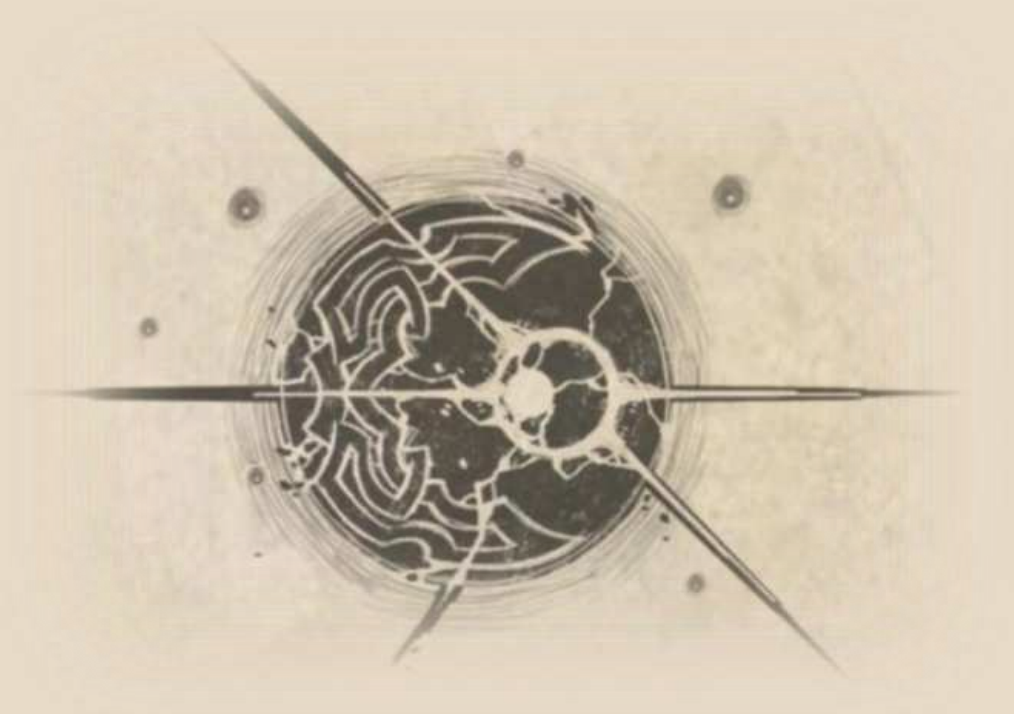
Defense of the Ancients 2

Long ago, when this world was but a cooling orb, its gravity bound to it a dreadful companion- a sphere of crystal which soon came to be known as the Mad Moon. That simple sphere was filled with a baleful radiance, a stark reminder of warring heavens to all who beheld it. To call the Mad Moon simply that was a mistake, for it was in fact a prison built to hold two opposing intelligences when the universe was still in its infancy, the handiwork of Primordials who had tired of their constant warring and bound them into a singular body supposed to fall through and for infinity as punishment. That it came to rest around our world was nothing but luck.



Civilizations rose and fell under its light, with creatures both smart and dull, great and feeble, gazing at it in curiosity and wonder. But that did not matter to the Moon's inhabitants. With time, orbital stress and tidal forces turned what should been a perfect and everlasting cell, into an almost perfect one. That alone allowed the two intelligences to expand small imperfections into cracks, and those same cracks into ravines, until the celestial body was aglow with weird energies that should have remained sealed until long after the universe itself had died.



In one night. In one single, apocalyptic, night, it happened. The Mad Moon simply… exploded. Moonrocks and other strange things were strewn about the cosmos, but the majority fell to the planet itself, most fragments consumed during reentry but rare others falling into the earth either as molten lumps or jagged crystals. Those who survived this event simply continued life, as the land slowly recuperated, and with time the Mad Moon itself and this single night became less than a memory- a simple fading dream, with most content to treat this event as nothing more than mythology.

Even so, those shards which survived this cataclysm had returned to their true form: Radiant ore and Direstone. Each type of stone was suffused with a peculiar energy, which both empowered and lessened those who lived around it, until they were all but dependent on its glorious power to survive. The benefits to those who lived near the two were many: physical energy, mana, protection, and even resurrection. The influence of the Radiant evoked light and charm, bringing colorful brightness to the affected, while the Dire evoked a baleful radioactive glow, bringing the aesthetics of decay and poison forth.

Soon, cultures affected by opposite Ancients found each other, and war was a simple inevitability. As opposite forces, the stones weakened each other, bringing failure and illness to those who tried to coexist. It was so, that the enthralled creatures of the Ancients rallied to war, and from far and wide those known as Heroes came at the Ancients' call to do battle.

Will you fight for the Radiant, and rid the world of darkness?

Will you fight for the Dire, and conquer all in your name?

Or have you far more complex goals, aligning with one merely for convenience?

Perhaps you will play the part of a simple shopkeeper, or explore the land without a care for these meaningless wars.

Either way, you will surely become something greater than a mere thrall of the Ancients.

+1000 Choice Points

Archetype/Allegiance:

Often it is asked, “What does a Hero truly need?”

Is a Hero someone who fights alone in wars, easily the equal of entire battalions? Is a Hero someone who uses divine will to protect the weak? Is a Hero one who seizes destiny for themselves, or one who has been blessed with a noble fate? One who bends the universe to their will, or one who bends kingdoms to their will?

What quality would such a person desire?



Strength

Some wish to be strong, wielding such might that they may overpower any foe. Some shake the very earth with their blows and sunder metal within their grasp. Others become like a mountain, legions struggling to so much as scratch one’s skin as they walk unharmed through battlefields.



Agility

Some wish to be swift, attaining speed beyond measure. Some send arrows flying with masterful grace, felling legions before they draw near a hundred steps. Others dance amidst blades, dodging attacks from lesser opponents with contemptuous ease.



Intelligence

Some wish to be wise, seeing past the lies the world and themselves tell, seeking cosmic truths. Ice and fire bending to one’s will, auguries unveiling ancient truths and portentious events, as one disregards such trifling things as earthly matters.

These three natures are universally found amidst the many and colorful Heroes of this world, and it is one of them which will define your strong point (at least, if you don’t happen to already be a grand magus or legendary warrior who feels like branching out.) as a Hero. Of course, it is you alone who may decide what type of Hero you are.

There is also the matter of your allegience. You and yours may serve **The Radiant**, **The Dire**, or be **Neutral**.

Note that you are likely to face beings such as the physical incarnation of the heat death of the universe, great sorcerers, and a stocky guy who’s really good with a gun. While they are not almighty, those who willingly pledge themselves to an Ancient may find their powers either enhanced by their newfound benefactor or forcibly dialed down by their nemesis. Whether you’ll find this to be a great boon or terrible curse remains to be seen.

As an aside, whether or not you actually have a background and memories is your call.

Location:

The conflicts of the Ancients occur far and wide, even if most scholars believe there will be one final war. You can choose your starting Location for Free, as it won't impact your doings with the battle of the Ancients too much.

Icewrack:

The Frozen Waste found in the deep north, just shy of the mountain range known as The Barrier. The river known as Blueheart Glacier flows through these lands, and the Frostiron are but one of many tribes, known for their use of glacial sapphires and blacksmithing skill. Despite the warm culture of many of the peoples here, contested territory is fairly common. The Crystal Maiden learned to control her powers here.

Desert of Misrule:

Located at the west of the Scintillant Waste, it is a dreadfully hot and barren land. Settlements are sparse and humble, but life is lived here just the same as any other place. The Lord of Misrule is the only noble ruling it currently, though there used to be an upper class of respectable size. These deserts are the native home of the species of dragon known as the Desert Wyrm, and the Slayer learned to control her powers here.

Scintillant Waste:

Located at the east of the Desert of Misrule, the sands here are alive and sentient, but need to place a single fraction of their vast being into magical armor crafted by a Djinn to properly interact with more compact beings such as humans. The desert is somewhat notable for the many and varied species of arachnids living among its sands, and the Kingdom of Qaldin is situated near its border. Many of Qaldin's magical rites are done through dance. The eastern area of the Waste is utterly scorching, but is inhabited by worshippers of the Solar Goddess, who are known for their skill at forging weapons and artifacts out of gold. Somewhere in the sands where the Scintillant Waste's intellect ceases to be, there lie the ruins of a place once inhabited by winged scorpion-like beings. While unlikely to yield much in the way of mystic artifacts, the cultural treasures one could find are many. While it will be excavated relatively soon, there remains a relic known as the Solar Forge in a non-descript crater at the Waste's edges.

Emauracus:

A simple rocky place, it is a holy land of those who serve the Omniscience. There are many sacrificial pits dotting the outer areas, where those who betray the order and those who have committed grave sins against it are often cast down. The cliffs of this place often have deep caverns, some of which can lead strangely close to the planet's core. Only those with the deepest faith in or greatest blessing of the All Seeing One are allowed to reach those depths. The crisis of faith had by Purist Thunderwrath was resolved here.

Slom:

A kingdom neighbouring Elze, which has never recovered from the removal of its tyrannical king. The Last King of Slom was eccentric and selfish, ruining the economy for the sake of acquiring fantastic beasts and the handlers needed to make them dance for his amusement, and the country is now simply a collection of cities and villages trying to make a living without recognition or united rulership. The Beastmaster Karroch and the Lycan Banehallow hail from here, and had a part in its king's righteous demise.

Elze:

A kingdom neighbouring Slom, which still is reeling from the death of its king but on the way to recovery. The Kingdom of Elze was known for its religious fervor, and was at war with Slom before its fall. This war will likely begin again the moment someone manages to ignite the faithful spark inside Elze's people. The King of Elze had a secret desire for pain, and it was in his abuse of office to find demonologists to summon and bind a fair demon to torment him and his subsequent shirking of duties that the populace grew to despise him. Unfortunately, The Queen of Pain who serviced him was freed by his death rather than returned to whichever hell she hailed from.

The Jidi Isle:

A large island surrounded by the placid Bay of Fradj. While its beaches and plains are relatively safe, it is most famed for its Acid Jungles, where extremely venomous creatures have evolved. Bioluminescent vines which produce caustic sap are common, as are epiphytes. Armored orchids are a particularly unique bit of flora, and their nectar are incredibly useful for apothecaries. In fact, most things in the Acid Jungles have extreme pharmaceutical potential, from its many plants, to its varied reptiles, to the Spitterpedes famed for their ability to spit venom, to the immobile Splattering Forcipule known for melting down prey and devouring them with root-like tendrils as their remains drain into the ground. Of note, a snake-like being that seems to embody every single form of poison, venom, acid, or toxin in the jungles has become restless and will likely leave the Isle soon after your arrival.

Augury Bay:

A port city located near the Vale of Augury. Or what remains of it, anyway. It used to be populated by Keen, but after the Treant Protector noted it to be a threat to the Treants living in the mountains beyond the Vale, it was destroyed in just a few days. First, there was a flood. Then, things carried in by it took root on the lives and buildings of the city. Then, came the trees, tearing down livelihoods and lives alike. Once innocuous flowers spat choking pollen at any who came near, vines crawled under any fortification and into those seeking to hide, and many other terrors. Only one person inhabits the remains of the city now, a Smallkeen who spends day and night working in his family's workshop, kept awake by the desire and need to enact righteous vengeance upon the trees for this massacre.

Aziyog:

An underground city, located beneath the earth's crust, deeper than even the magma layer and the roots of volcanoes. Its architecture and cavernous landscape is composed of obsidian, adorned with fine stonework. Certain areas are mortared with the bones of slaves. The city's masters are the demons of the Abyssal Horde, known for their monstrous forgemasters and the usage of the art of the Dark Rift. The city is rather desolate in current times, as their armies have already started marching on surface nations in search of better lands. The Underlord, Vrogos, is the closest thing to a proper ruler the city has.

Cladd:

A collection of islands, known for their once mighty Navy and Suicide-Mages. The nation was accosted by the Demons of the Cataract in recent times, until a final sortie against them in the treacherous waters of the Trembling Isle. What began as a battle between demonic and human fleets was soon joined by atavistic spirits, and further complicated by the awakening of an abyssal god. No one is quite certain of what occurred to Admiral Kunkka in the eye of the storm, but the demons were dispatched and the oceanic god simply left, allowing Cladd to finally enjoy peace. While they are still rebuilding their once-proud Navy, no military secrets or technology were lost, new soldiers still being equipped with flintlock pistols and sabres and newly christened ships still being outfitted with cannons. While Claddish metallurgic and blacksmithing techniques are nothing special, the islands have abnormally high quality ore, giving Claddish steel a positive reputation.

Nightsilver Woods:

The sacred forest of the moon goddess Selemene, and home to the Dark Moon sect of warriors. The woods are attuned to the goddess due to a lunar shard falling into the forest in times past, which is now the center of the Shrine of Selemene. In the heart of the forest, beautiful lotuses grow in silvery pools, which despite having no mystical or godly power are deeply coveted due to their association with divinity. Most who have the courage to steal them do not live long enough to leave this place. Princess Mirana abandoned her claim to the Solar Throne in order to serve Selemene, and the warlord once known as the Scourge of the Plains found salvation as one of the goddess' chosen after her armies were scattered. By default, this will place you somewhere near the Nightsilver Woods, but you may begin inside the actual forest if you so wish. This may be a poor decision, as Selemene personally smites those who intrude on her domain. As an aside, the leader of the Abyssal Horde has expressed a desire to burn down these woods. Do with that information as you wish.

Race:

While humans are plentiful enough, there are other intelligent beings in this world. Unlike many, you have the luxury of choosing where you came from and what you are.

A Simple Human (Free)

You are a human, likely of no notable source. Perhaps you are a nomad or tribesmen living in the deserts known as Hazhadal Barrens by the civilized world. Perhaps you are a citizen of the Nation of Cladd, born near the Trembling Isle. Maybe you even hail from the decaying Kingdom of Elze, or once lived in the now-ruined city of Stonehall.

The Keen Folk (Free)

Short, bulky, with a magnificent prowess for growing facial hair and a distinct affinity for technology, you're a right and proper member of the Keen Folk. Your skin ranges from faint yellow with a very slight hint of violet to full on light purple. While you are by no means required to despise magic like the rest of your people, going against the grain of an entire society may be rather inadvisable. Either way, you're smarter and cleverer, even if most members of your race tend to do foolish things due to an obsession with relying only on their own wits and rational metholodogy.

Smallkeen (Free)

Perhaps derived from the Keen, or simply very similar to them, you look much like your Keen kin. Your skin tones are generally much more vibrant, with little inbetween the two extremes, and you are even smaller, a bit under a third the average human in size. You share the same dislike of magic and affinity for technology as your larger counterparts, and your nose and chin are likely pointy.

Member of the Dezun Tribes (Free)

You are not human, though you share the general body type of one. Your skin may be either green or a dark purple. Your head is much more angular than a human's, the shape your ears and your chin make closely resembling a V, and your ears are rather pointed. You have no notable innate physical or magical abilities, though your tribe's worship of the Nothl Realm could potentially yield sacred powers. The Nothl Realm itself is a strange dimension where things are never quite the same and the properties of light and dark are inverted. A gentle healing light would become a noxious and malicious poison, while great atrocities are cast in dazzling and beautiful glows. Those who enter it are irrevocably changed in some way, and those who are consencrated by Nothl Priests find themselves laid to rest in that dimension, joining the gods of that place regardless of whether they were a great worshipper themselves or a worthy opponent felled in combat.

Oglodi (Free)

Rather bulky, with a potato-shaped nose, a large chin, and completely blank eyes, you are a hale and hearty Oglodi. Most members of your race respect strength and revere the weather, as a single fickle storm could decide the fate of an entire village in their homeland of Druud. Though the current Oglodi are a simple shade of their ancient glory, which once harnessed the storms in whatever forms they saw fit and prospered despite the harsh environments they lived in, their Bloodmist Army remains a respectable threat to neighbouring nations. If only due to its general being a one man army. Despite the stereotypes, Oglodi are just as intelligent and capable as any other race. They are also known for their hatred of the Keen Folk, resulting from their small stature and physical weakness.

Ogre (Free)

Much taller than a human and relatively big-boned, many would assume ogres to be mighty at a first glance. While weak ogres are rare, that is not the case, as they have the same general physical abilities as humans. While your faculties remain the same as they were before, making you a legendary outlier, all but one or two ogres are stupid. This can not be stressed enough. Insults and long-standing figures of speech have been coined specifically to make it clear how stupid ogres are. Ogres very rarely wear clothing other than dirt, acquiring proper garments only by eating lanekill with such gusto they unwittingly end up inside the fleshless remains. However, once in a generation or two, a Two-Headed Ogre Magi is born. These ogres are almost at the mental level of other races, and are given the name of Aggron Stonebreak, in honor of the first and (until now, anyway) only ogre to truly be intelligent. If you and a Companion both choose to become Ogres, you may instead share a body and become a Two-Headed Ogre.

Centaur (100 CP)

You are a four-legged being, with a horned upper half resembling a human, and the lower half of a horse. You may have either light skin or blue skin, and you may have either normal eyes or the same blank eyes as the Oglodi. Centaurs hail from the steppes of Druud, and were split into many clans at the Clanfounding, overseen by the Elder Greyhoofs. Centaurs do not have written language, music, or formal religion. Instead, your kind has turned combat into high art, forming a culture around the expression of the self through violence. The average centaur is around two times stronger and tougher than the average human, though they also have the speed and endurance of a horse.

Magnoceros (100 CP)

Looking like a hybrid between a fuzzy mammoth and a rhinoceros, you are one of the magnoceroi. While it lacks any notable magical aspect, the horn of a magnoceros is much more durable and light than metal, far surpassing non-magical alloys. Due to this, the magneceroi are often hunted, despite the lethality your kind brings forth against any foolish enough to try. Your kind used to live near Mt. Joerlak, until it inexplicably erupted one day. Half your kin died, drowned by fire and ash, while many more died at the hands of hunters while fleeing north in order to protect your elders, mothers, and calves. Physically, magnoceroi have the same general attributes as centaurs, though their speed is a bit lower. Despite this, their horns more than make up for any lost force when charging in combat.

Slithereen (200 CP)

You are a member of a race of seadwellers with a humanoid upper body, a fish-like lower body, and headfins on both sides. You also have a lure on your head, and while this can have long term health complications, you may initiate bursts of healing which allow you to regrow lost body parts and close otherwise lethal wounds in a matter of seconds. Living deep underwater has made you thirty times as strong as a normal human, and either your voice or your lure's light holds a special property. If you choose your voice, you will be able to sing with a magical tone. While this is incredibly straining, most Naga with this ability only being able to keep it up for a few seconds, this song sends all opponents who hear it into a deep sleep which prevents them from acting and being acted upon. If you choose your lure, rather than simply illuminate, its feeble light reveals even the most hidden opponent (be their stealth gotten through technology, actual skill, or some type of spell) and their vulnerabilities, allowing you and your allies to maximize damage dealt to foes.

Nightcrawler (200 CP)

A subtype of Slithereen, with a fully humanoid build, though they are still visibly inhuman. To put it simply, they appear to be a mix between reptilian kobolds and fishes. While they have the same general physical abilities (healing bursts included) as Slithereen, most prefer to live in shallow waters, and they lack the supernatural voice or lure some Slithereen possess. Instead, some Nightcrawlers (you included) seem to imbue weapons they hold (or their appendages, if they eschew tools of war) with a strange yellow glow. This glow seems to linger in enemies for a moment after striking, before returning to its source, carrying a measure of the target's physical abilities, skill, and intelligence. Generally speaking, the theft is meager (think something on the level of 15 kilograms with each strike), but lasts for a few hours and can be compounded through repeated attacks.

Levianth (200 CP):

You are a member of a race of seadwellers with a humanoid and rather heavyset body, resembling a marine creature of some sort. While your physical strength is rather notable compared to humans, the boast that you are as mighty as a dozen men being accurate, you are not particularly strong compared to your Slithereen peers. It is your hide which shines bright compared to them, steel and arrow alike failing to pierce more than a centimeter or two, and whatever wounds you do take heal easily with little complication or medical treatment. The shell on your back, in particular, is incredibly tough: it shares the same ability to heal as the rest of your body, but takes something on the level of a cannonball in comparison to actually begin cracking.

Undead (200 CP)

What exactly happened is not as important as what resulted. Perhaps you died, perhaps you were blessed by a dark God, or perhaps you are more alive than any other, forevermore denied the release of death. What can be said is that you are some type of undead, a creature between but not beyond life and death. You do not need to eat, breathe, or sleep, and there is a distinct possibility you no longer have the ability to do so even if you wanted to. You must choose one other Race option with a cost equal or lesser than this one in order to determine what you were before dying. This will give you any innate benefits that Race may have, but not its Discounts, and you still need to pay the CP cost associated with it.

Demon (300 CP)

Hailing from one of the seven hells, demons are entities of darkness feared by those who have even a single iota of sense in their mind. They are known for their cruelty, their incredible skill at slowly uncovering the things hidden inside one's heart despite being bound and using it to convince another to hang oneself while smiling, and their overwhelming physical and magical power. Any dark, shadowy, hellish, or evil powers you may have are at least a quarter more powerful when wielded with the form of a demon, you have the strength and durability of a hundred humans, and your natural lifespan is infinite. Your form as a demon is yours to decide with some limitations. It can not be any larger than twice the height of a human in height, length, or width. Your spine must be crooked. Your form must be, to some degree, humanoid. It can not give any direct benefits beyond basic physical factors, such as having more than two arms or legs with which to act. Some demons resemble humans with skeletal heads, some suits of armor animated by flame and simply sliding along, some reptilian quadrupeds, others incredibly attractive humans, some stranger things yet.

Izh icha domosh omoz.

Perks:

Of course, for every Hero whose power may be found in fine breeding, divine blessing, or a lucky opportunity, there are many more who simply worked their way into legend. **Certain choices may give you multiple potential Discounts/Freebies in a single Price Tier- only (1) of those of your choice will apply.**

A Light In The Darkness (100 CP, Free to The Radiant)

Radiant Ore brings a soft and comforting light to all near it, and you've gained a measure of this trait. So long as you hold good will in your heart, those who see you will surely know that you are one who protects the meek against the darkness, granting you respect, trust, and potential allies. If you so wish, you may also shift your aesthetics to better embody these values, making you look regal and traditionally beautiful. Aura effect can be toggled.

A Beacon to the Hopeful (200 CP, Discounted to The Radiant)

Though a Hero is easily the equal of an army in battle, toppling empires alone is unlikely. Through charisma and a little bit of luck, you are able to find competent people with ideals similar to yours, and unite them into a singular unit. While the people you gather under your command are only a fair amount above the average people of whatever lands you travel, having an actual military force or united political party stand for something often proves much more worthwhile than a single person doing the same, no matter how qualified they might be.

Temperance of Thousands (400 CP, Discounted to The Radiant)

One man standing against the world might be legend, but a thousand standing against the world are eternal. The core of civilization is the will to cooperate for mutual benefit, and you have discovered how to perfectly instill these values into those you defend or lead. While you must still act and speak with them, you can bring out the best in the masses and the few, causing them to stop taking advantage of those around themselves in order to better the whole. Additionally, you have become an accomplished military leader, spiritual leader, and actual political leader, excelling in whatever role you choose to use in the dispensation of justice and defense of the weak.

The Radiant (600 CP, Discounted to The Radiant)

This world may not be constantly on the brink of destruction, but to say it is free of great evils is foolish. Much like the Radiant did, you are able to gather great Heroes from all over the world and unite them for a just cause. While you must actually do so personally, unless you happen to have a way of sending out a call for aid backed up by the certainty of your righteousness all over the world, you have an instinctive sense both for where those who are of justice can be found, and what lands may need the aid of a Hero. While you still need an actual cause for gathering them in order to make them listen to you, your charisma would allow you to convince natural spirits, faerie dragons, legendary mortals, conflicting religious champions, a murderous alien, several cosmic embodiments, and at least one fallen god to work together for the greater good. Keep in mind that this goes both ways. Trying to boss around those who gathered at your call for your own selfish needs will end in tears.

A Shadow Over The Land (100 CP, Free to The Dire)

Direstone brings a noxious and selfish darkness to all near it, and you've gained a measure of this trait. So long as you tread onwards to the horizon not for discovery and wonder, but to dominate and conquer all you behold, those who see you will surely know that you are a tyrant best left pleased, the masses instinctively knowing the consequences of rebellion and bowing to your will. This will not grant you respect or trust, but what use does one such as you have for such worthless ideals? If you so wish, you may also shift your aesthetics to better embody these values, making you look terrifying and decadently gorgeous. Aura effect can be toggled.

A Spiral Towards Ruination (200 CP, Discounted to The Dire)

People are weak. Their bodies frail, their minds even more so. One comment near a pauper, and he finds himself making up nightmare scenarios regarding that pretty princess he inexplicably befriended, and a tragedy finds itself in the making. One carefully worded letter to a noble, and they become tyrants, desperate to destroy enemies that do not exist. It is only reasonable then, that the death of that girl would result in her ailing father losing the will to carry on, creating a power vacuum which soon enough will cause civil war, the nation razed to cinders by the paranoid noble in a year's time. While you still must study your targets, and find information on them with which to forge a knife… why would this grand farce called civilization be any mightier than the people forming its foundation?

Tyranny of Thousands (400 CP, Discounted to The Dire)

That's not to say society can't stand strong. If one can not survive outside stimuli, then they simply must be removed. That is the natural order of things, and you've learned to instill this belief in those weaker than you through violent social engineering. Besides having general skills at ruling, including the annoying diplomatic and bureacratic parts you will likely gloss over by starting a war and expanding your borders, you are able to create a society in which one is incentivized to use and abuse others in order to rise, an extreme manifestation of selfish dog-eats-dog ideals. More importantly, so long as you remain at the top, you are able to force people to play ball when such is needed (regardless of your active input) causing your newfound nation to actually remain functioning in the long term.

The Dire (600 CP, Discounted to The Dire)

This world is yours to take and use as you see fit… and yet, fools with delusions of grandeur and useless ideals stand united in your way, and so it is that you will fight fire with fire. Much like the Dire did, you are able to gather great "Heroes" from all over the world and unite them for the justest cause of all: self-preservation. Whenever some wannabe great good, nation of heroes, or what have you stands in the way of evil, so long as they are a sufficient threat to all involved, you will be able to find and unite great tyrants, servants of dark gods, remorseless killers, several demons, and any other shady characters for the purpose of putting down a collective threat. Keep in mind that this is simply an alliance of convenience. Trying to abuse the meager trust everyone will put on each other will end in tears… but they should've seen it coming anyway, so it's their fault if you pull a double whammy and it works.

Voice of a Vendor (100 CP, Free to Neutral)

To sell someone something they need, you must simply make a good pitch. To sell someone something they don't need, you must make them think they need it. So it is, that you've become quite the speaker *and* listener, gauging your next buyer's wants with some small talk before presenting whatever items you wish to part with in a manner tuned specifically to enflame desires regardless of necessity.

Secret Shop (200 CP, Discounted to Neutral)

Of course, you can't simply walk through a battlefield peddling wares. Which is why you've learned to navigate normal environments such as dark gloomy forests and rivers, and not so normal environments such as treacherous cliffs and burning plains, even while pulling around a cart or leading a beast of burden. More importantly, you can figure out how to hide yourself and small structures in any locale, so long as you make some small concessions for it, such as not being out in the open or near all the combat action, even while keeping yourself up for sudden mobility. Despite the intended effects, you are not required to use these skills solely for setting up shop in unexpected places.

Legends In The Making (400 CP, Discounted to Neutral)

Many are content to find great artifacts with long and adored stories, but you've discovered the secret to creating them entirely. First, you have a modicum of crafting skill in nearly all areas. Swords, bows, armor, jewelry, while you're nothing to speak about you get the job done. However, sell a sword to a strapping young lad. Now sell a shield to some mercenary desperate to make more of his life after the boy dies, then sell a bow to some… look. It might take a while, but you're going to make something for someone made of sterner stuff than most at some point, and that's when your craftsmanship shines. A knight using an armor crafted by yours truly slays a dragon despite being bathed in fire, then finds his armor having a design resembling scales once it cools down. Then, he discovers his armor quite literally drinks fire, heating up to harm nearby enemies while leaving him cool as a breeze. A ranger using a bow made by you shoots a monstrous avian in the wing from an absurdly long distance, and now any arrows fired from said bow home in on its target's weak points, seeking to cripple them. So it is, that when legendary Heroes are born, so are legendary implements. Curiously, those supernatural tools you inadvertently create always return to you, seemingly desiring for you to grant them new wielders. I'm sure you can figure out how to profit from this.

Shopkeeper's Safeties (600 CP, Discounted to Neutral)

There is a reason Keepers calmly walk into battlefields, despite constantly wheeling and dealing people who could easily kill them. The Gods themselves adore their work, whether it's the bold attitude they bring to bear against those many would call their superiors, or the simple common folk charisma they use to coax gold out of the harshest hands. Either way, it is known that to strike against a Shopkeeper means bringing calamity and suffering to yourself. Roshan can attest to this, as he was one of the few people to ever harm a Keeper. After claiming the Aegis of Immortality, the Gods cursed him to always rise from the grave in due time, yet always find himself slain by others seeking to steal the Aegis from him as he stole from its previous Keeper. Regardless of whether or not you stay in this world, the protection of the Gods shall follow you wherever you go, though only in your capacity as an honest profit-seeking merchant. Should you champion a cause through mercantilism, slip a trap to your buyers, or simply try to abuse this compact, these protections will fade until the end of your current jump. You can still close your shop and take up the sword when it is needed, and people will know that to strike at you when you're doing your job as a Shopkeeper means inviting divine wrath.

True Survivor (200 CP, Discounted to Strength Heroes)

To crush your enemies, to see them driven before you, and to hear the lamentations of their women. That is the finest in a warrior's life, but before one can do so, one must make sure they are not the one who will be crushed. Your willpower is enhanced, giving you the drive to keep on going despite pain, whether it is the pain of being struck in combat or simply one's weakness leaving the body during training. Additionally, you've gained an affinity for physical exercise. The burn during training and the burn as your muscles heal is there, but it is simply a pleasant reminder of your continuous advancement, and you can figure out the best routines for yourself with ease despite strange physiologies and supernatural effects muddying the waters.

The Strength of a Hero (400 CP, Free to Strength Heroes)

This is what Heroes are known for. Your initial strength may not be legendary, but it is clearly abnormal. Someone able to carry granite boulders the size of men in each hand, wrestle beasts into submission, and calmly stand inside furnaces is simply uncommon. But most Heroes did not get where they did by sitting idly. With diligent exercise, you may one day be known for tearing down mountains, or for weathering the assaults of mages able to call down meteors and summon forth natural disasters.

Tiny (600 CP, Discounted to Strength Heroes)

Stone Giants are rare creatures, to say the least, considering that there is only one other member of the race. That he himself does not know his origins, and wanders the earth seeking the truth of his birth only adds to that mystery. While any such undertakings of self-discovery are yours to decide, you are also a Stone Giant like him. Contact with stone and other such materials causes them to briefly become one with you, allowing you to move them with precision and strength as if they were one of your muscles, and your body's craggy nature makes attacking you in close combat a losing proposition. While you are easily able to toss boulders twice the size of a human in all dimensions to begin with, you naturally merge permanently with more and more rocks so long as you live, proportionally increasing your size and strength. Today, you are no taller than one of the Keen Folk, but given a human lifetime, you will grow as large as a hill. Becoming a literal mountain over the coming centuries is almost a foregone conclusion, and your growth will not stop even then.

Earth Spirit (600 CP, Discounted to Strength Heroes)

There runs a seam of sacred jade in the Upland cliffs, long abandoned by miners. The likeness of the great general Kaolin was carved from this material, and buried at the head of a stone funerary army of ten thousand, comprised of soldiers, holy men, jesters, and many others, also created by craftsman and entombed within the embrace of the Earth for thousands of years. What those workers did not know is that within the jade they used the spirit of the Earth itself flowed through, and that force within the jade did not sit idly, gathering strength over the course of a thousand years to finally break free and return to the surface. Whether you are that very spirit, or a different elemental that experienced strangely similar circumstances, is for you to decide. What is known is that your connection to the world allows you to command earth as if it were a close friend, hills moving at your behest and rocks standing up to form paths and barriers if you simply ask. While rather comic, your finesse is such that you may form a protective sphere around yourself, and use this command of the earth to force it along in order to roll around at the speed of sound. Your physical might is godlike, allowing you to literally attack and perform other such feats of strength with the force of a mountain. You are able to use the power of geomagnetism to pull minerals towards you. Normal living beings are also vulnerable to this due to the minerals found within their body. While it is tiring to perform, you are able to magnetize the minerals inside the bodies of your enemies, causing them to rampage inside their body while trying to break free. Most find this exceedingly lethal. As an aside, you are able to summon the stone statues you were once entombed with regardless of distance or location, in case you find yourself utterly bereft of materials to work your powers with. This calling also restores them to their base state, regardless of how broken they may have ended up since your last call. You may also enchant others, granting them the same stone properties as these statues, though this does not make them any more vulnerable.

Remember the Name (200 CP, Discounted to Agility Heroes)

You can train, and train, and train, but if you just keep on making the same mistakes you'll never get better. That's why you've developed a rather introspective sixth sense during combat, which while not terribly useful for actual fighting, allows you to instictively perceive any errors in your technique. Through this, it is much easier for you to realize when you are making honest mistakes, weaknesses you inadvertently open up, and the general highs and lows of your form. While you still need to correct these things yourself, and properly learn how to physically perform the relevant motions in combat, this makes advancing your skill much easier.

The Agility of a Hero (400 CP, Free to Agility Heroes)

This is what Heroes are known for. Your initial agility may not be legendary, but it is clearly abnormal. Someone able to strike at the heart of ten men in ten seconds and reduce the damage taken from enemy strikes by skillfully moving away from the source is simply uncommon. But most Heroes did not get where they did by sitting idly. With diligent training, you may one day be known for easily dodging an army's attempts at striking you with bow, sword, and artillery alike, or for taking martial excellence into the level of the supernatural and performing strikes that deal harm far beyond the level of even legendary spells.

Anti-Mage (600 CP, Discounted to Agility Heroes)

The monks of Turstarkuri had developed many techniques against sorcery, despite their self-contained and dogmatic way of life. It was a tragedy then, that when the Dead God's crusaders came to their land most of them merely assumed the undead assaulting their monastery to be illusory demons, phantoms meant to dissuade them from greater spiritual understanding by forcing them back to concern themselves with earthly matters. You may be a simple acolyte who had yet to be admitted into the monastery proper, or have acquired their ancient knowledge through other methods. Regardless of that, you've learned many techniques to use against magic. With a simple exertion of will, you may cause your physical strikes to literally burn away one's mana, causing a small fraction of an enemy's energies to instead harm its vessel. You've taken evasion and elusiveness to another level, being able to teleport up to a kilometer away every few seconds. Intense meditation has hardened your skin against magic, causing all sorcery which strikes you to deal only half the harm it normally would have. While this requires such a spiritual focus that you may only perform it once every few hours, you may create a Mana Void inside a single foe. This causes the difference between their current mana and their maximum mana to rage out against them, dealing damage based on what they could have done with that much magical energy to themselves and any nearby enemies.

Ember Spirit (600 CP, Discounted to Agility Heroes)

There is a place within the Wailing Mountains named the Fortress of Flare, which had been abandoned long ago, its old master resting within a topaz cauldron as nothing more than ash. Once a place of training and study for warrior-poets, the teacher Xin spread the Bonds of the Guardian Flame, mantras to train the mind and body for the harsh realities of the greater world. Sadly, in teaching a warrior's way he earned a warrior's rivals, and was eventually bested and slain. His acolytes spread to the wind, but even as the years turned to centuries and followers to descendants, his teachings endured by deed and whisper. Touched by this legacy, the Burning Celestial cast himself into the Fortress of Flares and reignited Xin's remnants. From these embers emerged an image of the warrior-poet, wreathed in flame and just as thoughtful as before, willing to spread the fires of knowledge to all who seek guidance. It may be that you are the Ember Spirit himself, or a descendant of one of his acolytes who came to similar circumstances involving a different spirit of flame. Either way, you've attained great patience, and are an excellent teacher in matters of spirit and combat- in fact, you could guide others in the paths of spiritual enlightenment and martial arts even if they happen to lack that undefinable quality which lets one surpass mortal failings. You are skilled in the use of chains and bolas in combat, even being able to summon forth constructs of pure fire from your body to wield during combat, and you are able to perform bursts of speed which near the divine. In a single eyeblink, you could strike down an entire army company. While you can't constantly force yourself to reach this velocity, it does not tire you any more than normal movement does. You may cover yourself in a shield of flames, which besides being hot enough to turn rock and steel into a liquid, also diffuses a small amount of any enemy spells which seek to target you. Lastly, you are able to create remnants of yourself made out of flame up to a few kilometers away every few minutes, each of them lasting a bit under an hour. At your call, you may become pure fire and fly towards one of these remnants at a few multiples of your normal running speed.

Sailing Across a Black Sea of Ignorance (200 CP, Discounted to Intelligence Heroes)

The glitter of gold, fine art, and great but ultimately ordinary craftsmanship may all hold the potential to net a man a life of luxury, but in the search of knowledge, one can not waste time with such base treasures. It is in artifacts made vessels for magical power, glimpses of runes carves in ages past, and the grimoires of mages that one may find true discovery and worth. You have exceptional luck and skill when seeking out such materials, discerning charlatans from fellow seekers of knowledge, discovering the path to an old wizard's tower and the ways needed to request apprenticeship to him… or the knowledge that he has long since passed and you need only fear his bound summons when studying that which he left.

The Intelligence of a Hero (400 CP, Free to Intelligence Heroes)

This is what Heroes are known for. Your initial intelligence may not be legendary, but it is clearly abnormal. Someone able to design riddles to confound wise masters, decypher languages lost centuries ago, and both understand and internalize theorems of the true nature of the universe is simply uncommon. But most Heroes did not get where they did by sitting idly. With diligent study, you may one day be known for tricking pantheons out of treasures and convincing them they came out ahead, or for understanding more about subjects than their physical embodiments.

Ancient Magus (600 CP, Discounted to Intelligence Heroes)

Long ago, magic was a simple matter of understanding and memory. There was no need for faulty technology, enchanted wands, or the mana the Mad Moon's shattering heralded. It was the simple act of understanding the world, and the internalization of this knowledge in the form of formulas which then changed reality in a specific form, any greater rituals nothing more than mnemonic tricks. To become a great magus one needed a great mind, rather than some ephemeral power or blessing. While most would presume this type of sorcery lost forever, you've somehow attained knowledge of two spells from that ancient age, and may learn more yet through your own research or the study of ancient texts. What these spells can do is varied, but almost always great. Perhaps you know of auguries to unveil the legends of places such as ruined fortresses or abandoned mystic towers, or to determine the most likely fate of entire kingdoms. Maybe you know of conjurings to embody the elements as servitors, or summons to call down gigantic meteors from outer space. Or even a spell each for every natural disaster you can imagine, or the Sempiternal Cantrap, able to make its target truly ageless with absolutely no side effects.

Storm Spirit (600 CP, Discounted to Intelligence Heroes)

Certain elementalists command the elements directly on a personal scale, while some affect things on a grander level. Others still convene with great spirits, and you were among the latter. For their own reasons, perhaps as a desperate ploy to save their people from divine rage, or a simple bid for power, an elementalist used their own body as a vessel to bind a spirit of storms. From this merger of human and divine, you were born. You may create short-lived spiritual copies of yourself made of raging electricity, which while lacking any ability to act or will, serve as great ways to strike upon enemies directly or lay traps. While this hampers your ability to move, you are able to create vortexes of electricity which draw in foes through electromagnetism while also interrupting their nerves' ability to command their body for a few seconds. Using any magical ability you may have causes extraneous electricity to gather in your hands, allowing you to enhance your physical strikes or simply throw that power as bolts. You are also able to simply become magical ball lightning, crossing battlefields at speeds hundreds of times faster than the thunder heralding your arrival. Despite the lowered speed, enemies who near your electric form find that the power you carry is just as intense as that of real lightning. While not as glamorous as those previous abilities, you've retained your mortal half's ability to summon and speak with existing natural spirits, and your divine half's spark of godhood grants you a reasonable amount of leniency and respect from those beings and other celestials.

Beastmaster (400 CP, Discounted to A Simple Human)

The Last King of Slom had once indentured a common child of no notable stock to servitude, having him care for his menagerie of exotic animals and fantastic beasts. One day, one of the King's explorers had brought a rather more strange creature, which could speak to others without words. It asked for mercy and freedom, and obviously, the King refused. The boy, known as Karroch, had tried to save the beast's life by sneaking in food and medicine even as the King cruelly prevented it from being cared for properly. Sadly, the beast still died. But Karroch's caring for the creatured changed him, and he had found that he could speak with all the animals. So it was that he led all the animals the King had gathered for his amusement to freedom, the tyrant being mauled in the mayhem of their escape. It may be that you are in fact kin to Karroch, or were simply appointed to the same position as him in your childhood. Either way, you've become one with the wild much like he did. You are able to speak with animals, bridging the gaps of intelligence and language through your understanding of beasthood. You are an adept tracker, hunter, and general outdoorsman, and particularly skilled at the use of tomahawks for combat or cutting down trees. Your very presence awakens the inner strength of allied animals and men alike, granting them a speed in combat many would call supernatural, and you are able to identify the calls of animals and perform them yourself in order to summon in allies from the wild. Lastly, you are able to channel your primal instincts into a single animalistic roar, which while tiring to perform is easily able to break apart entire battalions.

Demon Witch (400 CP, Discounted to A Simple Human)

There once was a sorcerous tradition, whose practioners were called Demon Witches, who fought in the name of justice despite the dark appearance of their powers. Greatest among them was Grandmaster Lion, whose might was surpassed only by the masses' adoration of him. However, his rise to power as an agent of good was fueled by ambition, and so it was that a demon seduced him to evil with the promise of even greater fame. Comitting crimes which irrevocably tainted his soul in its name, he was soon betrayed, and Lion's rage was divine. Chasing it to hell, he tore the demon limb from limb, taking its left hand for himself. What followed next was a bloodbath, as Lion destroyed those who looked up to and those who once commanded him, making him and you the only survivors of the Demon Witch order. The demonic covenants which grant you power allow you to open fissures in the ground from which hellspikes spring forth, tearing enemies open with magical malevolence. You are able to alter an enemy's essence, transforming them into lesser animals such as frogs or chickens for a time in order to impair them, though this does not affect innate attributes such as durability. Finally, you are able to drain the mana of others, rendering a magi able to cast some good few fireballs unable to fuel anything in a matter of seconds.

Lycan (600 CP, Discounted to A Simple Human)

Before the Fall of the Kingdom of Slom, only the noble house of Ambry deemed fit to stand up against the King's ever stranger desires, sending thousands of men to the capital. After what would eventually be called the Massacre of Apostates ran its course, every single citizen with a single drop of Ambry blood in them other than the lord of the house and his son, Banehallow, was promptly exterminated. The King had the many magicians at his call transform the child into a wolf, so that the Ambry patriarch would feel the bite of betrayal, but the child found that his spirit and mind were not violated by this transformation. Banehallow's escape and subsequent quest for justice are a tale for another day, but what matters is that you've been subjected to the same type of transfiguration as him. Bound to your very being are two wolf familiars, able to share their senses with you, turn invisible so long as they are not attacking, and with an innate sense for crippling enemies with their attacks. Your very howls fortify yourself and your allies for a few moments, all those who hear it finding themselves inexplicably able to do more harm, strikes that should dent steel breaking it instead. Likewise, their vitality is increased, a normal human requiring punishment which would destroy a stone tower to begin being wounded. Your animalistic symbiosis also enhanced your reflexes, making you able to react to things normal humans would barely perceive, and a small healing factor which sees broken bones forcing themselves back into position and mending together over the day, regular wounds closing at a similar rate. Your very presence also grants this effect to familiars, summons, or anything of the like, which are under your control. Finally, you are able to fully call on your canine nature, transforming into a bear-sized wolf for a bit under an hour. While in this form, it is simply impossible to slow your movements, you are roughly twice as fast, and unless you wish otherwise, all of your attacks will naturally seek out your opponent's weak spots. All of these effects also extend to any familiars/summons/etc of yours while you are transformed.

Omniknight (600 CP, Discounted to A Simple Human)

Deep within the planet's core, a being known as the Omniscience has dwelt for billions of aeons. To the faithful few it requests audience, it has claimed to have created the world as a defense against the cosmic terrors of outer space… but even then some say it is merely imprisoned. But none of its Hierophants or Monks have cause to doubt its divine quality, considering the powers it grants to them. As an agent of the All Seeing One, you are able to call forth divine light to purify your allies, mending ruptured organs and growing back limbs while also removing disease and poison. But this light despises enemies as much as it aids allies, performing the equivalent of that healing as harm to foes, while also bypassing any magic resistance or spell immunity they may have. Your faith alone is able to create a shield upon yourself or a single ally at a time, causing them to become immune to all magic for a few seconds. Your very presence weakens enemies, slowing their movements and attacks down by a third so long as they remain within arms' length. Your faith is unshakable, allowing you to power through fear and despair to keep going long after even other holy men would have given up, and this belief in the Omniscience has granted you a power only one other Hierophant has exhibited. While this can only be done once a day, you are able to summon a guardian angel into your body for around eight seconds, causing all nearby allies and yourself to become completely invincible to all physical harm.

Dragon Knight (600 CP, Discounted to A Simple Human)

For reasons your own, be it vengeance or the search for riches, you became a hunter of dragons. Many were the foes you felled, and many were the foes which eluded you. Until, one day, your quarry struck you as you struck it down, and for its own reasons (perhaps you granted it the honor of death in combat it seeked, or it was in fact the one who began your quest against dragons, now feeling remorse for whatever terrors it once caused) it used the Blood Route formed by this act to grant you its centuries of wisdom, which may one day let you lead a nation to glory, and the power of a dragon in its prime. Like a dragon, you are able to breathe fire, turning armored knights to cinder with every exhalation. The savagery of the drake remains within you, and you find yourself a master of close combat, combining beastly ferocity with martial skill to lay scores of armed men low with nothing but a basic weapon. Though you may appear normal, the blood of dragons courses through your veins. Your flesh is twice as strong as that of a trained knight, allowing you to wear armor with grace and ignore attacks that would cripple normal men, while wounds that should take months to heal only take days. There is one final power, however, which will surely go down in legend one day. You may, at will, take on the form of an Eldwurm. While it is rather tiring (at first you'll only be able to maintain this transformation for a few minutes, which may eventually increase to hours with training) your combat ability increases seemingly exponentially. As of becoming a Dragon Knight, you may choose one of the following elements to fuse with your initial fire during your transformation: Acid, a bucket's worth potent enough to break down fortified castle walls. Explosion, which will cause the initial conflagration of your flames to expand massively. Or Ice, which causes frost to form over that which it strikes and seeps into the core of your targets, freezing their very heart with glacial cold. As a dragon, you are also able to fly, gliding from mountain to mountain and roaring across the countryside. Likewise, your teeth and claws are like the greatest of blades, and your scales each hold the defensive power of a castle wall.

Field of Research (400 CP, Discounted to The Keen Folk and Smallkeen)

To call technology a tree, which one arbitrarily climbs upwards through non-descript "Science!" is simply insulting. Science is discovery through rationality, technology the rewards of our efforts to better understand the world. Or something similarly fruity, as the humans so often enjoy defining things in needlessly overcomplicated and faux-poetic ways. There are (3) particular fields you've studied, and have a great deal of theoretical and practical knowledge of, for both general tool development and combat duty. Choose from the following.

Lasers:

While the potential for these is incredible, your previous workplace's necessities required that you focus on the development of high-grade cutters in order to aid in more important research. Any combat utility is purely incidental… but certainly welcomed.

Rocketry:

Projectiles propelled by internal combustion. It's simple, some would call it crude, but it works. Includes the underlying theory behind heat-seekers, intercontinental systems, homing technology, and of course, explosives. Although, everything other than that last one will likely require some personal touches to maximize combat ability.

Robotics:

Simple and clean, it is the construction of independently moving machinery, otherwise known as robots. Does not include much in the way of AI. Basic designs are better than any knight, but numbers are the best bet against most enemies to be found here unless you devote significant time towards the construction of any given craft. Includes knowledge of personal-scale tools such as manipulators.

Clockwork:

Rather unorthodox, you have extensive knowledge of clockmaking and how to turn it for combat. A particularly despised design (mostly by enemies, sometimes by allies) are electrified cogs designed to drain mana and harm any enemies who draw near. Also includes the groundwork for a suit of armor able to stand up against mythic beasts and sorcery alike, giving you the strength of an army and protection stronger than most bunkers. While some would overlook it, grappling hooks can be projected enormously well with some of these mechanisms, allowing you to fly across battlefields.

Aircrafts:

While most have long since accepted the idea of mechanical flight to be impossible, some Keen have held on to the dream, you included. At last, it has paid off. You've gotten a basic design for a fully functioning flying machine, able to mount weapons and withstand some amount of stress. Expanding that into something good for transport (the initial design might hold up to two people, if you give up fighting) is your prerogative, but really? YOU'VE DEVELOPED FLIGHT! TAKE THAT, STUPID WIZARDS!

Guns:

Exactly what it sounds like. Tubular devices which discharge projectiles at high speeds, there's no muss or fuss about what it does, even if making a good design might be fiddly. Includes good prototypes for personal firearms such as rifles and light artillery such as cannons. Groundwork to scale upwards for versions mounted on ships, castles, or flying devices is included, but finalization is your job.

Transdimensional Theory:

Particularly exotic and full of potential, the field of transdimensional studies is rather young and as much as it has allowed incredible advances it also has brought forth great calamities. Never forget the Violet Plateau Incident. Either way, while you are only able to study dimensional and spatial anomalies caused by other sources for now, the idea of crossing continents with the press of a button, calling resources and tools from faraway bases and workshops then sending them back home once you're done, and exploring new universes entirely remains a very realistic goal. Just, keep in mind that there's plenty of nightmarish monstrosities sitting around our reality which would just love it if some schmuck opened the door for them. I reckon that'll probably stop being a problem for you in a decade's time, but still.

Chainsaws, Chains, Saws, and General Anti-Flora Equipment:

Besides the utility for wood harvesting purposes, you also have great knowledge of what to do with wood itself, being able to engineer around wood's strong and weak points in order to replace metal during the construction of things such as armor or general machinery. Why, you could even create a suit of armor able to cut down forests in record time while defending from any attacking trees, saw whirling around you as an active defense, chains pulling you along while tearing leafage from its foundation, and your main blade spinning around the battlefield to cut down any straggling trees. Does not come with traumatic memories of plant-based murder or rampant paranoia.

Reduce, Reuse, Rearm (600 CP, Discounted to The Keen Folk)

Again, and again, people assume science immediately yields results. That there is one final answer to be found, which magically brings about utopia. Many would disagree in what specific meaninglesss poetic way they refer science as, but it is easy to see that the more one works the more results they may potentially attain. That's not to say dead ends don't exist, and that one can mindlessly bash their head against a wall until a new weapons design pops out. Either way, your methology has embodied the constant march of science on a philosophical and practical level. You switch yesterday's capacitor for tomorrow's, yesterday's explosives for tomorrow's, every single bit of information gained from field tests and routine maintenance near-instantly analyzed in order to devise a new upgrade, meager as it might be. So it is, that a gun designed and wielded by your hand will change from firing rounds heard long before they strike to punching through a dark sorcerer's inner sanctum and striking them down before the soldiers outside hear it in a year of daily use. Channels give way to water wheels give way to pumps and complex sets of tubes as one realizes the imperfections in a system and creates a better method. While these simple refinements are surprisingly unhelpful in regards to the mystical arts and physical practices, a constant level of technological enhancement is incredibly helpful, even for one who lacks eternity.

Darkbrew Traditions (600 CP, Discounted to Smallkeen)

Chymistry, otherwise known as alchemy, is your forte. Simple transmutation such as breaking silver down into copper or lead into tin are rather easy, you having discovered the secrets to brewing the required liquids for the reactions to occur with great safety and speed, and more basic brews such healing draughts which vastly accelerate cellular division and potent acids able to break down living matter and metal alike are also known to you. Generally speaking, transmutation turns like into like, while direct concoctions perform feats the common folk would liken to regular chemistry enhanced by magic. How true that may or may not be is generally ignored by Smallkeen, as the art is incredibly useful for scientific research and the cultural hatred of magic would foul many promising leads. Whether or not you are a member of the Darkbrew family is your choice, and any particular goals regarding mountains and transmutation of gold are your own to decide.

Acolyte of Shadows (400 CP, Discounted to Member of the Dezun Tribes)

No longer a mere tribesmen, you've taken many sacred rites and studied the theology of shadows under other Priests of the Nothl Realm. You are adept at using a rite of paralysis during combat, casting a foul poison towards your foe which despite doing very little harm ceases their movements over the next seconds before stopping them entirely for a moment. You know of weaves to make one's skin as metal and steel armor as a fortified structure, and of weaves to reduce an enemy's defenses in much the same way. You can call forth what is known as the Shadow Waves, which may either streak towards your allies to mend their wounds or rip open your enemies. Lastly, you may unlock the hidden power within one's lifeblood, which causes the affected to heal at high speeds for several moments. This surge of vitality could mend a broken arm halfway through running its course if that was the only injury, but as one's wounds grow, so does the potential power of their lifeblood: someone whose chest was torn apart with a clear opening from both sides, a leg missing entirely, and arms filed down to the bones would find themselves completely healed once the magic ran its course.

Shadow Priest (600 CP, Discounted to Member of the Dezun Tribes)

Rather than a simple acolyte, you are a fully recognized and respected Shadow Priest, having completed your spiritual rites and drunk a sacred potion to project yourself into the Nothl Realm. Returning from it enlightened, rather than simply mad, has enhanced your powers. You are one of the few acolytes able to perform the rite of preventing death. While it is costly, can not be done repeatedly, and only lasts for a few seconds, you are able to outright bar one person from death's doors entirely. No matter how much they are harmed, no matter how badly they are ripped and torn apart, no matter what foul curse and godly magic comes to them, they will survive. Whether they will continue to do so once the magic has run its course is not so certain- and it can not be performed on the same target repeatedly even if you somehow null its casting requirements. Additionally, the strange truths gleaned from your journey to the ethereal realms has given you the enlightenment needed to combine diametrically opposite abilities and internalize seemingly incompatible ideas. Where any person would simply fail over and over in trying to weave enchantments of protection and enchantments of enfeeblement into one cohesive spell, you alone are able to create a singular sorcery which intelligently aids your allies while cursing enemies.

Sacred Warrior (600 CP, Discounted to Member of the Dezun Tribes)

You died, and yet, the ancient rites and vows of the Dezun Order were broken as you were being laid to rest. You have been returned from death, denied your eternal rest among the gods, but still changed from your brief entrance into the Nothl Realms. Your body is no longer truly alive, useless blood coursing through veins, nourishing organs and flesh which do not require such sustenance. Wounds you take do not impair you as they might a mortal: though one could rend your limbs from you to remove your ability to act, such things as being pierced through the heart or having all of your internal organs pulped merely anger you. Your lifeblood has become much more potent than that of others, giving you a vitality that allows you to fight for days on end without tiring. Not only that, but your blood itself has become something akin to fuel, allowing you to literally light it on fire at will once it has been spilled from your body. As you draw nearer to a second death, your blood's potency multiplies, such that your speed and strength increases with your wounds. With a simple spear staking you through, you would go from cleaving an unarmored man in twain within two seconds, to doing the same to a fully equipped knight in one. Should you find yourself within inches of death, you would be able to throw ten lances in one second with such force they would pierce through castle wall after castle wall until they finally staked three knights each and made wall trophies out of their corpses. Your resistance to sorcery is also enhanced by your blood: every tenth of the path towards death you tread reduces the effect opposing magic has on you by six hundredths. Lastly, you can perform what some know as a Life Break. This allows you to sacrifice up to a bit under half your current vitality to fuel a single physical strike, causing your target to take the same amount of damage that would cause you to lose that much vitality.

Army of One (400 CP, Discounted to Oglodi)

Like Mogul Khan, the Axe and general of the Bloodmist Army, you are worth more than a thousand soldiers. You are a skilled fighter, turning the strikes of scores of men back at themselves with ease, and can drive yourself into a deep bloodlust during combat, giving you a combat high similar to that of a berserker which maximizes your combat ability while hampering none of your faculties. However, so deep is your desire to spill blood during such times, that it becomes a palpable cutting force. Enemies who come near you find themselves hurt as if you had attacked them every few seconds, your desire to tear them to pieces so great it refuses to wait for you to strike before harming your foes. However, violence breeds violence, and anyone affected can become immune to this effect for a few hours by enflaming their own bloodlust through murder. Additionally, you are able to inject this desire to harm into your battle cries, causing the sounds to impact the minds of your opponents like a tangible force and infect them with the same immediate need to hurt others. Lastly, your tactical and strategical acumen is high class. Besides being good at leading men on the field and directing troop movements, you can gauge how to best apply yourself in large scale conflict, evading the trap other combat monsters like you fall into of winning every battle but never the war.

Memories of the Past (600 CP, Discounted to Oglodi)

Long ago, the Oglodi did not struggle and shift to the storms' whims, but bent it however they desired it. This was known as the art of Stormcrafting, a mixture of electrical engineering and sorcery that far surpassed its component parts. Using scraps of knowledge from those ancient days, salvaged from storm buffeted ruins, modern Stormcrafters are able to shift the summer squalls of Druud ever so slightly to aid settlements under their care. For your own reasons, you've delved into ruined cities in search of knowledge, copying sorcerous meanderings from libraries so old they've already began to become dust and obsolete designs from manufactories more rust than metal. Combining the old and the new, another level of Stormcrafting is open to you. Through the power of electrical differential, you may shape storms with much greater potency, actually being able to command the electrical storms of Druud to calm down into what any other place would call a worrying thunderstorm or to seek out your enemies' settlements. At your mystic command, the sparking coils you construct lash out with lightning at your enemies, and you may even command pure kinetic energy into shapes, crashing against your foes like a wave or forming barriers to safeguard you and yours from gale-force winds or to impede your enemies' movements. While you can command more ordinary weathers well enough, summoning rain clouds during sunny days and vice versa, it is possible for you to force the weathers of Druud to manifest elsewhere though this is taxing on your magical reserves and equipment alike. While this static storm might start innocent enough, sparks of electricity covering the air and sometimes striking people with a soft sting, it'll increase in intensity over the next minutes until it reaches the apex of steppe tempests and fizzles out in the next minute or so. Keep in mind that a storm where lightning strikes only dozens of people and only one mesa is made into a soft hill via wind erosion is considered a calm one by Druud natives. Lastly, electrical manipulation affected by magic can have… unforeseen consequences at times. While rather fiddly, it is possible to cover one with an electrical field in such a way that they teleport to where they were a few seconds ago once it comes down.

Warlock (600 CP, Discounted to Oglodi)

You've sought to learn the arcane arts, and through hard work and diligence, you've earned a place as a pupil in the Ultimyr Academy, later graduating with honors. Whether you stayed there to further research ancient arcanery and teach others or left to test and refine your knowledge is your call. Either way, you know of incantations to link the vital energies of multiple people, causing damage to impact them as one collective body. With a single utterance, you may summon glyphs around a person to mend their wounds, skin closing together neatly and flesh rearraging back into the right configurations. Of course, you may also summon glyphs to harm, striking a foe every second. Both types last a good few moments, but perhaps you could improve it. Maybe devising a way to anchor these glyphs to more than living material, allowing you to excavate stone or tear open enchanted vaults? Either way, you also know magic to manipulate space-time, allowing you to create large zones in which seconds turn to minutes and a step's length becomes fifty, with such a vast area of effect that you might impair entire armies. While this practice is seen poorly by most, you are also an adept demonologist, able to summon demons and bind them into objects. While you could also simply call them normally, imprisoning them into vessels allows you to place further bindings into them to ensure safety, and allows you to bring them with you in a more convenient form. Having a creature made of burning rock whose head is a steel trap follow you around is intimidating, but keeping them in a staff or jewel until you actually need someone to die is much more useful for day to day life.

Firestarter (200 CP, Discounted to Ogre)

Somehow, you've figured out a few chemical tricks. Using simple berries, heated water, and just a little bit of mana, you can create all sorts of volatile chemicals and flame spells. Fireballs the size of a wagon, firedrinks to speed allies or yourself up (including unliving structures, don't think too hard about it), explosive firedrinks. A cavalcade of flaming goodness. The fun never stops, and the combat uses are obvious. Although, some would call drenching a person in flaming chemicals easily absorbed through skin contact cruel.

Dumb Luck (400 CP, Discounted to Ogre)

It must be stressed that ogres are stupid. Their low rate of reproduction is not caused by any direct biological or predatory factor, but because they are simply too idiotic to realize that the rock or tree stump they're courting is not another ogre. How is it, then, that these creatures have lived for generations? Some argue it is an innate quality of ogres, others that the Goddess of Luck has taken pity on the poor things, but it is known that chance is always on an ogre's side. Bumbling their way through a forest infested by dark spirits chasing after a butterfly, sleeping through military operations inadvertently disguised as a rock, and many other ludicrous coincidences are common to ogres. Two-Headed Ogre Magi are particularly exalted in this manner, though whether it's some special quality or simply the result of doubling down on Dumb Luck is anyone's guess.

Multicast (600 CP, Discounted to Ogre)

Every Ogre Magi has found success in battle despite their lacking intellect. No matter what many say, it is nothing but pure skill that grants them effectiveness in war. Like them, you've gained the ability to Multicast. While you must still pay any energy costs, your magic has a coin toss' chance of occurring twice with each use. Then, it has a one-in-four chance of occurring three times with every use. Finally, one in eight times, it will occur four times with each use. This applies to anything rooted in magic, whether an innate ability or actual spell, and abilities or creations that in some way or form draw on your own stores of mana during use. You may enable and disable this as you will, in case you find overdoing something harmful.

Warrunner (400 CP, Discounted to Centaur)

You are greater than most centaurs, quite literally so, being at least half again as tall and as heavy as the average member of your kind. More importantly, your endurance is monstrous, allowing you to run for days and fight hundreds of warriors without your strength waning. Your speed is also abnormal, letting you cross a hundred kilometers in an hour. However, your increased bulk means your hooves touching soil echoes far and wide, heralding your arrival. More extremely, putting your strength behind your movement allows you to hit the ground with such force a shockwave is created around you, stunning and damaging those nearby. These shockwaves increase in size and potency with your physical strength and weight, but begin at the point of killing normal people outright.

The Art of War (600 CP, Discounted to Centaur)

Other races see combat as a means to an end, an atrocity to be avoided, and a thousand other lies. When one takes up the spear and thrusts it into another's chest, there is a meaning to that action no mere word or lesser work of art can possibly convey. The interplay between two warriors trying to kill each other, each masterful stroke of the blade telling of their history, each clash telling emotion and meaning greater than any speech. It is in the hell of killing where true understanding and beauty can be found. That is the truth of the centaur clans, and you've taken it to heart. Even if you were a simple unarmored human, your skill could lay waste to hundreds of armed men. More, if you had a weapon yourself. Every single part of your body has learned of conflict, and there are no mistakes in your movements during combat, no flinches or unconscious muscle movement sullying your art. When you drive a blade into another, your actions speak your intent and emotions, telling all who behold of your desire to see them dead. When you dodge an opponent's attack and seek to disarm rather than harm, they know the feelings you hold in your heart, that basic show of mercy you yield to them. Through combat, you communicate with others on a primal level even unintelligent beasts or emotionless demons could empathize. Of course, you are not required to actually do so… though it would be a great insult in the eyes of centaur culture.

No Such Thing As Coincidence (400 CP, Discounted to Magnoceros)

Before Mt. Joerlak erupted, the Matriarch urged the clan's great warrior, Magnus, and all of your kin to leave. Magnus rebuffed this idea, believing a chance eruption to be impossible, for a magnoceros does not believe in chance. Despite his grief, Magnus could easily see through the presence of a hundred hunters already fortified in their escape path after the eruption, and knew this was not a simple fluke of nature. Learning from him, you will always know when something truly is a disaster born from chance, and when something was premeditated by others. Additionally, though you will not luck your way into finding the culprits, you will always have a chance to discover their identity and claim vengeance, no matter how subtle their design.

The Mountain's Pulse (600 CP, Discounted to Magnoceros)

All things considered, Mt. Joerlak was not a stable mass, and its reverberations could be felt by all the magnoceroi. While this is a rather rare skill among your kind, you've learned to channel its instability through your body, linking yourself back to it through plate tectonics. Using this energy, you are able to create shockwaves similar to that of Mt. Joerlak's eruption and its magma flows, striking with great force and heat. By drawing on your memories of Mt. Joerlak's destruction, you are able to use a technique called Reverse Polarity and concentrate this natural power on one spot, at which point a wave of force the size of a large house is created which alters the properties of matter in order to force all of your enemies into that spot. This does not do as much damage as you'd expect, but the experience will stun them for a good moment. While the memories of loss engraved on your heart mean you will never lose your connection to your homeland and the associated powers, even if you find yourself in other universes and far away from earthen ground, you are also able to draw on stranger landscapes such as storms and mystical realms. Attuning yourself to them is a more mentally spiritual affair than anything rooted in direct academic comprehension, mind you. Lastly, the only way to carry these new powers with you once you lose access to their source is by experiencing an incredibly emotional moment related to said landscape, which will also grant to you an ultimate manifestation of its power akin to Reverse Polarity.

Child of the Seas (400 CP, Discounted to Slithereen, Nightcrawler, and Levianth)

You were born in the ocean, you have lived in the ocean, and most of your society would be appalled if you did not die alongside it. Either way, it appears the ocean itself has seen fit to follow you. Never will you find yourself in need of water, either as a drink or as a source of humidity, for small amounts of water may be conjured from thin air when you so desire in whatever form you deem convenient. But the ocean is not a simple placid pool. For all that it has nurtured you, the ocean is often rage incarnate and a fickle mistress. Likewise, you may agitate large bodies of water such as lakes or the seaside of a beach, causing high waves to form and crash against a nearby target of your choice. You may also produce waves of water from beneath you, with force and speed enough to break down structures and erode armor.

Jewel of the Slithereen Guard (600 CP, Discounted to Slithereen)

You are one of the greatest warriors the Slithereen has seen. It is not clear whether this is done with some sort of innate magic or simple skill, but those you face swear that you multiply in combat, enemies striking at what appears to be you but suddenly is revealed to be nothing even as your blades scour a foe twice more after every strike. You may conjure forth nets of mystic energy, which are supernaturally good at hitting their intended target and keeping them pinned down. You are an adept swimmer and sprinter, able to draw near a foe hundreds of meters away in a matter of seconds. Lastly, the sheer brutality and uncaring attitude as cold as the depths you live in held by many of your peers has been embodied in your fighting style. Every blow you make rattles the mind and body like a tidal wave, every movement a work of art and political treatise on the worthlessness of the scum stupid enough to dare steal from the Sunken Treasury, casually identifying the weakness in an enemy's fighting style and breaking through the technical side of any defenses they may try to use.

Shadow Dance (600 CP, Discounted to Nightcrawler)

Among the societies of those who live under the sea, there is one place where the worst of the worst are sent, known as Dark Reef Prison. A deep dark labyrinth, patrolled by eels and guarded by giant anomones where only the most vicious and uncaring can survive. Regardless of whether or not you've actually been imprisoned there once, you now have the stealth, assassination, subterfuge, and general criminal skills necessary to actually live there. There once was a group known as the Dark Reef Dozen, who plotted to escape and were swiftly killed, only an unsung Nightcrawler managing to escape by using their original plans as a cover. Currently, that Nightcrawler is the only successful escapee of Dark Reef Prison, but your mastery of stealth has entered the realm of mysticism and you might one day be the second if you found yourself imprisoned there. While this is incredibly tiring physically and magically, you may summon the shadows in your surroundings to cover you, causing a large cloud of pure black to form. This cloud is tied to you, but does not necessarily follow your movements perfectly, and while inside it you are truly and perfectly indetectable. You simply can not be seen, heard, felt, smelled, or tasted, end of story.

Most Blessed of Maelrawn (600 CP, Discounted to Levianth)

There are many gods in this world. Some are simply the mighty, some are truly divine, and a scant few are nothing more than fabrication. Regardless, the Levianth and the dregs of underwater civilization often worship the one known as Maelrawn the Tentacular. He who cracked the shell of the world, the Lurker in the Whirlpool, mightiest and most titanic cephalopod of all, has seen fit to exalt you above other worshippers and aid you when you call his name. The least manifestation of his aid is a single tentacle, several times the size of a man, which could easily cleave stone. The greatest manifestation of his aid is a gigantic maelstrom, waves and tentacles larger than canyons rising from abyssal depths regardless of where you currently find yourself to ravage all of your foes, able to easily demolish entire fleets with a fury most divine. Of course, he will not simply coddle you. The first example would have him see that you work alone for a few minutes, while the latter would have him withdraw for a decade. But like many gods, Maelrawn adores offering and worship. By spreading the truth of his divine glory to others, and offering great treasures to his seas (though he prefers those which hail from the deeps to begin with), you will find yourself more easily able to seek his aid. Converting a respectable nation to his worship or claiming one of the greatest treasures of another maritime deity will see him so pleased as to gladly aid you with his full might at least twice in a row, or multiple times in a single decade.

Life Without End (400 CP, Discounted to Undead)

At the base of the Bleeding Hills lies a thousand-league wood called The Hoven, where the black blood of the uplands gathers in pools, and the mage Sutherex rules with benevolence. After 300 years of Sutherex's rule, a foul demon named Maraxiform rose from the sixth hell to conquer the land. So it was that the king decreed with a spell: to any who slew the demon would be granted Life Without End. Together with the Hero known as Clinkz, you strode into battle to defend the land from that hellish incursion, until Maraxiform was driven back to the gates of hell itself, with the both of you dealing one final strike to the demon as it cast forth one final conflagration. So it was that you were granted Life Without End as your flesh was scoured from your body, now an unholy creature of bones and rage, caught in the act of dying. While you may yet find reprieve in the form of true death, being a creature of magically bound bones makes you rather more difficult to incapacitate let alone kill. As the flames of hell continue to burn you, any seeking to harm you must endure the same fire which scoured your old flesh in a moment, and you may set any weapon you wield or projectile you fire ablaze with a single thought. With a burst of fire and smoke, you may become invisible and half again as fast until you attack or cast a spell. The magic which granted you eternity remains within you, and you may instantly devour the life of those weaker than you (one fifth as powerful as you at maximum) once a day. Doing so will grant you four fifths of their vitality and durability and one fifth their physical strength for two days and two nights.

Lifestealer (400 CP, Discounted to Undead)

For reasons unknown, you were cursed with a particularly faulty form of longevity, and the centuries you've lived afterwards have turned you into something… different, animalistic and malformed compared to whatever you once were. Nothing innately disabling, but still rather ugly. You are able to heal yourself by devouring others, their flesh immediately being used to fill wounds back in with new unlife, and you are able to drive yourself into a strangely lucid rage for a few seconds. For those few seconds, you become completely invulnerable to magic. You are a bloodhound, smelling the weakness and fear in those who are wounded from kilometers away, and may share this sense with allies near you. Should you manage to physically overpower someone, you may infest their body, hiding inside them regardless of any logical impossibilities this act carries. While inside them, you are able to hijack their nervous system, allowing you to directly command their body as if it were your own. Exiting them will incur the rational consequences of said act, so anyone you infest is unlikely to survive this without some form of healing. You are also able to perform the opposite, and can devour a single willing person in order to hide them inside you. They can exit any time they'd like themselves, and you may directly choose to force them out of you, but their exit does not harm you even if it still looks incredibly violent.

Skeleton Usurper (600 CP, Discounted to Undead)

Like the Skeleton King Ostarion, you've somehow fallen victim to a failed longevity spell. Rather than simply make you ageless, you've been rendered down to your bones, now able to move with the same might and grace they did in life. You are able to summon forth the flames of hell and cast them towards your enemies, normal humans swiftly becoming no more than bones. But that is minor, as the cursed hatred of the fires burns regardless of their target's flammability, and causes pain to the very soul in order to prevent them from acting for a second or two. While your agelessness does not require sacrifice like Ostarion's did, you remain able to drain life from those you kill. Half the wounds you cause to your foes are reflected on your body as healing, your allies also gaining this ability while in your presence. But if you will it, the bones of those you kill will instead go to your holdings, allowing you to create your own Empire of Bones. Streets are paved over with the skeletons of those you kill, buildings are covered in or created wholesale by ivory. Even trees, and hills, and whatever else may be part of your lands is instead replaced by the bones of your enemies, magical powers allowing all of it to function just as well as the original material, or even be reconstructed in case of damage simply by claiming more bones. Finally, as one who has defeated death once, you may do so yet again. Once per jump, your death will simply trigger a wave of hellish energies which will cause those who killed you to be paralyzed, at which point your body will reconstitute and all of your energy pools will be refilled. Post-chain, this can be done as often as you wish.

Undying Usurper (600 CP, Discounted to Undead)

Armor. Banners. Brother in arms riding at your side. Then, pain and fear, and cold hands dragging you from your lands and your people, and a pit dedicated to the Dead God. Time left you. So did sanity. Eventually, even maddened thoughts abandoned your being. Yet… yet you remain who you are. Somehow, you escaped the grasp of the Dead God, evading obliteration and servitude upon hearing its Dirge. Not only that, but you've stolen a measure of its divine power, meant to only be wielded by the greatest heralds of the Dead God. It is said that the strength of the living is merely borrowed from the dead by the Dead God's servants, and so it is that your mere presence may slowly sap the strength of enemies and grant them to you, a mighty human soldier becoming a feeble wreck in just a few seconds. This strength fades over the coming days, but there is no limitation to how much you may reclaim at a time. You are able to summon a heretical structure from the ground which will eventually crumble to dust yet again in about an hour. For every enemy in the same battlefield as this insult upon the Dead God, a zombie is ripped from the god's grasp to attack a single one of your enemies. While they are incredibly weak, these zombies are summoned in waves, more and more appearing every few moments. Lastly, you are able to become a flesh golem, though this is rather tiring even for an undead creature such as you. Your very presence is a plague in this form, enemies near you finding their muscles and nerves slowing down, and their body as a whole becomes more vulnerable, force that would bruise flesh instead crushing it. When someone afflicted by this plague of yours dies, a tenth of their maximum potential vitality is immediately granted to you.

Wraith Usurper (600 CP, Discounted to Undead)

Like the Wraith King Ostarion, you've come to realize the folly of flesh and sought a better path to eternity. Souls steeped in darkness release a strange power upon death, dubbed Wraith Essence by scholars. This form of pure spirit is eternal and unchanging, and through a dark ritual possible only on the millenial solstice called Wraith-Night, you've used thousands of evil souls to transmute your weak flesh into a new more luminous and yet just as tangible form. You are able to unleash the spectral fires making up your being, casting flaming spheres towards your foes which harms the soul rather than the body. You are able to drain the very spirit of your opponents, causing half the harm you deal to others to be reflected on your body as healing. When you kill another, you may will the less essential portions of their soul to break off from their core identity or self, and travel towards your holdings. Buildings become translucent yet opaque as matter is replaced by spirit, roads become aglow with otherwordly energy, and all that is called yours becomes ethereal, yet somehow holds the same qualities it did as before. At your call, these properties may become intangible, and anything transformed this way may be healed or reconstructed perfectly simply by performing the same acts which recreated it like this in the first place. Finally, as one who has rejected death once, you may do so yet again. Once per jump, your death will simply trigger a wave of spectral energies which will cause those who killed you to be paralyzed, at which point your body will reconstitute and all of your energy pools will be refilled. Post-chain, this can be done as often as you wish.

Demon-Smith (400 CP, Discounted to Demon)

Many demons have had centuries to refine their skill at crafting, and despite the mortal assumption that your kind is only good for destruction, you've also learned to create great weapons. You are able to use complex crafting techniques capable of granting a simple steel blade an edge sharper than should be physically possible, but you've also learned to imbue your foul energies into that which you create. You begin by attempting to create an axe, and as the process goes on, you find it growing bone-like spikes and a gem on its guard which exudes a terrible malevolence. That its edge cuts the soul as much as it does the flesh is almost an afterthought once you wield it in battle and find yourself with an unnatural lifeforce that sees your wounds slowly mending even as you fight. You try to forge a weapon of two conflicting natures, and your own hateful being serves as a buffer that forces the entire thing to stay together despite it quite literally desiring to be sundered. The results are certain to be as varied as they are powerful, and you may learn to use this same corrupting technique with any other energies you may have. Keep in mind that you are literally pouring a portion of yourself into your work before you try to outfit an army.

Hahsh Izh omoz, groth hollom chron voth icha Izh.

Abysswalker (400 CP, Discounted to Demon)

Like the Underlord of the Abyssal Horde, you've begun mastering the arts of the Dark Rift. Through these techniques, you are able to open portals to distant places of varying sizes and duration. You are not as practiced as him, being unable to open rifts to places hundreds of kilometers away large enough for armies to march through, but you are still able to take a battalion from kingdom to kingdom without tiring yourself, and it's not like old age will stop your learning any time soon. Of course, there's nothing impeding you from getting creative with the rifts you may create. You'll find most people don't take well to having the contents of a magma chamber or some of the deepest depths of the ocean pouring down on them.

Thok nith, alatho acha ulatho, chron Izh acha tho nesh.

Umbral Ascendant (600 CP, Discounted to Demon)

Like the Shadow Demon, who attempted to take over the material world through a web of cults and puppets only to find himself broken into countless pieces by two other Demon Lords after his blatant disregard of the Umbral Pact, you are adept at corruption and control. You are a master among masters when it comes to eroding the morals and ideals of others, tricking them into doing initially less-moral acts "for a good reason", convincing them that worse and worse deeds are acceptable because of their circumstances, until they find themselves willingly committing atrocities. That you may be able to do the exact opposite is of no interest. Of course, you are also able to perform more direct acts of corruption, being able to cast forth waves of dark energy. Whether these poison the mind, trying to suppress one's will and forcing thoughts of your choice to occur more and more, or the body, atrophying muscles and shutting down organs with a rather more literal poison, depends on your desire. Should you inflict someone with the first so much they cease to be able to think for themselves, then you may burn them out from the inside in order to immediately dispose of them at any time. You are also able to banish an enemy or ally at a time to nowhere for a few seconds, and upon their return, create two tangible illusions of them that are half as powerful and twice as vulnerable, but otherwise unchanged from the original. Lastly, you are able to curse a single enemy using demonic sigils which halves their resistance to magic for a few moments.

Izhai acha rast doz Izh.

Eternal Harvester (600 CP, Discounted to Demon)

Many demons have the soul of a poet. It is only natural that they would take the very core of a mortal's being for themselves. After all, mortals burn out in a few decades then spend the rest of eternity rotting in some nameless afterlife. Why wouldn't you benefit from it, instead of allowing such a waste of spiritualism? Of course, souls aren't some ball of energy you can mindlessly devour. Compare the soul of an anguished artist, the dull radiance and the way it strains at the touch, against that of a pragmatic mercenary, a slight thrumming of power disturbing an ephemeral glow of gold. Many demons have some degree of potential in soul taking, but you are far above the average, being able to directly remove the soul of anyone you kill in order to take it for yourself. More importantly, these souls you devour grant you power. Whatever is the greatest quality of whichever souls you eat is passed on to you with one tenth of its original potency, with the maximum potential in any one area being defined by the power your greatest souls held in life. Eat ten human soldiers, and your strength would be boosted by that of a single human. Eat one wannabe Hero with the strength of ten men, and ninety human soldiers, and your strength increases by that of ten humans. The same goes for everything, from normal skills, to magical acumen, to innate powers. More unique abilities will be understandably difficult to develop, but I'm sure you can live with that. Of course, you still need a way to actually kill said mortals. Getting them to see reason has become unreasonably difficult in modern times. Thus, you've attained a degree of internalization of hellfire, allowing you summon pillars of flame the size of trees from the ground near you simply by thinking it, hot enough to melt steel in an eye blink. While this is incredibly tiring, and causes the benefits your eaten souls give you to be halved for several hours, you are also able to perform the Requiem of Souls. In a burst of hellish power, every single soul in your gullet is unleashed for a few minutes as physical phantoms wielding all of the abilities they had before you put their existence to better use.

Izhai miskath icha hedoq.

Demonoplasty (400 CP, Discounted with Demon Witch or Warlock)

Taking from the corpse of another is by no means a new thing, but taking a demon's body onto oneself is a rather modern act, considering the danger involved. Corruption, possession, and simple death are all risks associated with the practice, but the gains can not be denied. Thus, you've studied the art of demonoplasty, learning how to bind demonic energies to a living creature. While creation of sins against nature and demonization of others is all possible by containing fell energies or draining bound demons of their power, the greatest gains to be found are in the direct theft and implantation of a demon's bodyparts. Unlike most people crazy or desperate enough to try demonoplasty, you've actually started figuring out how to minimize the involved risks, which may eventually lead you to being able to demonize people without harming them in any way. Well, having a giant burning crab claw for a hand probably won't stop impacting one's social life, but still.

Master of Oblivion (400 CP)

Deep underground, locked away for millions of years and only recently opened again due to tectonics shifts, there is a place known as the Nether Reaches. That underground realm is unbelievably lethal, filled with poison and malevolent flames, but the opening of vents to it in recent time resulted in an academic order seeking to study its power being founded. The order eventually fell to ruin after its Grandmaster died and reincarnated, and with a cruelty only the foolish attribute to childish ignorance, turned the entire institution and its members into scattering ash. Except for one. Somehow, you survived his tantrum, and are the only other practioner of the arts of Oblivion. You are able to summon forth either emerald flames that strike with concussive force, being able to turn normal people into naught with a single flash or break down large structures with ease, or a vile poison which strikes with burning light and actually becomes more potent as its victim's stamina flags and unrelated wounds open. You are the reborn Grandmaster's equal in whichever you chose, and may still learn the other given time. You are able to partly banish others to the Nether Reaches for a few seconds, causing them to take on an ethereal glow which slows down their movements and increases the effect of harmful magic on them half again. You are able to create a Nether Ward, an ephemeral structure charged with the power of Oblivion, which causes enemies to lose just a little bit of their mana while in its presence and, should they attempt casting, will react negatively with the mana they spent, increasing the sheer potential of their consumed energy by half again and causing it to refocus on their own body as a source of harm. Note that this does not actually stop or impair whatever they were attempting to cast in the first place, despite your misappropriation of their mana. Finally, you are able to directly devour the life force of others to heal yourself or regenerate your mana, someone with fifty times the strength and durability of a normal person withering to dust in just a few seconds.

Master of Mind (400 CP)

Through means unknown, you've unlocked your mind's hidden power and developed psychic abilities. You may form a psionic veil around you, which allows you to become invisible while standing still, and can be used to focus and enhance your next psychic attack. While this can not be done regularly, you are able to further shift this veil, causing the next few instances of harm that would come to you to simply fail to take hold on reality. Doing so also enhances your next few uses of offensive psionics. More impressively, you are able to directly hone your psychic energy into two blades. These can be held near your hands, or directed a short distance towards enemies. Their edges are only as sharp as your intellect, and cut at the minds of enemies as much as they cut the body. While you can only create up to eleven of these without enhancing your psionic powers through means beyond this world, you may form traps out of pure psychic energy. Besides giving you an awareness of everything that occurs within a few meters of them, you may detonate them to slow the movements of any nearby foes by two thirds for a few seconds.

Master of Ice (500 CP)

While most have some degree of affinity towards any given element, it is very rare for one to have a predilection such as yours. Even as a child completely unaware of sorcery, your presence would stop rivers and freeze entire orchards if you stood near for too long. So it was that you were sent to Icewrack where your magical nature would not cause harm, and you found yourself apprenticed to a user of ice magic. It may be that you were taught alongside Rylai, the Crystal Maiden, or simply found a different sorcerer to learn from. Either way, you've gained control over your natural chill thanks to your studies, deciding what and how much something is affected by your presence, which has become great enough to freeze entire lakes when left unchecked. You are able to perform more direct efforts, freezing enemies to the ground or completely encasing them in blocks of ice with varying degrees of effort, or simply focusing the cold on their body directly, dealing great harm. The cold also promotes the essence of magic, allowing you and your allies to benefit from an enhanced generation of mana. While it would be incredibly tiring, the apex of your current skill with ice magic would allow you to form a great glacier straight out of ocean. Now, imagine what that type of cold would do to your enemies in a battlefield.

Master of Fire (500 CP)

Some children find strange things occurring once or twice, which later in life leads to them discovering a slight enhancement to magics associated with those things, but you take it to a ridiculous level. Even before you had heard anything of sorcery, your presence would cause wells to boil away and start bushfires. It was only reasonable that you were sent to the Desert of Misrule, where your fiery soul would feel better at home. Learning from watching the Desert Wyrns, you may form waves of flame in the form of dragons. Your will and essence is able to focus the rays of the sun into great pillars of fire, just a bit more mana substituting for sunlight when indoors or during night. Of course, you are able to summon fire in much more unrefined and natural shapes, and any fire magic you use awakens an inner fire inside you which speeds you up just a bit, until you find yourself moving and striking a third faster than you are normally able to. While it would be incredibly tiring, the apex of your current skill with fire magic allows you to cast Laguna Blade, trademark of Lina the Slayer, summoning pure lightning much more poweful than anything found in nature to turn a foe to cinders while burning away anything near and between you and your target.

Master of Fear (600 CP)

When mortals have nightmares, when they are driven to their wit's end by things not real, it is most often simple chance that caused their mind to betray the self. When gods have nightmares, it is most certainly the act of a Bane Elemental, creatures that are fear incarnate. Greatest among them was Atropos, born from the night terrors of the Goddess Nyctasha, who surfaced from her dreams to devour her immortality and gained form from her blood. Against all odds, you've found and drunk from some of the ancient Goddess' blood, and have gained powers similar to that of Atropos. You are able to enter and exit the dreams of others as you see fit, commanding what occurs to them in their sleep as you wish, though fearsome as it might be what happens inside the mind can not actually harm. Simply by seeing someone, you become aware of their greatest fear, and any secrets this may be tied to. The very act of trying to attack you instills a primal fear in those who fight you, stifling their attempts at using their full force or most complicated spells against you. You are able to literally devour fear, an intimate nightmare or adult fear enough to make you regenerate from a dismemberment or being cut in half, while also leaving a dreadful emptiness in those whose fear you feasted upon which merely enhances the next terrors they may feel. So long as they are not harmed, you are able to condemn others to an eternal sleep that perfectly preserves their body, from which the only way to escape without aid is to willingly face and surpass one's greatest nightmare despite the possibility of an eternal paradise. While Atropos is made entirely of Nyctasha's ichor, only your blood has been replaced by a measure of her godly essence. Your blood acts as an acid upon the mind, enemies who touch even a drop of it having imagined horrors assault them in their waking moments, any belief they may have that these conjurations are real granting them a fleeting existence which will likely reinforce that belief and cause a downwards spiral of despair. You have also gained a masterful understanding of the mind, and how stimuli real or imagined can affect it. Of course, you yourself are always aware of what would terrify you the most, and why. Overcoming it with such an extensive knowledge of fear surely will not prove difficult.

A Cosmic Mistake (800 CP)

In this world, there are four beings known as the Fundamentals. Each an inscrutable incarnation of cosmic forces, once bound within the great Primordial harmony, now long since scattered due to the sin committed by Ezalor, Fundamental of Light. Though this should have been impossible, one of the Fundamentals has somehow spun off a small shard, and you are Incarnate as that shard of cosmic power. Choose one of the following.

Caretaker of the Light:

Within you lies some of the primordial light from before the dawn of the universe. You may release this boundless light to heal your allies, fatal wounds closing in moments and flagging stamina returning as the light washes over their body, and you may reach into your own stores of mana to restore equal quantities to your allies. Additionally, you may also weaken the foundation of a foe's magical essence, causing them to literally leak about a hundredth of their maximum mana with every movement for a few seconds. You may mark a far away ally you know the location of, and so long as they are not harmed over the next few seconds, you may instantly return them to you. You could simply produce waves of light to blind your enemies, or wash over distant areas, showing the sights unveiled by this light to your allies. Lastly, when properly condensed and focused, your light is able to harm in addition to heal, destroying armies with every wave of cosmic radiance much like your progenitor once did.

Chaos Squire:

Within you lies some of the absolute chaos of the universe. You may conjure forth a flaming sphere of pure uncertainty and mystery, which inexorably draws near a chosen target. Once it strikes, what happens is entirely up to chance: on one end of the scale, it may wrack their body with chance and prevent any action for a good long moment, while doing so little damage a young one who would barely qualify for squire training wouldn't feel a thing. On the other end, it may give pause for a heartbeat, while impacting with such force a fortified castle would be instantly destroyed. Like the Chaos Knight, you may ride through the planes, drawing yourself and a visible enemy to a random point between your locations, or randomly walking into another dimension (though you are always able to return, no matter how many times you fling yourself across realities). Lastly, once per year, you may call forth phantasms of alternate versions of yourself. The exact specifics are completely out of your control, but this will always quadruple your fighting potential. Whether this happens by calling forth a literal legion of You with only a minuscule fraction of your power or many doubles who specialized in different areas is not for you to decide. These phantasms are just that- acting and tangible illusions. You may not reverse engineer any strange technology, decypher eldritch lore, or permanently benefit from any abilities those alternate selves may have had, for none of it was real to begin with. Regardless of what your opponents may say after you and you and you are done with them.

Quandary:

Within you lies some of the primordial darkness from before the dawn of the universe. You may curse foes, causing them to inexplicably be wracked by multiplied gravity every few seconds for a good moment. You may summon a similar darkness from other and strange dimensions, creating eidolons of solid gravity which slowly dissipates over a minute. The "skin" of these eidolons is about as strong as steel armor, and they have borderline non-existent physical strength, but the bolts of darkness they may launch easily rival explosives or siege engines. However, after attacking a few times, each individual eidolon inexplicably doubles. You may draw your own inner darkness out and seep it into the landscape around you, consigning the area around to the abyss for some brief moments. While it won't fall into non-existence in its entirety, things such as walls, trees, and large quantities of earth will simply fade as the dark resonates within it, while beings other than you and your allies find a small fraction of their vitality drained to the void every second. Lastly, you may gather the full crushing weight of your heart's inner darkness and create a mystic black hole within your hands, though this is exhausting and must be done sparingly. Its gravity doesn't extend past a few meters around you and you may not move while it is manifested, but it is otherwise so powerful as to be able to turn a mountain into its constituent atoms. As gravity incarnate, its effects will completely spare you, and you will not be affected by the logical consequences of creating and holding such a gravitational focus.

Strand:

Without you lies a fraction of the repulsive and attractive forces found within all matter in the universe. From across continents or planes, you may link yourself with one ally at a time, granting both of you a small measure of enhanced speed and causing any healing or regeneration you incur to be mirrored onto your tethered ally and enhanced half again. You may summon spirits out of surrounding matter and energy by condensing the potential power within something such as a barrel of gunpowder or inert fire spell into a single bright and cheerful spirit, which explosively impacts foes with all of the potential energy of its source. Whether you directly send them at enemies or have them dance around you and allies as a defensive curtain is your call. You may burn your own lifeforce and mana to warp time and space around you and whichever ally you have tethered, such that the both of you attack a fourth again as fast due to the temporal anomaly speeding your strikes along and are a fourth again more durable due to the spatial anomaly dissolving your enemy's attacks. Lastly, once every hour, you and your tethered ally may go anywhere in the universe, and after an hour you will automatically return. Whether you take them (or someone else entirely) with you on the trip back is your decision to make.

Items:

Heroes are remembered for their acts and the mighty power they wield, but so easily overlooked is their equipment. There is a greater value in being able to withstand punishment with one's naked skin, but that does not mean a fantastic suit of armor is useless. You gain a stipend of +400 CP to use in this section only.

Outcast Blade (200 CP, Discounted to The Radiant)

A massive sword the size of an adult man. It's edge isn't particularly sharp, but never dulls, and the blade as a whole has an undefinable quality that allows it to cleave through enemies with ease. While you still need to provide the force and skill to leverage the blade itself, it never slows down as it goes deeper and deeper through enemies, and half the force it exerts on your actual target echoes some good few meters beyond to strike additional foes. While this is a copy of the Outcast Blade stolen by Sven, the Vigil Knights may still take exception to your use of this sword.

Papers from the Violet Archives (400 CP, Discounted to The Radiant)

Many people are bold enough to say that the Violet Plateau's research being lost was a good thing, and that the truths the Keen Folk uncovered were better off lost. Clearly, you disagreed, or made a deal with someone who did. Here is some of the research material that wasn't destroyed or lost to strange planes of existence after the Violet Plateau was shrouded in otherwordly darkness. Included is information on the cosmology of the many planes of existence and lesser realms that can be found in this world, allowing a careful person to minimize the risks of large-scale dimensional travel. Strangely, these papers will increase as you enter new realities throughout the Chain, finding similar information for any other Jumps you may go to. There is one particularly standalone bit of knowledge here, however. Called the "Focal" in its material, you will find the schematics for a psionic resonator which allows one to directly channel their psyche and intellect into blades, similar to the "Master of Mind" Perk. Should you also have that Perk, or any psychic abilities which similarly hone mindforce into edges, you will find that these Focals can be used to vastly amplify such effects, doubling their potency at the minimum.

Radiant Ancient (600 CP, Discounted to The Radiant)

A house-sized fragment of Radiant Ore. Somehow, it has been tied to your will, rather than that of the Ancient itself. This means it can have no effects beyond that of a regular rock whenever you wish it, and the corruptive influence it exerts can be nulled as you see fit. Besides that, it acts the same as any other bit of Radiant Ore. Those who live near it gain access to the mana found in this world, with all the mechanics involved, and find themselves much hardier and healthy than normal. While you can't exactly benefit from this, those who would be considered Heroes in this world who fight for its sake will resurrect in a few days after their death (unless their soul is robbed or maimed in some way) and any nation associated with it will be blessed as a whole, safeguarding it from vile curses and other such things. This does nothing for the individual, however.

Penumbral Crest (200 CP, Discounted to The Dire)

A simple accessory of your choice, such as a belt or shoulder guard, emblazoned with the Crepuscular Sigil. Besides being mystically associated with the twilight hours and interacting positively with any similarly aspected abilities, it subtly draws nearby shadows to its holder, enhancing one's ability to hide and dodge within low illumination to blatantly supernatural levels. You could be in full armor while calmly standing within shade in a moderately lit room, and enemies or guards would still find great difficulty in seeing you, let alone actually hitting you.

Mad Scepter (400 CP, Discounted to The Dire)

A scepter of royalty once used by the Last King of Slom. None were quite certain what effect it had on the king, but his fractured madness has taken root inside the artifact, and now drinks deep of your reason. While this may seen bad at first, this has actually caused the scepter to become completely obedient to your will, and yourself immune to its effects. While it is a poor weapon, the scepter strikes at the sanity of others, driving one closer to madness with every smack. If subtlety is needed, then the scepter may radiate its insanity instead, dwindling away the rationality of those who interact with you during such times. The strong willed can potentially resist or return from this insanity given time, but you may find that putting down lunatics is surprisingly easy.

Dire Ancient (600 CP, Discounted to The Dire)

A house-sized fragment of Direstone. Somehow, it has been tied to your will, rather than that of the Ancient itself. This means it can have no effects beyond that of a regular rock whenever you wish it, and the corruptive influence it exerts can be nulled as you see fit. Besides that, it acts the same as any other bit of Direstone. Those who live near it gain access to the mana found in this world, with all the mechanics involved, and find themselves much hardier and healthy than normal. While you can't exactly benefit from this, those who would be considered Heroes in this world who fight for its sake will resurrect in a few days after their death (unless their soul is robbed or maimed in some way) and any nation associated with it will be blessed as a whole, causing enemy states to find disaster striking them as armies batter at the door. This does nothing against the individual, however.

Side Shop (200 CP, Discounted to Neutral)

Most merchants are willing to have immobile buildings as their dwelling. You are not, and have acquired a (likely magical in nature) system for packing up entire shops and putting them back down in a matter of minutes. Of course, you still need to actually bring these shops with you, and thus have enlisted the aid of a loyal Rhinoceros-like creature to use as a beast of burden. Now, all you need is actual stock to sell.

Insurance (400 CP, Discounted to Neutral)

A simple wooden flagpole. The actual flag can have whatever you wish on it, but it would be remiss of you to not write something like "[Shop Name]" or "Open for business!". Either way, it doesn't have anything particularly special about it… to begin with. So long as you are acting as an honest profit-seeking merchant, the flag will give any thieves the sensation of a terrible punishment in store, with an absolute weight to it equal to that of the judgement of a God. Should they ignore all reason, and steal from you anyway, they will be drawn to the flagpole and take on the form of stone. They will punish the next thief to try and steal from you with the same certainty and power as the previous ephemeral force, forcing the next fool under themselves on the flagpole. Then the two will work in tandem to capture the next thief… well, you get the idea. Anyone caught remains fully aware while imprisoned. This goes on until the first thief is pushed away from the flagpole, at which point they will regain their original form. Anyone taken from jump to jump will return home before you can do anything once they're free. Trying to abuse this, directly or indirectly, will result in the flagpole disappearing until your next jump.

Business Partner (600 CP, Discounted to Neutral)

A small pouch. It appears completely ordinary at first, but on close inspection, the opening can somehow pass any item through it and the pouch itself leads to somewhere else. A non-descript cavern in a non-descript place you can't quite find. Inside is some type of mythically large cephalopod. That, is your business partner. It gets to expand its dwellings as you travel to new worlds, and in return, it will acquire a treasure trove of mystic (and not so mystic) artifacts from every world you go to. Nothing truly unique, but still worth being called a legend and wielded by a Hero. Then, it will give these artifacts to you, in the name of profit. This is binding, by the way. These items need to be sold for the sake of honest profit, or they will immediately return to your partner's abode.

Helm of Iron Will (100 CP, Free to Strength Heroes)

The helmet used by a legendary warrior whose name did not go down in history. Wearing it causes your entire body to become hardier, as if solid iron plating was applied on top of it. It also strengthens your willpower, and causes your body to become more adept at healing, making setting bones back into place and preventing wounds from bleeding through pressure to become easier and much more effective.

Javelin (100 CP, Free to Strength Heroes)

Despite the name, this is actually a normal spear. It has a wooden shaft and a steel head, and isn't anything to really talk about, though it has very high quality mundane craftsmanship. However, there is a small chance with every strike that it'll simply phase right through any armor its target may have. Not the highest possibility, you can expect it to do its magic thing once every four times, but much better than other low-level luck based enchantments.

Sange (200 CP, Discounted to Strength Heroes)

A wicked blade with the appearance of a dark gray scimitar. Once it is wielded, it changes shape, taking on the form most complementary to the fighting style of its user. It seeks the weak points of anyone it cuts at automatically, to the point it will sometimes cripple enemies even when that should be impossible.

When drawn together after being bathed in moonlight, the effects of Sange and Yasha nearly double, and their user becomes adept at dual wielding even if their fighting style shouldn't permit such.

Armlet of Mordiggian (200 CP, Discounted to Strength Heroes)

An dark armlet of dubiously unholy power. At will, its user may begin sacrificing their life energy to cause a burst of monstrous durability and overwhelming physical strength. While the latter remains until it is deactivated, the newfound vitality of its user burns away just as fast as their natural life does, making them a glass cannon in a few minutes of use. Throwing away more of your life would increase both boosts, but may not be the greatest of ideas for obvious reasons.

Drum of Endurance (200 CP, Discounted to Strength Heroes)

A magical drum with a skin covered in glowing runes. Just carrying it around increases the running speed of yourself and any nearby allies by a few meters per second, but playing it will burn out the runes in order to increase the speed of movement and attack of any allies who hear it by a bit above a tenth. Unlike most examples of this particular type of item, the runes will return if you give it a few minutes of rest.

Shiva's Guard (400 CP, Discounted to Strength Heroes)

An icy silver pauldron with blue details that once belonged to a goddess. While time has not been kind to it, the vast majority of its power remains. Simply having it on your person makes your whole body as tough as an icy mountain peak with a similar aura that slows any enemies who stray near you, but once every half minute, you may fully call on its gelid might. A wave of pure cold and sudden snowfall will radiate from you for a bit under a league, leaving all allies unaffected, but enemies crushed by a force akin to an avalanche while being assaulted by arctic temperatures.

Pipe of Insight (400 CP, Discounted to Strength Heroes)

An ornate golden pipe filled with magic of mysterious origins. While primarily known for its more overt ability, smoking from it as if it were a regular pipe causes one's wounds to slowly close, while enemy spells find themselves a bit under a third less effective. A deliberate and careful toke will instead cause a grand cloud to flow out of it, covering yourself and all nearby allies. This cloud acts as a powerful shield against enemy spells. Not the greatest, as about one or two spells on the level of a natural disaster will break through it, but in the heat of battle a single attack can make the difference. Simply having it burn will instead give you and allies a weaker version of the healing effect, while cutting down the offensive power of enemy magics by a tenth. Note that all of this is reliant on there being something to burn. I'm sure you can handle keeping it stocked with lit herbs while trying to not get killed.

Heaven's Halberd (400 CP, Discounted to Strength Heroes)

A massive white halberd made of pure metal. Despite the overwhelming weight it brings to bear when struck against enemies or obstacles, it moves like a simple rapier or shortsword in one's hands. A strange power lies within it, guiding your strikes with the objective of crippling or disarming opponents, depending on what would be most effective at the moment. You may directly call on this power every half minute to make it completely impossible for a single opponent to strike physically, whether with melee or ranged attacks, for around four seconds.

Silver Edge (600 CP, Discounted to Strength Heroes)

A dark purple sword with a shining edge, once used to kill a tyrant, which sadly only served to start a civil war. This sword allows its wielder to become invisible for around fifteen seconds every half minute. Breaking this invisibility by attacking causes that strike disable passive abilities held by the target (such as enhanced healing or a magic nullifying field) while also having the damage they do for five seconds.

Mjollnir (600 CP, Discounted to Strength Heroes)

The magical hammer wielded by Thor. Whosoever wields it gains command over the storms, being able to call down lightning and freely control electric currents. The hammer itself can function somewhat like a battery, being able to absorb the lightning bolts you summon in order to directly infuse them into your physical strikes, or form into a mantle or shield of pure electricity in order to guard yourself and allies against enemy attacks.

Blight Stone (100 CP, Free to Agility Heroes)

An unnerving stone found beneath the Fields of Endless Carnage. While this does not actually have any effect, the stone constantly leaks a black mist. Simply by having it on your person, all of your physical attacks (melee or ranged) cause the armor of anyone you attack to rust away for a few minutes. Once that time is up, their armor returns to normal as if nothing happened. Easily underestimated, despite the number of people killed by such effects.

Orb of Venom (100 CP, Free to Agility Heroes)

Envenoms your veapon with the venom of a venomous viper. More seriously, any physical attacks made by you while this orb is on your person, be they melee or ranged, gain a venomous coating similar to that of many creatures from the Jidi Isle. Perhaps not the most virulent thing in the world… but many dead men have said the same of the seemingly innocuous plants from the Acid Jungles.

Yasha (200 CP, Discounted to Agility Heroes)

Called the swiftest weapon ever created by some, Yasha initially appears as a green-accented katana. But once it is in someone's hands, it changes shape, taking on the form most complementary to their fighting style. Additionally, carrying it in combat fills its user with an unnatural speed, making them as swift as the ocean's waves.

When drawn together after being bathed in moonlight, the effects of Sange and Yasha nearly double, and their user becomes adept at dual wielding even if their fighting style shouldn't permit such.

Vladmir's Offering (200 CP, Discounted to Agility Heroes)

A mask made of bone with a red glow in its eyes. Wearing it makes you somewhat stronger, faster, and smarter than the average human, but that's not the appeal. The lingering malice of a vampire who died wearing the mask remains within, causing yourself and any nearby allies to regenerate health and mana just a little bit faster. More obviously, any wounds dealt to enemies have a sixth of the harm reflected on the attacker as healing. Definitely won't make you into a vampire, nor will it give you a taste for blood.

Hand of Midas (200 CP, Discounted to Agility Heroes)

The hand of the king himself. Its effects have been warped a bit due to time and the enchantments weaved within to preserve it, but the general purpose remains the same. By touching a mundane animal with it, the entire beast is converted into coins made of the purest and most valuable gold. Not terribly useful in the battlefield, and overuse will have unfortunate effects on the economy, but this remains something kingdoms would be razed for.

Diffusal Blade (400 CP, Discounted to Agility Heroes)

A silvery shortsword. While its sharp edge isn't anything to talk about when it comes to matters physical, it easily pierces through armor and flesh to cut straight into an enemy's soul. While still dependant on your own ability and skill at dealing physical damage, most people will find themselves incapable of dealing with having their mana bleed together with their blood, beneficial magics and buffs literally cut away, and any powers stemming from the soul maimed. Perhaps a little cruel, but so are most things done in war.

Echo Sabre (400 CP, Discounted to Agility Heroes)

A somewhat ornamented sword imbued with resonant magic. Its effect are surprisingly simple. Any melee strike you perform fills you with a potential for speed that can only be spent in attacking again. This may sound lacking until you realize this effectively doubles the amount of attacks you perform. Note that while you do need to strike with the sabre itself to activate this, you are not required to use it while spending that burst of speed.

Desolator (400 CP, Discounted to Agility Heroes)

A wicked red scythe used for torturing political criminals, sparking with a horrible red light. Were it not for problems of size, it could easily cut through fortified and enchanted structures. More uniquely, it leaves a curse in whoever it strikes, making their armor as good as paper to enemy strikes for the next few minutes. This also extends to natural "armor", reducing their durability in a similar way, though this does not apply to constitution born from pure vitality.

Ethereal Blade (600 CP, Discounted to Agility Heroes)

A flickering green and black sword that at times seems more phantasmal than real. Due to its nature, it is able to harm beings on both the physical and astral planes, interacting in whichever ways is most beneficial to its wielder. In moments where the blade itself isn't enough, stabbing an ethereal being with the physical part can force it into the material world, while projecting the ghostly part as a projectile can move physical beings into the immaterial world. Both of these effects are contingent on the blade remaining within its target.

Monkey King Bar (600 CP, Discounted to Agility Heroes)

The magical staff used by the Monkey King, Sun Wukong. Recognizing you as its master, the staff can shrink to the size of a needle and extend to the size of a tree as you desire. Despite weighting nearly 9 tons, you are always able to comfortably wield the staff as if it were a simple piece of wood. Somehow, it is impossible for you to miss your attacks when using this weapon, though this does not preclude your opponents dodging. Lastly, the staff is capable of creating up to 14 duplicates of itself.

Cloak (100 CP, Free to Intelligence Heroes)

A cloak woven from an unspecified magical material. Yours is a custom job, and looks however you'd want a mysterious and vaguely magical cloak to look like. Any harmful spell cast on you while you're wearing this has one seventh of its effects harmlessly negated. May or may not become the platonic ideal of a cloak used by dimension travelers if you successfully finish the Chain and acquire your final reward.

Ghost Scepter (100 CP, Free to Intelligence Heroes)

An ornate black scepter with a head alight by otherwordly flames. At will, you may become ethereal like a ghost. This prevents you from physically interacting with others, but also prevents them from doing the same to you. However, this also causes you to take a bit under half again damage from harmful spells. Keep that in mind.

Force Staff (200 CP, Discounted to Intelligence Heroes)

A wooden staff with a moon-shaped bit strapped to it through rope. More durable and stable than it looks like. Besides slowly closing your wounds and boosting intellect to the point an average person's would sit at the top percentages, holding it towards someone and thinking of it will cause them to be pushed six meters towards wherever they're facing. You can also use this on yourself without the whole pointing business. Any given person can not be affected by this again until twenty seconds have passed.

Glimmer Cape (200 CP, Discounted to Intelligence Heroes)

The shimmering blue cape of a master illusionist. Besides looking unique, with a soft and dynamic pattern of the night sky being drawn on its fabric through magic, it can cover its user or a single ally with a dazzling pink aura. For the five seconds this aura can last, the target becomes invisible and the damage done to them by offensive spells is reduced by a bit under half. The cloak needs to regain its energy to create this aura after every use, which takes around three times the aura's duration.

Mekansm (200 CP, Discounted to Intelligence Heroes)

A glowing jewel made out of disparate and strange parts, which inexplicably slot together seamlessly. Glows with a piercing blue light, and is held as if it were a shield, though it does not do such a job well. Simply being near it gives its owner and their allies a respectable healing factor, enough to grow limbs back with a few hours or close wounds and put broken limbs back together in seconds. Turning the crank on its side causes the light to flare, causing a burst of vitality that could grow back several vital organs and weaving a protective enchantment that makes one's skin like steel to oneself and all nearby allies, at which point the light dims for a minute and the crank becomes inoperable.

Orchid Malevolence (400 CP, Discounted to Intelligence Heroes)

A garnet rod built from the essence of a fire demon. The flame dancing inside its head can be commanded as you will, and by forcing it into another being, you are able to set their soul on fire for a few seconds. While this can turn the tide of battle easily, this isn't as bad as it might sound like. Having their soul burn like this will prevent them from casting spells, and amplify all damage they take by a bit under a third. Also, it is utterly excruciating, and anyone who isn't a hardened Hero will likely be traumatized by the experience even if they survive. The flame will need to rest inside the rod for around twenty seconds or so before it can be used again.

Lotus Orb (400 CP, Discounted to Intelligence Heroes)

A magical artifact with the appearance of a convoluted jewel. While it has existed for a long time, an image of its original creator rests inside the red orb in its center, and grants it power. By focusing it on someone, the jewel creates a pink shell of magic around them which lasts for six seconds. Any spells cast on them while this shield is up are mirrored back onto their source, though the original target is still affected. The orb needs around fifteen seconds of rest to gather the energy needed to create this shield.

Eul's Scepter of Divinity (400 CP, Discounted to Intelligence Heroes)

A mysterious scepter passed down from wizard to shaman to mystic through the ages. Those who command it command the wind, being able to speed themselves up by having the wind push them along, or whip up cyclones to batter and disable enemies. Or, as more kind users have done, protect allies and carry them to safety. While it's not able to perfectly and absolutely control the air, a mind as swift and open as the skies could do incredible things with the power given by this scepter.

Scythe of Vyse (600 CP, Discounted to Intelligence Heroes)

A wooden scythe topped with the skull of a ram. While not the most useful feature, it can project a large blade of pure mana, which is where the first half of its name comes from. Simply having it on your person doubles your mana regeneration, and increases one's intelligence to the point a village idiot could become a masterful wizard. However, this weapon is most known for its ability to turn an enemy into a harmless critter (though this does not remove innate qualities such as their durability) for a bit under four seconds every quarter minute. It is traditional to make enemies into sheep when using these types of magic, hence the staff's colloquial title of Sheepstick, but recent users have preferred pigs. No one can tell if this is some type of rebellion against the ancient orders, or coincidence from pigs being more common than sheeps to new wizards.

Octarine Core (600 CP, Discounted to Intelligence Heroes)

At the very heart of magic itself lies a spectrum only the most gifted can see. This metal orb was crafted to contain that magical color, and bestows power to whoever holds it. Magic flows more efficiently out of its user, cutting the cost and cooldown of any spells or magic used by a quarter. This also goes the opposite direction. Any magic used by the holder of this orb which causes harm to others returns to the user, healing them by a fourth of the damage done.

Fountain of Clarity (100 CP)

A simple fountain that never runs out of water or overflows. Besides remaining pure and untainted no matter what type of location it is placed in, the waters running from this enhance one's ability to meditate, effectively bolstering out of combat mana regeneration so long as one has a drink.

Faerie Pyre (100 CP)

A particularly large fraction of the ever-burning ruins of Kindertree, whose flames ignite across realities. By casting themselves into it, one can take a part of the fire into themselves, adding weak flames to any attacks they make. By devouring the fire in their heart, one can instead cause a weak burst of healing to occur.

Enchanted Grove (100 CP)

A small set of mango trees from the Jidi Isle. Unlike normal mangos, simply holding these promotes healing, causing wounds to heal at a slightly abnormal rate. Eating the mangos instead infuses one with small amounts of mana. While not particularly interesting to most people, amphibians adore these bittersweet flavors.

Tango Coppice (100 CP)

A clearing filled with small shrubs. These do not grow regular fruits, but strange green orbs called Tangoes. By holding an orb and willing it, one can eat a tree. Doing so condenses the life of said tree into the user, causing a slow surge of healing that mends one's body over the course of a few hours.

Ward Bed (200 CP)

A large garden that always grows the half-sentient plants known as wards. After being plucked, they can easily be replanted, though they'll die in about six weeks without additional measures being taken to increase their lifespan. The yellow Observer versions share their eyesight with whoever planted them anew, while the blue Sentry versions grant the ability to see the invisible to any allies near it. Admittedly, wards are some of the most basic things created by artificers, but this garden both holds a constantly reflowering quantity of them and is unnaturally friendly to the cultivation of new types of wards or other magical plants. Given time, you should figure out how to hybridize them with things such as faerie dragons, giant spiders, or venomous snakes.

Iron Plantation (200 CP)

An orchard planted with iron trees. As you may guess, these trees have properties similar to iron, being much tougher than ordinary wood. Fashioning them into armor is possible, but the fact that simply having a branch on your person confers the magical strength of the wood to oneself makes that wasteful. Either way, you'll never fail to find seeds inside this place when you desire it, and the trees grow new branches in about a month. Deliberately throwing a branch into the ground causes the branch to burn away all of its magic in order to grow again and become a happy little tree. Should you wish it, any other vegetation you plant in this orchard will gain this ability.

Courier Delivery Service (200 CP)

The favored method of transferring items through long distances for Heroes is via flying donkey. Now, you could raise your own donkeys and figure out how they inexplicably gain wings, but why not be a lazy git and just buy it? Any time you need something delivered to you, or delivered somewhere else, you can just think really hard of it and a flying courier will appear near the item and take it to its destination. While it's not exactly the fastest thing around, the donkey can only be stopped by deliberate and premeditated violence with the express objective of preventing its delivery. All of your Companions also gain their own personal courier, because team work and patience is for chumps. For an extra 100 CP, all the donkeys may be switched with Rare custom couriers as you or your Companions desire, such as Billy Bounceback and Scuttling Scotty. For another extra 100 CP, you'll also gain access to Mythical custom couriers, such as Coco the Courageous and Hexgill the Lane Shark. For another extra 100 CP, you'll also gain access to Legendary custom couriers, such as Cluckles the Brave and Skip the Delivery Frog. For a final 100 CP, you'll also gain access to Immortal custom couriers, such as Drodo the Druffin and Trapjaw the Boxhound.

Demonic Spoils (200 CP, 1 Free with Demonoplasty)

You've somehow acquired one of the following bodyparts, and may either have it on your possession, or have had it somehow implanted into you before the jump began. Either way, any negative influences they may have had is nulled if purchased here rather than acquired in-setting.

Right Hand of the Betrayer:

You've somehow acquired the counterpart to Lion's own demonic hand. Besides enhancing your stamina by demonizing your blood, and acting as a high-quality implement for blasting magics, it also allows you to use what Lion has dubbed the Finger of Death. When pointing it at a target, you are able to directly channel the corruptive influences of the hand into their body, literally turning them inside out. Or attempting to, at least. This effectively uses one's own muscular power against the rest of the body to perform this act, so while it will have disastrous effects to most people's continued living, those tougher than they are strong won't get it too bad.

Gazing Eye of the Demon Witch:

The remaining top of the head of an unknown demon, this set of skull, eye, and horns mounts on to the top of your head, giving you a somewhat grotesque appearance. The demonic emanations energize your mind, enhancing your mental endurance, and the entire thing works as an excellent focus for mental magics designed to harm or twist others to your will. When open, the singular eye allows you to see into nearby dimensions (parallel universes, pocket realities, and afterlives included), enhances your eyesight's clarity to supernatural levels, and generally increases your ability to notice the hidden and see the unseen, whether by giving you the feeling that you should cast a visibility spell or drawing your eyes towards hiding spots when such would yield reward.

Carapace of Buki'vak the Corrupted:

The hide of a sea-dwelling demon, whose essence and body were both a font of corruption. You may choose any one bodypart, as this lacks any regional qualities. These remains still carry the Malignant Corruption, causing your muscles to become covered in hellspawned obsidian. While it might feel awkward at first, this does not negatively impair any of your mobility or biological functions. Besides making your entire body like armor and only affecting your weight when you will it to, you are able to pass on a lesser but actively malevolent version of the corruption to others, causing blades of obsidian to form inside their body when you are touching an enemy. When using corruptive spells on another, you may burn out any of these obsidian blades inside your target to massively boost the effect and permanence of said magics.

Nest of the Gruesome Embrace:

Particularly disgusting and normally inadvisable even by demonic standards, your heart has been fused with a nest of hell worms, allowing them to harmlessly crawl through and out your muscles and organs in order to aid you in combat. These worms are incredibly dexterous and physically strong, being able to knock away cannonballs out of the air and move fast enough they become a blur. Despite their surprisingly benevolent independence, you are able to take command of them at any time, and give them long term orders such as to not reveal themselves when you are among civilized people. The worms are completely unable to function without you and count as an extension of your body, meaning they benefit from your physical abilities and do not occupy a Companion slot despite their intelligence. The worms still take after their original habitat, making their tips burn enemies with a volcanic heat. When fully grown, they are as long as their host is tall (or long, or wide, whichever results in greater growth), and as thick as one of their arms. Generally speaking, a normal human can only hold about five worms inside them before they are forced to leave parts of themselves hanging out due to size constraints.

The Cataract (800 CP)

Not easily categorized, The Cataract is a hybrid existence of gravity-defying waterfalls, an archipelago, a maritime vessel, and a living creature. While living in or on it requires that one be made of sterner things than most mortals, it is a fine dwelling for any civilization in favor of imperialism. You've somehow attained the loyalty of this creature, being able to call it to you wherever you may be with a single thought. While it may appear slow due to its size, The Cataract can move as fast as any local vessel, is able to enter any hells whatever universes it finds itself in happen to have and return regardless of any usual problems with such, and can even travel to and live in the void between planes. It is not defenseless, being able to command any of the parts making up its being the same way a human would control their arms, and can even spawn lesser beasts. These creatures always have the form of some type of ship, with a distinctly organic look, and can devour other vessels to grow and repair themselves.

Companions:

Mighty as any Hero may be, there is a reason the Ancients sought out more than a hundred of them. All options here may be purchased multiple times. Note that if your Companions take Drawbacks whose threat comes from death ending the chain, they will not respawn until the end of this jump and the effect of whichever drawback they chose will be refocused on you should they die.

5 Man Party (200 CP)

Bring in up to four of your faithful Companions. They each get 400 CP to spend and can buy anything they'd like other than more Companions. They only get half the Item budget, however. Each individual Companion can take up to +400 CP in Drawbacks, if they absolutely need more Choice Points. If you don't have enough buddies yet, or just want to recruit, you can use these points to define what you're looking for and we'll find someone who fits the bill.

2 Man Party (400 CP)

If you find the previous option insufficient, we can accommodate. A single Companion of yours gains 800 CP to spend and can buy anything they'd like other than more Companions. They get the same Item budget as you, and may take up to +400 CP in Drawbacks if they're feeling gutsy. Like the previous option, you may instead use these points to tell us what you'd like in an ally, and we'll find a local who can do the trick.

Add As Friend (200 CP)

Or maybe you've already got someone in mind? You may choose any known character from this world, and we'll shift things a little so you meet on good terms. From there, it's on you to actually convince them to follow you. But if you do, they'll become a fully fledged Companion. Just, one thing to note. Some of the people here are, frankly speaking, a bit ludicrous. Anyone who exceeds the level of power you could have potentially gotten in this jump will find their native abilities toned down to that level after this jump until your Chain ends.

Drawbacks:

It's not all fun and games in a Hero's life. The common people tend to overlook this, but many have origins rooted in tragedy, or continue to find undue adversity while trying to live and let live. +600 CP limit.

Compulsive Ricer (+100 CP)

The way Heroes are expected to make money while directly fighting for an Ancient is by killing enemies and looting their corpse. While very profitable compared to honest work, this is now the only way you can make money. End of story. You can't sell precious items, actually work, or get hand-outs. The reason why this is so bad is that you are now compelled to get things the honest way. Want to sleep at an inn? Pay up, even if the owner insists you sleep for free due to you saving their lives from bandits… or if anyone who could stop you from freeloading is dead because you are the bandits. The same goes for anything else, from food to magical materials.

Burn Victim (+100 CP)

I hope you've got thick skin, because people are not gonna be forgiving to you. Mess up something small, like breakfast or a flourish, and you can expect everyone around to start throwing barbs your way. Mess up something more notable, like a fight or skirmish, but still without any real consequences? Every Hero and peasant within ten kilometers is gonna take the time of the day to find you and tell you all about how you're the scum of the earth and need to stop infesting their universe. Mess up real big, like an entire war? Expect excommunication, expatriation, and execution orders to fly the moment anyone realizes it.

Feeder Infestation (+200 CP)

Normally, you can expect allies to be useful and keep trying even if they make a mistake instead of throwing themselves gladly into death because they're pissy and want the rest of their team to pay for daring to not be as perfect as them. Well, normally. Any time you work with more than one person, someone on the team is gonna tilt and fall into a downwards spiral of anger, at which point they will start undermining your collective efforts. Maybe they'll just start jumping onto swords, maybe they'll leak information to rivals. Two things are global here: they'll be a pain in the ass, and you won't be able to figure out who's the feeder until it's too late and everything is going to hell. Of course, nothing guarantees things will progress to the point where you can't pick up the pieces.

Abyssal Target (+200 CP)

Remember that talk about the Abyssal Horde, and the Underlord Vrogos? Well, for one reason or another, you're their target now. Expect squadrons of demons to drop in from portals every other day, and any town or place you stay at to be razed to the ground by marching armies within the week. Your only saving grace here is that Vrogos himself wants to feel your life drain away at his hands, meaning he won't just call down disaster after disaster directly on top of you, or try to literally drown you in bodies. What a blessing.

Escaped from the Afterlife (+300 CP)

Before any deceased soul may reach their final reward, they must navigate the Narrow Maze, a twisted and complex system which sorts the dead by their cunning and intellect so that they will find the most appropriate and pleasant place to rest until eternity ends. You died and found this realm wanting, somehow returning to the land of the living. Perched atop the entrance of this realm lied Visage, the Bound Form of Necro'lic, who has been dispatched to return you to your rightful place. He is dead yet unliving, always being considered as either pure stone or pure phantasm in whichever way is most beneficial, and may call the cold of the realm of the dead to cripple the living… or call the dead themselves to end the living, summoning countless Heroic souls from beyond to assault his enemies. While his preferred gargoyle form is his mightiest, he has many stone familiars with powers similar to his at his beck and call. As you might guess, being captured by him and taken back to the Narrow Maze for punishment will count as death. I suggest you do not let that happen.

Judgment of Nature (+300 CP)

In the mountains far to the west, beyond the Vale of Augury, lies an ancient and mysterious power in the ground. The soil there is infused with an eldritch energy, which causes all flora there to grow in strange and amazing ways. The forces there have long since decided it is best if the outside world does not know of their existence, and have sought to prevent others from coming into these forests. This changes the moment your jump begins. The Treant Protectors, most exalted among the beings of nature living in this forest, have decided you must go. And so, all that lives in those woods has begun marching towards wherever you may be, remotely asking any vegetation or plantlife that you may be near to act as spies. While the green mass may be ponderous, and unlikely to catch up to you without aid, there are many strange plants and beings who can harass and hunt you down so that you won't be able to keep running. All nature that seeks to hunt you has drunk deep of that eldritch energy, and is now easily the equal of a normal Hero… when the collective already has been able to repel any Hero who has tried to harvest the forest. What will you do, when the world itself wants you dead?

The End of the Ancients (+600 CP)

Before existence, there was a single presence. A primordial mind, infinite and awesome, far beyond any mortal intellect to understand. Then, there Was, and that mind was split into numerous fragments. Two of its greater pieces, known to you as the Radiant and the Dire, found themselves warring. As history dictates, the two were bound together and thrown to be forgotten among the cosmos. But that act was done by a single fragment known as Zet, whose powers were greatly diminished after this fact. Zet chose to stay with the prison, so as to ensure the two never escaped and warped the cosmos to their will ever again. As you know, it failed. After the Mad Moon's destruction, Zet was split into countless even lesser pieces, some barely existent, others only in imagination, and others fully able to function as mortal beings.

The timetable for your stay here is moved up a bit. The true Defense of the Ancients WILL come to pass in a decade's time, one way or another. Unless you interfere, one Ancient will triumph and the other will fall. Should that happen, the remaining Ancient will be able to gather all of its power, and irrevocably warp the universe to resemble itself. Your stay will not end until you've rendered it impossible for this to happen. Your goal is simple: destroy both Ancients, or force them back together into a single unified and balanced will. Both goals are simple to imagine but much more difficult to achieve in practice. You could go to war against the Ancients, or show a false loyalty to one so as to have exactly one target once other Heroes win the war for you. Or you could try to reconcile two internally mutually exclusive and opposite cosmic ideals into a cohesive whole.

Now, the reason why you've been told of Zet's history. The once-primordial has this exact same goal. It has been manipulating the servants of both Ancients since ancient history, and even showing false loyalty to the Dire, with the final goal of reuniting himself and the two primordials into a single being for the betterment of the world… or destroying everything and everyone involved in these wars in order to protect the rest of the universe.

The Rebirth of the Ancients (+600 CP)

When the beginning of reality was still echoing, a race of beings known as the Titans were born. They desired nothing more than to create, and so turned to the task of shaping matter to their will. When matter was found easy, they turned to shaping their own mind and spirit into better forms. With time, they constructed entire worlds, with rich and diverse stories and lives. But one known as the Elder Titan erred in his quest to perfect the arts of creation, and broke something that could never be repaired. So it was, that he was thrown into a broken and fundamentally lacking world of his own design. Our world. Your stay is extended until you die or you succeed in your new goal.

That goal being the recreation of this world into an internally consistent and sensible whole. You must redefine history, reshape continents, and realign planes of existence, and alter every tiny detail of reality, until the world is no longer a mismatch of varied yet isolated ideas, but a truly alive and organic realm. You may either do this yourself or seek the aid of the fallen Elder Titan. He himself continues trying to do so, despite his powers of creation being long gone, but he perseveres regardless of that for the sake of all those who live here. The how, is for yourself to figure out. Maybe you could try stealing the powers of all four fundamentals, or petitioning to the still existing Titans?

The End:

This world has existed for aeons, and will continue to exist for many more, but it’s about time you packed it up.

GO HOME

STAY HERE

MOVE ON

Notes:

Everyone has some capacity of mana in them based on how intelligent they are.

Same goes for how fast it regenerates.

If something is magic, it has a mana cost attached to it, even if it isn't specifically a spell.

Drawbacks which directly relate to specific Heroes will remove the blessings and curses of the Ancients from all parties involved where it concerns your conflicts.

Football red card rules for Companions who die via drawback. No replacing them until the next jump.

Fanwank.

You can Import Items or Companions you already had to gain the properties of anything in the Item section, so long as they're the same type of thing. (ie you could Import a scythe as the Desolator, a hammer as Mjollnir, or a hat as the Penumbral Crest, but not a sword as any of the three.) No doubling down. (ie you could not Import the same sword as both the Ethereal Blade and the Silver Edge)