tongues but in presence. They do not explain—they act.*

*A few among them form life-bonds with mortals, rare and sacred partnerships that elevate both. But most run free, living for **a century, perhaps two**, stalking forest and plain with eyes that gleam with understanding.*

Meet one unprepared, and you may never return.

The Strong Beasts (400)

Legends made flesh.

When the ground quakes, when trees fall in silence, when the sky seems to darken not with clouds but with scale or wing... a strong beast has arrived.

Towering ten meters or more, sometimes stretching to the height of castles or cliffs, these are apex predators in both body and magic. Their hides are tougher than steel, their spirits roil with power, and their minds—do not be fooled—are sharp. They do not study magic. They remember it. Born with the instinctive

*command of **dozens—nearly a hundred—spells**, they are more than a match for the greatest Magisters or Warriors.*

*They live for **thousands of years**, and they remember everything.*

Some sleep beneath mountains. Some wander the edges of the world. And some... watch. Waiting.

These are the beasts which are not often found in the wild, but carefully grown as lifelong companions to the most powerful of Mages and Warriors.

The Dragons (800)

*And then—beyond them all—are the **Dragons**.*

Do not think of them as mere beasts. To call them so is to insult a hurricane, or a god. Dragons are nearly the strongest race in existence—not just in might, but in wisdom, in age, in spirit. Their wings eclipse the sun. Their roars bend the forests. Their eyes—ancient, gleaming—see through lies, time, and fate itself.

*Each dragon is born attuned to an Element—and in that element, they are **unmatched**. Fire obeys them. Ice honors them. Lightning sings for them.*

Their magic dwarfs the Demons. Their bodies outmatch the Beastmen a hundredfold. Their minds are older than most kingdoms, sharper than most sages. A single dragon could unmake an army—or end a war.

They live for up to twenty thousand years, and they do not die easily. There are but a hundred of their kin left in all the world—each one a legend. And yet, despite their power, they are not cruel. They are not greedy. They are not gods.

They are kind.

*And they are **lonely**.*

Dragons treasure kinship. They seek it, slowly, patiently. But it rarely comes. Their eggs take centuries to hatch, sometimes even a millennium. And so, the world waits with them—for the next of their kind to awaken.

*Should a dragon ever choose you... your life is no longer your own. It becomes something greater. Something more. Something **good**.*

*And should you choose to become one of them... you would become **great**.*

Path

Ah... so now, it begins.

*The world is vast. The races are many. The beasts roam free. But **power**—true power—does not come by birth alone. It must be **chosen. Pursued. Claimed**.*

And now, young one, it is time to choose your path.

*But do not think these paths are prisons. Though they begin apart, though one speaks to the mind and the other to the body, in time... they shall **intertwine**. The greatest of beings walk both roads. Some bend fire with a thought and cleave mountains with a blade in the same breath.*

You may one day do the same.

But first... choose where to start.

❖ The Path of the Mage

"Mind over matter. Spirit over flesh. Thought... made real."

*To walk this path is to become a **weaver of the Elements**, a sculptor of unseen forces. The world around you—fire, water, earth, wind, and beyond—is not silent. It speaks. It sings. And if you are still enough... you may learn to hear it.*

*Mages do not wield strength as Warriors do. Instead, they draw upon their **spiritual power**, the quiet force within, reaching out into the vast weave of the world to **feel the Elements** that dance through sky and stone.*

*That power is gathered in the **Upper Dantian**, behind the brow, seat of the third eye—where thought and will converge. There, the Elements condenses into magical power, and with it, a Mage may command the outer Elements. Through brute force, through resonance, through understanding, through will.*

The beginning of this path is not easy.

You must first learn to feel what others cannot. Many spend years in fruitless meditation, struggling to grasp even a wisp of flame or a drop of water. But take heart...

You... are different. You will not suffer that delay.

The moment you choose to step upon this path, the Elements will know your name.

And once begun, your growth is smooth. Magic builds upon itself. The more you draw, the more you can wield. Choose your Element. Deepen your bond. And soon... the world itself may answer your call.

❖ The Path of the Warrior

"The world breaks the weak. I break back."

*To walk this path is to declare that **the body is king**, and the soul its iron will. Where Mages listen, Warriors **roar**. They move forward, with bloodied fists and sharpened blades, until the world moves with them—or breaks before them.*

*The Warrior's strength is drawn from the **Battle Spirit**, a power not granted, but forged. Through relentless exertion, battle, pain, and focused meditation, your spiritual power pushes your body into producing this energy—this force—which is then forced and gathered downward, into the Lower Dantian, just below the navel—where heat and will converge.*

*There it condenses, slowly—a living fire that coats your muscles, hardens your skin, sharpens your senses. At first, it strengthens the body. But later, it flows through your weapon, and eventually, it **erupts**—into energy waves, devastating strikes, shockwaves of force that shatter whatever dares stand before you.*

The start of this path is easier.

You need not delicate training. You need no tomes or chants. Only a body willing to bleed... and rise again. Progress will come, slowly or quickly, depending on your will and the refinement of your meditation technique. But beyond the fourth level...

Ah. There, the road becomes steep.

*To ascend further, a Warrior must gain **insight**—not of books or battle drills, but of the world itself. You must learn how your spirit **touches the Elements**.*

How it changes you. How it breaks through what is possible. No master can teach this. It must be earned through life and death.

This is not a path for the faint-hearted. But if you succeed...

You will be a storm wrapped in flesh.

Sex and age

A question no less important than the decisions you have made thus far. In such a world where power is so tangible, perhaps the divide of sexes is not one you should care about, but your age certainly matters. Growth has a ceiling, your lifespan has an end.

***You may choose to remain as you are** in both—there is no reason to force an unwanted change upon a guest, beyond what was already done.*

*But if you prefer—**for free**—you may choose any age **between 5 and 10 years**. It is the human's average range for learning Magic and practicing as a future Warrior. Those who have no potential for either will know so by that time. The protagonist, Zhang Gong Wei, is seven years old when you arrive in this world, and about to choose the Element which shall be his Major as a Mage—Light.*

*Or, for a paltry sum of **50CP each**, you may choose either of your sex or age—or both.*

As for the rest of it... do you have a family. Were you dropped into this world from high-heaven? The choice is yours entirely.

Location

The Eastern Continent - Tianwu

*(Nothing here can be selected by the **[Western Races]**)*

A land of rich soil, vast armies, and ever-glowing magic. It is home to humanity—and those few who still live among them.

United not by blood, but by necessity, the kingdoms of Tianwu stand shoulder to shoulder beneath the ever-looming threat of the West. For two centuries, they have known peace—peace bought with vigilance, sacrifice, and the mountain-thick wall that divides the world.

Let us walk its kingdoms now.

★ Dalu Kingdom – The Giant of the East

*Three-sevenths of Tianwu's land bends to Dalu's banner, and rightly so. Its forests are wide, its rivers deep, its mountains teeming with ores. It is the **wealthiest** of the Eastern kingdoms, and its strength runs deeper than gold.*

*Dalu's military is unmatched in size—an unstoppable tide of warriors trained from youth, sharpened by law and coin. Their mages, fewer, are no less potent; for Dalu's riches ensure that the **best spellcasters** are drawn to its service. Where one Dalu legion marches, a mage cohort is never far behind.*

*And yet, within Dalu's heart lies something **older** than kings and coin.*

*The Forest of the Gods, veiled in green and ancient light, is the sacred land of the **Nature Elves**—a paradise unlike any other, where life flows with magic as rivers do with water. The Nature Elves live in harmony here... and war.*

For their kin, the Dark Elves, come seeking conquest, casting shadow and fire into the sacred groves of the Forest of the Gods.

★ Xiuda Kingdom – The Spear That Never Breaks

*Steel. Saddle. Oath. These are the laws of Xiuda, a land where the **knightly code** is not romanticized—it is enforced.*

Magic is scarce here, and mistrusted. The sword rules. The body reigns. Every Xiudan child is raised with a weapon in hand and a creed on their tongue: Honor above all.

*Xiuda's warriors are famed across Tianwu, but its **cavalry**—ah, its cavalry—are **without equal**. Thundering across open plains like the wrath of gods, they tear through enemy lines before a mage can finish his chant.*

*Three elite regiments of **Earth Dragoons**—knights who have transcended the mortal limits of muscle and steel—guard Xiuda's borders on the back of Earth Dragons—powerful cousins to True Dragons, akin to dinosaurs. Each one could face a hundred lesser foes.*

In open war, few would challenge Xiuda. But walls and spells... do not fear cavalry.

★ Aixia kingdom – The kingdom of Magic

*Here lies the **cradle of magic**, the homeland of Zhang Gong Wei. From its smallest hamlet to its grandest towers, **Aixia breathes spellcraft** like air.*

*Every citizen learns magic—even the poorest urchin in the street knows a flicker of light, a spark of wind. Town elders teach the basics for free. And for those with talent and coin, **Magic Academies** offer the stairway to greatness.*

Here, Mages walk among the common folk, and magic is not feared, but celebrated. Aixia has fewer warriors, but it more than compensates with arcane might. Its battalions of trained Mages can conjure elemental storms, shatter enemy formations, or defend entire cities with shimmering barriers.

*But more than that, Aixia is a **dreamer's land**—a place where knowledge is power, and ambition can shape reality.*

It is the land of potential. The land where destinies ignite.

The Western Continent - Libo

*(Nothing here can be selected by the **[Eastern Races]**)*

A continent of wild ambition and brutal strength, ruled not by humans, but by the powerful races they fear and defend against.

Across the Tianduo Mountains, beyond the Telun Fortress, lies the West. There, nature runs untamed, and strength is the only law. But do not be deceived—there is order. There are empires. And they wait. Watching. Planning.

★ The Holy Light Empire – Crown of Darkness

*Ruled by the **Demon race**, this empire is a paradox—its name a relic, its power a dark truth.*

*Demons here do not worship darkness. They are it. Not evil, no—but born of the Darkness Element, every one of them carries the **spark of conquest** in their blood. Ambitious. Beautiful. Deadly. Their mages are born, not made, their magic flowing like breath and thought.*

Their cities shimmer with shadowlight. Their towers hum with arcane power. Their armies are few, but each demon is worth ten men. And they do not forget old wounds.

*They call the East "**unfinished business.**"*

★ The Valiant Mist Empire – Fangs Beneath the Flag

*Strength is the law. The **Beastmen** are its enforcers.*

*This empire is less a single nation than a **united tide**—many clans, many species, bound together under one shared instinct: to be stronger.*

*They have no magic. They need none. Their bodies are weapons. Their armies do not march in formation—they charge, tearing through steel with claw and fang, roaring through spells with sheer **battle spirit**.*

*But within that savagery lies **discipline**, and in recent centuries, they have learned **strategy**.*

Their ace corps—select warriors of near-legendary power—have shaken the Earth beneath Telun Fortress more than once.

But they have never crossed it... yet.

Timeline

As was stated earlier, you arrive in this world upon the end of Elementary Magic School for our protagonist in the city of Senke. Zhang Gong Wei will be 7 years old at that time, and just a day later, he will announce his choice of taking the Light Element as his Major, and the Space Element as a minor—all with the simple objective of learning magic useful for shielding himself, healing, and running away.

It will be slightly more than a decade before he reaches the level of a Magister and truly starts facing his destiny as the Child of Light—and all the trouble that destiny brings along. Unless you change things, you will be gone by the time this world becomes truly dangerous... though it cannot be called 'safe' at present either.

Perks

*Now we leave behind legend and enter **destiny made manifest**.*

*These are not whispers of kingdoms or paths long trodden. These are the **Perks**—gifts beyond talent or birth. These are choices, powerful truths etched into your soul from the moment you reach out and claim them.*

*Each one is real. Each one will shape your journey in ways you—and the **world**—will never forget.*

*Regardless, your chosen Race and Path offer you advantages—**prices cut in half** for their lines, and **free** gifts for those who once cost **100CP**.*

Undiscounted

(The free Perks in this section are dependent on each other. You may take them all, or ignore them all. No in-between.)

✦ Veins of Power (Free)

You shall walk the paths of power as others in this world do. You will carry within you a sanctum, a structure untouched by time or origin, a system of power that is yours alone—yet bound to all powers you may ever come to know.

*Within your flesh—beyond bone, behind breath—will awaken **a network of meridians**, unseen and undetectable without your permission. Energy will not simply pass through you. It will reside in you, belong to you. Conflict between forces and energies of the **supernatural**—chakra and mana, Light and psionics, spirit and Aura—will hold no danger so long as they remain within your body. Your meridians will tame them, bind them in silent harmony, and from them, you may birth wonderous mixtures no other could imagine.*

*Two cores will anchor this inner world—your **Dantians**.*

The first lies in the cradle of your mind, behind the space between your eyes. Here, thoughts sharpen into will, and will becomes magic. It will drink in all forces of spirit, soul, mind, and divinity.

The second rests low, beneath the navel, deep in the body's foundation. Here, instinct becomes strength, exertion becomes power. It will gather physical energy, martial fury, elemental might pulled from bone and breath.

And though the two are divided in form, ***they are not opposed****. Energy may flow from one to the other as needed—so long as the will is clear, and the purpose understood.*

Once, such a structure would have limits—just as all things in this world do. But you are not bound to this world alone.

When your time here ends*, and your journey carries you beyond the horizon of Tianwu and Libo, the Dantians will awaken to their* ***true potential****. From that moment onward, they will possess* ***no upper limit****. No ceiling. No end to how much you can store, refine, or wield. Whether magic, spirit, ki, chakra, essence, battle aura, divine ichor or something no one yet understands—it will enter you. And there it will* ***remain****—until you find a use for it.*

✦ Spiritual Radiance (Free)

"Close your eyes.

What do you see?"

There is a fire that burns with no heat. A whisper that speaks without a voice. It exists in the gap between soul and body, between thought and instinct. In this world, they call it ***spiritual power****. In others, it has no name.*

You will not learn it. You will simply ***have*** *it.*

*Spiritual power now rises in you like mist on still water. At first, it will do nothing—just a presence, a hush. But the moment you focus, truly focus, you will feel it awaken. You will stretch it **outward**, like a hand in the dark... and the world will speak to you.*

You will feel the Elements themselves, dancing in the wind, humming in stone, rippling through the surface of a still pond. Fire will not just warm; it will call. Earth will not just bear weight; it will breathe. This is how all mages begin—but where others struggle, where they reach blindly... you will simply know.

*Spiritual power also turns **inward**. With it, you will feel your own body in ways few ever do. Not just pain or strength, but flow—the tide of your blood, the hum of your nerves, the whisper of energy moving between your Dantians and meridians. When something is wrong, your spirit will feel it before your mind ever catches up.*

But the truest gift of this power lies in its reach.

When you project it outward—cautiously, like smoke... or suddenly, like lightning—you will feel what lies beyond your sight. Shapes. Presence. Energy. Intent.

A room you've never entered.

A hand reaching for a blade.

A heartbeat that does not match the calmness of its owner.

*The further you reach, the more hazy the details. The stronger your spiritual power becomes, the **sharper**, **clearer**, and **wider** your awareness will stretch. But beware: this is not free. The more you lean on this sense, the more it draws from your mind. **Exhaustion** will bloom behind your eyes like a storm on the horizon.*

✦ Crown of the Elements (Free)

*Magic, as most know it, is a language. A study. But what you are about to receive is no idle theory. It is instinct. It is **right**.*

*From the moment this gift settles into your being, you will understand what few truly grasp: that **the world itself is waiting**. Not idly, not blindly—but expectantly. Every breeze, every grain of sand, every flicker of flame... it all hungers to be moved by a will strong enough to seize it.*

You awaken with the ability to do just that.

*Your **spiritual power**, already your sixth sense, now becomes your grasp—a ghostly hand that reaches into the world and plucks the raw stuff of reality from the air, the earth, the sea, the sky. This act, this quiet theft, is what the Mages of this world call **'meditation'**.*

*Each time you reach, the Elements respond. You will draw them in through the unseen meridians of your form and store them within your **Upper Dantian**—your mind's core, your forge of sorcery. There, slowly, they will condense. They will lose their wildness and become **Magic Power**—refined, obedient, yours.*

*From this, spells may be cast. But more than that: from this, **growth** begins.*

*Your Upper Dantian is not a bucket to be filled. It is a sun—and with every cycle of gathering, using, and restoring, it **expands**. The more magic power you command, the more your spiritual power naturally sharpens in tandem. And with greater spiritual power comes greater reach, a wider range of Elements to seize, as the cycle repeats larger in scope every time.*

But there is price in power, always.

To pull the Elements taxes the spirit. The more you draw, the more your spirit power is spent, the more tired your mind becomes. And as your magic power dwindles with use and spells, only new Elements drawn by will can restore it. Thus is the cycle of the Mage: take, shape, expend, replenish.

*Each Mage finds their own harmony in this chaos by choosing a **Major Element**. Yours will call to you—it always does. You may learn others, of course, though the effort will be slow, and the spells always second to those that align with your core. One Element will burn in your blood. Others may merely glow in the distance.*

*But know this: your magic will never fade, no matter where your path leads. Whether in this world **or the next**, even on shores where no Element has yet been named or shaped... **the Elements will still be there**, unseen by the world around you, untouched by the natives, but very real and present nonetheless—only to you.*

And there is one more truth—hidden, veiled, but now yours.

You will carry not just the flame, but the spark.

Where you find another being without a Dantian, without meridians, without spiritual power to feel or magic to wield... you may reach out. Place your hand above their brow. Pour in a thread of your magic power, into the place where their Upper Dantian should be. And in that moment...

A Dantian will form.

Their meridians will awaken.

The Elements will whisper to them as they now whisper to you.

This is no light gift. It is creation.

And gods have died for less.

✦ Source of Spirit (Free)

*Magic stirs the world, but **Battle Spirit** shakes it.*

This is not a power you awaken with a word, or call down with symbols. It does not dance on your fingertips.

It is carved into your bones with sweat. It rises in you like a thunderstorm with every blow you endure, with every ounce of pain you push through.

*And now, it is **yours**.*

*You have the hidden potential that all true warriors possess—the seed of **Battle Spirit** buried in the body like a spark beneath ash. No matter what world you wake into, no matter whose skin you wear, this spark will be waiting. You will feel it each time your muscles burn, each time you fall and rise again, stronger.*

The process is not beautiful. But it is real.

Through fierce exertion—training, combat, pain—you will strain the body until it trembles on the edge of collapse. Then comes the moment of stillness. The breath between storms. ***Meditation****.*

But for the Warrior, meditation is not quiet. It is a furnace. You will stoke your spirit, pushing spiritual power down into your lower Dantian until it is exhausted—deep in your core, where pain and effort become transformation. And then it begins: the whisper, the rumble, the rise of battle spirit.

At first, it will only reinforce you. Muscles will tighten. Sinews harden. Bone and blood will move like thunder and stone. You will strike harder, leap further, endure more than any mortal should.

Later, as you learn and grow, the battle aura will ***spread****—into your blade, into your fists. You will strike with more than steel—you will strike with will. And as your mastery grows, the aura will take shape beyond the body: projected waves that blast, tear, and even consume, devouring* ***space itself****.*

But that is only the beginning.

With deeper understanding, your battle aura will begin to echo the ***supernatural energies*** *of the world around you. You will not cast spells—but your strikes may mimic fire. Your blade may carry thunder. Your very presence may distort light. Your steps will take you to the sky. Other worlds, strange as they may be, will not bar your path. The rules bend to those who bend them by force.*

And in time, if your spirit is strong enough, your bond with a magical beast—or other supernaturally powerful being—may deepen into something more. Your

*battle aura will fuse with theirs. You will become a singular force. Not two bodies—one. Not beast and man—**Beast Armor**.*

Only a rare few ever master this, for it demands not just strength, but a kind of trust only bloodshed and loyalty can forge.

But for those who walk the final steps... there is a legend.

*A Warrior so in tune with his own aura, so one with its flow and fury, that his entire body becomes cloaked in it. A second skin of pure power. Not armor. Not magic. **Battle Spirit made manifest**.*

*This cloak cannot be pierced by any ordinary spell. Not even the desperate magic of dying mages will breach it. Only sorcery of the **Forbidden Grade**, cast by those who have looked into truths best left untouched, can hope to challenge such might.*

You will not begin at this height. No Warrior ever has.

But now that this spark is yours, the path is open. And the world will tremble as you walk it.

Ah, but one final note, whispered only to those who listen closely:

*Should you will it—should you reach into another with intent and purpose—and pour your battle spirit into the place where their lower Dantian ought to be, then something remarkable will stir. If they were hollow, **they shall no longer be**. The seed of the Warrior's fire will ignite within them... and with it, their spiritual power shall awaken, raw and flickering, ready to be shaped.*

In this way, your strength may become a torch in the dark—lighting the path for others.

✦ The Child (500) (Capstone Booster)

*This Perk is a **Capstone Booster**, amplifying the effect of a few other Perks.*

Among all the souls scattered across the world—burning bright, fading fast—there are a rare few who stir the weave of fate itself. A rare few who are not simply born, but called. They do not grow into greatness. Greatness bends toward them.

These are the ones whispered of in old temples and flickering campfire tales:

The Child of Light. The Child of Shadow.

*And now... perhaps, **you**.*

*This title is not empty flattery. It is a **crown of becoming**. It means only this: that one day, if you survive the storm, you may walk where gods tread.*

And with such a path... come gifts.

The first Element you reach for will not resist you. It will not test you. It will recognize you. In that moment, the flame, the wind, the light—it will turn its face to you and bow.

*By your first Element, you will be **Acknowledged**.*

And that... changes everything.

*The Element will no longer need to be pulled into your soul like a reluctant guest. It will come when called. It will **gather itself** into your Upper Dantian even as you sleep, even as you fight. There will be no wasted breath in meditation. No struggle for scraps of power in the dark.*

*Your growth will be like the rising tide—**constant**, unstoppable, ever higher.*

*And it will not stop there. In moments of need, the Element may speak to you, **offering spells** you never studied, knowledge you never earned. When you cast, it will lend you more **strength** than you should have. When you train, your progress will outrun even the brightest genius. Where others Mages stumble for years, you will walk calmly in **weeks**. A new Magister may arise after thirty years of hard work if they are a genius, while you will calmly earn your seat in a **single decade**—if you are lazy.*

But there is a deeper truth, more precious still.

*You will begin to **feel** the Element—not with your fingers, but with your heart. You will know its moods, its meanings. If you are the Child of Light, you will know love as more than a word. You will carry its warmth, its devotion, its selflessness in every glance, every gesture. This understanding will guide you, not only in battle, but in the quiet moments between.*

This connection... it is the key to transcendence.

*A Magister is mighty, but limited by flesh. To go beyond, to hold more magic power than a mortal body should, you must become **one with your Element**—not just wielding it, but being it. For others, this requires endless meditation and miraculous breakthroughs.*

But you... you already are what they seek to become.

And so the door opens early, quietly. Waiting only for you to step through.

Even the gods take notice. In you, divines and their peers see a spark not unlike their own—raw, flickering, full of promise. They may watch. They may wait. Some may even whisper. For if ever there was a soul fit to rise among their number...

...it is The Child.

Eastern Races

✦ Pure of Heart (100)

There are powers more subtle than flame, more enduring than steel. Powers that do not shake the earth or shatter walls, but ripple through taverns, across battlefields, and into the quiet spaces between souls. This is such a gift.

You are not charming in the way of silver tongues or rehearsed flattery. No. Yours is the kind of presence that draws people in, that makes them want to speak, to share, to trust—even when they know they shouldn't. Even when the blade is still drawn.

You could sit beside the bandit who just emptied your pockets, listen to the tale of how he lost his family, and by dusk you'd be passing around the bottle as sworn brothers beneath the stars. You could walk unarmed into a village where your name is cursed, your blood despised, and by year's end, be ***married to the enemy's daughter*** *with half the tribe cheering the union.*

It is not magic. You cannot force love or command loyalty. There will be those who glare, who sneer, who would see you buried rather than spoken to. But so long as there is even a spark of friendship in them, a crack in the armor... you will find it.

You will reach it.

You may be hated at first sight. Your ways may be irritating or downright aggressive. Your voice may grate on prideful ears. But you carry within you the gift of persistence, of presence, of simple, unshakable warmth. If you remain, if you speak, if you make an effort to reach out, if you show your truth again and again...

They will come to like you.

And one day, they may raise their glass to yours, and swear they always did.

This is not a power that shouts. It is not one that wins wars in a single stroke. But it may end them.

And that, too, is a kind of greatness.

✦ Flow of Companionship (300)

*There are moments when time slows, when thought vanishes, and action flows like water between those bound by friendship. Some call it instinct. Others call it fate. You—**you live in it**.*

*With this Perk, you and your companions find yourselves bound not by strategy or preparation alone, but by something deeper. Connection. Rhythm. **Flow**.*

There is no need to shout your intent in the chaos of battle. No desperate cries of "Now!" or "Left flank!" No panicked planning before the charge. The moment one of you moves, the others are already in position. When a spell begins to form, the perfect counterpart is already being cast beside it. If a warrior leaps, a mage is there with wind beneath his feet. If a blade swings high, another is already striking low. It looks rehearsed. Practiced. But it's not.

*It is simply **right**.*

*This is not limited to the battlefield. Building a home? You will find the hammer in your hand the instant your friend sets the beam. Climbing a cliffside? A steady palm awaits before your foot even slips. Crafting, cooking, creating—all feel as though they were **meant** to be done together. The movements are natural. Unquestioned. Efficient.*

All it takes is friendship—true friendship. And once that bond is formed, the effect is so seamless that outsiders will blink and wonder how long you trained, how long you rehearsed. But you will know.

You didn't.

*You simply **trusted**.*

*There is magic in power. There is magic in destiny. But there is also magic in **belonging**—in the kind of companionship that turns separate souls into a single, unstoppable force.*

And with this gift, that force may just change the world.

✦ Hand of the Artificer (600)

"Where others see raw stone, you see potential. Where others see a battlefield, you see a blueprint."

*There are those who wield power. And then there are those who **build** it. You are of the latter kind—the quiet genius behind enchanted relics, the hand that inscribes runes into the spine of the world. Your magic does not vanish when the fight ends. It **remains**.*

*With this gift, you possess not only the knowledge, but the intuition, to shape magic into form—permanent, potent, and precise. Staves that enhance the strength of spells cast through them, stones that judge a Warrior's power, boots that race faster than the wind, swords that hum with invisible blades... You can create them all. If it can be imagined, and you have the materials, it can be **forged**.*

*Distance is no barrier. Teleportation arrays bloom beneath your fingertips. Need is no enemy. Barrier wards rise to protect cities, forests, even hearts. Even in worlds and places where magic is but a fading dream, where the laws of the land do not allow this wonder, **you will still find a way**. It may take time—days, months, years—but you will find the missing thread of magic and craft it into steel, burn the ritual into glass, paint the incantation into **reality**.*

And this power... extends beyond the mere Elements of this world. For wherever you travel, whatever strange energies you may encounter in other worlds—be it soulforce, psionics, chakra, or even divinity—your mind will adapt. A little study, a little practice, and you will shape that too into blade and shield, ring and relic.

*But—ah—if you are also **[The Child]**...*

Then something far rarer awakens.

[BOOSTED] Divine Forge Awakening

"The gods do not lend their tools. But perhaps... they will welcome another to their ranks."

*Your bond with your Element—the way it answers your thoughts, the way it sings in your soul—**shatters the boundaries of creation**.*

*You do not merely shape magical artifacts. You craft **wonders**. Items that blend the might of multiple Elements into forms and mixtures the world has rarely seen. A sword of fire that bends wind into every slash. A cloak of shadows that glides through water like a fish. Rings of ice that bloom lightning at your command...*

*And beyond even that—**Divine artifacts**.*

A warhammer that splits mountains with a whisper. A crown that sees across time. An impenetrable barrier of invisible force that only opens for the pure-hearted. Armor that does not crack, even in the presence of a god's wrath...

*These are not items. They are **legends**, waiting to be born. Waiting for a suitable wielder to bring out their full might and reforge the story of this world in your image.*

The God Clan themselves would see your handiwork and pause—not with suspicion, but with recognition. You are a child of the Elements, yes... but also a crafter of divinity. And if this is where you begin...

Then what, one wonders, might you one day create when the stars themselves call you friend?

Western Races

✦ Grace of a Demon (100)

*Some are born noble. Others are born kind. And then there are those like you—**loud**, uncouth, too quick to boast or bark, too slow to apologize. You speak without thinking. You posture when you should be humble. You make threats you don't mean, and some you do. You are, in short, a **disaster** of etiquette.*

And somehow... no one holds it against you for long.

*With this strange but potent blessing, your worst moments seem to slip through the cracks of memory like mist through fingers. You can insult a prince to his face and still be offered wine by nightfall. You can pick a fight in the streets and find the same victims inviting you to drinks a week later—**amused**, not angered. Even the enemies you push around may shrug it off with a laugh, should you bother to smile the next day.*

*As long as you are not truly a threat—so long as your hands remain clean, your heart not given over to cruelty—your tantrums, outbursts, and glaring flaws simply... **don't stick**.*

Reputation? Bruised, never broken.

First impressions? Forgotten before the second.

Old misdeeds? Washed away with the faintest hint of repentance.

You can threaten someone's life and have them fall in love with you a week later. You can shove a friend into the mud, disappear for days, then return to raucous laughter and open arms. You could spend your childhood bullying someone and still win their awe the moment you pretend you've changed.

It is not charm. It is not deceit. It is something stranger—a ***narrative resilience****. You are the rogue who always finds their way back into the circle. The scoundrel the world insists on loving. The unpolished star whose gravity cannot be denied.*

It does not excuse evil.

It does not shield you from justice.

But if you are merely rough around the edges... you may find that those edges are not only tolerated—

—they are adored.

✦ Ruler of the Wild (300)

There are leaders who command respect through wisdom. Others through fear, or charisma, or bloodline. But you—you draw loyalty from the wild, the selfish, the overly ambitious, the snarling and solitary. The ones others cannot lead.

And somehow... they ***listen****.*

You could gather the most volatile pack of bandits, mercenaries, war beasts, and half-mad sorcerers—each convinced of their own superiority, each ready to tear the others apart—and by sunset, they would be following you. Not because you cowed them. Not because you bribed them. But because something in your presence, something in your spirit, ***binds****.*

Ambition does not vanish. Greed does not wither. But under your banner, they stop clashing. They become ***useful****. Sharpened. Aims align, not by design, but by instinct. They want to fight for themselves—but they* ***choose*** *to fight with you.*

They do not mellow. They do not soften.

And still... they become something greater than the sum of their chaos.

A tribe. A squad. A family, if you will it.

Even beasts feel it—those with tusks and tempers, who never knelt before a master.

Even demons feel it—those who scoff at humility, and seek only their own rise.

They come for their own reasons.

They stay because they can't imagine walking away.

You will not need long speeches. You will not need years of trust-building or weeping, soul-searching nights around the fire. You only need a single common goal, no matter how small. They will simply find themselves falling into step, each somehow knowing their place in this living storm you've gathered.

*And when your enemies look upon the ragtag warband, expecting betrayal and disarray, they will find instead a wall of teeth and magic and will so **tight** they cannot slip a blade between it. They will find a wild, continent-spanning **Empire**—standing strong and united against all odds.*

They will ask, "How did they unite them?"

And the answer will be simple:

You didn't.

*They did it themselves... for **you**.*

✦ The Devouring Mist (600)

> *"It is not the dark that destroys—but the dark that hungers."*

There is a darkness that does not hunger for destruction, but for strength.

It creeps not to harm, but to take.

To pull the world into itself, and keep what it wants.

This is your power—a dark, rolling mist, summoned at will, born from your touch, your spirit, and your will. At its simplest and at no cost, it clings to your skin like a shadowed flame, and anything that touches it—spell, sword, people—weakens, as the mist drinks deep.

Touch a Mage, and watch their fire sputter. Touch a Warrior, and see the energy in their strikes bleed away. Even the resilient spells of the Light Element, so infamous for their resistance to corruption, will bend beneath your devouring presence.

The mist can spread. Oh yes—it can grow. A ripple, then a sea. A whisper, then a storm, stretching as far as your power allows. The cost is yours to bear, but the reward is steep: the supernatural energies it takes, it gives back to you. Cast a wider net, drain faster, become more.

Not fighting? Not touching anyone? No matter. The mist does not sleep. It can consume the Elements in the air, feeding your magic like a furnace on open flame. This won't raise your rank or deepen your spirit like true meditation would... but it makes your magical reserves feel endless. Replenishment becomes second nature, even in the heat of battle. You become a storm with no calm.

And yet, this is not its full shape.

[BOOSTED] True Void

"Where others ascend by fate, you ascend by theft—of power, of purpose, of time itself."

Some Children receive gifts from the heavens.

You... take them from the world.

*If the Element has Acknowledged you, then the devouring mist changes. It ceases to simply drain power—and begins to consume **progress**, identity, destiny.*

*Your understanding of your Element becomes so deep, so intimate, that it exposes the threads that tie others to their strength. And with that knowledge... comes the power to **cut**.*

You can drain not just energy, but the very Cultivation of another. Their dantians weaken. Their decades of advancement unravel. They fall, slowly, helplessly, back into mortality—while your own growth accelerates, their hard-won power seeping into your core like sweet wine.

But there's more. Oh, far more.

That rare gift someone was born with? That unique magic only they can use?

Gone.

*No, not gone. **Yours**, if the mist tastes it long enough.*

Even lifespans are not beyond reach. As you feed on their very lifeforce, your own thread stretches longer—your days stolen from those who stood too near, too long. Though the loss of lifeforce has no visible effect on one's body, they can feel their flame growing weaker with each passing instant.

It is not a power for the faint-hearted.

It is not a power to brandish without purpose.

*But it is **power**, and it is in your hands. For better or worse.*

Magical Beasts

✦ Fate Beast Pact (100)

*In the olden days when the gods still walked the land, the first of these pacts was struck—a **Fate Beast**, woven from possibility, sealed into a bond by choice and word.*

You now hold that same ancient right.

*This pact binds two souls as one, but with **defined roles**: one shall stand as **Summoner**, the will that calls; the other as **Fate Beast**, the force that answers.*

*The Summoner gains the right to summon the Fate Beast **at any time**, from **anywhere**, with no need for preparation or chant. Even across worlds, even across veils. When not summoned, the Fate Beast rests **dormant**, disincarnated, woven into the Summoner's presence like a whisper of shadow or light. Always near, always listening. Always ready.*

*But this is no slave's chain. The connection is **mutual**.*

*The Summoner and the Fate Beast share more than battlefields. They share **thoughts**, their minds brushing together at will, no matter the distance. They share **growth**, each growing stronger as the other ascends. And they share **knowledge**—skills, spells, instincts, power. What one learns, the other understands, as though they had studied it themselves.*

But, as the holder of this Perk, you may decide which parts of your knowledge and power your bonded partner may access. You may grant freely, or restrict carefully—but the choice is yours alone. Your partner has no such control over what you may learn from them.

*And there is more. In battle, your energies cannot clash. The Pact prevents **unintended harm** between you—no wild spell, no reckless strike, no accidental burst of force will ever touch your partner, even in the chaos of war. The Summoner may rain destruction like a god, and the Fate Beast will walk through it untouched.*

*Only one such bond may exist at a time. It is a pact of **fate**, not convenience. To forge it, you must agree on its **terms**—clearly, completely. Words alone won't do. Both sides must understand, and both must **consent**. It cannot be broken on a whim. Only death, mutual agreement, or the escape clauses written into the contract can sever what was sealed.*

It is a gift, a duty, a beautiful friendship.

*And in your hands, it may become the beginning of a **legend**.*

✦ Elemental Spirit (300)

You are no longer bound to the strictures of flesh.

Your body remains... or at least, the world believes it does. You still walk, speak, laugh. You can lift a cup, leave footprints in the snow, breathe in the scent of spring. But beneath it all, you are no longer truly made of meat and marrow.

*You are **Element**, first and last.*

*Your form is composed entirely of your chosen magical Element—Fire, Water, Earth, Space, Light, or any other. And while you may still **look** solid, still **move** as others do, that shape is yours to control. A shell of magic made flesh, and flesh made **malleable**.*

*You may shift your shape as needed: lengthen a limb, twist your body to slip through a crack, stretch or shrink or harden as instinct demands. Your physical form is **fluid**, governed not by biology but by intent and magic power.*

*And more: when danger comes, when steel rises or stones fall, you may let go of solidity entirely. Your body becomes **intangible**, letting physical harm pass*

through you without resistance. Blades slice through nothing. Arrows pierce only illusion. Boulders crash through empty air.

Only supernatural attacks—magic, battle spirit, divine power—can touch you then. For only those forces speak the same language as you now do.

*But the greatest gift may be your **enduring vitality**.*

*Where others must watch their lifeforce dwindle, you are tethered not to blood, but to **magic itself**. So long as there is ambient magical energy in the world around you—so long as even a trace of your Element lingers in the air—you do not wither. You do not die. Your **lifeforce sustains itself**, fed and cradled by the very essence of what you are.*

And in this way... you persist. Not as a fragile creature clawing at immortality, but as part of the world's weave itself.

A flame that walks. A river that speaks.

✦ Primordial King (600)

"Perfection isn't earned—it awakens. They strive—you are."

There are those who train, who struggle, who claw their way to the summit of what their kind can be.

*And then... there is **you**.*

With this gift, you become the absolute peak of your species the moment the world first draws breath into your lungs. Strength, speed, beauty, wit—whatever

qualities your kind are known for, you now embody their perfection. No one of your kind is your equal. No one of your kind will doubt it, either.

*They will not necessarily worship you. They may not even like you. But when you speak, they **listen**. When you act, they **move**. It is not faith or affection you gain—it is **obedience**, as instinctive as breath. You are the apex, the culmination, the **standard by which all others are now measured**.*

*And this influence does not end with your kind alone. Close kin—cousin species, offshoots, ancestral echoes—will feel the **pull** of your dominance as well. Their deference is softer, less certain... but it is still there. Unless they are beings stronger than you outright, they will feel it. The blood remembers.*

There has never been a kingdom of beasts before... perhaps it is time for a radical change.

[BOOSTED] Apex Legacy

"Long live the people—long live the king."

*Your Element whispers to you the long-forgotten history of your people. It shows you their rise, their fall, their place in the grand weave of fate. You become not merely a peak, but a **keystone**—something around which your species begins to gather.*

*Should you ever rule them—not merely lead a squad or command a title, but **truly rule** in a way they acknowledge—then power will flow. Not worship. Not prayer. But something **older** than both.*

*For every subject that lives beneath your banner, a sliver of their strength becomes **yours**. A warrior's reflex. A mage's insight. A beast's tenacity. You do not steal from them—they lose nothing. But you **gain** from them, like a mountain made higher by the stones gathered at its feet.*

*And more: your lifespan becomes a **reflection** of your people's survival. You may still die by sword, spell, or betrayal. But so long as even one loyal subject breathes somewhere in the world, **your age will not touch you**. You will not decay. You will not fade.*

To lead is a burden.

To reign is a sacrifice.

*But to be the first, the finest, the true **heart** of a race... that is legacy.*

The Path of the Mage

✦ Spellweaver (100)

To combine spells is to defy the very structure of magic itself. Every spell, no matter how simple, is a delicate construct: purpose, power, and form, all held in tension. Change one piece too quickly, and it unravels. Combine two, and they may clash—burning out, tearing apart, shattering like glass under thunder.

*For ordinary mages, it requires mastery—true, perfect mastery of both spells. Then inspiration, often born of desperation. Perhaps a glimpse of death looming too close. Perhaps a loved one beyond reach. Perhaps a mad idea in a moment of clarity. Then, and only then, might they **fuse** two spells into a new one.*

*And fusing spells of the **same Element**? Harder still. For the Elements are like flowing rivers, always seeking a path. Trying to force them in two directions at once is like damming a flood with a whisper.*

But you... you were born to shape the storm.

To you, fusion is not a desperate art. It is a natural language.

*Once you've merely familiarized yourself with a spell—perhaps a few weeks, a month of training—it becomes malleable. Not mastered, no, but **ready**. Ready to be reshaped, reimagined, rewoven. Whether the spells belong to different Elements, or are stubborn cousins of the same one, the difficulty remains the same: none.*

You do not struggle to make spells obey. You invite them to evolve. And they do.

Even more wondrous, this talent does not end at Elemental sorcery. Whatever world you walk next, whatever strange energies or mystical arts you uncover—techniques powered by flame, blood, will, spirit, sound, time, shadow, or divine decree—you will see the threads beneath them all, and know how to bind them.

Fusion, to others, is a rare talent.

To you, it is simply... creation.

✦ Battle-Honed (300)

In the eyes of most who wield the arcane, magic is a delicate, deliberate craft. It is learned in scroll-lined halls, in classrooms and schools, under the watchful

gaze of old masters with long memories. Progress is measured in patient hours. Power, in study and meditation.

But that path was never meant for you.

When you battle against another—something changes. The strain of calling more power than you're ready for, the desperation of casting spells on reflex, the thrill of near-defeat and last-second triumph... all of it burns itself into you.

And it leaves something behind.

A subtle deepening of your reserves. A smoother shaping of the spell. A sharper edge to your command of the Element. Not all at once. Not something you notice mid-duel. But over time, win or loss... it builds.

The more you push, the more you grow. A battle against a peer would save you perhaps a month or 'normal' development. A desperate last stand against a clear superior who fights you seriously? Years, perhaps decades, should you survive the experience.

And this is no trick of a single art. No quirk of your Element alone. This effect extends to all supernatural disciplines you touch. Magic, battle spirit, even esoteric gifts from other worlds—so long as they can be used in combat, they can be refined in combat, casual or deadly.

✦ A Sliver of Sacrifice (600)

"Once more, breathe."

Of all the spells whispered by Mages, few are so feared, revered—and quietly wept over—as the Light's ritual of sacrifice. A noble act, yes. A desperate one,

always. To sever one's own thread of life and weave it into another's, at the cost of half a future.

But you are not bound by that cost. Not anymore.

Where others chant and kneel in sacred circles, you need only a ***touch****. Where others surrender half lifespan to restore a broken life, you offer only* ***what you will****. One year. One month. One day at the least. The power that flows from you is not Light by spell alone—it is Light as* ***truth****, in its oldest, most painful form: self-sacrifice.*

With it, you can heal what others cannot: shattered bones, rotting disease, the slow crush of age. So long as you still have life to give, you may mend another's. There is no price in magic power. Only time... and the will to lose it.

But the true miracle of this gift lies not in healing, but in defiance. For should death claim someone too soon—no matter how long-gone—you may ***call them back****.*

No ritual. No offering. No choir of priests. Only a piece of flesh to touch, a spark of your lifeforce to spend, and the command to rise.

They will return. Whole. Unmarked. ***Alive****.*

Yet beware: this return is borrowed, not earned. A year of your life gives them a year to walk once more. A day grants a day. When the time ends, so do they once again—swiftly, and without delay.

You could become a healer like no other. A savior. A quiet legend in tavern songs. But every miracle you grant is a wound in your own thread of fate. One day, your last sliver of life may be resting in someone else's chest.

✦ Mage of Many Crowns (800)

"Why choose only one river to drink from,
when every sea opens its arms to you?"

The path of the Mage is one of allegiance. To bond with an Element is to steep your very soul in it, to let it stain your dantian, reshape your magic power, and become the lens through which all things are seen. Once chosen, it is absolute. No second path will ever truly open to you—unless you would see your entire cultivation shattered in the attempt.

Unless, of course... you are not bound by that rule.

You are born with something others lack: a gift both subtle and blasphemous. Each time you draw from a supernatural source—be it Fire, Water, Space, or even forces of another world—your being responds not with resistance, but with welcome. You do not warp your old power to fit the new. Instead, you grow a ***new container*** *altogether, a perfect vessel, untainted, as if made just for that energy alone.*

Where others must walk one road, you may walk ***many****. Fire may be your strength, but so too may Light, Ice, Earth, or the Weave of Dreams from another star. Each cultivated path stacks beside the others, equal in size and strength, never interfering, never rejecting one another. What would normally be*

an impossible tangle of metaphysical conflict is to you a simple, instinctive ***harmony****.*

Progress in each Element remains a journey of decades, yes. A new magic must be meditated upon, refined, tested like any other. But the fact that you can... that you may one day cast a forbidden spell of Space after hurling a sacred Light incantation... that you might pull on four or five entire reserves of magic power as if you had lived five separate lives...

It is not a gift. It is the foundation of a legacy. A Mage of Many Crowns. A library of Elements housed in a single soul.

[BOOSTED] Child of Everything

"Acknowledged. Again. And again."

Where others beg an Element to listen, you are acknowledged. And that acknowledgment does not stop at your first bond. No, your unique nature allows the title of 'The Child' to follow you into ***every Element*** *you touch. Each time you reach out and grasp a new force, that force reaches back with acceptance, with* ***Acknowledgement****. You do not merely borrow its power—you become its Child. The Child of Fire. The Child of Light. The Child of Space, of Time, of Chaos.*

It does not stop at this world alone.

Step into another world, one ruled not by Elements but by Chakra, by Ki, by Soulforce or Spirit Threads, and the result remains the same. If it can be grasped, it can recognize you. You become the Child of Chakra. The Child of Aura. The Child of Psionics.

You do not need to earn the trust of these forces. You are their trust. And should you walk enough worlds, gather enough acknowledgments, there may come a day where no force, no law of power, no system of might lies beyond your grasp. You would not merely be a Child of Light or Shadow then...

You would be the ***Child of Everything****.*

And at that point, perhaps it is time to stop calling you a prodigy, or a Mage, or even a god in the making. Perhaps, by then, you simply are.

The Path of the Warrior

✦ War Flow (100)

When others learn to fight, they carve out shapes in still water—each style its own isolated ripple, disrupting the next. But not for you. The moment a weapon enters your hand or a fighting stance draws your attention, something ancient awakens within. A pool of knowledge, yes—but not one that fills, stagnates, and overflows. Rather, it deepens endlessly, always widening to make space.

Swordsmanship, polearms, unarmed strikes, dagger work, chain weapons, even exotic styles from far-off lands—each new form becomes another motion in your ever-growing dance of battle. They do not replace each other, and they do not compete. They ***weave together****, as threads into a single tapestry. Old skills are never discarded—only refined by the new.*

And more than memory, instinct guides your hands. Footwork you've never practiced becomes natural under pressure. Movements you've seen once can be repeated with grace. In battle, you are not a library of styles—you are the war

itself. You flow, adapting and absorbing, and the longer you fight, the deeper your understanding becomes.

To clash with you is to face not a warrior, but the weight of every warrior before you.

✦ Knowledge is Power (300)

A strange notion, some would say, that a Warrior should grow from knowledge. That comprehension—cold and quiet—could feed the fire of battle. Yet in you, the body and the mind are no longer divided. One learns, and the other grows stronger for it.

You need no spellbook, no ancient tome. You only need to understand. When you grasp a truth—about the Elements, about the soul, about the shape of power itself—that truth settles into your bones. It strengthens your stride, hardens your strikes, sharpens your will. It becomes muscle and momentum. A law of the world, once understood, becomes your weapon.

And this understanding is not idle. It opens doors. Others cast spells with magic power, you could move the Elements by feats of strength and battle spirit. You do not chant incantations. You manifest the principle by force and fury. A Warrior with the mind of a Magister... or something beyond even that.

So seek truths. Tear them from books or from battlefields, from gods or from enemies. Every insight is a step forward. And in time, your comprehension alone might strike down those who once believed you brute and blind.

✦ Burning Life (600)

"One minute. One lifetime."

There comes a time when strength alone is not enough. When the path forward is barred, and no reserve remains. That is when you may burn what none dare touch: your very life.

You may sacrifice your lifeforce—not just energy, but time stolen from your future, years that will never come again—for power that is not your own, not yet. With but a breath, you can rise one Realm above your current limits, and for one blazing minute, you will stand where perhaps you never could have stood in your lifetime. But power is greedy, and time burns fast. For every second you push past that minute, another month vanishes. And if you tried to rise to yet higher Realms, the cost doubles again and again. One year for the first step. Two for the second. Four for the third. Dozens of years, and you stand where legends do... but only for a few heartbeats more.

When it ends—and it always does—you fall. Not broken, but emptied, the lifeforce torn away leaves you weary, this power hollow and unresponsive for a day and a night. No matter how mighty you are, no matter the health of your flesh, lifeforce is life. When it's gone, so are you.

Yet this path is not madness. Lifeforce can be grown, stolen, bartered for. There are many ways to cheat death... but none to undo this choice once made. You will pay the price.

And still—there is something to be gained. For once you have forced yourself into a Realm above, once your soul has tasted power it should not yet hold, the

bottleneck begins to loosen. The impossible becomes imaginable, the distant near. It becomes easier to ascend the proper way, as though your body remembers the shape of greatness and yearns to return. Even sacrifice leaves behind its seeds.

✦ Future War God (800)

"Godhood not claimed, but reached—one breath at a time."

Your frame is not just flesh and bone—it is the vessel of something greater. The echo of a legend yet to be written.

*Your stamina is **endless**. Wounds that would fell another are tender annoyances which will be gone within a week. Training carves its lessons deep into your body, and yields twice the reward it should for half the effort. There is no plateau, no limit. Muscles never atrophy. Skills never fade. As long as you push forward, your growth remains steady, unrelenting, **infinite**.*

And time? It fears you. At a hundred years, you will strike harder, move faster, and think sharper than you did at twenty, not despite your age, but because of it. Experience layers upon strength, until one day, the word "Warrior" no longer fits. Until your enemies call you something older, something heavier. Until they kneel and whisper: War God.

[BOOSTED] Elemental Vessel

"The Element, embodied."

*As a Child, your Element seeps deeper. The body, like the soul and spirit, is reshaped by the touch of your Element. You do not merely wield it—you **are** it. A Child of Fire does not burn. Fire heals and feeds them, as warmth feeds life. Flames, magical or mundane, cleanse their wounds and harden their resolve. Boulders break upon the skin of a Child of Earth. A Child of Light cannot be blinded. The Element and all that is born of it **bends** to your form and makes it whole again.*

*And when you train—when you sweat and bleed beneath your Element's gaze—your efforts **triple** in effectiveness. You do not merely grow stronger. You ascend, one step at a time, toward the myth your body was always meant to become.*

Items

***Items**—gifts true and real. The last boons you shall be offered before you are sent on your way. Choose as you wish, though the choices are limited. Regardless, there are no discounts for these—instead, you are granted **+600CP** more to use here and here alone.*

✦ A Small Sum (100 / 50)

A single diamond coin ends up in your pockets, monthly. Where it comes from, no one knows. Regardless, it is more than enough currency for a normal human to survive in high confort, if not luxury. One diamond coin is a hundred gold coins. Only half of that sum is necessary to buy a rather expensive magical staff capable of increasing the power of spells.

As you travel, you will find that you do not receive diamond coins anymore, but rather the equivalent amount in the most acceptable local currency. If you so choose and ask nicely, you may receive exactly the currency you wish for next month.

You may take this repeatedly, at half the price for each further purchase.

✦ Pouch of Magic Stones (200 / 100)

Magic is not always a formless thing. Sometimes, it hardens. Crystallizes. At the roots of mountains, in the heart of beasts, it takes shape. These are magic stones—silent jewels of power birthed from the patience of the Elements.

Some are attuned to sensing. Hold one to your chest, and it will measure your magic power, the strength and maturity of your dantian, your affinities. Others are denser, pulsing with raw elemental might—Fire that still hungers, Earth that still bears weight. These can be used for cultivation, crafting, or even feeding a spell too vast for your current reserves.

You receive a small pouch of such stones every month, holding anywhere between five and ten. Each one is different. Some rare. Some common. Some known. Some unknown. A gift of solid magic, time and time again, waiting for you to find its use—or for it to find its place in your path.

You may take this repeatedly, at half the price for each further purchase.

✦ Personal Magic Artifact (400 / 200)

Magic is not only cast. It is worn, carried, channeled—bound into crafted form by those who understand its weight and rhythm. From staves that catch the

storm in their grain to garments that hum with protective song, such artifacts are extensions of the will. And you are granted one.

What shape it takes is up to you.

Perhaps you choose a staff—slender, elegant, and alive with purpose. It might be carved from the branch of a timeless oak, still green at its heart, or a shard of crystallized lightning wrapped in silver runes. Whatever its form, it deepens your connection to one Element of your choice, allowing you to command its spells a full Realm beyond your current rank. The cost of magic bends before you, reduced by a tenth, and the flow of the Element becomes as smooth as breath.

Or you may desire clothing—Mage-robes not sewn, but woven through rituals. They never fray, never cling uncomfortably, always whisper warmth or cool depending on your needs. They too are Element-attuned. Choose one, and the robes will strengthen all your spells of that nature by half again, and halve the force of similar magic directed at you. Not just armor, but declaration: you and your Element are one.

This item is bound to your soul. It cannot be lost, cannot be taken, and cannot be broken for longer than a single day before it repairs itself anew.

One such item is granted to you. One artifact, forged of choice and bound to you by intent. Use it well—for it may one day be called a relic of legend.

You may take this repeatedly, at half the price for each further purchase.

✦ The Book of Elementary Spells (600)

It is a humble thing at first glance. Bound in soft leather, its pages thin and light, its spine worn like it's passed through many hands. You could tuck it into your robes or the folds of a traveling pack and forget it's even there. But within it lies the magic of a world.

This book contains every known Elementary spell. All of them.

These are the spells that shaped the foundations of magic—the kind that still require incantations, that rely on voice, intent, and magic power. They are the simplest and most accessible, yet their simplicity is not a weakness. An Elementary spell might light a candle or summon a flash of flame, yes—but also teleport you across the field of battle, fold space into a hungry void, or remove the air from a man's lungs.

They are varied, and they are countless. This book contains them all.

For each spell, it gives its name, its chant, a description of its effect, the name of the one who first created it, tales of how it was used in ages past, warnings of failure, and dangers of misuse. You do not need to search. Ask for the kind of spell you need—fire, barrier, movement, silence, destruction, illusion—and the book will open to the page. Always light. Always precise. It is a spellbook, a guide, and a chronicle of magic's first language.

And it does not stop growing.

Should you travel to other worlds, where new arts arise—techniques or powers fueled by spoken word and supernatural energy alone—the book will recognize them. They will appear within its pages, complete and documented, so long as

*they follow the rule: if it **can be used by anyone**, given the right **chant** and the **energy to fuel it**, then it belongs here. If new Elementary spells are born in this world while you are still here, they too will be added.*

This is not a grimoire of greatness. It is the wellspring beneath it. The quiet, ever-burning light at the root of magic.

It is yours now and forever. Bound to your soul, it cannot be lost or torn apart, quietly finding its way in your hands whenever you need it.

✦ Divine Artifact (800 / 400)

Magic can be forged. Willed into form, shaped by craft and ritual. But what is offered here is beyond such mortal means.

This is not a tool shaped by magic. This is a weapon shaped by divinity. A thing forged when the world trembles and the sky holds its breath.

The form it takes is yours to decide. A helm that grants you the strength of a titan, every step shaking the land beneath you. A warhammer vast and brutal, whose every strike could flatten a mountain range and ring across the bones of continents. A shield so absolute that no attack—no matter its source, no matter its strength—can breach its defense or even rattle it. A sword of impossible edge, cleaving through not just flesh and bone but the seams of space, unraveling spells and cutting into the very structure of reality.

This is not a gift lightly given. This is a god's inheritance.

But you are not yet a god.

The Artifact will answer your call, but not in full—not yet. The greater your power, the more of its true might will stir in your hands. A Magister, no matter how accomplished, could wield perhaps a tenth of it... and with that fraction, stand toe-to-toe with the divine and hope to win. And when you grow stronger, so too does it. The Divine bends to no one, but it remembers loyalty. If ever you surpass it, it will not grow obsolete—it will grow with you.

This Artifact is bound to your soul. It cannot be lost, cannot be taken, and cannot be broken for long. Should it shatter, give it a day, and it will find its shape again.

You need only name it. And let the world tremble at its return.

You may take this repeatedly, at half the price for each further purchase.

Companions

➢ Import (Free)

Old Companions and comrades you wish to bring along? This is a world founded on the principles of friendship and kindness. Of love. So of course, the option is offered to you.

However many brothers and sisters in arms you have by your side, they may all join you on your journey in this world. All of them are granted ***800CP*** *to make their own selections. Whether they walk the road of Mages or Warriors, whether they carve a legend in light or shadow, their fate is now bound to this realm—just as yours is.*

So bring them. This is a journey best shared.

➢ New Friends (Free)

Or perhaps there are people you will meet in this world that you wish to keep with you? New brothers and sisters, new fellows of battle, new peers and teachers...

In such a world, it would be no surprise. Fine then. So long as you can convince them to remain by your side, they may follow you until the very end of your Chain.

➢ Your Fate Beast (Free)

Ah—so that's what this is. You're not just asking for a companion. You're asking for your other half.

If you were among the fortunate few to forge a bond with a Fate Beast in this world, then it would be unjust to separate you now. That creature, that presence, is more than a summon—it is a piece of your soul. So we will grant them the title they deserve: ***Companion****.*

Your Fate Beast will accompany you for all the journeys yet to come. You may choose to maintain your bond as summoner and summoned, letting them rest within your shadow or be called forth in times of need. Or, if you wish, they may incarnate in future worlds and walk beside you in their own form.

But understand—this is no mere contract. This is not the [Fate Beast Pact] Perk, though it may resemble it at a glance. This is deeper. This is a life bond.

You and your Fate Beast are tied together in spirit and essence, each carrying the other's soul within them.

As such, you share everything. Every power, every perk, every gift and curse. What you gain, they gain. What they become, you become. As you grow stronger through each world and trial, so too shall they, and together you will become something far greater than the sum of your parts.

Drawbacks

And finally, the price of power. When you aim beyond your reach, when you fall a bit short of your desires... these curses will grant you what you lack, for a cost.

***Drawbacks** cannot be superseded by any Perk or power. They take precedence, always. Thankfully, they will disappear when you leave this world.*

= Stranger in a Strange World (50)

Did you know that blue hair is a perfectly normal thing in this world? Indeed, it's not an anomaly, but a part of everyday life. Elves, with their elegantly pointed ears and a pair of wings, walk freely alongside short dwarves, titanic dragons, furred individuals, and those with an endless array of vibrant, impossible colors in their features. In this world, it's all commonplace.

And yet, here you are, fixated on it.

It's not exactly a problem—nothing that would lead to confusion, phobia, or disorientation. But there's a certain oddity to it, something that doesn't quite

sit right. Each time you encounter these peculiarities, there's a fleeting moment where your mind thinks, "What?"—only for it to swiftly follow up with, "Right, it's normal here."

= Safety First (100)

You are lazy. Not in the charming, "I'll do it tomorrow" sort of way—no, your indolence and pacifism seep into the core of who you are. Ambition fades. Dreams dim. You avoid conflict not out of fear, but out of sheer disinterest. Why fight when you can flee? Why chase greatness when safety is easier?

Your every choice leans toward survival and comfort. Power, status, glory—they all sound like too much work. You'll gather just enough strength to stay alive, no more. That is, until the world forces your hand. When peace becomes impossible without power, only then will you reluctantly pursue it.

If you came to this world with grand goals or burning purpose, they will fade into the background. Survival becomes your first instinct. Rest, your constant craving. And war? War is always someone else's problem—until it isn't.

= Until the End (200)

You will remain in this world for several more decades—until the destined tale reaches its close, when the Child of Light slays the Monster King and ascends as the Radiant God. You will witness the final arc, the last upheaval, and the closing of this world's great story.

Needless to say, your journey will be far more perilous for it. The end is not quiet, nor kind.

...Unless, of course, you are the one powerful enough to slay the Monster King. In that case, the story may end on your terms.

Either way, you will be free to depart this world only once the tale is finished—one way or another.

= The Weight of Fame (400)

This is a world forged in love—but also one teeming with roads to tangible, glittering power. And where power thrives, so too must challenge.

As such, the moment your name earns renown in any field—be it martial, magical, scholarly, or otherwise—you will begin to attract challengers. Rival after rival will seek you out, each more determined than the last, until you have proven yourself truly undefeatable among your peers.

But fame is a flame that feeds itself. The moment you rise above one circle, new eyes will find you. New peers will rise to meet you. And this does not end. There is no ceiling.

If you become too famous, too revered, too feared—then legends will stir, ancient monsters will rise, and even the gods may descend for a chance to test their mettle against yours.

You wanted greatness, after all. Now it's coming for you.

= Love and Sacrifice (600)

You embody the purest essence of the Light Element—its ideals of love, peace, and self-sacrifice. These are virtues of a hero, a protagonist destined for

greatness in the tales of old. Yet, for someone who seeks longevity or pragmatic survival, these same virtues may prove to be a double-edged sword.

To you, peace and love are paramount above all else. If you can save others from pain, you will take it upon yourself, regardless of the cost. The thought of saving even a single soul from suffering can lead you to make drastic, self-sacrificial decisions. You do not relish killing, and while you are capable of ending a life in defense of others or in true necessity, your first instinct is always to offer peace, a second chance, or a moment of understanding. Even on the battlefield, your opening move will be one of negotiation, not annihilation. You will pause to show mercy, even to those who aim to harm you or your loved ones.

This belief runs so deeply within you that even when confronted by genocidal enemies, those who hate you, or even those who, by all logic, will return stronger to strike again, you will still offer forgiveness. You believe all beings are deserving of love and redemption, and that no one is truly beyond saving. Only those who repeatedly refuse a chance at peace, or those who pose an immediate, undeniable threat to life, will face your wrath—but even then, you will feel the weight of the choice.

You will go out of your way to mediate conflicts, even when they do not involve you. You cannot stand by when you see injustice, and you will always be driven to make the world more just, peaceful, and harmonious—often at the cost of your own well-being.

This might make you a beacon of hope in the eyes of many, but it also leaves you vulnerable, for your compassion is limitless—and not everyone shares the same ideals. Those who take advantage of your kindness may grow stronger as

you offer your heart to them, and your endless goodwill may draw you into countless dangerous situations. You may find that in your pursuit of peace, you become embroiled in battles that never truly end.

= To Slay the Monster King (800)

You must slay the Monster King before you can leave this world. Not the clone currently wreaking havoc, but the true Monster King, sealed away by the gods. The clone is merely a shadow of the real threat, and if left unchecked, the full power of the Monster King will one day be unleashed.

The problem isn't that the world is on the brink of destruction—that's merely an unfortunate consequence. No, the true issue is that if you aren't strong enough to deal with the Monster King within the next few decades, the seal will break, and the gods will be forced to fight the Monster King on two fronts: the sealed Monster King and his clone. If that happens, the gods are unlikely to win. If they fail, it will fall to you.

To stand any chance against the true Monster King, you must first weaken his clone. This is the path of the Child of Light, who would traditionally kill the clone and then join the gods in a battle against the weakened Monster King. But ***the Child of Light is not here****. You, by choosing this path, have disrupted the course of fate, and as such, the Child of Light is absent from this world. The gods are missing their savior, their final hope.*

Without Zhang Gong Wei, it's up to you to follow in those footsteps. Get strong enough to defeat the clone, and in doing so, you will diminish the power of the sealed Monster King.

Then, and only then, will you be able to stand alongside the gods in their fight. If you fail to defeat the clone or grow strong enough in time, the gods will likely fall. At that point, you will have no choice but to face the full force of the Monster King alone—a near impossible task.

The clock is ticking. Grow stronger, gather power, and take on the mantle of the Child of Light. The world's fate depends on it—and so does your life.

The End

Your journey in this world has reached its culmination. The threads of fate have wound themselves into place, and now the time has come for you to choose your path forward. The choices ahead are yours to make, and they will shape the rest of your journey. Will you return to where it all began, stay where you've found new meaning, or step into the unknown? Each choice holds a future full of possibilities. Choose wisely.

The Path Home

With all the strength you have gained, all the knowledge you have acquired, and the Companions who have walked alongside you, you have the chance to return to where your journey began. Your power will be intact, your items, abilities, and allies coming along with you. The world you left behind may not have known what you've accomplished, but you will carry the weight of that power—and the memories of this world—with you.

Bound to This Land

This world, forged in love, strength, and challenge, has become your true home. Perhaps you've found a place in its heart—or perhaps this world has found a place in yours. There is much still to discover, many challenges to overcome, and your story is far from over. With your power, you could reshape this world, help it flourish, or simply settle in a peaceful corner of it to rest. The beauty of this world is that, just like you, it continues to grow.

You are no longer bound by the forces that brought you here, your Chain shattering without a sound. This world is yours to keep, and you will remain here forevermore.

Child of Spark

The journey must continue. There are countless worlds beyond this one, each with its own story, its own challenges, and its own rewards. While your time here has been momentous, there is more out there—more to experience, more to conquer, and perhaps more to learn. You can move on to the next world, leaving this one behind with a sense of fulfillment and peace.

No matter what you choose, know that your impact on this world will linger. But sometimes, the future calls, and there's no harm in saying goodbye—for new adventures await down the Chain, and the Spark calls.

Notes

Notes I took to write the jump. May contain interesting information, so I'm not deleting it.

Protagonist

- *Name: Zhang Gong Wei*
- *Role: Hero of the story, Child of Light, Radiant God*
- *Residence: Kingdom of Aixia, on the continent of Tianwu*
- *7 years old at the start*
    - *Magister by 17*
- *Lazy*
- *Magic:*
    - *Major: Light (no attack spells: avoid sparring sessions)*
    - *Minor: Space (to teleport away from danger)*

World

World Structure

- *Two continents: Tianwu (East) and Libo (West)*
- *The rest of the world is ocean*

Tianwu Continent - Three Kingdoms

1. **Dalu Kingdom**
    - *Largest territory (3/7 of Tianwu)*
    - *Rich in resources and wealth*
    - *Powerful military: largest army composed mainly of warriors, supported by mages due to strong funding*
2. **Xiuda Kingdom**
    - *Values knightly honor*
    - *Minimal mage population*
    - *Entire army consists of warriors*
    - *Strongest cavalry on Tianwu*
    - *Possesses 3 regiments of elite Earth Dragoons (intermediate-rank knights or higher)*
    - *Dominates open field battles unless countered by magical barriers*
3. **Aixia Kingdom (Zhang Gong's homeland)**
    - *A true magic kingdom*
    - *Every citizen receives at least elementary magical education*
    - *Numerous major magic schools (tuition required)*
    - *Poor citizens can still learn basic magic from the town Elder*

Political and Military Overview - East vs. West

Tianwu Continent (East – Human kingdoms):

- **Three Human Kingdoms:** *Dalu, Xiuda, Aixia*

- ***Highly United*** *due to a* ***common enemy****: the Western continent's demon race and Beastman clan*

Libo Continent (West – Non-Human Kingdoms):

1. ***Holy Light Empire***
    - ***Ruled by:*** *Demon race*
    - ***Appearance:*** *Human-like, except for* ***purple eyes***
    - ***Traits:*** *Ambitious, aggressive*
    - ***Magic:*** *Innate users of* ***darkness magic***
2. ***Valiant Mist Empire***
    - ***Ruled by:*** *Beastman clan*
    - ***Traits:*** *Cannot use magic, but possess* ***powerful bodies*** *and* ***high magic resistance***
    - ***Military:*** *Main army is strong;* ***ace corps*** *are even more formidable*

Geographical and Defensive Barrier:

- ***Tianduo Mountains:*** *Natural divide between Eastern and Western continents*
- ***Telun Fortress:*** *Massive mountain fortress built by humanity at great cost (millions of lives)*
- ***Lei Pond:*** *A natural barrier past the fortress that the Beastman clan have failed to cross*
- ***Result:*** *Peace has been maintained for* ***200 years***

Currency System

- ***Monetary Units:***

  1 Diamond Coin = 100 Gold Coins = 10,000 Silver Coins = 1,000,000 Copper

Coins

- ***Magic Crystal Value (High to Low):***
  Purple > Jade > Red > Blue > White > Black > Green

Magic - Supernatural

Three Stages of Magic Education:

1. Elementary Magic Academy

- ***Entry Age:*** *5–10 years old*
- ***Duration:*** *5 years*
- ***Graduation Exam Outcome:***
  - *Title of* ***Magic Disciple*** *or* ***Elementary Rank Mage***

2. Intermediate Magic Academy

- ***Admission Based On:*** *Performance in elementary graduation exam*
- ***Structure:*** *Credit-based system (60 credits to graduate)*
- ***Typical Duration:*** *5–10 years; fastest record is 3 years*
- ***Graduation Title: Intermediate Rank Mage***
- ***Common Dropout Point:*** *Many wealthy citizens stop at this level*
- ***Estimated Population:*** *300,000–450,000 intermediate rank mages in Aixia*

3. Advanced Magic Academy

- ***Entry Requirements:***
  - *Intermediate Rank Mage certificate*

    - *Pass **Mage's Union** examination*
- ***Admission Based On:** Exam performance*
- ***Tuition: Free** (kingdom-sponsored) to encourage magical talent*
- ***Top School: Royal Magic Academy** (extremely selective, even royalty must pass exams)*
- ***Graduation Outcome:** Certificate based on graduation exam performance*

Magic System

Elements of Magic

- ***Main Six Elements:***
    - *Light,*
        - *Defensive and curative spells*
        - *Natural weakness of the demon race*
    - *Darkness,*
    - *Water,*
    - *Fire,*
    - *Earth,*
    - *Wind*
- ***Special Elements:***
    - *Summoning magic,*
    - *Spatial magic,*
        - *Teleport, dimensional space*
    - *etc.*

Mage Ranks (Ascending Order)

1. *Novice Mage (Apprentice Mage) (0 stars)*

2. Elementary Rank Mage (1 star)
3. Intermediate Mage (2 star)
4. Advanced Mage (3 star)
5. Great Mage (4 star)
6. Magic Scholar (5 star)
7. Magister (a magic crest made of purple magic crystal)
8. **Grand Magister** (legendary; only one ever known)

Magic Spell Ranks

- **Elementary Class:** Ranks 1–3
- **Intermediate Class:** Ranks 4–5
- **Advanced Class:** Ranks 6–8
- **Forbidden Class:** Rank 9
    - Requires **6+ Magisters** to cast
    - Can be cast **alone only by a Grand Magister**

Warrior System

Warrior Ranks (Ascending Order)

1. Elementary Warrior
2. Intermediate Warrior
3. Advanced Warrior
4. Knight
5. Earth Knight
6. Heaven Knight
7. Holy Knight
8. Sword Saint

9. ***War God*** *(legendary)*

Battle Spirit Classes (Ascending Power)

1. *Battle Spirit*
2. *Earth Battle Spirit*
3. *Heaven Battle Spirit*
    - *+ 7th rank Fate Beast : fusion armor*
4. *God Battle Spirit*
5. *Holy Battle Spirit*
    - *Grants immunity to* ***all spells below forbidden class***

Summoned Beasts

- ***Two Types:***
    1. ***Power Growth Type:***
        - *Becomes stronger over time*
        - *Rare from ranks 1–9*
        - *Instinctively hostile toward body rank types*
    2. ***Body Rank Type:***
        - *Power is fixed from the moment of summoning*
        - *Higher rank = more powerful*
- ***Conflict Rule:*** *Power growth types and body rank types will try to kill each other in sight to eliminate future threats*

Currency System

- ***Monetary Units:***

1 Diamond Coin = 100 Gold Coins = 10,000 Silver Coins = 1,000,000 Copper Coins

- **Magic Crystal Value (High to Low):**

Purple > Jade > Red > Blue > White > Black > Green

Details

- Zhang Gong is lazy and avoids conflict
    - Motto is "safety first"
    - Great at bullshitting
    - Natural affinity to the light element, attracts it with no effort
    - 3 years of training before first magic exam (10 years old)
        - At the Royal Intermediate Magic Academy, in the capital
- Mages choose 1 Major, and up to 3 minor elements
- Ao De: best friend and classmate to Zhang Gong
    - Water Major, spatial minor
    - Keeps bullying girls for their sweets
- Teacher Lin 'Old Witch', 50 year old at start of story
    - Fire Major
    - Teaches the children (includes Zhang Gong)
- 200 years ago: first contact between the two continents
    - war . Light mages used as healers & secret weapons against demons, but nearly useless after the war due to lack of spells beyond healing & defense
- Xi Yu Xiu, teacher Xiu, 50 year old at start of story

    - Great Mage (Major: Space, minor: Light)
    - Special teacher for Zhang Gong at the start of the story
    - strict , punishes with physical exertion (long runs while pursued by a summoned beast and attack spells)
- Mages are given badges with stars to represent their level
- A Great Mage can use any magic element as long as the spell is an elementary class spell
- The elements are 'alive' in the air in some way
- Advanced magic requires: more Spiritual power (increased through meditation)
    - Elementary magic requires incantations
- Meditation:
    - Steps:
        - Focus on an element to feel it
        - Gather and store the element inside your Upper Dantian (between the eyebrows)
    - 8 hours of meditation a day is a strict regimen
    - Multiple mediation techniques exist
        - Only requires feeling the element, position does not matter, so sleeping meditation works
        - Different elements give different feelings. Light is warm, loving, and wants to be friends
    - Two meditation methods, generally
        - Forcefully gather the element. Constant effort.
        - Communicate with the element. If recognized, then they will gather themselves at great speed. No effort.

                - Can be maintained effortlessly, and 3 times more effective
                - Can replace sleep
    - Goal: recover and increase magic power
        - More elements absorbed means more magic power
            - More magic power: stronger spells
        - More magic power means more spiritual power
            - More spiritual power: more control over the elements. Higher grade spells and easier meditation
- Magic:
    - Elementary spells use incantations
    - Advanced spells rely entirely on spiritual power
    - Three different energies
        - Spiritual power: power of the spirit. Helps with meditation and higher grade spells. Helps magic control. Grows with magic power.
        - Magic power: internal power of the body. Increases the power of spells. Consumed to cast a spell. Grows with the amount of gathered elements.
            - Recovers with meditation
        - Elements: gathered by meditation into the Upper Dantian. Gathering increases magic power, and in turn spiritual power
            - Absorbed elements can help support spells of the same element, diminishing the magic power cost of spells.
                - Requires a good relationship with the elements, so no forceful meditation.

        - Can make spells free to use.
        - Turns your internal magic power into the same element
    - Goal: fill the Dantian with Elements & magical power
        - Compress into a solid sphere, until it becomes a liquid golden ball.
        - Keep compressing until the ball becomes transparent gold (Magister)
        - Make six of them (grand Magister)
            - Body can't handle sheer power
            - Requires understanding the Element and becoming one with it
- Magic stones
    - Different types
    - magic crystal type: detects and appraises magical power
- Teleportation : use spiritual power as a targeting beacon. Magic power determines max distance.
    - Elementary spell, short range teleportation incantation: "Move"
        - Grand Mage can go anywhere within 500 meters.
- There are magical beasts
- Snow spirit powder: good at healing burns
- Royal Intermediate Magic Academy: for kids with potential
    - 1/3 pass the exam later on and go to the Royal Magic Academy
    - Requires a Lord's recommendation to try the exam
    - Has a very high tuition
    - area of 15 000 square meters

    - 10 000 students taking the exam. 200 students will be qualified (1 in 50)
- Senke city
    - Where young Zhang Gong is going to school and learns the basics of magic
    - Very close to his home village
    - 1000km away from the capital city, 20 days of travel on foot.
- Magic staff to increase magic attack power
- Beast eggs
    - Element-attuned
    - Require blood and time to hatch
    - Imprints on the first person it sees
- Fusing spells is hard. Fusing spells of the same element is harder.
- Ma Ke Sai, Zhang Gong's friend at the Royal Intermediate Magic Academy
    - Major: Fire, minor: Wind.
- Xiao Jin
    - Light element white snake (actually a golden dragon)
    - Zhang Gong's "fate beast"
        - Creates a spiritual connection
        - Can be summoned with a spell
- Genius Magister age: > 20-30
    - Zhang Gong Wei at 17
- Elves
    - Natural archers. Powerful senses
- Dwarves
    - Natural craftsmen. Strong body

- Magic: use mind to control external Elements. Gather magic power in the upper dantian (between eyebrows).
    - Hard start: need to sense the Elements.
    - Easy progress: need to gather more elements and compress magic power.
    - Suited for external spells
- Battle spirit: unleash the potential of the body to produce battle aura. Gather battle spirit in the lower dantian (lower abdomen).
    - Easy start: need to exert the body and meditate.
    - Hard progress: need to understand and comprehend battle spirit and the world.
    - Suited for imbuing what's already there, reinforcement.
- Magic and battle aura can coexist and amplify each other.
- Pure Elves have race-specific magic & wings. They live for thousands of years.
    - Nature Elves have Nature magic. They have green hair and wings, and blue eyes.
    - Dark Elves have Dark (not Darkness) magic. They have black hair and wings, and violet eyes.
    - Both are mortal enemies.
- Holy Sword in the Forest of the Gods (the Nature Elves' home)
    - Protected by a sentient barrier that reacts to feelings of tranquility and beauty
        - Actually the God King in disguise
    - Beyond the barrier, the forest is full of stone giants hunting you until you show self-sacrifice and camaraderie, and bravery.

    - Then you go to a mountain. Find and study a teleportation array to activate it.
    - Inside the mountain is a maze. Find the weak ground and cause a cave in. That's the end.
    - The God King can bless you to train twice as fast for half the effort
        - And also give specific blessings from the gods
- God clans: an ancient race that evolved until they were overpowered and immortal. By that time, only 300 were left
    - They got so lonely they created all the races: humans, elves, demons, dwarves, dragons, giants...
- Monster clans: evil bastards that appeared hundreds of thousands of years ago and started fucking shit up.
    - Nearly all gods and a lot of the other races were killed annihilating them.
    - Monster King is still alive, sealed by the gods and recovering for hundreds of thousands of years.
        - They didn't kill him, hoping for a reformation. But he's just evil for fun.
        - They can't kill him now because he has recovered too much and let some of his power out of the seal as a clone. They need to hold him in place.
        - The clone is making the races fight each other to weaken them.
        - The gods want the clone to be killed. That will diminish the Monster King's power and allow them to kill him.

Changelog

Version 1.1

- *Fixed a missing price tag*

Version 1.0

- *Jumpable*