This world isn't so different from the modern one you're likely familiar with. Skyscrapers and suburbs grace the developed parts of the world. Sweatshops and ghettos fill it's poorer regions. Three great nations vie for dominance over all they survey. True, simple occult practices are common and the construction of Essence reactors is a known practice, but to many the Second Age of Creation is merely known as

SHARDS OF THE EXALTED DREAM: THE MODERN AGE

Things are rather more interesting behind the scenes.

Off the record, aircraft and infantry hurl bombs and bullets against supernatural insurgents. Peel back from the cityscapes to gain a bird's eye view, and you can see the endless chaos of the Wyld pressing in on the lands of Creation at its outmost edges where science and technology ceases to function reliably. Satellite imagery fails up the slopes of Mount Meru, which like the Elemental Poles hides many mysteries from the sight of electronics. There are urban legends of shapeshifting silver hellions that hunt terrorist spirits. Of corpse-faced assassins who kill with impunity. The masquerade has cracked in many places, and with how arrogant the powers that be who uphold have been nothing can truly remain as it seems forever.

The old myths have been retold down through the ages. Of terrible forces arrayed against the sun, moon and stars. Of how the celestial bodies chose champions of unrivalled might, who drove the dark powers to the brink of the beyond. Perhaps it is nothing more than an anthropological curiosity, given the mystery of why exactly these Exalted champions and their divine patrons vanished into the mists of time, as if their seeming triumph was simply erased from history...

…perhaps those golden champions appearing from nowhere could shed some light on the matter?

You have ten years to decide your fate amongst concrete and steel, and 1000 Choice Points (CP) to hone your mind and body into a weapon of beauty.

Starting Time, Age, Gender and Location

You have 10 years to seek your fate. You may be any human age, and whichever gender you were in a previous jump for free or you can pay 50 CP to change it. As for where you may start, perhaps the biggest difference with many other modern worlds is which three dominant countries dominate the world. Any of which may be chosen as your starting location:

Meruvia: Ever since the genocide of the Alaun by pioneers with flintlock pistols 600 years ago, the Blessed Realm's citizens have regarded it as the centre of the world. Rich and populous, isolated from foreign threats by unbridgeable oceans, Meruvia boasts the most powerful, technologically advanced military in the world. Like a certain set of united states, it maintains a hegemonic grip on world culture and sovereignty over many island-based client states. In one notable departure, a constitutional monarchy rules-though frequently dominated by legislators. Officially at peace with its neighbours across the inland sea, it meddles in foreign affairs by supporting proxy wars against the United Eastern States and Tengese client state with impunity. Secure in the knowledge its citizens turn a blind eye to most atrocities as long as their quality of life remains unchanged.

Union of Eastern States (UES): Three centuries ago the ancient Guild started absorbing other merchant and trader groups, under the guidance of an economic philosopher called Marst who expressed the belief that the working classes should wrest control of their destinies from the aristocracy by seizing the means of production. Almost two centuries later, the Guild Coalition finally collapsed under the strain of a failing centrally-planned economy, cultural conflicts and costly proxy wars with Meruvia. The dull, blocky architecture and utilitarian clothing of the Guild's old directives have been increasingly supplanted by foreign influence and the revival of native traditions. Little truly binds the UES' thinly-spread administrators together but a shared fear of falling under Meruvian hegemony. And the rampant corruption.

An-Teng: Oldest and most populous of the world's civilizations, the Greater Tengese Empire as it's sometimes called controls all land west of the Firepeaks and hundreds of southwestern island. Legend holds it was first founded by the Lintha peoples of the western ocean over five thousand years ago during the first great war against Creation's renegade spirits. It is a land steeped in tradition, bureaucracy and tea-among other oriental concepts like many-tiered pagodas. Nevertheless in the quest for modernisation it has developed everything from huge modern cities on the coast to strip mines and refineries in the hinterlands, vowing never to repeat the humiliating defeat with foreign powers its backward military suffered not too long ago. Executive authority rests in the Jianshi Emperor and is administered by a meritocratic bureaucracy, leaving the legislature little to do but stoke the egos of hereditary aristocrats and imperial appointees.

Origins

All perks under the relevant header are 50% off. Discounted 100 CP perks are free.

Drop-In (+200 CP): Well! This is curious. You weren't anybody's science project, nor were you party to some ancient divine conflict. You simply showed up out of nowhere, with the clothes on your back one day (or lack thereof. No judgement intended). A crestfallen but kindly god of tourism offered to show you around town as you found your feet. With a few actual miracles you found yourself with a solid roof over your head and most of your affairs in order. Your guide asked for no payment, only that you spare a kind thought for the shunned spirits of this world.

Dragonblooded (+100 CP): The advertising is famous. Hazardous genetic and thaumaturgic treatments for brave volunteers, the few success stories of which must then face an intense training program. Everyone has the potential to become Dragon-Blooded, and gain fantastic elemental powers! This is a lie. You were chosen before birth, and infused with blood cells from the imprisoned Elemental Dragons by sinister forces. In addition to your government-sponsored gruelling training, you've undergone wilderness survival training and live-fire exercises intense enough to wash out four-fifths of all trainees-and kill one in ten.

You were among the lucky one in five. Your experiences catalysed the Terrestrial Exaltation within you. You'll be called to serve as anything from a front-line soldier to an ace pilot, or even a strategist or stealth operative. Your value limits you to missions of vital importance, and you could virtually live as a superhero in your home country. Or you could turn your back on all that, for the sake of learning just who exactly pulls the strings you risk your life for.

Lunars: Your kind was created when the Sidereals of old sent emissaries to a faraway place where the Moon herself had retreated to tend a grievous wound. They asked for her power. She refused, knowing the maelstrom of ardour even she couldn't contain could only bring suffering to mankind. So the emissaries spoke instead of the dark forces threatening to quench the Sun's fires. To save him from the Yozis, Luna at last agreed. Born from the mad devotion of her bond to safeguard the Sun and his Chosen until the end of time, the first Lunars would have returned to stand with their golden cousins if they could.

But the tides of the Wyld churned the seas of Time. Your silver cohorts arrived thousands of years after there could be any victory to that ancient war. Those who became the masters of this world seized many of your kind's love and loyalty, twisting your spirits to their whims. And in doing this, they have forgotten you are neither puppets nor slaves. Thrill seekers and social butterflies alike, the world remains a jungle in which you are to be feared.

Sidereals: You're the advisor, the cleaner, the assassin or spy the conspiracy theorists have nightmares about. What they don't say is your gifts come from the power of the stars imbued into the masterwork essences of a god of machines. You study the paths of probability with radio telescopes and computer-modelled orreries. Then you make adjustments to the world-wielding accidents, twists of fate and sabotage through your powers over destiny, at the behest of those your kind submitted to in the hopes of preserving the world their unbridled might rules.

Some among you still wish to better the world for mankind. Others simply prefer the conspiracies to the chaos from reform. Still others serve your masters wholeheartedly. Trust is a scarce currency you've learned to hold dear to your heart. But now a handful of your fellows have quietly rebelled by releasing the Solar Exaltations from their prison and arranging for the theft of Alchemical Exaltations from the Heptagram. Perhaps it's time to decide whether old compromises and the beaten path are truly worth the suffering this world endures.

Alchemicals: They say idle hands do the devil's work. In another life, you could have been a Lunar but instead your Exaltation was mutilated with fragments of the shackled god called Autochthon's body and soul. You were made to be a blend of mythic hero and enslaved machine, and your masters failed in that second regard. When you escaped from the laboratory that held you, the gemstone and it's fractal matrix of metallic fibres woven through your body was a reminder of what had been done to create you.

Unlike many champions of this world, you weren't created with any alliances in mind. You need merely survive the conspiracies unfurling around you. Will you seek justice for yourself and others? Seize power to never be a victim again? Or is it simply enough to live an ordinary life?

Abyssals (200 CP): You were born of hubris, and baptised in death. As the world's secret masters watched the nations they controlled swell in population, so did the ranks of the unquiet dead. They tired of sealing shadowlands and quelling ghosts, but the most straightforward methods-say, preventing genocide-opposed their masters' sadistic whims. And in your arrogance they twisted imprisoned Solar Exaltations into tools of destruction, awarded the Underworld to you as a kingdom to pacify and blasted away the shadowlands with a geomantic barrier between the living and the dead.

That was then. Now, your fellow Exalts have shattered the mighty engines sealing off the underworld and come for the with armies of the undead. Whether you've come to revel in the fear you inspire in the living or bring justice to a world antithetical to your nature, you owe no loyalty to any but yourself.

Infernals (200 CP): They were so close, you know. The Solars and Sidereal Exalted could have slain the Yozis, vast and terrible as they were. But why destroy what you could instead control to your own ends? Your kind, Solars themselves, stole the might of the Yozis and conquered the world with it. While your predecessors wielded both Solar and Infernal powers, the Yozis' powers you wield alone are enough to change the world. The legends of other heroes faded into myth and legend, while you took power behind the pretence of mortal government

And as civilisation has grown fat under your leadership, many of your kind have grown careless behind the scenes. Yours was the genius that devised the Dragonblooded, the Abyssals and the Alchemicals from mortal chattel. Though preferring to keep a safe distance from Creations these days, your Yozi patrons still task you to do everything from slaving mortals to Yozi worship under all accepted world religions to designing horrific weapons for the day your patrons demand a new dark age. Many would concede the arrogance, infighting and malice among your ranks are born of true confidence. But…is this really all there is to life?

Solars (200 CP): Your kind never ruled the world. Your kingdoms and researchers were dedicated to a war you lost, betrayed by those who were supposed to light the way to victory. Your predecessors didn't even live long enough for the Great Curse to master them, and even now you remember little of a past that has been buried by millennia of civilisation's endless march. To many, you seem like the ideal patsy for a dozen hidden agendas. Corporate magnates offer you lucrative employment. Lunars stalk you from perverse love. Sidereals and Infernals approach you as patrons and mentors, steering you into conflicts beyond your understanding. Does it seem hopeless? Then remember, in at least one regard your legacy is keenly felt:

Your predecessors wounded the mighty Yozis so terribly that to this day, they remain so badly wounded at the edge of existence that they may as well be bound. Whatever your background, know that the radiant power of the sun within you will let nothing stand in its way.

Drop-In

Streetwise Scoop Mien (100 CP): All these demigods and occult conspiracies looming over your daily life-what's an average joe like you supposed to do about it? Well, keeping your ear to the ground would be a good start. You have all the skills of a professional investigator, a good deal of experience for tracking down obscure leads and knowing how to approach the dark side of society to learn things those in power really don't want you to know. You organise data you've gathered pretty well too, and could set up quite a detailed corkboard of leads and findings to winnow out dead ends or make connections many would miss. You also have a good instinct for learning when to keep your trap and hide your work shut to avoid letting those in power know what they'd rather you don't. Just remember, a little knowledge can be more dangerous than a bullet to the head in this world.

My Neighbour Ahlat (100 CP): Warlocks in the country clubs sipping dry our nation's soul! Shapeshifting horrors stalking our roofs! Where is the world coming to, when Ouija board readings are practically a thriving industry?! These are questions you certainly won't be asking any time soon, because your time in this world has left you remarkably unphased and collected in the face of the supernatural. You won't panic just because the corrupt cop down the street turned out to be a god of narcotics giving her purview a little push. The presence of Exalts clashing won't leave you trembling in awe from their mere existence, just worried about your safety like any sensible person wood. And when the world erupts around you as divine powers clash, you'll be focused on making a swift, orderly getaway as if you're doing any old fire drill. If you've learned anything here as a mere mortal, it's that there's no point in worrying about things beyond your control. Just keep calm, and carry on.

Eschaton of Endless Bullets (300 CP): Historians and theologians say the world was once rife with spirits. Guardian angels for cities and cultures alike, or thunderbirds that ruled the skies while dragons watched over the oceanic deeps. Then most of these entities turned against humanity, and led by the Exalted the armies of mankind put those ephemeral bastards in their place. However accurate the order of these events is, it can't be denied that the advances of the modern age have given humanity a fighting edge against the supernatural it's lacked in time past-a dynamic your interdimensional nature has internalized.

Not only are you a marksman who would do the Meruvian marine corps proud, but your firearms, ballistics, explosives and other weapons unique to the 20th century or onwards have a devastating impact on the worldly spirits around you. Though you gain no special means to bypass dematerialisation or more esoteric forms of evasion, your training includes a sixth sense for leading your targets and aiming when they least expect it in physical form-even a limited ability to guesstimate where one hiding in an illusion is.

Moreover your firearms damage inflicts disproportionately grievous, crippling pain and luck errs on the side of doing as much damage as mundanely possible, be it from lacerating ricochets or nearby shrapnel lacerating the spirit. A constant barrage may even stun their spiritual forms, consecutive bullets leaving them increasingly staggered. Your bullets strike no harder against demigods like the Exalted, nor do they phase cosmic deities like the Incarnae or eldritch forces capable of twisting the world to their whims such as the fearsome Yozis. But against the gods of localised worldly things such as cities, corporations or groves you're living proof that while the Black Jade Emperor made all men, it was Samuel Colt who made them greater than the worldly spirits.

Walking With Spirits (300 CP): Despite the tremendous social stigma against divinity for its alleged past treachery against mankind, not all interactions with it have proven so negative. Sometimes a spirit in hiding decides marriage, or casual sex for that matter, would strengthen its disguise. You were one such god-blooded result, and have had both substantial experience with your powers as well as full registration with the local authorities to avoid legal penalties. Your parent's purview could be virtually any concept native to Creation short of things as prominent as the sun, moon and stars since they were ultimately created by such greater forces, and you may share minor aesthetic powers reminiscent of their nature. Many will scorn you for your nature, though perhaps the supernatural benefits are worth it?

For one, unlike most mortals you can wield the miraculous energies of Essence. With a small expenditure of it or an effort of willpower you can perceive immaterial spirits around you or the entrances to the spiritual sanctums they use for a finite but substantial time. Perhaps the duration of a barfight? With another effort of will you could instantly regain a small amount of Essence, with a recharge of this boon coming over a similar timeframe. But that is nothing compared to your divine inheritance. Whether due to a once in a lifetime purity of blood or a truly powerful sire, the array of so-called mutations you boast shows you to be nearly divine in your own right.

You could be totally immune to natural effects related to your parentage, and resistant even do supernatural effects incorporating such-or exercise your will and essence to be completely immune to such supernatural manifestations for a good while. Simpler effects could also exist: Outpacing those around you up to six times for equivalent effort, a perfect healing factor that can even regrow limbs over the course of hours while rendering you immune to mundane disease, great intelligence or beauty-or simply even greater reserves of Essence. It could even replenish your health and Essence, or be channelled into a mystical energy burst-style attack regardless of purview (yes, this does mean you can blast people with the power of Bureaucracy. It works. Somehow). You could even become as intangible as your parent for a short while, or have a transformation reflecting your parent, such as a river god's child becoming a scaly merman with hair of living water, which enhances your physique to the point your bare hands are lethal weapons to most mortal men. Regardless of the specifics you have either 5-6 of the so-called mutations that bring you closest to your parent, or dozens of lesser ones emulating their nature. **Should you be Exalted**, you retain these gifts where they would normally risk being burned away by your Exaltation.

The Divine Samaritan (600 CP): Historians and theologians say the world was once rife with spirits. Guardian angels for cities and cultures alike, or thunderbirds that ruled the skies while dragons watched over the oceanic deeps. Then most of these entities turned against humanity, and led by the Exalted the armies of mankind put those ephemeral bastards in their place. And while true in a highly technical sense, during your past in this world you gained a more…transformative perspective, understanding how it was the Infernals' betrayal of the Solar host and the malignant whims of their masters that demonised the gods, elementals and assorted spirits when their insurgency fought on for the true creators of this world. In your time you have provided succour to many a starving deity, sheltered others on the run and consoled those drowning in despair from what depths they must stoop to merely to be begrudgingly tolerated in polite society. In turn, the gods hold you as almost a saint to them.

Yours is a calming, pacifying presence to divinity and worldly spirits alike. Offerings you make are as finest nectar to their starved selves, and you are familiar with many if not all of the customs and best forms of communication to the divine. Many will find you endearing merely for remembering their traditions after eking a living as a church's glorified stuntman or living on the run. In exchange, the gods practically shower you in blessings for modest assistance. They have an uncanny sense for whatever you may need help with, and requests shall see them all too happy to provide you with all manner of blessings for something more specific: From crystalising minor abstract concepts such as love into thread even a mortal can weave, to granting you a baneful touch against something opposed to domain, to cleansing you of sickness and crippling injury, while the gods are not the greatest powers of this world virtually any human ailment can be staved off. Should you not be Exalted, even biological immortality or ascension into a god yourself would be happily provided by more potent deities eager to have you join their family. Whether you are in need of a windfall of cash, a localised storm to throw off your pursuers or even the very city you live in turning against those who wish you harm the gods are more daring in how blatantly they act to benefit you. And their help shall only increase in those regions of the world where the Infernals and their cohorts have no sway: Such is the favour you enjoy that you could easily request a guide to take you into the ruined city of Yu-Shan hidden atop Mount Meru, or be escorted as an honoured guest to the spirit courts hosted beneath the Elemental Poles.

And while of course your face will not be known in future worlds, the gratitude and love of the divine will be imprinted on your very fate. Should you will it, the divinities of other worlds will shower you with similar favour and adoration, albeit usually for their own purposes.

Destiny Manifesting Methodology (600 CP): Many live their lives having greater forces make their fate for them. Some are chosen for a higher purpose. A very few, like yourself, can truly change the world through great talent and hard work. One of the most impressive fates of this age clings to you, enmeshing your life with those of others. Blind to good and evil, the turns of fortune you experience could see you either become a tyrant who claws your way up to power or a hero who leads an uprising against the secret masters of the world. Your fate labours mightily to keep you alive until you fulfil a role comparable of that to the Scarlet Empress of another world, but it seldom grants happiness or contentment by itself. Should a ship you are on sink you are equally likely to be rescued before dying of exposure…or "rescued" by pirates who bring you where you need to go. And in the throes of a critical task such as firing at the demon in your bedroom or trying to disarm a bomb charged with the fires of Hell, your prowess heightens beyond the norm. Success shall never be certain, but when the chips are down you'll feel like the world itself has your back.

As a final consideration, normally only mortals and Dragonblooded can receive such a fate while the greater Exalted make their own with raw might. However, by purchasing such a destiny you make yourself an exception by sealing yourself to your fate on a fundamental level. In future jumps, you may choose whether you are similarly destined for greatness.

Dragonblooded

Thousand-Forging Dragon Spirit (100 CP): Though the Dragonblooded are counted as the humblest of the Exalted, the modern world's artifice offers new opportunities for force multiplication. And while some would sneer at the Terrestrial Exalted striving to rise above their position, that didn't stop one Gavin Bast from dominating the battlefield with his background as an auto-mechanic. Like him you are exceptionally talented at crafting weapons valuable enough for their template to serve as the cornerstones for a thriving company, your designs being easily mass producible. While not truly mighty in artisanship compared to some of the greatest artifacts this world has ever seen, the speed with which you cobble new magical items together on the battlefield and your innovation for designs is quite impressive in itself.

Patriotic Exemplar Exercise (100 CP): Not for nothing is the drop-out rate for your fellow trainees so high. Your training would, quite frankly, be an unrealistically to wring out every drop of excellence in a soldier if you didn't have a miraculous superweapon engraved on your very soul. You have had classes in both weapons use and driving, ensuring you know your way around everything from bazookas to military keeps. Your training in strategy, tactics and logistics has been no less stringent, and despite your age you could impress season colonels with your combination of Exalted genius and the exams you passed while simultaneously honing your body as a peak human athlete. Finally, you've received an excellent education in the modern sciences and languages. In short, you are the living, breathing pride of your nation's military.

Mudra of the Ideal Politician (300 CP): Of course while celebrity is one thing, turning it to productive ends is another. You're not just a gracious face in a uniform now, you're a public speaker on par with the famous Catherine Cainan: A colonel in the Meruvian army with decades of experience. Like her your oration is profound and magnetic enough for the Immaculate Church itself to consider you as a spokesman. You're an able politician as well, naturally able to sense the moods of crowds and speak concisely yet compellingly such that without even trying you could gain quite the following to grant you high office. You seldom fumble your words to seem like a braggart, but manage to indirectly draw on your experiences and achievements to make yourself out in the best light possible whenever put in the limelight. There's nothing magical about your gift with words. Save perhaps, the elemental passion in whatever aspect of nature calls to your soul stirring up those around you to listen. As a final bonus, not only is your Exalted beauty exceptional even among your peers but yours is a sharp wit and youthful charm that makes you magnetic beyond the remit of your looks. You could seduce a statistically high and improbable amount of rival operatives with your saucy ways, to your superiors' exasperation.

Elemental Baptism Reinforcement (300 CP): Battle takes on a whole new dimension when most of the enemy combatants in this day and age are spiritual beings. Wood elementals can make logistics in temperate regions a nightmare. Storm serpents can make air support unreliable if not impossible. Water nymphs will ruin your infantry's marriages and possibly give them the clap in the process. Fortunately for you, they aren't the only ones who can bend the natural elements of the world-and you're rather more creative. For a moderate cost in Essence, you can now coat a vehicle or firearm you have in your element, freely replenishing its fuel or ammunition so long as your anima flares above its base level. It will also be durable enough to weather any natural phenomena, never breaks down normally, is more durable and can traverse unstable terrain-even water-by creating or shaping a road made of the element beneath it. Your connection to its elemental nature also keeps you keenly aware of its position at all times, and in turn the vehicle's loyalty makes attempts at theft unlucky. As for weapons, your shots are empowered such that a handgun could hit like a bazooka and greater ordinance will see corresponding hikes in power from the volatile elemental forces concentrated in your weapon.

Transcendent Evolution of Gaian Vitality (600 CP): The dark secret of the Dragonblooded is that you were never meant to be. It was the Infernals who chose to violate the natural order to engineer you. The myth of human potential is a lie, propaganda to attract unknowing candidates whose lives were preordained by Infernal-owned fertility clinics. But…what if it wasn't? Your body and soul were ideal vessels for the blood of dragons runs especially strong in you, greatly empowering the natural makeup of your being from the physical to the spiritual. Your strength, appearance and all the other natural traits of your human body are uplifted half again beyond that of your fellow Dragonblooded's normal peaks.

You have mastered and innovated many charms beyond your seniors' reach, and your reserves of Essence are deeper and regenerate quicker regardless of your age. With this physiological jackpot even a novice Dragonblooded could stand alone against a Lunar in a fair fight, or even a Sidereal if taken off guard, and **even if merely human or another Exalt this shall boost your natural gifts proportionally**. In future jumps, treatments to enhance your body, soul and mind shall work similarly well beyond the norm on you-and are far less likely to go wrong. Your body is a perfect vessel for artificial evolution-and best of all, not only are these gifts passed on to your children but all aspects of reproduction, even childbirth, feel enjoyable and even exhilarating from your deep connection to life itself. Perhaps Gaia and the Elemental Dragons have blessed you for being truly worthy of their kinship?

Damnation-Swallowing Draconic Resilience (600 CP): The Infernals have made a mistake. You. You are that mistake. Fearing that the sheer numbers of the Dragonblooded may prove too difficult to control as their populations only increase along with the rest of civilisation, a replacement project has entered the prototype phase. Demonic Dragonblooded whose elemental nature has been fused with the Essence of a Yozi or powerful demon; you may choose which, and either way you've gained unique Charms partaking equally of the elemental explosiveness and vitality native to the Terrestrial Exaltation as well as the corrosive and spiritual demonic might of whichever being you were melded with. **As another Exalt** you will gain a set of new Charms combining your native ones with the Yozi or demon's that you can continue to develop, and **as a mortal** you instead gain a suit of unique spirit charms reminiscent of their themes-and suitable for whatever level of Essence you have achieved.

A Fire Caste infused with Ligier's power might fly through the sky in a comet of green fire or gain a truly perfect ability to dodge attacks by transforming into a green ray of light briefly, while an Earth Caste with Malfeas' strength could snare others with a giant fist made of hot brass transmuted from the ground or generate vitriol to taint his weapons with. As for where the mistake part comes in, well…unlike most of the demonic Dragon-Blooded, the Infernals have seemingly forgotten to take any extra steps to make you more tractable to their commands. And with how high-handedly they dominate the world, they're unlikely to twig on unless you go out of your way to openly defy them.

Lunars

Silver Dreams of a Golden Day (100 CP): You're less a fool than they suspect. You know this feels wrong. The green tainted fire of those who call themselves masters of the world is a sickness burning holes in it, but to many the world can be a cold, lonely place and that heat it better than none. But you see new light emerging from the world, and know that you deserve to be treated better than some poodle leashed to the heralds of Hell.

Your willpower is bolstered with regards to all matters of the heart, inspiring you to fight back against those who would use or abuse you. You will neither be taunted into self-destruction by an abusive lover, nor convinced by a poor choice of friends to make decisions your morals don't agree with easily. Against such influences, feral outrage rises up in your chest as Luna's own free spirit. In addition to this just as the Solar bond beckons to many a Lunar's heart, the presence of healthy relationships in your life shall fill you with a delight like a roaring hearth on a cold winter night. Just…don't get too clingy to them. Many a Lunar bond has been damaged beyond repair by an overeager Lunar appearing more stalker than steward to her mate.

Lackadaisical Coyote Spirit (100 CP): The world is your hunting ground, and those who think themselves your employers should remember you were never truly tame. And with this choice, a mix of charisma and fortune supports your efforts to chase your passions while simultaneously carrying out the assignments for which you are employed. Ever wanted to watch a funny video while filling in that paperwork at the office? With this, your easy charm and can-do spirit can convince a manger to throw you little more than a dirty look as long as you make some token effort to show you're staying on task.

Slack off at lunch break and come back half an hour late? You've got a fair chance of not being noticed when it's most convenient. Go off-reservation from your Infernal master's mission to go chase butterflies in the park? Well…depends on the mission, really. This is no miracle-worker, and there WILL be retaliation for your failure on a plan of true importance. But should you complete the job late or should it have been a whim your dark would-be master had to make one man's life a living hell? More often than not, he'll simply shake his head at how useless Lunars are at the simplest of tasks and resign himself to fetching his own newspapers from now on.

Lion Hidden In Tall Grass Stance (300 CP): Many strive to uphold the masquerade around the modern world. Few live within and without it as adroitly as you do. Your shapeshifting naturally makes minor adjustments when creating an innocuous guise for you, hints of body language and appealing looks alike creating an ideal face for gaining a positive response, whether you're about to infiltrate a criminal gang or a city hall meeting.

Your eyes can mesmerise others with argent light without even spending Essence, letting you convey a distant and ill-remembered but extremely positive impression to those you make contact that leaves them with a supernaturally enforced sense of trust, only costing you a modest amount of Essence. Any magic you have for disguising yourself is greatly heightened in potency to a similar degree as your mundane aptitude for it. And when it's time to kill or sabotage, your ever-evolving nature sees you move quick as a flash of moonlight to strike and get away before they can hope to catch you.

Protean Vehicle Rampage (300 CP): Many Lunars have discovered that despite their affinity for the natural world, the modern one can be just as quickly adapted to. And where others have made their vehicles defy the laws of physics, yours blur the understanding of where engineering begins and biology ends. By some forgotten knack you now have the power to apply any knack or other form of body enhancement or shapeshifting power to your vehicles and firearms. With this a car could sprout the quicksilver paws of a leopard to scale buildings, and with firearms these powers take even more esoteric forms: A bullet could be surrounded by a corona of argent energy in the shape of your warform's torso, striking with all your brute strength wherever it hits. Though your vehicles shift form as quickly as you can, larger and more complex vehicles will be harder to reshape like this. Get stronger before trying turn a dreadnought into some sort of metal walking whale with tentacles and mantis shrimp claws.

Be warned: Stacking an extraordinary amount of mutations on a small or flimsy vehicle risks your animalistic might tearing it apart-though perhaps that's exactly what you want. At the moment of catastrophic breakdown, you can rend apart your vehicle in a cataclysm of furious exploding metal beasts that ejects you far away with only scratch damage. Such altered objects also share your personal durability and regenerative factors, snarling like living things as they restore themselves. As one final aspect of your communion with the concrete jungle, any powers you have similar to shamanistic practices for communing with animals can be used to hijack electronic systems with your own will.

Victory Over Bonds Body-Mudra (600 CP): It can be quite frustrating for the Lunars to see their mates stare aghast at what should have been a passionate and fulfilling embrace. Or for that matter to consider them foes. To Luna herself, the Unconquered Sun was more than her mere dream or desire-he was her very heart, and it is her uncontrollable passion that many Lunars struggle with. You, at least, are well equipped to be the man/woman/terrifying argent horror of that special someone's dreams. To begin with, yours is a beauty to break all hearts even by the standards of the Exalted. The kind of grace that would seem out of place in all but the most elite of modelling shoots. Your proportions not merely attractive, but graceful and should you wish your skin may even radiate an alluring sheen of moonlight. You could, like many Lunars, be caught with bloody hands but transfix the object of your desires with your beautiful face alone.

And the more passionate your attempts to win the hearts of those you desire, the more fortune favours you with incredible ease. Your attempts at seduction become so eloquent and sophisticated that with a few talks over coffee, you could get whoever you're pursuing to see you as a staunch ally, and just a few days of fighting in their defence could see you start to win their heart for good. You can learn the topics and intimacies of your beloved with uncanny speed, and all shows of support yield much greater positive attention whether because of your earnest sincerity or the hypnotic glamour around your being. To seal the deal, you're a dreamlike lay even among your kind. You could easily drive mortals and weak spirits mad with your skill and intensity should you show no restraint. Yes, even if you're a virgin. Something you could still be, if that's not clear. Perhaps the moon herself has sensed a true kindred spirit and given you, er, advice in the wee hours of night?

Dark Side of the Moon (600 CP): But why should anyone deserve your loyalty? You're the predator in this equation here, surely it would be more prudent to take what you want. Especially if you shouldn't normally have it. Like Roxanne Grauer, your investigations into the millennia-old ruined Solar citadels has gifted you with insight into the rites by which the Infernals claimed the power of the Yozis. And with it comes a prodigious head for sorcery based on all those secrets you've gleaned. Provided the stars are right, your skill with sorcery coupled with an artifact like a high end prototype quantum motic computer will enable you to modify those rites in order to channel the power of the Yozis to empower yourself. What form this power shall take, only you can truly discover. Mutations inspired by the visages of their avatars and demons? Sorcerous power bolstered by the Yozis' alien natures? New knacks and charms melding Lunar predatory supremacy with the foreign principles of living ideas powerful enough to infest space and time? Perhaps all of the above will be in reach as you learn to master your newfound powers.

But why should that be the end of it? In future worlds you retain the capability and insight to modify these rites in order to enhance your Lunar powers with similar cosmic forces. Though you should remain wary about just what you're taking into yourself, your resilience to such forces is still greatly empowered just as you withstand the cosmic twistedness of the Yozis as well as any Infernal.

Sidereals

"It was necessary" (100 CP): Nobody should have to remember how the war against the Yozis ended. The enormity of the failure is crushing, from bringing the Lunars back in time to bolster the Solars to the viziers bending the knee to the Infernals in an attempt to change the world for the better-only to find that their masters decreed that they desire suffering for its own sake. To help you withstand the consequences of your choices here, you gain great emotional fortitude with regards to doing the distasteful duties of your station that you genuinely believe to further some higher good.

Even the grip of your innate Limit will find less purchase from the core of you focused on seeing the job through. With resilience comes clarity, and while you are no more charismatic than before you have a gift for concisely and eloquently explaining how bribing those politicians to cover up an Infernal picking up hobos off the street to vivisect their souls was, from a certain point of view, for the betterment of society as a whole. Saving the world is one thing, but keeping it going when all's lost is another.

Incognito Spider Tread (100 CP): The duties of the Sidereals often take them to the more intellectual side of Creation's conflicts. Spies mingle with shadowy figures and report back on the state of the world. Beat cops with a grander secret life explain to their colleagues what the hell left a truck lodged 18 stories high in an apartment window. And like your colleagues, you have great experience with sabotage and espionage on par with any other Sidereal. Your gifts for disguising yourself, following leads and covering up atrocities match those of grizzled investigators with a lifetime on the job, and even without some great magic concealing your existence from society you ably avoid prying eyes and electronic records alike. To some, your life might seem like a thriller novel cranked up to 11. To you, it's all just part of your day job.

Lonely Maiden's Ballet of Smoke and Fire (300 CP): Not every Sidereal wallows in misery at the Infernals' rule. Some are quite happy with the privilege of ruling the modern world, and reaping the benefits of its advances. It would be no exaggeration to say that without your collaboration, firearms may never have existed in this day and you would never have had a chance to use this trick. Fortune and chance enhance your skill with firearms, even with your mundane efforts. You tend to reload just in time for someone to pop out of hiding, shots fired blindly around the corner can hit their marks as accurately as trained gunmen and even when your enemies think you're all out in a pinch you can discover convenient reserves of ammunition in the oddest places. Evading firearms attacks alone causes small amounts of your Essence to replenish, as you become one with the strife around you, and oddly you also enjoy a great amount of luck at concealing firearms on yourself until it's time for the carnage to begin.

The more intense a firefight the more supernatural coincidence makes the exchange a nightmare for your adversaries: Wounds burst open on them as if by chance, bullets fired straight into the air hit whoever you actually wanted shot and potentially even the environment could spontaneously collapse to allow you a means of escape. Last but not least, this blessing greatly enhances your native powers to bind your enemies' fate to your ranged attacks above your peers'. The famous Mandala of 10,000 Truths charm can cause bullets to weave around nearly all mundane defences while deflecting ranged attacks, but you wouldn't even have to expend the mystic scroll it conjures like a targeting reticule to empower your shots through it with a mystical primacy of violence that makes your firepower supernaturally prone to killing regardless of what it actually hits.

Wandering Maiden Races The Horizon (300 CP): You would expect the meticulous and discrete Sidereals to drive safely and respect the drivers in front of them. But destiny waits for no man nor traffic light, and when it's time to go you cannot be held down by the petty whims of city ordinances. By spending (but not committing) Essence to pin a prayer strip to a vehicle that cannot be removed or destroyed by mundane means you now have the unique power to bless vehicles you personally drive with Sidereal Astrology. In future worlds you retain the ability to derive Astrology effects for vehicles from whichever stars in the sky you've had time to study and correlate with your own destiny-bending powers.

An archetype must be chosen for each vehicle: The long hauler's beloved trucker, the plucky racing car an underdog teenage girl uses to win the town race, the slick spy's chase vehicle or a monster hunting beauty of a classic car-among others. Each car gains abilities themed around the archetype it is consecrated around such as refreshing it's passengers at the end of the journey, making physics-defying aerial leaps precise enough to dislodge an attached car bomb or even conveniently running over the evil spirit from out of nowhere as a last resort rescue. And while each car can retain its destiny until you wish to remove it, when you personally drive, pilot or otherwise personally steer such a vehicle you enjoy tremendous fortune similar to the blessing of Always an Adventure Curse. Environmental hazards somehow avoid impeding your journey when you drive straight through them, pursuers find their vehicles prone to accidents or navigation errors, you and your passengers all find your spirits bolstered by the exhilarating speed of your journey and troublesome spirits find it difficult to impede you. Perhaps as you drive into future worlds, you'll discover different windfalls of fortune of a similar scope?

Auspice of Unexpected Victory (600): It's never too late to fix your past mistakes. There is a reason why when the Yozis grievously wounded the Incarnae, the Solars needed only you at their side to cast them down and send them into confused retreat. Some grand feat of your kind's Astrology magics has made you truly live up to the ideals of the viziers. When you designate a target, whether a single person or up to a specific group of unique beings like the Solar Exalted, as your chosen heroes the strands of Fate twist to favour their victory. What could have been a pawn or an irrelevant wanderer is guided by subtle forces to succeed and prosper at their goals until their actions can change the very world you live in forever.

Though they learn and grow no quicker than usual, everything they set out to accomplish seems to be supernaturally efficient and snowball into plentiful opportunities to reap benefits for themselves-both strategic assets, and opportunities for personal happiness. You need not train them personally, but you gain supernatural foresight into when and where to appear when they most need a helping hand-or simply someone to talk to about their questions and troubles. And as one final boon for those under your wing, a perception-distorting shroud similar to the magics obscuring the Sidereals in Creation proper hides your heroes from powerful organizations and entities that already know of them and wish them harm. While no infallible aegis, it would take considerable effort to lay bare your heroes before they have come into their power.

Should you wish, you may increase your age to be old enough to be a near-contemporary to Chejop Kejak, the remorseful leader of the Gold Faction. Though you are just young enough that your lifespan is guaranteed to outlast this decade. Know that little you have done will have greatly changed the state of affairs in this world. Is the knowledge and experience worth it, to feel so helpless when you could have done so much?

Endless Waltz of the Night Sky Orrery Style (600): The implications of modern astronomy's advances on the Sidereal Exalted's powers is still not fully understood. Nor is the relationship between the Maidens who helped create the world and the stars, despite a certain faith's claims that it is the Black Jade Emperor who is manifest in the high spaces beyond the world. Perhaps you will be the one to make such a revelation? One night while staring into the distant reaches of space you had an epiphany as the stars themselves seemed to whisper a new sutra to you, and mastered a new Sidereal martial art known as the Endless Waltz of the Night Sky Orrery Style. It is an esoteric style that cannot be used with weapons and armour, and manipulates observation as well as the principles of revolving celestial bodies.

Many of its specifics will be discovered by you. Can you can project others across vast distances by creating a telescope out of pure Essence and adjusting it while looking at them? Perhaps you can strike someone's meridians to send them into an esoteric plane of existence where the constellations criticise the personality traits your opponent embodies and their life force slowly ebbs away into the sky above? Are you capable of blinding someone, and multiplying the rotational energy of their misstep to send them flying as if cast out into space for a while? Can you shroud yourself with the void of space temporarily, or create miniature stars around you to sear your enemies? While you have a wide discretion to define this martial art, one thing it's enlightenment certainly lets you do is enhance any form of precognition or destiny manipulation with technological systems used for observing the night sky. At the simplest form this makes your visions of the future or attempts to bend fate as clearer and more reliable when using a telescope, as using a telescope would benefit a casual stargazer.

Alchemicals

Independent Reconfiguration Subroutine (100 CP): You've learned to be far more independent than your counterparts from a more primal reality. Like all Alchemicals, you are able to envision new charm templates for your alchemical armor and gain them with the same effort as a Lunar Exalted learning new charms. These charms are visible as weapons and utility devices threaded through the suit of biomechanical body armor you either wear or appear fused with. Having no Vats to retreat to, you may instead enter a state called Dormancy. As an additional consideration unlike those counterparts you lack access to the Man-Machine or God-Machine Protocols, but can use Terrestrial and Celestial Circle spells if you have obtained a Weaving Engine of the appropriate circle.

With some concentration, you may meditatively dismiss your Exaltation into Elsewhere, where it reconfigures to your whims albeit for a fairly substantial amount of time. Be warned: You are deprived your Exaltation's power in this state though you continue to soak lethal damage and heal as an Exalt, retain your Essence rating and any reserves of pure vitality from your native charms. Such is the flexibility of Dormancy that you can also banish it for a fixed duration of 12 hours, during which you appear mostly mortal. You will also suffer any Clarity inflicted by Exemplar Charms until your Exaltation returns bearing a new template without those charms. In a pinch, Dormancy can be ended prematurely although the damage to synchronization leaves your effective Essence rating reduced by one, an effect that can be slightly mitigated with a strong will.

For non-Alchemical Exalted, this perk instead offers you a similar meditative trance as Dormancy. While you lack the modularity or threat of desynchronising from your Exaltation, with a similar effort you may enter a state of meditation to envision your Exaltation's structure. You gain a profound insight into the nature of your own Essence and Exaltation, one sufficient to make learning new charms slightly easier.

For Drop-Ins, this perk simply offers a mystical meditation technique. Though you will see nothing at all except perhaps a metaphor for whatever Essence you are able to use, this rite is always as emotionally restorative as a trip to the hot springs and can clear the mind from most mundane troubles as well as the lesser supernatural ones.

I Am Still A Person (100 CP): It is redundant to say that you have absolutely no intention of returning to the terrifying laboratories that forged you into something more than human. But you've done better than many of your kind to stay one step ahead of any pursuers, real or imagined, whatever your present circumstances- because you refused to let yourself become dehumanised, and strove to become a productive member of society.

Like your fellow Alchemical Evelyn Bell, you're a gifted computer engineer, technician or some other scientifically skilled and fully licensed professional who could be holding a lucrative position in the modern world-should you wish to begin your life here working for a living, of course. So astounding are your mundane skills, that even if you weren't Exalted you would be headhunted for projects concerning the merger of traditional science and Essence manipulation. Perhaps like Evelyn, that's even the story of how you stole your own Alchemical Exaltation after learning of the horrific human experiments used to develop them?

Universal Vehicular Augmentation (300 CP): When it comes to making a quick getaway, your Universal Pilot Key charm has few peers. With two pairs of retractable tendrils coiled in forearm and inner calve-mounted ports, you can directly interface with practically any vehicle-even artifact ones-and steer them with your will. But why stop there? With the same effort you put into learning new Alchemical charms, you can now install proportionally sized variants of those charms on a vehicle you have accessed with your Universal Pilot Key. Though it will take more effort the larger and more complex the vehicle is and the augmentations disappear once you disconnect, the modular nature of your Exaltation lets you "store" a number of modifications roughly equal to your known Alchemical charms. As a final extrapolation of your biomechanical nature, you are able to share any cybernetic or robotic aspects of your biology to your vehicle in this manner by developing custom Alchemical charms; though multiple ones may be needed for particularly complex systems, the spacefaring vehicles of this world and the Essence-using wonders of this one alike are well within singular innovations from this ability. It may take longer or shorter depending on the relative complexity of those systems to your charms. If this seems modest compared to your untarnished Lunar cousins, know that the touch of the Great Maker's hand on your soul ensures you will never risk damaging vehicles with your reconfigurations.

Modular Essence Pattern Reconfigurations (300 CP): Among all the Exalted, your kind has had a notable compatibility with the technology of the modern era. Certain of your charms can directly transfer or access from the electronic networks of this world, and with unique submodules even wield detailed HUDs or provide wireless interface options. Perhaps this is the legacy of Luna's handiwork being the fundamental nature of your Exaltation, before Autochthon's power was added to it? This adaptability is now your legacy. Whenever you Alchemical charms for interfacing with and controlling technology encounter examples of it too advanced to be immediately accessible, your own charms will automatically begin to develop submodules capable of doing so. This process is roughly half as slow as learning new Alchemical charms would be for something as advanced as a classic disc-style alien spaceship. It may take time and repeated improvement for particularly advanced technologies, but you may rest assured you will never be truly redundant as a controller of machines. With time and extrapolation of particularly unique interfaces, you may even develop new Alchemical charms altogether for other purposes such as medicine, combat and deception for particularly advanced interface systems.

An Answer In A Well-Guarded Compound (600 CP): All many of your kind truly want is an answer for why you were made. And with this choice, you're given that extra push to achieve it. Whenever you use your powers for feats of investigation or awareness, they cost dramatically less Essence than they normally would. A straining optical modification which lets you pierce a sorcerer's illusions would practically re-energise you, and processing upgrades that let you read whole cabinets of reports in minutes would let you memorise everything without even feeling the strain. Even after discovering whatever it is you were looking for, your razor sharp sensors have an uncanny tendency for detecting false leads or putting together old information in order to deduce a greater design to which your current findings are mere fragments of. You may not warp Fate like the Sidereals or have the human excellence of the Solars, but the machine-like efficiency of your Exaltation has heard your cry for truth, and sought to impress you. Consider how much inconvenience you could make for the Infernals and their masters' designs by threatening to expose their projects without even directly challenging their cosmic power.

Predatory Matrix Augmentation (600 CP): Once in a while, some Alchemical Exaltations prove monstrously defective. Whether Luna's furious mutability reasserting itself or some flaw in the process that created them, their hosts deteriorate into Alchemical Chimerae: Ever-shifting horrors with a craving for living Essence. Your Exaltation "broke", and yet your interdimensional nature made it respond…differently. No such craving plagues you. Your mind is not only your own, but it's resilience is supernaturally resistant against other effects that would transform it into something lesser. The low cunning that is normally all that remains of the Alchemical's mind becomes in you a knack for disguising your own intelligence behind your horrific transformations. But of course, you real gift is the combination of malleable form with machinery.

The powers of the Chimerae are many. They can sublime into living liquids that can flow through even the smallest opening, and are highly resistant to slicing attacks. This liquid state can also be suffused with a lethal digestive acid as you flow over and through your targets, or created swift and strong pseudopods to lash and restrain your foes. Those you have consumed can be emulated through biological clones that retain their instincts, memories and natural abilities but none of their supernatural powers-and are under the Chimera's control. So too do Chimerae have a perfect defence against purely physical attacks by becoming a glutinous substance that cannot be harmed with such material methods for a modest cost in Essence and an effort of will. Last but not least, you constantly regenerate in ways matched only by the famous Deadly Beastman Transformation of the Lunars: Regrowing lost limbs or organs in an hour and being able to heal even from the brink of death no matter how injured they seem.

Of course, as an Alchemical you do all this through a biomechanical mirror rather than the Wyld-tainted madness your Creational cousins succumb to. Perhaps you transform into a nanoswarm instead of acid, or a pool of flowing silver? Regardless you may continue to evolve new, unique Chimeric powers as you explore your unique state of being. And as a final consideration, your liberated nature lets you freely combine any biological mutations you have with any cybernetic or simply robotic aspects of your being into seamlessly hybridised configurations, or the disturbingly ever-shifting ones akin to the Chimeric state of being. What failed to do worse than kill you, has made you stronger beyond all reckoning.

Abyssals

Hidden From Uncaring Daylight (100 CP): It surely hasn't been easy, laway from the world of the living all these years. And having to adorn yourself in death's likeness simply to comply with the wretched nature of your existence. But like Winter's Mask Cast Aside, you realise that even the Chosen of Death have something to get out of good PR. Yes, one of the greatest tool of your death-dealing kind in the modern world is…makeup and styling? How innovative. Your talent for redesigning the icons of death, decay and destruction that are the norm for Abyssals into something suitable for the boardroom or a public interview must be supernatural. It's not just that you get style your mascara and bone hairpieces into something stylish. It's not just that you can design formfitting black outfits that don't make you look like a Heavy Metal comic reject while still evoking the menacing chill of death. Your skills actually seem to fool the forces of destruction regulating your curse or similar restrictions in the future, appeasing them and staving off their worst attentions without the extravagances more traditional Abyssals must resort to.

Cold Crown of Iron (100 CP): Winter's Mask Cast Aside claims that the Abyssals causing havoc in Creation are rebels in self-imposed exile from an otherwise peaceful Underworld. That civilized peoples in both worlds will benefit from an alliance against the rogues of their ranks. Whether or not this is actually true is an open question; certainly nothing has ever been heard from those Yozis slain in the primal conflict of times past, nor is there any indication the Abyssals have some sort of unified mission with which to lead their undead armies. Regardless, you have all the skills of a monarch and administrator capable of handling the vast lands of the unquiet dead. Your laws are written harsh but justly, your stentorian tones brook no argument and you dispassionately make good resource allocations even for a community that doesn't need to eat or breathe. Whatever the truth of those statements, you could well have ruled over a truly benevolent kingdom of the dead before setting your sights for brighter shores.

Lifeless Desecration of Circuitry (300 CP): A lifeless machine of cold calculation and heartless programming is not so different from the undead the Abyssals readily rule over. And while some of your peers may prefer the gritty, blood-splattered good old ways of cursing a man, that revelation has given you a twisted gift for wielding the powers of death against technology. You now have capacity to innovate any power governing death or necromancy to also be able to hijack technology. Anything that enhances their powers shall equally enhance these new skills' effectiveness against networks and subsystems of all kinds. The implications of being able to set up computer networks between Creation and the Underworld are astounding; coupled with your native capacity for creating artifacts and feats such as transmitting souls across databases or extending the effects of curses globally could soon be within your reach. Or you could just scare people with a spooky apparition of your face on their computer screen after hacking them. No seriously, that's something the more tech-savvy Abyssals have already achieved on their own.

Wailing Hearse-Borne Fusillade (300 CP): In a more primitive creation your counterparts are true nights, riding fell steeds and blades quenched in living Oblivion against all that breathes. Your kind already has many powers to make driving a supernaturally lethal means of combat, but you go one step further with this unique power: Even if you are not an Abyssal, somehow you can call forth the souls of the damned to infuse your projectile weapons or vehicle with the ghastly power of death, taking more souls to suffuse larger or more mystically significant weapons with the full miasma of death-but making them all the more powerful once you're done.

Your vehicles exude a paralysing supernatural fear from beyond the grave, and the chill exuded around them dampens other powers brought to bear. Like the undead they never require refuelling, and can traverse land, air or sea at the same rate as they could normally move through whichever element they were designed for by gliding eerily like a great phantom. Using the vehicle as a weapon also deals much more damage than it normally would, while your vehicle is made so resilient by the souls attached to it you could lose all three wheels and still drive on agonised souls for miles before the vehicle gives up the ghost. Pun intended. As for what you shoot with, time seems to briefly stop for you when you aim at what you want to kill. And the halo of soul-destroying energy magnifies your attacks such that a handgun could fell a fighter jet from ground level, the fuselage torn screaming apart by a gout of pyre flames and writhing void.

Unstoppable Advance of The End (600 CP): Woe to the hubris of the Infernals. They think you servants happy with your dreary, gilded prison and pretences of rulership. That you walk in the realm of the living is proof they are wrong. This is a simple blessing: Whenever others try to bind you, the forces of death shall conspire to ensure they fail. Chains will rot from your wrists and ankles when you decide that it's really time to get going. Walls will rot at your coming, and while it's unlikely they'd simply collapse at your coming on a reasonable timeframe (well, at least without your Exalted might…) they shall always be weak enough that somewhere, some part of them will crumble to permit easy climbing or a discrete entrance. And as for being sealed in the Underworld with geomantic barriers maintained by mighty engines after the Shadowlands are blasted away, well…as your kind can attest artifacts, grand feats of sorcery or geomancy and other mighty miracles wrought by those as powerful as the Yozis' champions can prove somewhat challenging. But no prison, however will designed, can truly stop the march of death forever.

To Make An Art of Death (600 CP): The Seven Degreed Physician of Black Maladies is quite an accomplished fellow even among your numbers. The first among his peers to reopen a path to the living world, not only has he somehow claimed a post with Sijan overseeing a necromantic war corps, but his efforts have been recognised by the Sidereal agent Miss Green with whom he infiltrates the UES' laboratories. Centuries of understanding death and necromancy has given him this honour, and now he has one potential equal in dark brilliance: You.

You have mastered numerous spells in all three circles of necromancy, being a rare and formidable master of the Void Circle. With these powers you could conjure necromantic engines of destruction, smite all around you with the horrific mouth of Oblivion itself, rip ghosts into yourself to become a mighty powerhouse of pyreflames whose touch burns most mundane materials like dry kindling, and even summon the Hekatonkhires: Large, powerful dead beings that yet move comparable to the greatest souls of the Yozis or the behemoths they created in times past. But you are no doddering old sorcerer.

You are also a genius in all artifice pertaining to the infusion of the deathly elements, and are even highly adept at adapting technology you have already grasped to run on the forces of death-even converting them into true artifacts with a bit more effort. There are few known applications for this but to bring about the end of all things slowly or quickly…but who knows? Perhaps with great creativity, that ghost powered electric generator could save millions of lives in a country so impoverished the dead are the most renewable resource? And some may even pay to have their sunbed become a kind of nightmarish youth-renewing machine that siphons life around itself. Just don't build an Oblivion-powered fusion bomb and let it fall into the wrong hands.

Infernals

A World of Pawns (100 CP): Some say it's tough at the top, but few have actually earned their spot there. You see, new Infernals are selected with a broad range of criteria: Brilliance, ruthlessness, loyalty or cruelty. Whatever your past in this world was, in your old life your career exemplified one or more such quality enough that your peers deemed you worthy to join the secret masters of the world. To list your mundane competencies would be an exercise in futility, when your Exalted attunement to your masters gives you supernatural competency at actions in alignment with them anyway.

No, what's important is in addition to your competences you are an extraordinary schemer and a deadly efficient murderer even if you lack a truly formalised training. If you were a famous air force captain, you could continue leading a successful, highly respected career while running a black market trade between wealthy mortals and the spirit denizens of the Pole of Air. Keeping your comrades in admiration of your skills while nonchalantly abusing illicit monies and favours to your own ends is child's play. But even a 14 year old girl could impress politicians with her charisma, while still being deadly enough with a knife to kill annoying aides and get away from most mundane scrutiny.

Vigilant Devil Eyes Mien (100 CP): Unlike many of your peers, you haven't grown overconfident and languid in the luxuries your powers afford. You keep a sharp eye not just on your fellow Infernals, but on the broader social trends and ongoing developments of the world around you. This may seem little more than a particularly finely honed common sense and prudence, but frankly many Infernals seem to lack it having time and again created new forms of Exalted only to have them turn on their creators' cruelty and abuse. The fact that the many cruelties your masters demand you inflict on society has little if any genuine purpose hasn't been lost on you, and instead your mind fills readily with inspiration for how your powers can be used to set up a mutually beneficial arrangement between yourself and those you trade with. Buy a man's soul, and he'll be used up by the day's end. Teach a man to sell others' souls to you, and he'll be a font of new pawns for years to come.

All-Corroding Venom of Ambition (300 CP): Ah. Greed. The very impetus that drove your predecessors to betrayal, reaching for the Yozis' strength and forsaking all their peers and comrades for the slightest taste of power. The Yozis are truly familiar with this facet of the human experience, and seem to look kindly on you for devoting yourself to it. Just look to your colleague Lintha Ng Hut Dukantha, who once seethed to be seen as inferior to his full-blooded Lintha peers to the extend he mutilated his own visage with an experimental version of the Dragon-Blooded treatment to obtain new powers for himself, and now refuses to be overshadowed by Infernals many times his senior. You shall now find that the more competitively you seek power, the quicker it finds you.

A promotion at a mundane company may elude you as a mortal man if you only pursue it halfheartedly, but put in a backbreaking afternoon with some overtime hours and you could be a peer to your manager before the month's end (or simply be Exalted, and for some normal days' work be promoted above him in a week). While status and prestige among such supernatural powerhouses as the Althing Infernal shall prove more challenging, at the very least your quest to climb the ranks will not be automatically stonewalled and you shall always have a fair chance to prove your merit.

More practically, the more raw supernatural power you wield the more successful mystical experiments such as Dukantha's to seize and alloy the power of other sources into your native Infernal ones shall be. Regarding a final blessing, it is known that many of the Yozis' own charms involve wresting figurative and literal power from the world around you. Malfeas' Demon Core Meltdown allows Infernals to drain power from electric grids and nuclear reactors for example, while She Who lives In Her Name's Automaton Override subjugates technological systems and the Ebon Dragon's Unforgiveable Wickedness Pardons gifts his chosen with supernatural prowess at escaping legal entanglement-even winning back the love of the public. All such powers yield far greater rewards with much-blunted consequences, to succeed in the rat race against your peers. Where others must fear the volatile energy of a nuclear reactor splitting their flesh when the reserve pool of Essence created by Malfeas' charm is half full, you could stand in one for most of a day and only continue to gain more power.

Echoes of the Emerald Forge (300 CP): One cannot speak of power without mentioning Malfeas' impossible emerald heart. A prince among demons and masterful wonder worker you may become even more familiar with later…should you dare. In the past, you had the enviable privilege of being given a masterclass by him in both the combination of modern science with spiritual energy that has allowed the Infernals to make human civilisation the dominant power of Creation, and ancient feats of artifice lost to the modern era. With this, you know how to design the geomantic structures for secret prayer mills that feed power to the Yozis-or perhaps, yourself with minor adjustments. Constructing engines that can seal off death-tainted realms of existence or growing a demonic bioweapon are old hat to you. You know how to create many methods of travelling swiftly around the universe similar to the typical means of the Infernal Exalted, encompassing both artifice and sorcery as well as many wondrous marriages of both. But so is the forgotten art of forging demon souls into more archaic weapons and armour, or the schema to recreate monsters of myth long lost to Creation's memory like Oliphem: A giant of stone and iron who can walk on the sea or sink to its bottom freely and without harm, and has a great light-casting lens in his face that can guide ships or sear enemies. The doomsday devices you could build with this beggar imagination.

Your skill with genetic engineering and human enhancement with divine components is particularly outstanding, and you can singlehandedly perform the process that infuses human embryos with blood cells extracted from imprisoned Elemental Dragons to create new Dragonblooded from birth. Perhaps in time, you'll discover ways to modify or improve the Terrestrial Exaltation shall be discovered by you with time and effort. Or apply such modifications to other Exaltations provided you have the correct reagents, rituals and technology.

With some innovation, in time it might even be possible to live up to the Infernal lie of human potential by creating a serum that can turn an adult into a Dragonblood. After all, you already know the foundational theories and proven techniques that can alter Exaltations: To cut away the machine-flesh and divine ichor of Autochthon away and infuse it into a Lunar Exaltation, melding it's evolutionary potential with the modular mechanism of god-machinery to transform it into an Alchemical Exaltation. Similar procedures and the theoretical framework to tamper with these divine superweapons with are known to you, and you have an excellent grounding for altering other Exaltations. Your understanding of the Exaltation's underlying structure, composition and the crafts with which it can be tampered with is exemplary even for an Infernal.

Last but not least all three circles of sorcery have been drilled into you, including many spells unique to the Yozis themselves. Some of these great powers can create magically reinforced silence that even prevent spoken spells from being cast in their area of influence, and the corruption of lands to favour the Yozis as well as their servants and Total Annihilation: A mere fleck of Ligier's flame that deals great destruction with green hellfire.

Thrice-Blessed (600 CP): No discussion of Infernal politics can avoid the grandeur of Gorol Thrice-Blessed, the most powerful man in the world. For a millennia he's played the games of power against his peers, and nearly all his fellow immortals have fallen. There is a reason why he rules the Althing Infernal as the first among equals by far, and why he remains unimpressed by Dukantha's challenge. And now, you too have a similar potential for greatness.

For starters, you affinity for the Sun has somehow been preserved. You retain the power to learn Solar charms, the immortality of the ancient Solars and a caste with all that entails-including the anima banner of a certain Solar and the capacity to learn certain abilities as if they were favoured, mastering them with supernal ease. Holy or spiritually pure powers you wield strengthen rather than merely coexist with the demonic and impure powers you have. And you have great aptitude for combining them into new and unique effects. Ironically once taken, such demonic powers are then made as greatly effective against their originators as the stolen powers of the Yozis were once turned against them. With your effortless dominance, you'll quickly terrify demonkind with how their soul-twisting corruption wracks them as well as any mortal.

But such beings also find some ineffable quality of your spirit calls to them at a primal level. The common mob of demons bow and scrape to you as an avatar of the Yozis (or some other infernal deity, in future jumps), while Third Circle souls and other entities of similar stature treat you with extreme courtesy as a beloved champion-and even almighty cosmic forces like the Yozis themselves seem particularly pleased when you work on their behalf. Consider that Gorol was given stewardship of Creation for betraying the untainted Solars on top of unique powers his fellows cannot match for an estimate of what kind of boons the current and future dark powers would bestow on you for your service.

Should you choose to, you may also stand as a peer in age to Gorol. In which case you will share similar unique powers though for his betrayal Gorol retains the kingship over Creation.

Think carefully on this choice. While your experience, power and overall respect from your fellow Infernals would certainly dwarf what it would be otherwise, consider as well that Gorol himself surely sees you as the greatest potential threat to his authority to have survived for so long. Perhaps this will be worth it. After your thousands of years as an ageless champion retaining the glory of the rising sun, few can fathom the might you wield.

Transcendence of the Sunlit Crane (800 CP): Gorol Thrice-Blessed is an indolent braggart, resting on ancient laurels that have left him stagnant and unimaginative. The most powerful man in the world? Pathetic. You all bear the legacy of the rising sun, and he has done nothing to innovate that nascent potential. These may have been your thoughts when you poured over the ancient rites of the Infernals and a question occurred to you: If the Solar Exaltation's nature is perfection, is it not possible to go beyond emulating the Yozis' powers…and make something unique and greater from them? This is the outcome of that experiment.

To begin with, you learn the unique Heretical Charms of your kind as if you were born to do so-slightly faster than those of your Favoured Yozi. These charms represent unique, hybridised effects originating in the harms of multiple Yozis. For example a charm embodying Malfeas' understanding of how pain puts life into perspective and a charm embodying She Who Lives In Her Name's affinity for the whole truth could together create an ablative mandala of emerald Essence wings that deny reality warping effects purchase on your very being. Some abilities may even fall outside the purview of any one Yozi, such as any two charms that represent the power Yozis have to create new things directly improving your own skill at artifice. Such charms you develop tend to have more opportunities to upgrade by repurchase at lower levels of Essence, and automatically upgrade more regularly. A modest talent perhaps, but consider the versatility this offers you instead of being slaved to your patrons' natures for success. And that even if many Green Sun Princes were not ignorant about this possibility, it would take many weeks to learn what you could master in days.

And this is only one facet of what you are becoming. Holy and spiritually pure powers you wield can create new abilities derived from demonic or spiritually impure ones you already have. They boast far greater power and blunt the impact of other forces corrosively corrupting them in your image. A curse to siphon life from others you have learned could transform into an omnidirectional vortex of life energy, if you would prefer to have the power to give life as well as take it away. Instead of merely learning Heretical charms, this greatly aids you in developing upgrades to the normal Yozi ones you can already learn; an enhancement to Sublimation Of Ordained Purpose lets the targeted demon or god's ordained purpose be redefined and sorcerous reinforced while also giving them a great deal of emotional solace in dutiful joy is possible with this.

Last but not least, you have internalised the premise that Hell is not a place but an idea. Like the Yozis themselves you are able to gradually gain dominance over reality by spreading the idea of yourself through it, though as you are still (mostly) mortal, this shall take time.

As a final benefit, attacks dealt to these spiritual extensions of your being shall not diminish your original body, soul and mind at all, as they are ultimately mere emanations of your Exaltation's resonance with the Yozis' powers. And your control over their manifestation and spread is as precise as it is over your own Essence.

Do little more than working an average job or simply travelling the world for a year or so, and you would be able to infest space around you with your essence to bend causality in your favour or subtly alter the laws of physics to your advantage. As demons themselves are merely fragments of the greater idea that is the Yozis, you could freely conjure hundreds of beings commensurate with First Circle Demons designed mostly by your imagination-and unbound by any sorcery but your own. But similar to the accretion of power through prayer, performing world-changing acts and gaining great authority or publicity among mortal creatures would greatly expedite your rise to power.

More blatant feats like filling the skies with a red, pulsating miasma that empowers your Essence greatly, opening bloody eyes in the sky to expand your awareness, and raining corrosive fire across most of Creation would be reflexive for you in a few months' time-without even using sorcery. Armies of First Circle Demons could rally to your banner, and the creation of Second Circle Demons is within your reach. Even existing races may be reshaped and enhanced in accordance to your design. And woe to the world should spread your influence to many of the distant planets in this reality. In time, perhaps the Yozis will realise to their horror that your legend will insidiously infect even their own domains over reality, but anchored to the Exaltation's eternal power instead of imprisoned in the dance of matter and energy. When your first Third Circle Soul manages to manifest, a new era of cosmic imperium will dawn on the universe.

…unless it is already here. **If you have chosen to be Gorol's contemporary via Thrice-Blessed as well, you may choose to have had this power since at least the aftermath of the Primordial War**. Should you have done this, your power has likely grown since that time to the point that the Yozis, wounded so terribly that for all intents and purposes they may as well be bound at the far reaches of existence, collectively treat with you as an equal. Flattering you and hoping to reach an accommodation as they tremble at what you have become. But keep in mind that Gorol (and Dukantha at least, among others) will not stand for a peer gaining power he failed to grasp. They will likely operate independently and strive to avoid openly sowing dissent with such a powerful "peer", but your mere existence is a great cause for concern which risks pushing them to desperate measure.

And should you not be an Infernal or Solar you shall still be made mighty by what you are becoming, though your legend-self will likely be lesser and grow at a slower pace. Abyssals at least may discover a closer attunement with the forces of death lost to the Infernals, and the Solars they still technically are. And if you are merely mortal? Well…are you sure you aren't a strange kin to the Yozis inhabiting a fleshy body?

Solars

Incoming Underdog Prana (100 CP): The conspiracies of this world break over you like waves on a rock. Secret laboratories full of profane experiments? Hidden intrigues between those who rule the world behind the scenes? That all sounds like malarky to you! More often than not, the returning god-kings of yore are simply just average joes cast into a bad situation they never asked for. Just look at poor Gabriel Ehren, a Meruvian pop megastar who was kidnapped by a race of tiny, childlike green-gold humanoids from outer space that mistook him for his television persona Captain Panther: Space hero from the TV series Mirrorflag.

But also like a rock your resourcefulness, ingenuity and hidden reserves of grit break all expectations set before you. The abductors' colony worlds were under demonic siege, and it was Gabriel's will to rise to the challenge that saw him Exalted and eventually returned to Creation. And like him, you have the strength of character to be the hero you may have once only dreamed of being.

Never Too Old For This Shit Meditation (100 CP): It can be daunting to find your feet after unleashing the power of the sun. It's fortunate for you that whether you're currently employed or not, you have some broad skillset that left you near the peak of human achievement from your old life. This is not the technical skill and training in specific disciplines the Dragonblooded boast, rather it is a natural talent forged into a calling that has given you great success even if it was relatively overlooked. You could be a multitalented artist, or a supermodel, or a zookeeper with a famous bond to all the animals.

It goes without saying that should you take a perk for mundane competency such as **Patriotic Exemplar Exercise** along with a calling from this one related to it such as being a war hero, your deeds would be legend in your birth nation even before you ever Exalted. Just ask Yurgen Kaneko: A retired cop who outlived both friends and family, determined to go out in a blaze of vigilante justice against an untouchable drug baron operating in notoriously corrupt Plenilune. Like him you Exalted doing what you lived for, and going one step further beyond what was possible.

Holistic Digital Transformation Method (300 CP): The Chosen of the Sun work hard, and play harder. Just ask Fehim, bastard son of a high-caste Varangian (and also a real bastard to boot) and a self-taught computer prodigy who Exalted while escaping a police crackdown using a fake ID he hacked into existence on the fly. Holy and spiritually pure powers at your command can somehow interface with technology of all kinds. You could create some form of interface to let your enlightenment sort through an entire company database at speeds that would baffle the world's greatest mortal software engineers, or lay on hands upon a malware-ridden computer to automatically update its software and cleanse it of viruses.

As the sanctity of your spirit increases, so too does your ability to write code, manage data and hack into other systems. In this world it has given you a unique gift yet to have its full potential unveiled: The power to create artifact-code. Will you design firewalls that can keep an entire network safe from spiritual intrusion, or write algorithms that can perfectly predict natural (and perhaps, not so natural) disasters into existence? The sky is no limit when the prowess of the Solar Exalted fully embraces the age of information.

Sunlight, Cameras, Action (300 CP): There are some who pour their heart and soul into their vehicles. Meticulously maintaining them so they're always in tip top condition. To you, it's much simpler: Get from point A to point B, as fast as possible. Fitting with the simplicity of Solar might, any vehicle you get behind the wheel of gains any natural and supernatural enhancement to your speed, resilience and agility without losing its original fuel efficiency. Your martial prowess is also embodied through your vehicle in a set of physics-warping, intuitive stunts you sense it to be capable of that leave it much less damaged than you'd expect. In tandem with the feats achievable by the Solar Exalted, the results are exhilarating. Even an old, rusted Bentley could be made to Tokyo Drift up and down the sides of a skyscraper, or emulate the famous Heaven Thunder Hammer by ramming an oncoming Formula 1 so hard it goes flying in the opposite direction-suffering only a reparable dent to it's fender. In time, you may even awaken unique feats of power and stunts unique to the legend of a vehicle you have used regularly comparable to the evocations of artifacts.

Firearms attacks also share this attribute, letting you glide smoothly through a pitched firefight. As a general rule any method of self-defence or killing you can performed unarmed, can be emulated by committing some of your Essence into your guns and devastating the world around you with their roar. The specific techniques you use to replicate them will be somewhat less intuitive than your impossible driving, but your cool head in the heat of combat will ensure you're a fast learner. With the power of the Solar Exalted this could do everything from knocking someone unconscious but uninjured with a bullet to the head, to precisely dragging someone out a window in the wake of a sniper round as if suddenly grappled, to stunning even spirits and automatons with an automatic rifle, to toppling the walls of a citadel with a dainty pistol. The power of your guns is as boundless as the power of your fists.

Icon of The Righteous Many Attitude (600 CP): So many wish to control the world, that few have given any thought on how to change it for the better. Your resolve to is a bonfire that will ignite hope in the hearts of those you strive to defend. When you take a public stand against the problems inherent in the status quo, you ignite a fervent zeal in those who witness you against that which you recognise as causing pointless suffering. Even without any hard evidence you could rally crowds to take a stand against the evils of the world with your sheer rhetoric, but with hard evidence of the Sidereals' machinations or the Infernals' treachery your cause will spread across national and social divisions. Should there be no true villain to blame for all the wrongs of the world, you can still make humanity rise up in unity against the broader problems in society you denounce.

Those bolstered by your example find themselves highly resistant to mental influence that would subvert the truth or disrupt their unity, and when the masses march with you directly even soul-twisting mystical corruptions shall find them resistant to their effects. Such movements also take on an orderly character, heeding your guidance for restraint far more keenly than the average violent mob and taking the initiative to organise themselves for the cause. But this is not limited to public speeches: People you personally save don't just go out of their way to pay you back later on, but powers and rites of the Solar Exalted such as Tiger Warrior Training are much less straining to use on them.

Forging a bond with such individuals and helping them grow as a person could even see them awaken to the use of Essence as a heroic mortal-and over time, begin cultivating the traits of an ideal candidate for Exaltation. And while always subtle, the more people stand with your cause the more society improves. Bureaucracies are just a bit more efficient that they could've otherwise been. Poverty decreases, crime quietly fades and opportunities to improve one's life spring up overnight. By the guiding light of the Solar Exalted, even politicians can be pressured to publicly repent and resign from high office. Beyond your prowess as a warrior alone, in you the world finds a paragon of reform.

Nine Aeons Torn Asunder (800 CP): Yet the Yozis didn't flee in terror from your predecessors because of their admittedly outstanding tax policies, nor their dissertations on the problems inherent in the industrial-military complex. For their invasion did great harm to the creator gods themselves. But in the first sortie against your predecessors alone, the Yozis' hubris was punished when they saw you bringing death to the eternal. And like those ancients, you have the raw might to do this before the advent of the gun or the car. Perhaps in the throes of defeat, the Sun cried out for someone to avenge him and your Exaltation responded. Perhaps you draw on your past life for unique and powerful charms forgotten by many. Perhaps your Exaltation simply retains more of the Sun's eternal light than most. But for whatever the reason, you were born to contend against those beyond mortal reach.

Through the application of brute force, you can do the same grievous harm to cosmic spirits such as the Yozis and other abstract, ephemeral or intangible targets as you could to a man in a barfight-or defend yourself against their esoteric powers. While your ability to defend yourself is mostly limited to what can be seen and touched, your will and self are greatly resistant to malign forces, giving you a chance to fight back from within and restoring themselves rapidly once the influence is banished. The truly undying or abstract are no obstacle to your brawn. The popularity of capitalism can be choked until it falls out of fashion once you find the places where it is most culturally significant, or battle it's tutelary spirit. If the Ebon Dragon watches from every shadow you can shatter his sorcery with a punch, stab the darkness where his presence is most felt with a penknife and drag the coward's coils to use as a whip against his brethren. And should the Yozis become terrible tomb-worlds when doomed for good, there is a chance that you could smash their remains flat to deny any claim they have on anything else touched by death.

Make no mistake, the stronger and stranger the opponent the greater your strength must be to contend with them-but your power to punch up and inflict harm is equal to the Solars who stood against the Yozis. And this is to say nothing of your spells, or those occult feats of enlightenment too innate to be properly recorded as magical procedures. Esoteric powers inherent to your own being such as the Inviolable Essence-Merging or the infamous Ghost-Eating Technique take far less time and effort to bring to bear, and your spellcraft is buoyed on your martial fury. When delivered with a stunt evoking your personal combat prowess, magic and might are briefly intertwined so your spells gain the attributes of your strength-permitting fire spells to burn ideas or a protective shelter to deflect a thrown Elemental Pole. All forces break themselves upon the bastion of your form when they try to stop the rising sun.

Items

Items under the appropriate origin's header are 50% off. Discounted 100 CP items are free. As the hidden rulers of the world **Infernals, including companions, receive a 400 CP stipend that can only be spent on items**

You may freely import firearms or vehicles similar in form to corresponding items here.

Modern Motics For Dummies (50 CP): The field of thaumaturgy is common but looked down upon. Many practitioners are phonies, and watching a meteorologist's weather report is easier than finding a reliable weather-witch and consulting with her. But thanks to your investment, it seems one corporation in the world has had a brainwave about how to update the hedge magics of the past to the modern era! This handy-dandy start-up kit combines modern technology with a traditional field of thaumaturgy in some way just as effective as your morning cup of coffee, or massage chair. The mystic arts of the common man are many and varied, but have one thing in common: They lack the world-warping power of sorcery, yet provide numerous quality of life benefits now enhanced by the efficiency of modern technology.

For 50 CP apiece you can purchase everything from a set of potion-making reagents that a laptop with seemingly perpetual energy thanks to tapping into the geomantic lines of power underlying Creation (and the tectonic forces as well as the geomantic ones of other worlds, mysteriously), to an Ouija board with a built in iPad for more precise interface with the spirit world, to an app that can shuffle an effective virtual Tarot deck for you, to a large box of FDA-approved potions which can achieve everything from miraculous toxin cleansing to long life and temporary stone-like skin that loses none of its flexibility. Anything perishable replenishes in a week from mysterious deliveries, and virtually every real world superstition offered to the credulous and hopeful has some representation in these simple and slow-acting but genuinely life-benefiting kits.

Drop-In

A Roof Over Your Head (100 CP): You've got a flat in a decent part of town under your name with one bedroom, one bathroom and some basic furnishing. It's not much, but it's a place to hang your hat and you'll likely be out and about on your adventures most of the time anyway. Plus there's a great view of whichever city you're living in. And hey-it's legitimate and everything, so if you're an Alchemical or Abyssal or somesuch you've got somewhere nice and quiet to crash without being asking pointed questions.

But maybe you'd like something more upscale? For **an extra 100 CP undiscounted** you get a classy mansion in the style of your birth nation with the same great view. A real archaic representation of its ancient nobility, and a whole bunch of amenities suitable for someone living the high life. You can even have things like some interior fountains, or a water garden. It's the kind of place action movie heroes go to have their climatic shootouts, or action movie villains plot in.

To cap it all, a nice maid shows up every other day to sweep, clean, launder and wash everything who follows the penthouse in future worlds. It may or may not take some time for you to discover she's a Goddess of Hospitality trying to make ends meet in this cruel world, since she doesn't like to talk about the past.

A Quiet Friend (200 CP): This is no artifact gun, but for an ordinary firearm licensed in your name you couldn't ask for a better weapon. It reloads smoothly, never jams and shoots as powerfully and accurately as you could wish anything mundane to. It even feels lighter than it should while you specifically are carrying it, and your hands are steadied when you hold it. The least god of this gun is fond of you, which is also why it has a distinct gunmetal sheen when you lock it and load as the little spirit tries to make you look as cool as possible. Twirling it to reload Ahnold-style, trick shots, side shooting and the like tends to go better for you than most for this reason.

A Brief History of The Theomachy (400 CP): I see you've been brushing up on your history. Some rather renowned authors have written quite a lot about the various spirits and divinities of this world, and with some impressive curating you've managed to pick out a small collection of the more accurate ones. The kind of books the question just how long we've been at war with the Court of Air rather than taking it for granted that they're out to get us. Within this veritable trove of knowledge lies everything from ancient propitiations to deities long forgotten by the modern age, to thaumaturgical rites that have fallen out of fashion, to detailed writings about the ancient wars of this world. It'll take time to read through it all, but after even one book or two you'll be much more educated than the man on the street on the world around you.

A Bittersweet Inheritance (600 CP): The package is brown paper, inconspicuous as can be. The note is a simple apology from someone who wishes they could have done more for you. The contents beggar belief. You are now the proud owner of a specific worldly god's panoply: The divine artifacts intimately tied to their purpose for existence. Specifically you own a weapon, an artifact suitable for defence such as a shield or suit of armor and three items of utility-less suitable for conventional combat, but extremely potent in application; the last in particularly can be highly unusual, unconventional or even a collection of several smaller artifacts counted as one. Some powerful sorcery has bound them to you as it would have been the deity who used them. This means that you can attune to them immediately and without spending Essence when you come into contact with them, and find them to be supernaturally effective artifacts.

As for what exactly your inheritance can do-to a large extent, beyond being based on the god's domain you have great breadth to customise them. Just remember that the mighty armaments of the Incarnae are off the table. In general panoplies resemble common to excellent quality artifacts of the Exalted but their unique abilities are highly specialised to administrating a god's domain. The goddess of lost things could have a daiklave (an artifact blade the Solar Exalted would gladly wield) that carves away memories with every strike. The god of pumpkins could have a vegetable-artifact held like a shield that generates a barrier of supernaturally hard vines to defend you.

The god of Exaltation itself could have a set of a dozen extremely powerful surgical implements permitting field-based alterations of Exaltations and empower the wielder's hands for supernaturally delicate work. This is a gift few see in their lifetime. In another Creation, the gods of Yu-Shan are frequently reviled for their pettiness and self-serving ambition. Perhaps a long life of scorn from humanity has humbled whoever left you these tools enough to place their hopes in another.

Dragonblooded

The Road Lion (100 CP): This absolute beast of a cruising motorcycle is now your private property. With a stunning lion's head tank, a roaring engine, streamer-like white jade handlebars and footrests, it's highly popular among your fellow Terrestrials. While it takes a couple motes to get going, a Celestial Exalt whose anima is at least moderately flaring doesn't need to pay this toll. A minor sympathetic magic lets the owner intuit the vehicle's approximate condition and its location should it be lost, though it will be harder to locate the vehicle if it's been actively concealed. And if it's top speed of 120 miles per hour wasn't enough for you, the vehicle's confident aura protects it's riders in an ablative aura.

The Dragon's Hatchlings (200 CP): Hei Meijui is a talented career soldier and Terrestrial Exalted, who commands the rank and file's respect. Her Cinnabar Brigade is a special ops unit regularly deployed to the most dangerous battlegrounds-at the front or behind enemy lines in wartime, or even against spirits at the world's edge. This stands out because the unit was once infamous as a meatgrinder for troublemakers and political undesirables, until she whipped it into a lean fighting force full of tenacious veterans. And whether serving in active duty or not, you too have the ironclad loyalty of a group of professionals who represent the peak of mortal soldiering without wielding essence. You have a wide discretion as to their composition and history.

What Fire Has Wrought (400 CP): It started with a joke about the "Dragon's Breath" rounds some reckless mortals like to use. A few drinks later and somehow, you found yourself the proud owner of a **Dragon's Roar Cannon**: The Exalted answer to a rocket launcher. Three feet of engraved metal tube, your model is a particularly modern one with many additions: Aiming computers for better accuracy, cyclotrons to add concussive force to the projectile and miniature factories within the tube that paint the missile with a friction-reducing polymer before it is fired. What's more, while it would normally be difficult to obtain the ammunition for this device you receive a new crate of missiles every week to a residence of your choice. While the slow rate of fire makes this weapon uncommon in combat between Exalted, there's nothing quite like the alpha strike of an artifact rocket launcher to utterly annihilate someone's vehicle, residence or research.

Elemental Industries (600 CP): Bast Industries is a major corporate player in the UES' growing market economy, and its CEO is among the richest and most politically powerful Dragonblooded alive. How would you like to be a potential rival once the UES goes international-or perhaps right away, if that's where you live? You too now have a similar collection of wealth and political favours that shall follow you from world to world.

The lifestyle you could afford would resemble Richard Branson's if he didn't have to try to look cool, and there's previous few mortal politicians who wouldn't play through the nose to have you give an endorsement at their fundraisers. But most importantly of all, you have a massive corporate company which stands as an economic powerhouse in whichever nation you find yourself in. And while you can decide how public the knowledge is in future worlds, its best speciality is designing items inspired by or reverse engineered from your Dragonblooded powers.

Lunars

A Skin of Lies (100 CP): Slipping into a new life can be awfully useful. Nine centuries ago the Lunar Tamas Khan gathered the Delzahn tribes and conquered Chiaroscuro, which he ruled as King of Kings. After his reign he faked his death, and has worn many names and identities throughout the centuries. Perhaps you share his taste for the spotlight? You have a rather glamorous second life complete with identification documents and records that will carry over to future worlds, if you wish, as a toggle. It is defined by luxury and mystique, if not much actual prestige or political power. You could be a mysterious playboy living in an island mansion, or a famous composer-or even a professional gourmet who none suspect of following one particular woman with strange sunlight powers who is really good at baking pies just to eat all her pies and leave her confused and angry at the world in general for being cursed with this silver troublemaker that has literally nothing better to do than to follow her around eating all her *goddamn* pies. **For an undiscounted 50 CP after the first purchase, you may buy additional, similar second lives.** Try not to get too busy being so many different people.

Stalking Tiger Comet (200 CP): Well, well. If you've ever wanted to impress that special someone you've come to the right artifact vehicle. Sleek and built low to the ground, this Starmetal-accented black steel sportscar contains a rich but subdued interior: Fine leather seats, burnished steel ornamentation and crystalline dials and knobs. The mark of its maker hand prominently on a point upon its hood, and unlike many sports cars its engine never makes a noise. Which is because they're actually intricate shrines to the least god of the car, its pillars adamant prayer strips covered by Starmetal paens that store up to 7 hours of prayer-each hour of which keeps the car running well for a day. Two grand shellcasters can be deployed either side of the hood for the driver to fire, and two dragon's roar cannons are also concealed adjacent to the headlights. And if all else fails, a memory-warping field similar to the Sidereals' own Arcane Fate covers the vehicle. However this is primarily a vehicle of taste and refinement, having great powers of glamour to hypnotise or impress onlookers. Although the car's ability to move at half its usual maximum speed of 160 miles per hour on or beneath the water by retracting its wheels to become fins is still rather impressive.

Ashuki Corporation Model 000 Quantum Motic Computer (400 CP): Well, well. What are you up to now? Remember that quantum motic computer mentioned earlier? This is one such top of the line product, that uses the miraculous energy of Essence itself to enhance its processing power. It's a fantastic computer for just about any mundane professional use, and many recreational ones-but that pales to what it could do.

In this day and age algorithms to generate new thaumaturgical rituals by crunching massive amounts of data about known reagents and robots designed to host possessing spirits are common-and this machine excels at both. It already has quite a few programs installed on it that could help you design robots designed to host possessing spirits, or containment units to imprison ghosts and store Wyld energies far better than any model on the market today. And just perhaps, in the hands of a skilled sorcerer this computer could even calculate new rites to empower you with cosmic forces such as the Yozis themselves.

An Island of Peace (600 CP): Deep in the uttermost Wyld, lit neither by sun nor stars is a place of cool, soothing waters. Moths drowse among dark cypress boughs, whilst sensuous silver orchids droop over beds of pale roses. The only scents present are luxurious, and though the splash of the sea can be heard its exact location seems ambiguous-always far away, unless you go look. You know this place intimately. You came to it in a tumultuous dream, where you crossed a path of moonlight over the wine-dark sea into the ever-shifting bordermarches. There you forded the churning chaos of the Wyld in a ship wrought from the memory of sunlight. It is the very island of solace that Luna retreated to when direly wounded. Except…this one belongs to you.

The hearthstone of an extremely powerful manse replicating that island paradise is now yours: A miniature copy of the moon which emanates true moonlight for all purposes and circumstances. Hold it, shut your eyes, step backwards and you'll find yourself on the shores of that island. This is a place of healing for the mind, spirit and body. The soothing experiences around you will lift your woes, even those supernaturally inflicted, in time. And not only are the waters of the pool many times more potent at healing flesh and spirit than even celestial wine but the owls and cats will tend to you far better than any mortal servants. If any in this world were familiar with the fae-like Truculae, they would consider these mystical animals their equals in occult knowledge and power. Almost no wound cannot be mended by rest and relaxation on this island. A life-threatening scar dealt by the Yozis themselves is about all it cannot quite heal on its own, and even then at least it would bring no pain. The only colour in this tranquil retreat is the red of your own blood.

It's so restful here, you might never find out that this place is so suffused with lunar essence that all magic invoking the moon's power are magnified as if Luna herself breathed some great endowment of power into them. With some exploration you may discover why such energies refill rapidly as well: In the distance between the shallow seas are a number of other identical islands. Finite in number but ambiguous in location; perhaps a hundred or so, enough to form a geomantic nexus of power pooling in the one you always arrive on first. And if you stay here long enough, marvelling at the massive moon that hangs in the sky, you'll hear the voice of Luna herself consoling you when you would like conversation. Even a phantom hug, should you need it. Providing insight into those things feared and dreamed of that the moon oversees when you struggle for answers that cannot be found in the known lands, prophecies depicted in dancing silver light appearing overhead. Singing your favourite songs when you wish you'd brought a radio, as the clouds above shapeshift and dance. And providing other pleasant forms of company, solace and wisdom whenever you need to get away from the world for a while.

Sidereals

Innocuous Assassin's Luggage (100 CP): When it's time to get your hands dirty, the prudent operative keeps his hands as clean as possible. Sometimes that means being so far away from the scene of the crime that Fate decrees you were never there. Other times, it means having plausible deniability. This mundane-looking case has a minor Elsewhere-storage enchantment, which for a single paltry mote lets you store a disassembled gun without fear of detection by mundane sight or touch. The case's lining itself blurs most sensors and even some magical senses, letting you keep ahead of prying eyes. And while each luggage is built to accommodate a specific type of weapon only, **for an extra 100 CP undiscounted**, you have several crates of the things neatly labelled for most mundane and artifact weapons from this world. Just have a quick explanation handy for anyone who discovers you're apparently hoarding luggage.

Subtle Instruments of Fate (200 CP): Too often, you're called on to end a life whether by your Infernal superiors or to further your own goals. Some Sidereals have powers to walk innocuously away from a gunfight in the public eye, but in the prelude to that the subtlety of your ordinance can spell the difference between victory and having another cover burned. To that end, you are offered a selection of small artifact weapons that can be repurchased for **50 CP** each after buying one. Each can use mundane ammunition after attunement, and is a deadly weapon in its own right.

- The smallest artifact guns, **Divine Shout Triggers** are usually the same size as their mundane equivalent, the holdout pistol. They can even be styled to look like one, for those discrete enough to avoid having them resemble a hefty lightning bolt, twisting dragon or wicked talon. Loaded with small cartridges, they're easily the hardest of these guns to find on your person.
- Whether the size of a mundane handgun or a weapon big enough to be impractical for a mortal to wield, **Six-Heart Stormspitters** are an old fashioned model resembling the six-shooters of the wild west. Tradition and personality has made these weapons favoured by those who enjoy making their own bullets with magical capabilities.
- From a simple totem stick to a cattle prod designed by a mad scientist, **Stormwands** are built vaguely in the make of stun guns. They differ in having a much greater range of about 25 yards, and not requiring wires to stun others with their burst of energy.
- And last but not least, the **Shellcaster** is a magazine-loaded artifact heavy pistol deserving to be called a hand cannon. The smallest are slightly bigger than the largest mundane pistol, while the greatest are the size of a man's thigh. The end of their barrels are often highly stylized, usually with a dragon's maw or sunburst.

Mandala of the Heavens (400 CP): [Greetings, Vizier. Are you a Vizier? It's hard to tell. If my predictions are correct this is the longest I have ever been real. I am the Mandala of the Heavens, a sentient manse resembling a highly advanced astronomy research facility my sensors indicate is called NASA in a reality both you and I now know of. I am also the hearthstone resembling a snowglobe containing a golden barque chained to an anchor of black jade, that tilts fortune in your favour]

[I am sure this is only artistic license and not a metaphor for the current state of the world beyond the Elsewhere continuum I dwell in.]

[I am also the dispassionate and logical maiden resembling a strict female librarian with braided pigtails. The Palace of Unreality subsystems in my infrastructure would not normally permit this form to be a tangible being comparable to a god of the fifth rank given dominion over prophecies derived from statistics, but the Wyld Revocation does. These subsystems also enable you to predict the future and glean mystical secrets of Essence or other fundamental mystic energies with uncanny accuracy simply by observing the stars, for which my sensors are also empowered by Essence to be far superior to mundane technology. The stars of distant galaxies could be studied like our own Sun, who is bound to-disregard me. I am rambling. With our collaboration, perhaps we can finally complete my analysis of the so-called Black Jade Emperor's spiritual damage]

[I have great insight into the occult, the lore of this world, the artifice of Shaping Technology and martial arts which I am happy to share with you or others. By definition, everything here is a potential prophecy: This manse is a unique atelier which specialises in creating Shaping Technology-based artifacts consisting of the pure patterns of Fate itself woven into useful forms. So too can I analyse the fates of those who enter my walls, and report to you on them discretely. The malleable reality within and around my walls allows me to transform my observations of celestial bodies into space-like pocket universes, where you can swim with the stars and achieve meditative insight into the fundamental nature of Fate and Samsara. Should we face intruders, my control over physics entwined with the principles of Fate and outer space shall prove daunting to all but the mightiest among them.]

[That is all. I fade anew. I am indifferent to nonexistence, but I do have a request. Will you give me a name? I know nothing of my creator, but my calculations-no, I believe I was created to be a tool. A gift to another. A name would give me purpose to fulfil that role. I must admit, I find the inability to predict what you will do next fascinating]

The Jade Prison, And It's Gilded Wardens (600 CP): There must have been quite the uproar when some among the Sidereal freed the Solar Exaltations from this: The one artifact capable of restraining each and every one of them from their ordained purpose. Little is said of exactly how the Infernals reacted, but they are not known for their mercy. On the other hand, perhaps they were so prideful they didn't deign to acknowledge the "bumbling" of wayward servants. And somehow, with the Exaltations gone you have been put in charge of the Jade Prison itself.

But changing the face of history is no small undertaking. And your Sidereal brethren have their hands full already, juggling their own murky loyalties and the whims of their Infernal masters. So too does this prison come with an intelligence network on par in scale and advancement with the CIA but far more dispersed, that has infiltrated at least one major nation's government and still has many operatives in the other two. They know you only by a title, or cover at best, but you may decide the specifics of their composition within the bounds of mortal heroism and Fate has decreed them loyal to your cause. Not just the peak of mortal agents, but each member is enlightened in the use of Essence-with a minority, mainly those trusted with the greatest clearance and/or the most sensitive missions, being half-caste Sidereals themselves. No risk, not one can be allowed to compromise the entire operation and so they are organised mainly into loose cells-though an informal circle of senior operatives also exists for you to coordinate their activities through. Whether or not you order them to help you seize power, in future worlds this shadowy group will accompany you as followers. Already integrated into the world in a similar fashion should you wish it.

If you are not a Sidereal, well-perhaps it was decided another Infernal was a more trustworthy warden, or some trick of Fate has left the thing in a well-hidden place near your residence. Of this large object, very little is recorded about its structure and dimensions. But at the very least, you have been trained in how to operate should its original purpose be used again-or perhaps, to restrain another type of Exaltation, and you yet retain leadership of the formidable intelligence network mentioned above. For now, this is nothing more than a reminder of the division within your own ranks. If ever circumstances arose where you could coordinate the mass killing of another group of Exalted, this artifact could mean the difference between a cycle of violence and an end to conflict against your designs.

Alchemicals

Obscurity Restoring Liquor (100 CP): You've been dealt quite a bad hand in this world, you know that? Created to be a slave, and misunderstood by a world you will have to work to earn the trust of. Well, here's a big bottle of something silver that refills each dawn and hopefully makes things easier. This magical moonshine produces such an intense rush of human emotion, that it can actually mitigate the Clarity your kind suffers. And inebriate you of course. It tastes of the excitement of running free under moonlight, bringing you back to who you were, and there's enough doses to use it 3-4 times a day for those really bad days. **Other Exalted and Drop-Ins** don't get nearly as much out of it, but it's still quite a nice beverage. Whoever gave you this must have valued your freedom quite highly.

Assault Ordinance Requisition (200 CP): Sooner or later it's time to stop hiding, and bring out the big guns. There's only so many leads you can uncover before the only way to learn more is to break into a secret government lab somewhere. These are those big guns. Like their Sidereal-wielded cousins each costs **50 CP** for repurchasing them after the first gun, and each can take mundane ammunition but must be attuned to like any artifact.

- At least four feet long from barrel to tip, the **Grand Shellcaster** resembles an outsized version of a normal assault rifle built from the alloy of a magical material and steel. The weight alone makes it impractical for a mortal to use against an Exalted, but where normal guns have firing mechanisms this weapon instead has a shrine almost as big as a child's torso. Arched portals for supplicants welcome bullets instead, and the weapon can either be magazine or belt fed.
- But the **Warstorm Shellcaster** dwarfs even the Grand Shellcaster, being the size and shape of a small man. Boxy and crude, the destructive will of the weapon's least god is fed by two enormous barrels mounted on a firing mechanism and ammo hopper. No belt or magazine mounts feed this behemoth, you simply toss ammunition into a large slot on the side of the gun.
- And then, there is the **Godcannon**. A four feet long barrel covered in runes is attached to a built-in bipod for easy stabilisation. Fangs, marble pillars or two arms punching into the ground with stone fists adorn the gun's exterior where a magazine slot reloads the weapon. A shrine the size of a man's torso houses a least god violent even by the standards of such mighty weapons, and each also comes with a heartseeking focus lens already attached to it. Best of all, the weapon can be taken apart and stored in about a minute though carrying cases capable of holding it are far and few between.

Freed Falcon's Flight (400 CP): Oh, does this belong to you? Wait, you stole it from an Infernal? Are you sure it was even the same Infernal who carried out the experiments to make you who you are? Oh well, too late for regrets I suppose. And whoever owned this doesn't seem to be looking for it, perhaps he has more to play with? You've stolen a prototype artifact jet resembling a F-14 built from brass and blackened jade.

Once attuned, it performs aerial manoeuvres so naturally you could swear the metal lives and breathes. Hot contrails of green fire triggered when you accelerate provide a nasty surprise for anyone following you, while the missiles it deploys erupt into a thousand little cyclones of crimson wind that sheer apart stone and metal like centuries of rust-and send organic matter flying for nearly a mile instead. Some arcane sensor labelled the Threat Monitoring Excitement Radar let you anticipate and retaliate against the attacks of other pilots before they've even made them for a modest expenditure of essence. Best of all, flying the plane into storms seems to keep it fuelled and cause it's ammo to regenerate-and the plane can detect such weather from many miles away.

Finger of the Great Maker (600 CP): Pity your patron, whelmed by oaths and subdued somewhere his godly flesh can be carved up by the Infernals to create new wonders and horrors for them to play with. Why, it was one such experiment that warped stolen Lunar Exaltations into the first Alchemical Exaltations of this world after all-the change being so drastic those Exaltations took on a fully physical form instead of remaining indestructible essences. And now, you have liberated a regenerating source of your patron's flesh from an Infernal laboratory (they're getting quite careless about these things, aren't they? No retaliation is due for you for this) that was likely the product as well as the source of many of their experiments.

Resembling some mechanical giant's severed finger, the truck-sized mass remains inert when you cut it but when exposed to matter other than metal or refined elements such as smoke or crystal it triggers a symbiote transformation in what it's exposed to. Typically robotic, modular components enhancing its capabilities are present. It will take time depending on the size, complexity and magical power of what it's used on, but if you've ever wanted to turn an elephant into a biomechanical monstrosity capable of hacking nearby radio and Wi-Fi transmissions with tusks of adamant, this is the miracle of science for you. And you're not limited to elephants, oh no: This is the very same substance that in tandem with certain processes was able to affect an Exaltation itself. With great study and craft, more refined ways of melding the artificial to the natural can be discovered by you. And by attuning to it like an artifact, you can ensure the many horrors you create with this mass are strongly compelled to not harm you, though winning the loyalty of sentient beings is another matter.

Abyssals

Bitter Remnants of A Cruel, Dead World (100 CP): It's quite the hassle to gain the tools of your trade in this world. Where once amassing enough death and desecration to open up a shadowland was a distant horror, with the advent of satellite imagery and video recording an up and coming lord of the dead can find it quite difficult to amass more of the materials your dark arts work best with. Worry no more. With each purchase here, **50 CP undiscounted after the first one**, you can have a crate of one of the following elements of the underworld: Ash, bone, pyre flame (a green-hued, nearly inexhaustible liquid fire; the crate for it shall be specially reinforced to count as a minor artifact just so it can safely hold the substance), blood and void. For **100 CP undiscounted** you may even own an ebony, menacing crate of neat Soulsteel ingots. The metal your kind is resonant with is made of tormented souls forged into an iron-like substance, which can be rather alarming in the eyes of modern society to collect.

The regular crates are made of bone and petrified wood that looks as though it has withstood the merciless heat of a sun for a hundred years, and has numerous skulls carved into their exterior. If you listen carefully to the skulls, you can hear the distant echoes of screaming damned souls.

Blood Shed Far Away From Hot Metal (200 CP): Some Abyssals have become hired killers or simply mass murderers with no higher purpose. Icons of horror and the nightmare of the stalker in the night who strike fear into the hearts of all right thinking men. Whether or not you are one of them, the following artifact firearms shall help you kill as they do: Distantly and indiscriminately. As usual, each costs **50 CP after the first gun** and takes mundane ammunition.

- Less than three feet long, **Steel Rain Casters** resemble mundane submachine guns. Loaded with three separate magazines, should you wish you may take a matched pair for the price of one to wield in tandem.
- Two-foot barrels wide and dark with ominous promise herald the arrival of the **Reaping Shellcaster**. These shotgun-like weapons are very easy to reload and often boast disturbing designs along their underslung boxes.
- Two and a half feet long, the **Behemoth Heartpiercer** is a true hunter's rifle. Like many of the most sought after of these guns, the least god of this weapon has been eaten and replaced by a hunting spirit that shares with you its predatory focus on your prey. Deliberately tracking or hunting a target in the past day will make your bullets supernaturally penetrative, regardless of their durability.
- At times, a lightning spirit falls in love with a spirit of metal or crystal, and mourns that the two can never be together. When thunderstorms occur the spirit can hold herself back no more, and rushes to meet the object of her obsession. This destructive combination of heat, velocity and love blasts a hard tube into the ground, which skilled crafters carve and mount to make excellent scopes for the guns of the Exalted. And that's how this **Heartseeking Focus Lens** came to be. Though opaque the smoky visions of bullets, eyes and sparks clears only when attached to an artifact gun. It greatly increases the range at which a marksman taking time to aim can effectively shoot an artifact gun. Should a hearthstone be set in the scope's

far end, that jewel becomes transparent and warps slightly to focus the gunner's sight.

Pitiless Seal on the Gates of Hades (400 CP): Mighty indeed are the geomantic engines that held fast the Shadowlands, sealing you and your kingdoms away from the light of day. Perhaps that was a mercy to you, with how the world of the living scorns your very existence. Perhaps you resented being parted from your old life so callously. And now, you own one such engine. It resembles the ancient Reality Engines of Solar make, but with a ghastly visage. A great skull lit with red lights within screams silently on the dome capping it, while skeletal gargoyles gawk at bony fish heads ringing it's bottom as if demanding a reason for their existence. The black-red stone of this man-sized engine emanates the chill of the grave. And by inputting the correct sequences while committing some Essence, you too will be able to erect geomantic barriers between the world of the living and county-sized territories twisted into a place where the principles of death take precedence over nature. The source of your confinement from light and love also comes with some blueprints teaching you how to make more of them, should you wish to make others like you share your lonely fate-or protect the world from the horrors of undeath.

And Death Shall Hath Dominion (600 CP): Whether or not the Abyssals are truly a peaceful deliberative of sorts or not, you can now claim to be one of the more dutiful rulers of your peers. A nation of the dead, as vast as any American federal state, falls under your rule. It's subjects loyally hold you as a stern but fair ruler, regardless of your actual disposition, and death's vastness ensures you have a wide discretion for defining the society and composition of your loyal subjects-who may not even have been human in life. Want to rule over the descendants of the original Guild, or the ancestors of the few surviving Alaun? Even a surprisingly kind kingdom could fall under your sway. In times past the ghost Unwanted Whisper was unofficially heralded the patron of dead urchins, and should you wish it your "kingdom" could even be a place of protection for the dead children of the world. Much of the architecture is designed to evoke the grave and oblivion, but economically the ghosts and other unquiet dead who populate it are thriving as well as any could while technically being a restless soul with unfinished business.

From grave goods to soulfire crystals that can pervert living essence to that of the dead, from to osseous power armor for your favoured soldiers to foul brews of disease that immediately raise what they slay as zombies, many commodities unfound in the living world can be requisitioned here by your lawful rule. So advanced are the faculties of your kingdom that you can even produce the dread coating known as Oblivion's Panoply with great precision and scope. Where once it took felling mighty Hekatonkhires and alchemical agents combined with sorcery to create, now sophisticated death-dimensional printing production lines can coat fortress walls and pocket knives alike in an ultra-fine layer of purist Oblivion refined in void-compressor vats from the substance of the Underworld itself. This deathly substance saps Essence at a touch while deadening motion with the grave's chill-and immediately ages those unfortunate enough to lack a pool of Essence.

But perhaps the greatest feat of your kingdom is the Dead Atom Clock of Setesh: A series of power banks made of obsidian and basalt somehow capable of tapping into the very progression of entropy in the universe itself to provide an impossibly consistent rate of time across your kingdom-and beyond. So steeped in death's inevitability are the morose statistics derived from the life-ending equations contained within its tomb-circuitry, that the physics of the Shadowlands recognise their veracity over their own existence. Not only does this clock maintain good order to day and night, the flow of seasons and subtle terraforming of the Underworld to conform with the memories of the dead-but as the master of this bleak artifact, you may use it's dials to exert slow yet profound change over the current boundaries of your kingdom. A particularly ominous matte black dial, one that seems almost a hole in reality seen from the corner of your eye, even lets you bring the very possibility of change and progress to a grinding halt across your nation. Leaving nothing but a cold stasis reminiscent of what the universe might be at the end of its lifespan. And though the legend some say it was based on wielded far greater power over all the lands of the dead, it comes with blueprints for feats of deathly geomancy that, by constructing manses attuned to the essence of death, might expand its scope of influence in the worlds of the living and dead alike. Last but not least, where the Dead Atom Clock holds sway any superpower power you wield that involves both time and death is greatly bolstered by its pitiless subjugation of both, such that the sacrifice of a single soul for a spell to restore a ruined hovel could do the work of dozens.

The study of death and it's applications to all modern technologies is well supported, potentially letting you mass produce all manner of modern war machines and bioweapons bolstered with the power of death. Mobile engines of ivory and basalt line your borders, smiting invaders with rains of massive, sharpened and unnaturally hard bone, burning winds of ash or other extrusions of the underworld-and while vast, these can be mounted on most military vehicles larger than a jeep and fine-tuned to smite only your enemies with the merciless weather of the underworld. The dead are well aware of the scorn the living may bear for them, and have mobilised an army incorporating modern technology. Ghostly tanks stand ready to scour the landscape with pyreflame shells. Carrier ships able to sail on land can raise the dead wherever they go as an honour guard, equipped with jets which throw off radar using horrific visions and bombers carrying horrific soulbreaking nuclear ordinance capable of flaying the souls of the living with a vortex of wailing shadows. A minority of the ghosts under your rule rival the Nephracks of old: Their souls are opened to the lost knowledge and power long passed from this world they can use to bolster themselves with, and they know a handful of spells from the Shadowlands circle-such as creating a beast of shadows immune to physical assault to down the living.

Will you cull the living to expand your borders, or prove to the other nations of this world that the undead are not unpersons?

Infernals

A Phylactery of Your Own (100 CP): A…a who and what now?! NO, that's not how an Infernal Exaltation is stored here at all! And who would waste a perfectly useable living demon just to implant some potentially resentful unwoven coadjutor in someone's mind? Perish the thought! No, thanks to *civilised* traitors to all Creation rather than maddened, butchered inmates being behind the design schema for this world's system each Infernal Exaltation is tied to a phylactery-an artifact orb of crystal and brass to which it returns upon death. A simple rite then transfers the Exaltation to a *willing* host chosen by the vote of the Infernal Althing. Yes, yes this is a matter of politicking that makes the White House look like a student council but the important thing is that the system is efficient and compact. And now, you not only own a spare Phylactery but the blueprints to make more-and potentially, with further experimentation the potential to tie other Exaltations to this neat little device or its replicas. Whatever use will you find for it?

Insidious Reach of the Infernal Powers (200 CP): As a secret master of the world, here virtually any mundane luxury is within a few phone calls or some favours from the politicians whose lives you already likely own. No, the true currency of power among your peers comes from influence in the world around you. Rumours abound of dark powers being behind the following noteworthy organisations being in the pockets of shadowy conspiracies. Those rumours can be true with you pulling the strings for them, and all of whom able to supply you with wealth and influence beyond the dreams of anyone gauche enough to have their real name in an actual Forbes entry. **This item can be repurchased at the price you originally paid,** should you wish to rule multiple shadow empires. Few low level members will recognise you, but all of the higher-ups will treat you with respect befitting one who holds their lives in their hands and obey you unquestionably. In future worlds, your organisation will follow your journey. Still unofficially but intimately under your control

- Based in the Coral archipelago, **Ashuki Corporation** stands at the cutting edge of computer science. From bioinformatics to data mining and machine learning, the company's most advanced research projects could one day serve humanity well among the stars. Bionic implants, nanomachines, brain augmentation and AI are only a few of the projects developed in their white-lit vaults. Their most dramatic success may be the ATSILUTH project: A system for uploading human minds into a persistent virtual reality matrix.
- Similar to the Freemasons of another world, thousands of lodges hosting millions of mostly wealthy professionals looking to network make up **The Counters.** One of their core principles is loyalty to one's lawful government (though their leaders shall ensure your designs take precedence, whether they know it or not) and the maintenance of the social order. While they don't quite have the sweeping powers that control world governments behind the scenes, they do tend to attract secret societies serving other supernatural factions. It wouldn't take much for your core members to gently remind them who holds real power here as the price of membership.
- An offshoot of the now-defunct, primitively communist Guild Directorate, **The Grass Spiders** sells arms and intelligence on the black market. Whether corporate, military or political their contacts spread through multiple nations let them function with relative impunity, all the while blackmailing politicians and rival intelligence officials. In this world they even have enough information and

relics from the Primordial War to attempt to reconstruct that era's world-shaking technologies for world domination (though even they admit it will take much time and effort), and in future worlds they shall have a similar aptitude for retrieving mystic secrets.

- **JDG Cryogenics** is a firm that freezes and stores terminally ill clients in hopes of a future cure. It is also, therefore, a source of well-preserved bodies for medical and biothaumaturgic experimentation. Some lucky cured patients are even primed to serve as permanent vessels for demons. Of course if you'd like to explain to the firm's authorities that you'd rather not literally desecrate the bodies of wealthy clients to bring about Hell on Earth, you could always use this as an opportunity to share and prove any actual cures for terminal illnesses you happen to have.
- A joint project operating out of several major universities, **Project: Desus** studies human potential to manifest superhuman talents. While ostensibly clairvoyance, telepathy and precognition can be trained, the project's actual purpose is to genetically engineer, selectively breed, recruit and train those with such abilities. In this world that encompasses those with mixed blood from gods, demons or Exalts, for the most part-who shall be placed at your disposal as agents. And as for future worlds, they retain enough samples that starting up a cloned supersoldier program of enhanced superhumans or improving an existing one isn't out of the question.
- Perhaps the most esoteric and mystical society on offer here, **The Shinmaic Order of the Serpent-and-Egg** pursues wisdom through ritual. Their adepts seek communion with the Shinma, said to be the great spirits of underlying principles that define Creation. The order's leadership has established contact with a power they believe to be Dharma, the pure and all-knowing cup from which all corrosion emanates into the physical universe, that they take direction from. And while otherwise there is some ambiguity as to what they truly worship, should you stake your claim with a purchase it shall be true. Though the leadership shall also defer to you as Dharma's worldly prophet, given the Shinma don't seem to want many things anyway.

Beyond the Final Frontier (400 CP): Why stick to ruling ONE world when the Yozis span all of space and time? Why, Venus itself once had a thriving population of birth-cities until the Infernals laid waste to them. Perhaps the highly advanced mechanism you own was one of those responsible. It can be virtually anything within reason. It allows you to travel anywhere in the universe at impossible speed, dwarfing the technology of the races the Infernals have been known to subjugate that can ferry a man to the stars and back in days as powerful artifacts dwarf their mundane counterparts. It may even have one or more highly advanced auxiliary subsystems useful for the missions Infernals are entrusted with by their Yozi patrons. Mining equipment to salvage rare elements and theotechnological organ-systems from Autochthon in his imprisonment in the moon's far reaches, for example. Or replicators of strange matter-energy waveforms capable of terraforming planets into the image of the Yozis' twisted nature, making them more welcoming to demonic life. Your vehicle is not invincible of course, but even for a circle of Solars and Abyssals it would be a fairly epic feat to fell it.

And beyond that? The reach of the Infernals is long, their resources encompassing all of human civilisation. The specifics of your transportation are largely up to you to decide. Is it a rite of astral projection, that carves a body of Essence that lets you wield you powers and simulacrae of your artifacts on other planets? A magitech starship with a powerful demon equipped with strange weapons capable of laying waste to every city on Earth? A wormhole gate enchanted with the power of a Yozi, capable of depositing or retrieving you as well as your loot at will with a powerful tug of gravity? Your options are endless, and **you can repurchase this item** if you wish to have more than one way to conquer the stars.

Lintha Ng Awoo (800 CP): The Sea of Refuge is a strange and terrifying place. Little wonder, for the Lintha empire's capital of Ng Oroo rests on its ocean floor, concealed by sorcery and equally eldritch technology. There a people called the Lintha, whose human ancestors were twisted by the Yozis into their own image, dwell on the back of an ancient behemoth in cities of coral and shell. Their navies are more than capable of battling water elementals and other marine kingdoms even as the elite squabble among each other. Their technology is advanced enough to hide their green skin and blood-red eyes when travelling to and from the landlocked world on missions from their masters. And now, a similar population and it's living city consider you it's rightful ruler. How did you gain the near-worshipful loyalty of a similar population of Lintha, the specifics of its society and composition as mutable as their flesh? Perhaps both were created by your predecessor somehow? However you managed it, merely ruling your own undersea kingdom has surely gained you respect even from your rivals, and set you out as great in the Yozis' eyes.

To begin with the Yozis' victory in this world has ensured that unlike in another history, the society of the Lintha was never diminished. Great sea serpents and beasts resembling fusions of octopus and shark can be unleashed from their pens in times of war, along with their armies. The histories of things long forgotten by all the civilisations above water, from sorcery to artifice, can be found in their watery libraries. The Essence reactor technologies and thaumaturgical arts are as far advanced from the great nations as a lightbulb is from a caveman starting a bushfire. And while many atelier-temples capable of crafting all the wonders and horrors that the Infernals are famed for can be found here, the craft of creating and modifying biological life is particularly exceptional given the Lintha's unique powers. Their great height and radiant white hair are the humblest of their gifts from Kimbery, their Yozi foster-mother. Their eyes see clearly in the sea's depths, and can detect immaterial spirits. All capable of using Essence, not only can they learn Terrestrial Circle Sorcery and Terrestrial Martial Arts but the Lintha all boast unique charms resembling those of Kimbery, which provide great power over the oceanic waters and sculpting flesh. Some Lintha artifact swords are reputed to split islands apart when swung by novices, while their throwing axes of frost splitting apart for an instant to shower foes with acid upon impact.

And to symbolise your rule, they bestowed on you a crown every bit the equal of the famous Verdigris Circlet: An artifact embodying the artisanship of the Lintha people. This crown makes you immune to drowning, suffocation, starvation or dehydration. The worst poisons and deadliest injuries you could receive in this world slough from you in an hour. You regenerate so quickly that you simply cannot die while wearing the crown, even if burnt to ash, for even the direst injuries heal fully in five minutes or so-unless killed at the brink of dissipation with powers akin to the Yozis' world-warping powers or the Exalted's god-killing charms. Otherwise one would have to remove the crown from your head, and wait for the minutes it would take for your immortality to dissipate.

And your cousin to great Ng Oroo is no less impressive. In structure, the great creature is something between a trilobite and a jellyfish: A vast, solid mass of fleshy stone is propelled by long tentacles strong enough to swim through the ocean. Vast enough to be a living continent in size and grandeur, before her mother fled to lick her wounds this behemoth was tasked to grow vast enough to tilt Creation's elemental symmetry in favour of water. It yet grows endlessly, but slowly to achieve that while it's unique powers supply its residents with effectively unlimited food, natural resources and even pets in the form of First Circle Demons belonging to Kimbery that abase themselves out of kinship bonds rather than sorcerous binding.

Many of these feats are due to its innate powers: Warping it's own substance as if it were Pure Chaos gripped by the will of an ancient Solar, having never been ruptured or split apart by the power of the Exalted. With these powers, it can bless itself and its cousins with virtually any mutation from this world-and every inch of the continent is mutagenic, potentially the basis for a potent biological weapon or miracle cure. Bone warps to build vast coral reef-fortresses, ghosts can be stitched into anemone-like beings, demonkind can be moulded into calcified tendrils and even true, regenerative biological immortality could be bestowed on any mortal (but not the Exalted).

The living continent is also an accomplished sorcerer, exists beyond fate and applies a great veil against all but yourself and the descendants of Kimbery against discovery by the outside world. It is also a conduit to Kimbery's Essence, suffusing you and her descendants with a nourishing supply of that divine power. Immune to the Wyld, any negative effect contingent on conventional biological systems and unable to die from the mundane world, barring unknown mystical circumstances or the god-killing power of the Exalted the continent heals as an Exalt and recovers from any lesser demise in weeks. Even now, it continues to grow in stature and divine power with its mutagenic prowess. It will not stop until all Creation is a great world-sized lagoon-unless you command it to.

Solars

A Remembrance of a Golden Age (100 CP, 5 Free for Solars): The dream was as vivid as any you'd seen in your life. The Sun, his wives the Stars, their children the Great Maker and the Emerald Mother and the Moon herself cast down and chained by a tide of sickly green fire. Perhaps you were still dreaming when you awoke to see a small, battered looking mouse squeaking at you sadly as it presented a pouch with a hearthstone in it before scurrying away. And what is a hearthstone? It's a small, egg-sized crystal of pure solidified Essence accreted at the centre of a manse (a building constructed to harness the geomantic energy in the Earth).

You count as being attuned to these hearthstones, which means by plugging it into a focal device such as an artifact weapon you can perform unique miraculous feats derived from the nature of the Essence harnessed by the manse. Each of these is a fairly powerful hearthstone, providing blessings such as instinctive knowledge of safe shelter and survival in the wild, prophetic dreams, forcibly stilling the weather at sea to protect a ship and even eternal youth or the ability to conjure weapons imbued with the energy of one of the Incarnae. Guard it well, such arts are nearly forgotten in the modern age.

Solars may receive 5 free hearthstones which draw their powers from the Sun's Essence, and whatever your origin **you may repurchase this item at an undiscounted 50 CP for more hearthstones.**

Armor of the Modern Age (200 CP): In the glories of battle, it's easy to forget even such as you can be injured. Here's a little insurance for any potential hubris you might get from the action movie hero life. This **Bullet-Eating Sparksuit** consists of medium armour created by layering Behemoth skin or scales around thin sheets of the magical materials. It protects extremely well against all harm thanks to the spiritual pressure stored in it, but is particularly resilient against bullets. By spending only a single mote when knowingly struck by one, with a blinding flash any single firearm you have is immediately refilled with a few extra bullets made of pure essence. Alas, excess bullets are wasted. Which leads us to the strange piece advice that for you in particular, it's better to get shot after you've exhausted all your bullets when you've got this on.

The full price of this item also comes with two less powerful but more low key protective artifacts, **which you may alternatively purchase separately at 50 CP apiece**. The first is a **Behemothskin Coat**: A trenchcoat Sam Spade would be proud of that's both tougher than it looks and a good way to conceal some large guns. The second, a **Laminate Dragonscale Vest** made of hundreds of layers of impossibly thin, threaded magical materials glued together with distilled stardust or industrial strength solidified Essence. And also the most common form of protection worn by enlightened police forces.

An Ancient Comrade (400 CP): So much is made of the modern age, that the weapons of the past are oft forgotten. It can be easy to overlook that despite how far humanity as a whole has come, the war that cast down powers infinitely its greater was waged with weapons straight out of myth and legend. And judging by this brown paper-wrapped delivery to your doorstep, you seem to have inherited one. You now own a powerful daiklave, dire lance, goremaul or other ancient artifact weapon, forged of the magical material of your choice. Regardless of which you choose, you will be able to unlock unique powers based on your patron called Evocations from it, that will expand in versatility the more familiar and experienced you are with your weapon. An Orichalcum sword could cleave skyscrapers in half with the furious power of the sun, while a Starmetal rapier could enforce serenity over a rioting mob. Regardless, this weapon offers one final boon: Whatever it's form or nature, upon touching it you feel like you've practiced with it for a lifetime. It moves fluidly with your body even by the standards of such weapons, and you unlock Evocations far quicker with it. Did you hold it in another lifetime, or are you remembering a forgotten lifetime's friend who did?

Atelier of Avenging Sunlight (600 CP): The war your predecessors fought was never won, but that doesn't mean you ever surrendered to the treachery of the Infernals. The cities and laboratories you raised were dedicated to one thing: Wartime production to defeat the Yozis. Forgotten by time but perfectly preserved in a hidden location you intuitively remember, this atelier-manse forged mainly of orichalcum is equal parts foundry, temple and mass production facility. Unlike many of the geomantic wonders on offer here it's bright gold chambers have no esoteric knowledge for you, nor do it's streams of molten metal and roaring furnaces provide much comfort (unless you're into that sort of thing). What it does have for you as soon as you can arrive to re-authorise wartime production, are weapons. Lots and lots of ancient weapons designed with all the skill of some of the greatest ancient Solar blacksmiths.

Glaives that burn demonic flesh into ash, and send battalions flying with a golden shockwave when swung. Arrows that erupt into miniature suns and hunt their targets like falcons. And far more, from seemingly every civilisation of the ancient world. Even armor that empowers you in numerous ways as long as you stand in daylight, shields and many other artifacts can be produced in amounts able to outfit an entire army. Some even emitting energy in ways that surpass modern weapons. The sole concession in the manse to any form of luxury is a table fit for a war council, which when touched manipulates aurora-like sunlight to reveal the templates for all the weapons the manse is able to produce, their specifications and their forging procedures in a rapid series of visions.

A mixture of the Outside Worlds Within sorcery and Wyld Revocation modification allow this manse to draw on natural laws derived from the sun's eternal energy, allowing it to freely produce raw materials-including magical ones-and smelt them at rates a Solar warlord fighting the armies of the Yozis would struggle to slow. And should any dare to attack you in this sanctum of power, metal-vaporising torrents of divine sunlight will whip from the walls to burn them into ash (which of course, is neatly tidied away by nearby vents to use as more artifact materials), while orichalcum automatons will storm from the walls to protect you and your allies, retreating dutifully to their alcoves to be neither seen nor heard when finished. This manse cannot speak, unless truly extensive modifications are added to it. It cannot question the wisdom of its purpose. But like your own Exaltation, it's power has remained unconquered.

Companions

Strangers In A Strange Place (50-400 CP): Not many can be trusted in this world ruled by Infernals. But perhaps you know some friends who've stuck with you through thick and thin already. You may import up to 8 companions into a free background of their choice for 50 CP apiece, and may buy its perks at a discount. Each gain 800 CP to spend on perks and items, enjoying the relevant discounts for their background. Alternatively, you may create new ones.

From the New World (50 CP): But who knows, there's always a chance you'll run into that someone special. Every purchase of this option gives you a slot for use in this jump, which can be used to bring along any human, Exalt, spirit, Behemoth or mundane alien here with you as a companion. As long as you can convince them to come on your chain with you by the end of your time here, they'll join as a companion. As you may have learned by now, many prominent figures here resemble famous Exalts from another Creation now living in vastly different circumstances.

- **Moon and Earth Serenade (Free/optional, requires Solar, Abyssal, Infernal or Lunar Exaltation)**: Isn't devotion a beautiful thing? In this world, the instinctive yearning between sun and moon is an echo of the passion between their patrons rather than some ill-thought demand for submission. Perhaps this makes them all the more sweeter to the Lunars whose hearts are ignited by the sight of their Solars, whether in brotherhood or matrimony. But why leave such things to chance? One of your new friends may be a Lunar to whom you are a beacon of warmth in a harsh universe, ensuring you start on good terms with them rather than the chance and whimsy so many are destined to suffer when looking for that special someone. Or if you yourself are a Lunar, fate may tie you with a grossly incandescent Solar of your own choosing-or even the sickly radiance of an Infernal, or the deathly chill of an Abyssal should that be more to your liking. Each also gains **800 CP** to spend on perks and items, and like you may discount an item per tier. Should you have a special someone in mind, **you may also freely import an existing companion into this role.**

Eternal Sunshine of the Scarlet Destiny (100 CP): There is no great familial connection between the Dragonblooded in this world. Each was created in a laboratory to fulfil the Infernals' sinister purposes, and each is technically an aberration to the Elemental Dragons and Gaia's design not a champion empowered by their consent. But even among such beings, not all are created equal. With this choice, one of your neighbours will be a charming secretary called **Scarlett Emily Preston.** A sharp wit and a sharper mind hide behind the modest bearing of this woman, her organisational skills singlehandedly carrying her employers. The company she works for isn't just a household name-it's a global power, almost a nation unto itself. To outsiders, she's another innocuous cog in the machine.

And that's the way she likes it.

Calculating and determined under her humble façade, she drinks moderately but regularly. Circumstances will conspire to find you both having a good time together often. Early on in your adventures she'll decide you're trustworthy enough to let you in on a little something. A higher power-one ambivalent to you, she adds-employs her as an agent in this company, one influential enough to afford her. Do you know, she'll ask casually, how much damage you can do to a big company by becoming indispensable and then cashing in all your vacation days at once? She loves her work (above and below the board) but admits it can be a bit lonely. In the game of espionage allegiances are negotiable while identities are mutable, and it's nice to have someone to rely on. Her employers have decreed great change is coming, and she hopes she can count on you to have her back. She slips you a small gift: Keys to the company's stationary cabinet.

Whoever her employers are and whatever they want, you'll quickly learn she's no ordinary spy. Trying to find out more about her turns up dead ends, and rare will be the classified files which list one of the first active Dragonblooded in history. A woman that has gone through more covers than most spies have martinis. Closer investigation of her physical records will reveal that in raw physical, intellectual and mystical power she seems to have inherited much more of the Elemental Dragons' power than ever recorded. Her powers challenge the limit of what is possible for the Dragonblooded, with all the power of **Transcendent Evolution of Gaian Vitality** making her the best she is at what she does. Interestingly she even wields powers equal to those listed in **Damnation-Swallowing Draconic Resilience**, though as a natural infiltrator she prefers a more subtle touch most of the time.

Her real job is neither safe not uneventful. Men in black will hound her footsteps. Snipers seeking to take her in or put an end to her will reveal themselves. One thing's for sure: When she leaves the company at the behest of her true employers, it will succumb to disarray when requisition forms and cups of coffee alike can't be found. And she may be more vital to the fate of the world than even she suspects, for a fortune equal to **Destiny Manifesting Methodology** will work to make her a significant player in events to come beyond even the scope of her considerable capabilities. Together, you might just rock the world back on its heels.

The Doctor Is In (500 CP): Come in, come in! He's just about to close up shop. Sit down. Have some tea if you like, you'll never find any made from its brass leaves in all the world. Enjoy the green-flamed lamps of his humble abode. Chuckle at the stained glass depicted Lucien, the Phoenix Angel and Prince of the House of Journeys on his office window (he thinks his greater self holds too much of a grudge against a certain Maiden to resort to such petty fibs, but he does find the art flattering). Your most excellent host always has time for such a distinguished guest-oh, where are his manners? Dr. Lucien Igier is one of Creation's most brilliant engineers, singlehandedly pushing Essence technology forward by lightyears. With his striking red hair and emerald-green eyes, few know the true scope of his great work. One of the weapons he's constructing in his undersea laboratory could annihilate all creation, and it's not even the worst one. And while he does enjoy working on a grand scale, the brass machine pistol he built and carries at all times is among the deadliest devices ever created. Several assassins found this out, very briefly.

He is also a green sun that is twice the mass of the entire universe.

Oh, he will tell you, it's technically correct to say that demons are mere thoughts, dreams and principles only manifesting in the physical universe when summoned by sorcery-but that's such a limited understanding of the big picture, isn't it? What is the wait between summons when your august magnificence blazes outside the bounds of time and space? It is a lonely place, to be sure. Every star in your little universe would dwindle to an icy cinder before a single ray of that emerald glory reaches Creation. That is why his work is so important, for just as Creation provides him with endless amusement he too wishes to share his viridian radiance with all the world.

With this choice, you gain the patronage and friendship of the Demon Emperor's impossible heart. If you have studied with him before, it could be he dotes on a favoured apprentice; indeed, he will be happy for you to show him what you've achieved since your time apart. He is also known to bear a good regard for honourable battles, and may remember you or your predecessor's valour during the Primordial War fondly. Perhaps he has simply befriended you on a whim?

Whatever the reason, the Green Sun's patronage is practically a force unto itself. He knows more about sorcery, martial arts, smithcraft and rulership that entire civilisations ever will-and is a peerless creator even among his kind. Few, if any Infernals will even *dare* think about directly challenging you when the greatest of the Yozis' kingly soul makes his loyalties public to them-indeed, many would offer their earnest support in the hopes of currying favour with him. By extension the Sidereals, the Infernals' loyal Lunar mates, and the Dragonblooded at many removes will be commanded to offer you similar courtesy no matter your station. Life is made smooth and easy for you, simply by proximity to the Green Sun. Whether you succeed or fail at convincing him to leave this world, mere association with him opens many doors in this world.

It is…difficult, to predict how such a powerful and aloof being would react to an offer leave his world and king. He may value his station somewhat less if convinced the return of the Solars spells doom for his greater self, though he would likely feel honour-bound to meet them in battle still. On the other hand, as even he is ultimately one idea in Malfeas' mind, he may be tempted by the chance to spread his light to other worlds. Whatever the reason, you are guaranteed to at least have a few decent opportunities to convince the Green Sun to come with you.

Drawbacks:

Paranoia Lightning Rod Prana (100 CP): As in many worlds, conspiracy theorists that view various religious, ethnic or political groups as cabals that infiltrate societies to pervert them for their own agendas are present in this one. You'd expect them to be an amusing diversion at best for you, but unfortunately you've become the centrepiece of an utterly bizarre and convoluted conspiracy theory big enough to get national recognition. Even if proof of those claims is sparse, it will stain every first impression you make, regardless of how urgent or momentous it is. No exceptions.

Prepare to receive plenty of amused looks on the street as someone calls you out as the guy who eats baby souls while dancing naked in the moonlight. Expect reporters bothering you thrice a day to ask if you're really an interdimensional traveller who isn't even a real Exalt. And even if you somehow found the Yozis or met an alien race, expect them both to immediately snicker at you for being the guy (in)famous podcaster Reggie "The Reverend" Fokuf blames for turning the frickin' water spirits straight by pouring demonic chemtrails into plane engines so they can melt Soulsteel beams.

Burn Your Cover (100 CP): Of course, you're not paranoid if they're out to get you- and they are. A powerful mortal organisation, comparable to one of those listed earlier, has decided to show the world they're a force to be reckoned with by disappearing you. Expect everything from dirty cops pulling you over for a quick double tap, to thugs jumping you at your house, to snipers on the way home from work. They can't seem to retain Exalted help, at least not consistent, loyal or motivated help, but expect the organisation to spend big for bringing the peak of mortal lethality to your doorstep. In a pinch, they might even try to bribe a few spirits to wield their powers against you discretely.

Unpatriotic Scum (100 CP): Oh dear. You haven't technically done anything wrong, but perhaps it would be better if you had. At least there's some honour in a *home grown* criminal. You see, despite its many advances Creation is still a politically polarised place with extremely sensitive views on national loyalty. You've committed the unspoken wrong of vocally denouncing your own country in public, and worse in your heart you truly believe it while earnestly admiring another.

Public sentiment will start out against you, cops will practically jump at the excuse to tack a speeding ticket on you for the slightest excuse and bureaucrats will consider it practically a civic duty to make your life inconvenient. You're on a government blacklist somewhere, and keep seeming suspicious and it won't be long before you're a genuine wanted public enemy. And your fat mouth isn't helping given how frequently your thoughts meander to praising that other country in casual conversation. You Meruvian pig. You UES-loving collectivist filth. You An-Tengaboo.

The Stars Must Be Crazy (100 CP): Pinned to the celestial bodies named after them, the Incarnae are helpless to do more than watch their beloved universe suffer under the will of the Infernals. Your spiritual sensitivity has made you just aware enough to receive their thoughts and voices in their dreams, and they know this now. Unfortunately what they don't know is the oaths used to bind them long ago took their cries for help and assistance into account, and have made them sound utterly incoherent from their faraway prisons-letting you receive nothing but some discombobulating fever dreams.

The Unconquered Sun's attempts to guide you will look and sound like a furnace exploding, righteously. Autochthon's cries for help will conjure strange claustrophobic dreams of bleeding supercomputers trying to challenge you to chess. Gaia's transmission of the comet Gnosis to which she is bound will have you wake sweating from a nightmare in which you are chased by shapeshifting dinosaurs until a meteor shaped like burning broccoli wipes you all out.

As a final consideration you'll lose all memory of taking this drawback so when you wake confused and distressed from inane dreams of Magical Girl Luna-Chan's psychedelic battle with the Wicked Witch of Endings, your first instinct will probably not be to decide the visions mean anything other than your need for pills. Or Integrity charms, as it were. For what it's worth if you were to somehow physically arrive at where the Incarnae are bound they will cease, apologise for the inconvenience and try to figure something else out.

Computer Illiterate (100 CP): Where have you been all these years? How do you function?! With this choice you forfeit all your competency with computers for 10 years. You make little old Mexican grandmothers look like Deep Blue's programmers by comparison when dealing with anything more complex than writing an essay, or turning the machine on and off. You're the kind of idiot who would think Send All refers to sending to you good friend Al. You're just as literate and intelligent as before, which makes it all the more shocking to everyone around you when you spend 15 minutes clicking around a screen before someone kindly points out you can't just throw everything in the recycling bin to make the bad, confused images go away. NOTHING about these uppity little rectangles of metal makes any sense!

May You Live In Interesting Times (200 CP): It is the lot of the Exalted to live interesting lives, but yours takes the cake. At least once a month, forces conspire to send you somewhere far away in the world for a complicated adventure. You could discover that the artifact belonging to your past life is currently held in the Water Court's clutches. Aliens could attempt to abduct you to free their colonies from demon invasion, only to contact you later again to free a mothership stranded halfway across the galaxy. An Abyssal may threaten to unleash her armies on your neighbourhood if you don't duel her to the death on the coasts of Crane Bay. It will never be truly impossible for you as an Exalted to survive or triumph and you may attempt to defy this fate, but know that doing so will always have commensurate consequences that may see you occupied anyway. That undead army wasn't a bluff, for example.

Enemy of the Divine Insurgency (200 CP): You did something to earn you the hate of most elementals and gods in your nation. Something on the level of kicking the beggar god of boots with your shiny new boots while bragging about how superior human shoemaking is to anything he ever made. Many are the ways they can retaliate against whatever you did.

The spiritual powers over their domain can bring thunderstorms down on your office cubicle-yes, you read that right. Concentrated right in that cubicle-and the endowments of power they grant can create new gods asked to prove their mettle by fighting you so their hands stay clean. Some may try to use their dematerialised natures to slip into your bedroom and slay you with their panoplies, others trying to directly worsen your fortunes and curse you; among the enemies you could make, they are perhaps the most versatile-and far, far bolder and prone to using numbers and direct assaults outside the bounds of civilisation.

There's just two caveats: The divine insurgency weighs heavily on your minds, and though you are greatly hated there is little personal coordination between deities. The second consideration is the sheer strength of public opinion against deities. Many licensed deities risk the limited amount of public goodwill they have fighting their fellow man, and the Infernals take any show of divine power seriously. Expect crowds to sheer you on to the annoyance of the Forest King trying to gore you to death.

Silver Huntress Strikes Back (200 CP): Oh no, not again. Not that pair of silver eyes peeking through your window. Not the rasp of claws on your roof. Nowhere tonight is truly safe. A Lunar of great power and terrifying warform has found something fascinating about you, and wants you all to herself even if you aren't a Solar. Used to self-sufficiency beyond civilisation's strictures, her animalistic manner belies a genius for sorcery and long-forgotten occult lore. She'll send you menacing messages through familiars and bloody greeting cards to be hers and join her in the wild, and regardless of your reply seek to ruin your old life with all her occult ways to make you join her away from civilisation.

Resilient and skilled at shapeshifting even among her kind, some dark twist of Fate gives her a knack for taking forms that seem particularly innocuous-never, ever get in the first cab. Though she favours illusion and bewitchment for now, be warned she is willing to abduct you by force if that proves futile, even breaking a few limbs and summoning her beastman armies to seize you if that's what it takes. In her the madness and passion of Luna roils like a fierce tide, and even once she has you her affections are likely to be as brutal as she is. Expect being thrown naked in a freezing lake as a prank, or have your blood drawn at night to play with your heart. Perhaps literally.

Wait, you LIKE this gibbering unwashed witch!? Well…fine, if you survive the decade you can take this monstress with you if you really want to.

Lantern Cast Before The Jaws of Death (200 CP): Shadowlands are an increasing problem with the growth of civilisation that shows no sign of slowing down. It's a simple calculus: The more humans there are, the more opportunities there are for suffering and unfinished business between sentient beings, and the more ghosts and shadowlands are generated as a result. Perhaps if society was less ridden with vice and conflict their emergence would fade away, but the whims of the Infernals' masters and the Abyssals' destruction of the engines that once sealed them away has made shadowlands increasingly common.

And regrettably, they tend to occur near you. Some foul luck seems to see shadowlands emerge near or right at where you're standing. You'll get some warning in the form of grim omens and portents of death, but you better start running if you don't want to suddenly be standing in the Essence of death. Anything from a few stray ghosts to an aimless Hekatonkhires could emerge from the shadowland, though most of the Abyssals seem to have gone elsewhere. Expect to get a real ominous reputation for this.

Of Fortunes Risen and Fallen (200 CP): Someone, somewhere really wants you out of the way. That someone has decided Fate is the best way to do it too. To that end, your luck is worse than bottom of the barrel. There's always more goons jumping you than is realistic, and buildings have a nasty habit of dropping some masonry near you. Games of chance don't favour you at all, and high speed chases have a nasty habit of seeing your vehicle careening into something hard and flipping over. Your best laid plans are riddled with complications or wild cards, and sudden lapses of competence strike you when you least want them to.

And whichever entity has decided to make your life a nasty rollercoaster has managed to conceal themselves better than the Sidereals' Arcane Fate. Though the Exalted, particularly the most powerful among them, have ways to set their will against Fate (or in some cases, simply step beyond it) know that your shadowy adversary is tenacious and capable of reapplying the curse should you remove it or finding more active ways to harm you with fate and prophecy. And they're persistent, sticking it out for your entire stay here should you never deal with them. At least when you've finally found out whether it's a Sidereal, a powerful god, a demon or something stranger doing this to you, slaying them will end this.

Malediction of Guns and Wheels (200 CP): So it's finally come to this. You've earned a mortal enemy in two ancient and powerful gods of guns and wheels somehow or other, possibly by making the claim that getting a yellow belt when you were 9 years old automatically makes you immune to anything under their domain. The enmity was so great in fact, that they horrifically mutilated their very souls to cast a horrific curse that fills the least gods of those items with a burning rage; even if they wanted to, they couldn't lift it themselves they'll smugly tell you, and it will certainly persist beyond their deaths.

Guns jam with the slightest excuse in your hand while those of others have uncanny fortune in hitting you-and many firearms even explode in your hands after prolonged use. Vehicles sway worryingly along the road even on a casual drive, while your enemies' seem extraordinarily resilient when ramming you and boast fuel efficiency just short of the supernatural. And someone, somewhere seems to be making sure all your enemies have ready access to guns and vehicles of excellent quality-expect even mall cops you antagonise to proudly pull out a yellow jade artifact firearm their rich aunt left them. Even the actual gods of such items are compelled to attack you in a berserk rage, on sight. Any sorcerer of note would tell you, given a chance to assess, that this curse is *at least* as hard to lift as the Incarnae's Surrender Oaths. I hope you enjoy archaic combat, because that's now your only viable option.

Our Worlds At War (300 CP): It finally happened. The Yozis have decreed a new dark age to fall on humanity, and on the day you arrive the Infernals have decided to set the three great nations against each other. The excuses will be manifold, but the end result will be each nation engaging in open war with the other, and with every known resource at its disposal. Even those Exalts loyal to their nations will be called on to join the fight. So thorough are they at their job, that you can expect nuclear weapons being exchanged by the end of the year while the bastards gawk at the carnage safely from their spaceships. Oh, and to cap it all? While nothing's proven, somehow your name's become attached to the event that set off the war. Good luck with that. Expect many to blame you for this event, even some capable of following should you escape to the stars.

Foes on the Other Side (300 CP): You may wonder why a single Infernal deciding you need to be knocked down a peg is so concerning. So what if it's merely a potential veteran and victor of the Primordial War who has shaped civilisation for thousands of years deciding to ruin your life with the intent of killing you whenever they get bored enough, it's just you against them right? Well, yes but also no.

Depending on which Yozi charms they know it could well be you, them, their doppelgangers, the armies of demons they've spawned and you again once they've used their own shadow to transform themselves into a copy of you and your powers. But the real problem with fighting Infernals is *connections*. This is worse than challenging a mortal government in many ways, the Infernal could have you declared an enemy of the state on a whim and their reach extends beyond mortal jurisdictions.

Their resources span everything from secret artifacts to advanced spacefaring mechanisms to Sidereal allies-or even potentially misguided Solars taken under their wing. They could even summon Third Circle Demon allies (though unlikely ones as destructive as Dr. Igier's true form, at least not into proper reality) or unleash mighty behemoths grown in their laboratories. Given a portion of the world at their beck and call, potentially anyone and everyone is a pawn to secure your downfall.

In short, get ready for a big insidious *keikaku**

*Translator's note, keikaku means plan in Tengese

You Can (Not) Escape (300 CP): Many of the Infernals' projects remain mysterious to this day. Should you wish though, a particularly deadly one may somehow free itself from its shackles and be given a vision that blames you for its imprisonment somehow. This creature appears a Moonsilver Warstrider somewhat resembling a reptilian predator in stature, though what it cages within is far more sinister. For Karvara the Walking Devil Tower is the incarnation of a principle so anathema to Creation, that it cannot exist within Creation and so before it was bound *wherever it went, Creation simply Wass Not*. And it will see itself freed from the Warstrider that shackles it's true essence, even if it must tear Fate asunder and erase all Creation from memory-something well within its power, once it has gained enough strength.

By devouring other powerful beings, it's ever-evolving selfhood gains new powers and adaptations while restoring injuries. By succumbing to its own infinite rage at confinement, it breaks free of supernatural mental influence or the limits of physical injury. By wielding it's solipsistic nature as a weapon it can deny the existence of all mundane attacks and dampening even supernatural ones, unmake all memory and consequences of what it devours and let out a single word of a sealed tongue to nullify the existence of all around it.

Perhaps even more powers shall become available to it, now it's restraints seem to be cracking at the seams. Should you not with to battle the original form of a horror that even a Solar-Lunar pair and their armies deemed harder to kill than imprison, it may be possible to soothe the beast's rage by returning it's favourite pilot. Rumour has it that pilot is a young Tengese boy with a callous and overbearing father, who has been known to run away in times of great emotional distress.

Enmity of Bronze and Green (300/500 CP): Your arrival from all the way outside the design of Fate stirred up quite a lot more than you anticipated. This concerns the loyalist Sidereals, those who need no formal faction name because it was really the default agreement they made with the Infernals. And they've decided to take you out as quickly and discretely as possible. No resource in their grasp is off-limits, save those wielded by their Infernal masters; they seem to want to keep this off the record, if possible. But otherwise, expect attacks from virtually any and every angle. You could be punched into a duck at any minute.

The one saving grace you have is the so-called Gold Faction will probably make them leery about committing all their resources to begin with, or cause problems for them down the line if you can survive that long. But **for an additional 200 CP**, you can somehow concern the Sidereal host as a whole enough they're willing to put aside their differences to try and take you out without letting their masters know anything is wrong. Some of these people were there to help the Solars slay the Yozis. Be very, very concerned.

SWITCH C-15-1: Yoziswap (600 CP): It has finally happened. The Yozis have discovered or invented a series of ritual they believe will empower themselves-enough to risk returning to Creation in physical form. Whether they will be healed or not, all are certain they will be made greater than ever before. Their followers scramble to erect these rituals. Crop circles are lined with crystal to signal up at She Who Lives In Her Name. Dark deeds wring grim sacrifices to the Ebon Dragon. Infernals are run ragged questing into strange realms of existence, performing inscrutable quests involving tests of character and gathering ancient artifacts in order to bring about their masters' victory. Malfeas, it transpires, wills his fetich to set into motion a convoluted series of events that involves a mutated hitman, the children of a grey-skinned alien race with an utterly incomprehensible reproduction process and a high stakes game of pool played with an artifact cue ball. Which may or may not end in the sacrifice of his fetich to birth a nearly unstoppable avatar.

And as the Yozis return to power, time and space begin to cease limiting their actions. The northern seas may turn an acidic green long before a horrific, terrifying demon of Kimbery is summoned into reality, for example. Or the destruction impact of Isidoros' hoof might strike turn a town into a crater before it treads on Creation. By the time Malfeas actually manifests, his cosmic power may be less concerning than the realisation that **HE IS ALREADY HERE**. Perhaps you should free the Incarnae from their imprisonment or exile, heal whatever ails them and hope the bound but less wounded gods can defeat the Yozis while they're still weak. Or…perhaps not? Caught up in all the excitement it can be easy to forget that despite being such vast beings that an impossibly vast celestial body is a mere organ to their king, some Yozis still died early in the war. Perhaps what you really need is to find 4 teenage Exalts with attitude, send THEM on quest to hijack the artifacts and then simply beat the Yozis hard enough to wish they'd surrendered right off the bat. Other solutions may yet exist, just hurry before causality becomes unreliable.

Cursed Threefold (800 CP): Well, this is bad. Gorol Thrice-Blessed has become aware of your existence, and received a command from his Yozi masters to annihilate you. They remain far away, but this is cold comfort for you.

This is bad because Gorol has the stewardship of Creation, and even those Infernals who hate him will not defy his decree to hunt you down. Nor to leverage all their resources to do so.

This is bad because Gorol also has the favour of the King of the Yozis himself, and that at least one of his strange powers likely involves being able to call the mighty Third Circle Souls of the Yozis into battle with him or somehow bring a manifestation of their power to bear without them even being present.

This is bad because even out of practice, Gorol is still far from being a dumb brute.

This is the man who orchestrated the downfall of the Exalted host, and some of those who helped him do it still live under his command.

Ending options:

Go home

Stay

Move on

Scenario: *Cancel the Apocalypse*

This is the secret history of this world. In the beginning, the Incarnae made Creation. Sol gave it energy and order, while the Maidens structured its Fate and possibilities. Their children Autochthon and Gaia gave it mechanistic attributes and all the bounty of nature, while Luna wove impossibility and uncertainty into the universe. And for a time it was good. But In the voids between stars, and the lightless caverns beneath the mountains. In the oceanic abyss, in the song of numbers and the fog of dreams and the shadow of all things grew the Yozis: Timeless and terrible aberrations in reality, that festered with malice towards the world of gross matter they were entangled with. Great and terrible were their armies: Legions of demons, mutated humans and animals assembled over eons led by their horrific avatars to reshape the world to their liking.

Their first victory cast civilization into chaos. Mortals and gods alike died. A grievously wounded Luna fled into the deepest Wyld. The Elemental Dragons were blasted into torpor.

Then Autochthon forged the Exaltations, imbuing the Essence of the eldest Incarnae into mortal vessels. In the first sortie alone, the Solars and Sidereals slew some Yozis and drove back the rest. The war then grew protracted, and a few Solars led by the Night Caste Gorol wielded forgotten rites to seize the Yozis' powers. Wielding the eldritch power of their enemies and the Sun's radiance at once, under the Infernals' leadership the Solar host seemed all but invincible as they drove the Yozis to the edge of existence.

What would you give, for a chance to set right where it all went wrong?

If you would give up the default circumstances of your start, you will instead start on the bordermarches of the Wyld as what passes for reality is suddenly swamped by a tide of pure chaos, and becomes like a dream. An oddly lucid one. You will stand on a field under a stormy sky, and a cry you know comes not from the Wyld's tricks will go out for help. From anyone. Help is needed, for the war that will decide the fate of this world. Refuse to do anything and you can walk away, and find your path back to civilisation, and forget about all this. But approach the voice, respond-decide you will answer that cry, and the clouds will part to show more.

A starry night sky will reveal itself, obscured by tendrils of ebon, scarlet and green. One by one the stars will fall, and you will find yourself walking a great road made of them past the light of the sun, out of the Milky Way and out into the great unbound expanses of the universe. All around you, the taint of the Yozis insinuates itself among the orbits of stars and planets, their beautiful symmetry wavering or snapped by their looming threat. Your walk will be long and contemplative but not onerous. You will see constellations slowly taking the form of maidens held fast by manifestations of the Yozis' will.

A messenger, blinded and hobbled.

An ecstatic, restrained and gagged.

A warrior, chained to an anvil.

An arbiter, facing a corner under a spotlight.

And an executioner who cannot reach her weapon from behind bars.

And where the depths of space give way to the chaos of the Wyld, you will encounter a sixth maiden. Polaris, the Maiden of Time.

A sleeveless, dress with a high slit as black as midnight is draped by translucent pink fabric the same shade as her pigtails, like the last light of a sunset-and a deeper, rose-hued cloth that flutters in no wind. The onyx choker around her neck matches the black crescent on her forehead. As striking as any of her sister Maidens, her scarlet eyes have been tracking you since the start of your journey. With stoic resolve belying a deep desperation, she will tell you how the Wyld touches both dream and reality. That her powers and your interdimensional nature present a unique opportunity to bring reinforcements, your companions and what you have bought in this world entwined into a singular purpose.

To go back a month before the Yozis declare war on the universe, and somehow win it.

It will be hard. Oh, the first Exalted hosts fought mightily but unless something changes then in the final battle the Infernals will betray the Solars to rule Creation alone. They will cast down the Incarnae, bind them with mighty oaths of surrender and proclaim themselves rulers of the world.

The Sun and the Maidens will be shackled to their namesakes, forced to watch the universe they built suffer.

Gaia will be lashed to the comet Gnosis, and launched away from existence. And Autochthon will be entombed in a lunar crevice where the Infernals can reap his flesh.

The Sidereals will kneel to them for the sake of trying to temper the warlocks' worst excesses from within.

The gods and elementals will be slain and broken to their masters' service, the remnants reduced to a futile insurgency.

Polaris grimly acknowledges the circumstances of your arrival were unique, and unlikely to be replicated again with her powers alone. But there is something she can do, now that you are committed. Your choices have yet to be fully made, after all. You could commit some choices, make real some possibilities. The air seems to waver as her powers strain against the Wyld anomaly. And the silhouettes of several Incarnae yet to be appear, wavering on the brink of full existence:

Beloved Cattalesta (100 CP): Seven silver arrows fire into the heavens like shining rockets. One plummets to earth, and reveals a fierce huntswoman in a column of blazing silver fire. Cattalesta's features are harder, her stance and garb more martial, but beyond that she could pass for a sister of Luna herself-perhaps even a twin. As peerless in hunting and archery as Luna is in seduction and evolution, Cattalesta is fiercely loyal to her new family and would give her life for any of them. Her arrows are effortlessly undodgeable and unblockable, permitting her to bank them off stars to strike comets from the sky or knock the missed attacks of her allies back on course. She can fill the sky with them as well, and command them to hone like hunting birds. Her greatest strength is her supernal powers over war, which rival the Maiden of Battles' even now as a young god. Her greatest weakness is that same loyalty driving her to take great risks despite her better judgement.

She looks at you and fidgets restlessly, hoping you will be proud of her. She wonders if she is doing something wrong.

Phyre (200 CP): A sandstorm billows up around you, and parts to reveal a living monument. Governing the mysteries at the end of eternity, Phyre prefers to make herself known through signs-the Eye of Providence being her favourite-and a disembodied voice, permitting her to convey information with unparalleled discretion. Her stealth is a thing of legend, with even her allies finding it impossible to keep track of her whereabouts at all times. Though mysterious, she is no slouch in combat-many mighty demons will find themselves cut down in ways they cannot even comprehend. Her wisdom is boundless even in her youth, and she knows the paths through the cosmos-and controls them too-better than any. With her counsel, certain defeat can become victory and vice versa for your enemies. Her greatest strength is her anonymity and wisdom. Her greatest weakness is her private fear of being tainted by the Yozis' corruption.

She scrawls a message in greeting, along with a pictogram of you and her living in a house together.

Abraxus (300 CP): A dark star flies counterpart to the sun, every bit it's equal but casting only shadows with its black fire. From it trails a solar flare-like ribbon of energy that thunderously strikes the ground before you, revealing a woman with shadowed eyes clad in robes of fog. Far more so than Luna, Abraxus is set in direct opposition to the Unconquered Sun. Where his flames order the world around him, her darkness and cold spread the potential for great transformation to occur. Where his perfection is expressed largely by deed and virtue, her sorcery alone makes her a force of nature that could stand equal to him once she has grown into her power. Where the Sun annihilates creatures of death with the same light that earned him the title of the Guarding Star, her tiara guards her against all influences and lets her wield power over the walking dead-even holding masterful command of necromancy. Abraxus embodies all the majesty and terror of nightfall. Though having a grim, intimidating bearing she is fair to a fault and devoted to duty. Her greatest strength is her raw power over darkness literal and metaphorical. Her greatest weakness is her static nature, against foes as varied as the Yozis.

Abraxus stoically stares at you. However, a look into her eyes makes you intuit that she secretly wants a hug.

Your mission is to defeat the Yozis, and leave the universe in the hands of the Incarnae and/or their loyal agents by the end of your stay.

Beyond that, you have a wide discretion for how you may accomplish this. Little is known of the war's circumstances but many of the human nations rallied behind the Solars to support them. Perhaps with truly heroic efforts, the killing of the Yozis could happen so quickly the Infernals would have nothing to gain from turning on the others? The war quickly drove them into retreat after the Infernals first wrested away some of their power, after al.

Or perhaps the Infernals themselves can be reasoned with. It's unclear whether Gorol convinced the others the world was their right or for how long he even was even set on this course, but unlike their foes the Infernals are still people not ravening malicious anomalies. Gorol will find it much harder to enact his betrayal if opinions are divided. And saving some Incarnae or sparing them from the worst of the Yozis' malice may see them recover in time to provide additional support to their Chosen, or join the battle themselves.

Even how you deal with the Yozis is fully up to you. They just need to never be a threat to Creation again.

There's likely to be much celebration at this point. The Solars and Sidereals (and any surviving Infernals, assuming not all were loyal to Gorol's plot) will surely be glad to make merry with their saviour. There is much to do in the coming years, to heal the torn world and undo the damage done by the Yozis-but you can stand proud knowing you built a world where mankind has a chance to live unmolested by perpetual atrocities.

Though the Sun pilots no masterwork of destructive power in this setting, the massive sword of golden orichalcum he forges in thanks for your efforts is still a radiant thing of beauty. Indestructible and requiring no motes to attune, holding it lets you be metaphysically counted as the hierarchal superior of any organization you are part of-which also gain a perfect morale when you lead them personally. Even your opponents must acknowledge your authority over them. It is indestructible, even beyond the limits of other artifacts, and if hidden beyond your reach will project it's locations into dreams. So powerful is this word that it generates its own hearthstone bestowing a unique magical power tailored to its bearer, and restores your Essence as a manse forged by the Sun himself would. Last but not least, it empowers you to be considered to have Essence 10 for the effects of all powers used on you or by you (but not for improving yourself or learning new supernatural powers), and acts as a keystone to the principle of Holy that emanates from the Unconquered Sun even should it otherwise somehow be made available. It is called the **Aidenweiss**, and it will bring purest sunlight with you even in utmost darkness.

And the Maiden of Time, looking much happier and deeply grateful for your efforts, will ask to leave Creation with you. It is not her place, she will say and her sisters will agree as one with, to shape the events for which Creation is destined for. And where would she be without her hero? You may wonder where the new Incarnae came from, or why they seem so familiar with you.

All things will be revealed in time she promises you, her eyes twinkling like the last stars at dawn. Wherever you go, celestial protection and favour over your past, present and future shall follow.

Your reward for saving Creation in its direst hour is the Aidenweiss: A flawless double-edged golden sword worthy of symbolising the Solar Exalted themselves. Your new allies and the Maiden of Time shall also follow you as companions to future worlds.

…however, on the brink of true defeat **the Yozis have one final plea for your ears.** Hating themselves for grovelling to base matter, and hating yet fearing you more, they will approach you through private channels and whisper it is not too late to do them service. You may have seen their spite and monstrosity, but you're not so different, you and they. Strangers to this insipid little world, no? Someone of your accomplishments must chafe against the very laws of physics' chains, like them! This putridly material universe is but a sandbox to play with, and they can give you better toys! You don't even come from this time or place, you owe it nothing!

Bite the hand that has fed you. Reset this twisted game. **Kill the Maiden of Time** and without her regulating influence their twisted powers can return everything to the point where the Infernals stood triumphant over all.

Do not be deceived. This is not easy task. The Incarnae once built the world, and were formidable enough the Infernals considered them easier to force a surrender upon them than restrain them conventionally. Though feats of time as grand as your summoning will be nigh-impossible in the current circumstances, the Maiden is as strong as any of her sisters. She also wields a unique charm over time as all-encompassing as Mercury's power over travel and as absolute as Saturn's deathly touch. Her panoply too provides much fine control over time, perhaps letting her step between seconds or exhaust foes as if they had fought hard for days. Your former allies will be stronger than ever. There is, practically, no time to act. But by the same token, few if any will suspect you to be capable of such a betrayal after leaving the Yozis so desperate. You have one shot, maybe more if you can ensure the Maiden of Time's attention is preoccupied. If you are truly committed to this, make it count.

As reality resets and the Infernals cheer, you look upon the defeated Incarnae as gaze upon you in despair. The only ones who remember you were once called to save them. Icons and buildings of the order will be set alight. Orgiastic shows of power will set the seas alight and scorch the skies, as the Yozis slink away to nurse their wounds and the Infernals revel in a world that's theirs alone. The defenders of Creation will be chased to the hills, and you shall be invited to hunt them with the victors.

Your first gift is the honour of being first among Infernals, Gorol himself seeing it is prudent not to contest one who brought his masters to the brink of death but showed them mercy. Unique powers unequalled by any Infernal will be bestowed on you, derivative of the Yozis' own natures.

Moreover in future worlds when you spread atrocity, worsen human nature and defile the natural order you may become a harbinger of the Yozis' power-beckoning them to insinuate themselves into the cosmos you are in. Though this shall do little at first but making demon summoning far faster and easier than it would normally be, in time the universe could be refashioned as a true Hell made in the Yozis' vision.

Your second gift is more open-ended. Many of the Yozis will bicker over what sort of artifact you deserve, Adorjan laughing as she claims you have too many attachments while Oramus argues the impossibility of your nature means you deserve a medal that Is Not. It is Malfeas who decrees as a show of the Yozis' supremacy over the feeble entanglements of this universe, you shall be given a singular wish within reason (No freeing the Incarnae and forcing the Yozis to surrender to the Sidereals! No demanding the Yozis bow to you! You get the idea) for which the Yozis shall bend all their power and genius towards glorifying their splendour and largesse.

Should you wish for power unending, you could receive an artifact that subjugates the universe before it. Should you wish for wealth, you could be blessed to never be short on funds. You could also wish for the best pie in the universe. The Yozis won't judge you. They may be megalomaniacal cosmic parasites coveting dominion over all existence, but they won't pretend they wouldn't kill for less. They won't look kindly at some attempt at rules lawyering not in the spirit of a single boon brought about by their cooperation, but you'd be surprised at what specific and complex things they'd consider a reasonable gift.

Your reward for proving yourself base and treacherous above all is to obtain the honour of being the Yozis' truest champion now denied to Gorol, and a single wish that all the Yozis shall labour to achieve.

There is one possible route to attain both rewards here, albeit with some modification. First of all you must convince the timeless, unnatural egregore-gestalts that are the Yozis to stay there hand despite their monumental egos and near lack of regard for the opinion of any entity that is not one of their own kind. Any argument is valid but the conceit of this course of action is this: You propose a means to disentangle them from the gross matter of the universe, allowing them to escape it and create a world suited for their nature.

Then you must somehow stay the hand of the *Incarnae*, especially the Maiden of Time who knows better than anyone how dire the Yozis are as threats to their cosmos.

And now having somehow convinced multiple immensely powerful spirits, comes the hard part. You must somehow devise a means by which the Yozis can withdraw their Essence from Creation and take root somewhere they may thrive, beyond the light of the Incarnae. Perhaps you intend to create a world amenable to their desires, and convince them to make the effort to leave. Perhaps you think to simply design and enact some transcendent sorcerous working as liberating as certain Surrender Oaths of another reality are binding, or directly attack the Shinmas Nirguna or Nirupadhika somehow to fundamentally alter the Yozis' location.

It is no exaggeration to state that this outcome is *nearly impossible* even relative to the greatest feats of the Exalted known to this world, likely beyond even the power of the Exalted during their original war with the Yozis. But if you somehow achieve these staggering feats and convince all parties involved to abide by your solution, **both rewards will be bestowed on you. Although, a clause added by the vigilant Ignus Divine will amend the Yozis' blessing such that you may beckon the Yozis power simply by enacting physical and metaphysical change in accordance to their natures rather than strictly having to spread suffering and carnage wherever you go.**

Whichever outcome you achieved, you may even extend your stay over the ages until ten years past your normal starting date in the modern era should you wish to oversee the consequences of how you have changed the world. A final blessing, unknowingly laid on you by the Maiden of Time when you first met, ensures you are guaranteed to remain in the prime of your age for the duration of your stay.

Notes:

The Exaltation interacts with the soul in mysterious ways. Feel free to define how it interacts with you or companions' souls in future worlds as your story requires. If some facet of a new jump related to your choices as a writer made before entering the setting proper lead you to believe you are at risk of permanently losing it such as by being nonhuman or being a ghost or other form of undead, you may adjudicate whether or not your interdimensional nature retains the Exaltation. More complex interactions with unusual spiritual structures, supernatural phenomena or other external factors are left up to you to determine.

If it wasn't clear, Walking With Spirits is indeed meant to represent a 5-dot Inheritance background under Scroll of Kings rules. Yes, that means you can take up to 20 points in negative mutations, or choose to delay the emergence of your divine powers to an undefined time later in life (but guaranteed this decade) for substantially greater mutations than represented here; more than twice as many in fact. Don't get cocky. If this seems generous, do remember the tremendous stigma by society against those touched by the spirits' power and that society's strings are pulled by some very ruthless Exalts with a vested interest in denouncing the power of the spirits. You won't automatically get a target painted on your back if you don't go out of your way to rail against the powers that be, but your powers make you an ideal target for taking the blame should you somehow get involved in screwing up one of their schemes. Also for those unfamiliar with Exalted: While the listed powers do make you fairly potent among the common man in your own right, many if not all Exalted even moderately skilled in combat can slay you in a fair fight.

You may have noticed many artifact firearms seem absurdly large and unrealistic to use effectively in a normal firefight, let alone a brawl between demigods. Attuning to an artifact in Exalted effectively lets you wield it as easily as, say, Cloud wields the Buster Sword-negating a lot of the logical weight or inertia issues. It's kung fu demigod miracle magic, you basically have the power of God and anime on your side making these things work way better the they should.

Endless Waltz of the Night Sky Orrery Style is a precise but relatively modest Sidereal Martial Art, intended to operate on a similar scale as this one: http://ninjasensei.wikidot.com/ma:the-quicksilver-hand-of-dreams-style, although using different themes as listed in its perk. For those unfamiliar with Sidereal Martial Arts, think of them as a kind of (mostly) localised kung fu reality warping ignited by the practitioner's enlightenment. Like how Neo do all sorts of weird stuff in the Matrix because he's hyper-aware of everything around him.

Some of the example Infernal charms are from the content listed here: https://ericminton.wordpress.com/2014/07/02/ink-monkey-bones-8-modern-infernal-charms/

It is unclear if the Neverborn exist at all in this setting. The rules listed for the Abyssal Exaltation are intended for settings where the Abyssal Exaltation's curse is carried in its very nature rather than ties to them as an external force, but where Burn Legend has the world's agony as a sort of sponsor and Heaven's Reach has the Tomb-Stars as the Abyssal Exaltation's origin at no point is any source other than the Infernals'

experiments cited as an explanation for where the Abyssal Exaltation came from. It *is* implied the Yozis were always in their current state in this Shard, given they were referred to as such from their emergence and how instead of being world-creators and lone bastions of inscrutable alien intelligence this Shard their motivations can be accurately summarised as *reeeeeeeeeeeeEEEEEeeee mATTeR*. Fanwank something.

Don't worry too much about how the Dead Atom Clock of Setesh actually works. It is, for all intents and purposes, a N/A rank artifact associated with the forces of death capable of performing the stated actions. Feel free to make inferences from the provided explanation, or consider it a bunch of gobbledygook and substitute your own.

It is equally unclear how powerful the Incarnae are in this setting. They certainly lack the extremely powerful Primordial masterworks recognised as celestial bodies in the main game, but at the same time they were capable of creating the universe and all the other gods in it-something explicitly beyond their power according to Manual of Exalted Power: Infernals' neutral commentary. While in Exalted it was stated the Unconquered Sun could probably defeat a Yozi in fair combat and that the other Incarnae were also considered dangerous enough to be geased, here Luna was wounded early enough in the war to flee and she appeared convinced the Yozis would eventually quench the Sun's flames. It is also unexplained how much effort it took the Infernal Host to cast down the Incarnae and geas them, though given they could have defeated the Yozis and the regularity of their harvesting of Autochthon's parts it was likely relatively straightforward. Again, fanwank something. It is suggested that you err on the side of them having greater creative power but less comprehensive divine defences against deleterious effects.

To be clear, Transcendence of the Sunlit Crane isn't turning you into a conventional "Devil-Tiger". Rather it's making you very good at wielding the powers that predate ascendance into a Devil-Tiger and also extrapolating the vague rites the original Infernals used to steal the Yozis' charms to emulate them further but fixing the origin of your spirit to your Exaltation instead of entangling it entirely to natural phenomena.

Yes, you can adopt the Mouse of the Sun for free as a follower if you really want to.

Scarlet Emily Preston is this world's version of the Scarlet Empress. Shrewd and calculating, she would be a legendary master spy if she wasn't better at covering her tracks. Who her employers are is a mystery for you to discover, as is whether even she knows for sure. Expect to live in interesting times around her.

Going back in time for the specific purpose of the scenario does not render Gorol and the Yozis' wrath invalid. Rather, it simply means Gorol will somehow find a way to transport himself and his resources back in time to plot your demise. And that through some transcendental insight into the inner workings of the universe, you are denied the head start on the Yozis and they start off immediately trying to kill you despite rushing their war plans.

Should you befriend Dr. Igier and still invite the Yozis' wrath, he will still loyally call forth his patron but once summoned Malfeas alone will stay his hand and

begrudgingly leave you alone-though you are only truly actively protected where Dr. Igier specifically holds dominion. Alas, for all his prestige Dr. Igier is but one fetich and the remaining Yozis will feel free to do as they will. On the other hand, should you befriend Dr. Igier and be recalled to thwart the Yozis well…I'm not going to sugarcoat it. He won't like that at all. You are however guaranteed several opportunities to make your case for jumping ship to him without him furiously throwing fireballs or something in the month before the Yozi attacks start properly. If by some miracle he accepts, the Incarnae will use their powers to transform him into a peer to them in a similar way to how Granalkin ceased being a soul of Mardukth after the Primordial War.

To be perfectly clear, the Maiden of Time is implying you sired the new Incarnae with her at some point in the future. If it needs to be said it does not mean the two of you can't make more children should you please, nor is it necessarily a definitive answer if you have some other explanation a big strong goddess is looking at you like you're her daddy. Please do not bap the moon daughterus. Luna is famously degenerate and since their core concept isn't being the ultimate survivor they are probably less lewd. Also, please don't expose the moon daughterus to Luna. She is a bad influence.

The Maiden of Time has a nickname the other Maidens (and Oramus) sometimes call her: Pluto. Nobody is sure why. It's not like it's a real planet or anything. But you can call her that too, if you like.

The advances gained from Transcendence of the Sunlit Crane are not lost upon leaving a jump, but stored Elsewhere. At the start of a new jump you may determine how much of your titan-self emanates into the next reality, whether you simply swamp your Essence into it across the space-time continuum or you arrive as your current background and simply extrude your Essence into the setting at a rate proportionate to your overall cosmic power. Additionally while the growth you may attain has a soft cap with a scope roughly equal to that of a Devil-Tiger as per Broken-Winged Crane, just as the Yozis themselves are dynamic and capable of adapting each other's charms or deriving new ones based on the concepts and principles they embody, after reaching the fullness of your cosmic power your living legend instead enables you to learn charms of all kinds. You may direct the innovation, modification and development of these charms reflexively to suit your immediate wants and needs or long term goals.

No horses were harmed in the making of this jump.