Artwork and Story Supplement

By AzureKnight_mx



Welcome to the **Artwork and Story Supplement** for *The Awakening of the Cosmic Lord*, an original Jumpchain project that I've poured a lot of time and passion into. I truly hope you've enjoyed it as much as I've enjoyed creating it. This supplement is designed to provide you with additional insight into the setting that wasn't fully covered in the jump document, along with some behind-the-scenes notes on the original companions from version 1.0 and the earlier versions of scenarios that were rewritten in version 1.1 and beyond.

Lastly, I've also included much of the artwork I generated for this jump, to offer a more immersive experience and visual reference to enhance your journey.

The Setting

The Universe

The universe is alive! And not in some poetic, abstract way—literally alive. In fact, *most* universes are. They exist as higher-order life forms whose thoughts and existence are far beyond the comprehension of your average inhabitant. When a universe is born, it kicks off an era of rapid expansion, stretching itself out to make room for all the initial energy, forming matter, stars, and other wonders along the way. As it ages, this expansion speeds up until the universe reaches a stable point where it can host life.

But here's the exciting part: when a universe reaches a certain "maturity," it starts to concentrate parts of its very essence into what we call *Fragments of Reality*. These fragments are not just shiny cosmic collectibles—they're powerful pieces of the universe's soul, destined to merge with a chosen being. When this merge happens, a Cosmic Lord is born. The newly awakened Lord becomes a protector, a creator, and a force of change, shaping the multiverse and helping the universe grow in new, exciting ways.

In this universe—the one where your jump takes place—things have been surprisingly peaceful. It's been under the vigilant watch of the Custodians of the Universe for eons. These guardians have kept until recently many of the multiverse's usual troubles at bay, preventing chaos and catastrophe from unraveling the order here. So, for the most part, this universe has been free to grow and evolve in relative harmony.

Oh, and by the way: this universe is huge. Like, mind-bogglingly, staggeringly, 'you-can't-even-wrap-your-head-around-it' big. The sheer scale makes it hard to fully grasp an entire universe setting. It's packed with countless civilizations, each with its own dazzling marvels and dangerous mysteries. Every corner of space is a potential adventure, and if you get bored here (though it's hard to imagine how you could), the entire multiverse is at your fingertips, too.

At the heart of it all is the Caelorian Empire, a vast dominion that stretches across countless galaxies. This empire worships its Eternal Empress with unwavering devotion. It's a post-scarcity society, so their technology and magic are so advanced that they've steamrolled most neighboring civilizations. Well, except for a few notable exceptions—like the Grundth, the Assimilators, and the ever-persistent Blobs—who've managed to halt their expansion, at least for now.

But beyond the bustling empires and massive space fleets, there are sentient celestial beings: living stars, wise planets, and even ancient black holes with secrets older than time. Though rare, these celestial beings wield power beyond imagining—except, of course, for a Cosmic Lord like you.

Then there are the oddities—strange regions of space where gravity behaves like liquid or stars that are cold enough to touch. The universe is littered with bizarre phenomena, ripe for exploration. It's a mostly blank canvas, filled with opportunities for you to carve out your own adventures. Whether you're here to rule, protect, or just enjoy the ride, the universe is your playground.

Beyond the Universe

For those who seek adventure beyond the known universe, countless exotic realms await, lying just beyond the veil of reality itself. With the right cosmic powers, magic, or advanced technology, you can break through the barriers of space and time, traveling to strange and wondrous places that defy everything you know.

Imagine soaring through the **Dreamscape**, a realm where dreams and nightmares take shape and reality bends to imagination. Here, the impossible becomes possible, and every thought can manifest as something tangible or even alive. Or perhaps you'd prefer to dive into the **Mindscape**, a vast mental realm that exists within the Crystal Library of the Cosmos, where every thought, idea, and memory of the fallen Custodians is stored like a shimmering jewel waiting to be unlocked. These places offer endless opportunities for discovery and wonder.

For the bold explorers, there are entire **other universes** to visit—realms where the rules and concepts you're familiar with may no longer apply. Gravity might flow like water, or time could spiral in strange loops. You might even find places where the very laws of physics seem to take a vacation, leaving you to navigate a world completely different from anything you've ever known.

But not all places beyond reality are welcoming. If you're daring—or reckless—enough, you might venture into the Void or the space between realities. This realm is a desolate expanse, an eerie void where nothing exists—yet everything could, and in fact something does, void entities that with to venture into other realities to become real. And for the truly fearless, there's the infamous **Dark Universe**, a place even seasoned Jumpers would be wise to avoid. The rules here are strange and dangerous, often interfering with your very powers and perks. Surviving a trek through the Dark Universe is a feat in itself, and while I can't really think of any benefit of venturing into such a place,

perhaps you can figure something interesting to discover inside, while hopefully something unsavory does not discover you first.

Cosmic Power Players

In the vast expanse of this universe—and beyond—there are many cosmic forces at play. You've already encountered a few of them, such as the **Sentient Celestials**, the ancient and powerful sentient beings like stars and black holes, or the advanced civilizations like the **Caelorian Empire** and the **Grundth**. But there are other, more mysterious entities whose intentions range from helpful to utterly destructive.

Take the **Void Sovereign**, for example—the unseen antagonist lurking behind one of your scenarios. This dark and enigmatic figure manipulates the Void and seeks to bring about an invasion of unspeakable horrors from the space between realities. Or consider the unfathomable force behind the **Blobs**, an unknowable entity that may be orchestrating the relentless harvesting of entire galaxies, tearing apart the very fabric of reality. Whether the Blobs are a weapon, an extension of the entity, or the entity itself is a mystery still waiting to be uncovered.

But the threats don't end there. Scattered across the universe and beyond, countless **crime lords, warlords, archmages, and megalomaniac scientists** push their own selfish agendas, often at the cost of countless lives. On the flip side, you'll also find **benevolent idealists**—those who dream of a better universe but may need your help to achieve it.

The universe teems with open leads and unfinished stories. Who's behind the latest coup in the **Galactic Syndicate**? What dark ritual is unfolding on the **Desolate Moons of Xytheron**? Or perhaps you'll uncover a **benevolent protector** in the form of a forgotten god, willing to help you on your quest. Whether you ally with them, oppose them, or forge your own path through their schemes, it's up to you.

The Cosmic Lord's arrival changes everything. This universe—alive and teeming with power—has found its champion. The only question is: will you protect it, reshape it, or conquer it?

Mythopoetic Godlike Beings

These aren't your typical gods—they are beings of pure **idea**, born not from a single civilization, but from the collective imagination, beliefs, and concepts of the entire universe. These **mythopoetic godlike beings** hold immense power, their influence tied directly to the fundamental forces of reality itself. Within the domain of their respective concepts, they can wield authority so absolute that even a Cosmic Lord might struggle to match it.

However, these beings are not driven by personal whims. Their actions, desires, and even their agendas are dictated by the very ideas that brought them into existence. They are true immortals, nearly as ancient as the universe itself, and can only be destroyed if the concepts they embody disappear from reality altogether.

Unlike traditional gods, the mythopoetic beings are rarely known to mortals. Instead, they exist as a higher tier of divinity—far beyond the scope of most deities, who revere or even worship them in turn. To compare them is like comparing a **titan** to a mere **ant**; the gap in power and essence is vast.

These beings tend to stay distant from the everyday affairs of the universe, more focused on ensuring that their ideas continue to flourish across civilizations. Their direct involvement in cosmic matters is rare, only really coming together if the universe were to face an existential threat—or for their own amusement in the legendary **Tournament of the Stars**. This tournament, originally a showcase for emerging champions, has long been hijacked by these mythopoetic entities, who use it as an arena to flex their unimaginable power and compete against one another.

For the most part, they remain enigmatic forces in the cosmos, barely noticed by those beneath them, but their influence shapes the very fabric of reality—an unshakable force felt across galaxies.

Sentient Stars and Star Seeds

Among the celestial beings of the universe, perhaps none are more fascinating than the **Sentient Stars** and their offspring, the **Star Seeds**. These cosmic entities are born through a process not unlike that which creates a **Cosmic Lord**, though their origins are tied to the very heart of stellar creation. Sentient Stars, with their immense wisdom and power, produce thousands of **Star Seed Shards**, scattering them across the cosmos to wander aimlessly, searching for a host with whom they can bond.

When a shard merges with a host, they become a **Star Seed**—a living being imbued with the power of the stars themselves, destined one day to grow into a celestial entity, much like the star that created them. This fusion grants them vast potential, with the eventual promise of evolving into a full-fledged Sentient Star.

Despite the universe's billions of galaxies and trillions of stars, **Sentient Stars** are incredibly rare. These ancient beings communicate through **hyperluminal transmissions**, engaging in deep, cosmic conversations that stretch across light-years in moments. Together, they form a mysterious and elite society known as the **Kingdom of the Stars**. This kingdom operates on a scale beyond mortal comprehension, with each Sentient Star pursuing its own ancient goals and interests across the vast expanse of the cosmos.

To encounter a Sentient Star or become a Star Seed is to step into a larger, more brilliant destiny—one that burns with the fire of creation itself and stretches beyond the bounds of time.

Dreamscape

A mythical realm existing parallel to reality, the **Dreamscape** is woven from the collective ideas, dreams, and fears of all living things across the universe. It is a place where the impossible becomes possible, where time flows only when observed, and where both wonders and terrors alike take shape. Here, the lines between dreams and nightmares blur, and reality warps into fantastical forms. Yet, this dreamlike paradise has been torn apart by an ongoing war between the dream beings and the nightmare entities, with the **Composer of Nightmares** currently leading the nightmares to victory.

The **Dreamscape** is home to many semi-constant locations, shifting and reordering themselves based on the observer’s perception. These include places of breathtaking beauty and untold danger. Among them are:

- **The Emerald Forest**, where dream faeries dance in a land of shimmering green light and ever-blooming flowers.
- **The Shroomy Canyon**, a surreal valley where rivers of liquid emotions cascade over giant fungi, flowing in hues of joy, sorrow, and everything in between.
- **The Swampy Fields of Black Fears**, an eerie marsh where one's deepest terrors bubble to the surface, forming sentient creatures that stalk the unwary.

Beyond these places, countless other realms lie waiting to be discovered:

- **The Sky of Shattered Stars**, where constellations drift aimlessly, untethered to time or space, and fragments of stars rain down like glowing snowflakes.
- **The Labyrinth of Forgotten Dreams**, a shifting maze filled with the half-formed dreams of those who have forgotten their aspirations, echoing with whispers of lost hopes.
- **The Obsidian Citadel**, a towering fortress carved from pure nightmare, inhabited by twisted creatures of shadow and despair, serving as the stronghold of the Composer of Nightmares.

Once, the Dreamscape was ruled in harmony from the majestic **Court of Dreams**, where both dreams and nightmares found balance and purpose under the watchful gaze of the **Songstress of Dreams**. But that time is now a distant memory. The Songstress has been destroyed, her harmonious voice silenced by the Composer of Nightmares, and with her fall, the **Court** lies in ruin. The nightmares now reign, reshaping the Dreamscape—known to them as **Unreality**—into a darker, more twisted version of its former self.

Yet, hope remains. The Dreamscape still holds the power to heal, to create, and to inspire. The tides of the war may yet shift, and there are secrets hidden deep within this realm that could change its fate forever.

The Court of Dreams

Once a place of boundless wonder and purpose, the **Court of Dreams** was the heart of the Dreamscape, where the **Songstress of Dreams** and her loyal court shaped the dreams and nightmares of the universe. Together, they curated visions meant to inspire, guide, and illuminate the minds of living beings, filling their hearts with hope or caution, and unlocking the potential within.

The **Songstress** ruled with her ethereal voice, weaving dreams into the very fabric of reality. To carry out her will, she was aided by her **Agents**—mysterious, powerful entities who could slip between the realms of dreams and the waking world. These Agents served as protectors and shepherds of imagination, ensuring that the visions born in the Dreamscape uplifted and emboldened those they touched. They fought against corruption, balanced the influence of nightmares, and brought harmony to the dreams of all.

But that was a different time. The **Court of Dreams** is now a shadow of its former self. With the fall of the Songstress at the hands of the **Composer of Nightmares**, the Court lies in ruin—broken, scattered, and leaderless. The intricate balance between dreams and nightmares has been

shattered, and without the Songstress, no one remains to unite them. The former halls of the Court, once filled with light and song, now echo with silence.

As for the **Agents of the Songstress**, they have vanished, their fates unknown. Some say they've retreated into the far corners of the Dreamscape, waiting for a new dawn. Others believe they were destroyed alongside their mistress, their connection to the dream realms severed. Whatever their fate, their absence is felt keenly, and without them, the Dreamscape has spiraled into chaos, leaving it vulnerable to the growing power of the nightmares.

Yet, whispers of hope linger. Some believe that at least one **Agent** still exists, hidden, waiting for the right moment—or the right leader—to restore balance to the Dreamscape and bring harmony once more to the minds of the living.

What is beyond a Cosmic Lord?

The question has been whispered by many who have glimpsed the vast potential of the **Cosmic Lords**—"What could possibly lie beyond them?" These beings, with power that grows endlessly, shaping galaxies and bending reality itself, seem to stand at the pinnacle of existence. But is there truly a limit to their power, or does something greater await?

As awe-inspiring as the Cosmic Lords are, they are only the beginning of a much grander journey. Their abilities are immense, their influence reaches across the stars, and they wield power that can unravel the very fabric of reality. Yet, even with their staggering capabilities, they are still part of a larger cosmic design. Their existence represents the **first step** on the ladder of transcendence.

Beyond the Cosmic Lords ultimately lies the path to becoming a **Sovereign of the Cosmos**—a being who commands not just universal power, but **multiversal dominion**. This is the stage where reality itself becomes pliable, where the barriers between dimensions fade, and where the forces that govern all existence can be bent to one's will. Sovereigns move beyond the confines of a single universe, transcending time, space, and even the fundamental laws that once governed their existence as Cosmic Lords.

To achieve the rank of **Sovereign of the Cosmos** is to enter the **transcendental echelons** of multiversal power, a realm where infinity is not a concept, but a tangible force to be mastered. It is a journey of endless growth, where true ascension means reaching beyond the stars, beyond reality, and into the limitless unknown. Only those who dare to push past the boundaries of what they know, who challenge the limits of their cosmic understanding, can hope to achieve this ultimate form of existence, a being that can truly be a contender within the **Omniverse** itself.

So while the Cosmic Lords may seem unstoppable, they are but **a chapter** in a much larger story. A story that beckons you to ascend and discover what lies beyond the stars, beyond the infinite, and beyond even the Cosmic Lords themselves.

Original Companion and Scenario Ideas

This section dives into some of the original companion stories and scenario ideas that were part of the first version of the jump, before being reworked in version 1.0 to avoid railroading. Interestingly, several players expressed appreciation for the earlier drafts, noting that they could provide inspiration or serve as a loose framework for how events might have unfolded—had you chosen not to intervene or if the story had followed a more structured path.

In version 1.0, all companions but Diatomyr came with a 100 CP cost, which unlocked a unique adventure or event. These encounters offered a perfect moment to meet or bond with each companion, leading to deep connections and transforming them into true allies. However, based on feedback, I chose to remove these predetermined narratives in order to give you the freedom to meet and connect with companions in your own way, without being constrained by specific events.

For those who are curious or looking for inspiration, I'll include the original text alongside my thoughts. These could spark ideas for integrating the companions into your own story. While these 100 CP events were designed for version 1.0 and have since been rewritten in 1.1 and beyond, feel free to implement them in your jump if they appeal to you. After all, the choice is yours in how you bring these companions into your cosmic journey.

About the Companions

Diatomyr Epsilon, the Last Custodian of the Universe



Diatomyr was the very first companion I created, and designed her to be by your side from the start of this jump. Smart, devoted, and immensely powerful, Diatomyr serves the purpose of protecting you during those critical early months, when you're most vulnerable while crafting your Cosmic Vestments.

Her dedication to safeguarding the universe runs deep, but so does her loneliness. She believes herself to be the last of the custodians still committed to their ancient duty. The loss of her sisters weighs heavily on her soul, and it's a burden she's carried alone for far too long. When she senses the awakening of the Cosmic Lord that isolation breaks—she will rush to your side, ready to support and protect you as she has been doing to the universe since the moment of her creation.

Felfarris, Galactic Ambassador of the Grundth



Felfarris represents the reptilian Grundth, a race of advanced honorable warrior-scholars, but what sets him apart is his lack of powers or superhuman abilities. Instead, his true "superpower" is his incredible diplomacy. Eloquent, wise, and effortlessly likable, Felfarris is the kind of companion who can navigate even the toughest situations with a smile and a well-placed word. He's not just a political advisor but a calming presence—a guide who offers you sound advice during challenging moments and makes every conversation a little brighter.

For 100 CP, you will cross paths with Felfarris during a critical diplomatic moment that could significantly alter relations between the Grundth and other major civilizations. Your intervention will be crucial in achieving a successful outcome, and Felfarris will seize the opportunity to befriend you beyond mere diplomacy. In fact, he will go so far as to invite you to his daughter's wedding as a close companion. What adventures or challenges may follow from this unexpected bond? Only time will tell.

Refresh, Mischievous Cosmic Lord Visitor



Refresh, my favorite cosmic prankster, didn't change much after the 1.1 update, aside from confirming she has the Universal Traversal cosmic power in addition to the 1200 CP combined powers she possesses. Her 100 CP event gave you a chance to prank her back—if you succeeded, you'd earn her respect and go from being her target to her prank buddy, and maybe even her friend.

Refresh embodies the playful side of cosmic power. She dislikes fighting and prefers to spend her time wandering the multiverse, pulling off pranks just for the fun of it. But don't be fooled by her antics—when things get serious, Refresh is fiercely loyal to her friends and will always show up when it truly matters.

*For **100 CP**, you'll have the opportunity to turn the tables on Refresh after her third prank. If you manage to out-prank her in an epic and complete fashion, she will gain genuine respect for you, cease her pranks, and instead visit you to join forces in planning pranks of her own. She'll become a reliable, albeit mischievous, friend, and will finally call you by your name—except when she's in the mood to tease, in which case you'll still be "baby."*

Zayidd Elcarossa, 13th Princess of the Wish Granting Gyneesi



Princess Zayidd's story was the first to undergo a rewrite, shifting the focus to her personal journey rather than an extended mini-scenario. Originally, Zayidd broke the laws of her people, and though her father was reluctant to execute her, he also couldn't let her tarnish the royal family's reputation. His solution? Offer her in marriage to the Cosmic Lord. But Zayidd, a fiercely independent woman, had other plans. She escaped, hiding somewhere on Earth, and despite the Gyneesi's demands for her return, she either hid so well or found allies willing to protect her.

Her original 100 CP event gave you the chance to find her and join her on an intensely personal quest. You would face the Gyneesi, perhaps even her father, challenging their treatment of Zayidd and helping her secure her freedom. Along the way, she would reveal the real reason she risked using one of her wish orbs, despite the consequences. Your success in this adventure wouldn't just free her; it would restore her long-lost smile and achieve the impossible—restoring her five wish orbs. By doing so, you would earn her unwavering trust and devotion, as well as her companionship on your travels.

*For **100 CP**, if you search for Zayidd on Earth after her escape, you will eventually find her by chance. Though initially distrustful, if you offer her help, she will see you in a completely different light. With your intervention, the Gyneesi delegation will leave Earth, furious that they couldn't use her as a bargaining chip, and will swear revenge. Later in your journey, you'll embark on an adventure that takes you to the Kingdom of Gyneesi. There, Zayidd will reveal to you, and only you, the true reason she used her fifth wish and on whom. She will ask for your help one final time. Should you succeed, you'll restore her smile and, through the events of this adventure, her five wish orbs will be renewed.*

Synapsis, the Void Huntress



Synapsis is a tragic figure, driven by a relentless thirst for vengeance against the void beings that shattered her life. Beneath her cold exterior lies a deep desire to protect others from the suffering she endured.

Her 100 CP event would involve her reaching out to you for help, asking you to rescue one of her closest friends who has been abducted into the Dark Universe. This journey was meant to be an intimate adventure, with just you and Synapsis venturing into the terrifying unknown. Together, you'd track down her friend's location, navigate the dangers of that twisted reality, and barely escape from the horrors lurking in the dark. Along the way, Synapsis would open up to you, forging a bond of trust. Upon returning, she would reveal her face for the first time, allowing you to call her "Sy"—a gesture of profound trust.

Though I didn't develop her story much beyond this, Synapsis is meant to be strikingly beautiful beneath her mask and cybernetic gear. She's always ready to join the hunt whenever void creatures are involved, driven by a fierce sense of justice and vengeance.

> *For **100 CP**, a later adventure will unfold where Synapsis seeks your aid. Her only other true friend has been abducted **into the Dark Universe**—a realm teeming with nightmarish abominations. This mission will be perilous, with unknown forces barring anyone but you and Synapsis from entering. Should you succeed in rescuing her friend from the horrors of the Dark Universe, Synapsis will come to trust you deeply and consider you a true friend. After the adventure, when you are alone, she will approach you stealthily. In a moment of vulnerability, she will reveal her face to you as a gesture of trust and friendship, and you will hear her natural, beautiful voice for the first time as she softly says, "Thank you." From that day forward, she will request that you call her "Sy."*

Laura Minneti, Sorceress Supreme of the Aquila Quadrant



Laura's introduction to the Cosmic Lord was originally meant to be quite amusing—she'd return to Earth, mistake you for a sorcerer, and immediately start a friendly rivalry. She's the kind of companion who's always looking for a challenge, especially when it comes to magic. This playful competition would eventually blossom into a deeper connection during her 100 CP event. She would ask for your help to find the Source of Magic, a legendary artifact rumored to amplify magical abilities. Together, you'd journey across various planets, delve into Dreamscape, and venture through the dungeons of Cassiopea XI's moons to track it down.

Once found, the artifact would dramatically enhance Laura's powers, enabling her to wield magic on a stellar scale. By the end of this journey, she'd drop the rivalry and begin to see you as more than just a worthy adversary—perhaps even a close friend or something deeper.

> *During your jump, Laura will eventually return to her ancestral home on Earth, where your paths will cross. Upon meeting you, she will mistakenly believe you to be an Arch Sorcerer of great renown, sparking a rivalry where she strives to outdo your magical feats. Despite her formidable abilities, Laura will soon find herself outmatched by the true power of a Cosmic Lord. After an inevitable and rather embarrassing revelation, she will quickly move past her initial misjudgment and instead see you as the benchmark she must surpass. From then on, Laura will frequently cross paths with you, alternating between friendly competition and collaboration as she seeks to elevate her own magic to new heights.*
>
> *For 100 CP, Laura will approach you after one of your adventures, requesting your help in locating a legendary magical artifact known as the Source of Magic. Said to contain secrets capable of enhancing one's magical prowess, the Source of Magic*

represents a key step in Laura's quest to surpass even the most powerful sorcerers. This journey will take you, Laura, and any companions through numerous star systems, a brief venture into the chaotic realm of Unreality, and ultimately to a hidden star system outside any known galaxy—Cassiopea XI. There, within a planet-sized dungeon sealed by ancient wards, you will navigate countless trials until the artifact reveals itself.

After a narrow escape from the dungeon—preventing a catastrophic threat from being unleashed—Laura will express her deep gratitude and take the artifact for study. Weeks later, she will return to you, her powers significantly amplified, now capable of harnessing magic potent enough to affect entire stars. Her joy at this newfound strength will solidify your bond, and she will begin visiting Earth more frequently, seeking out your company for both magical and mundane activities, simply happy to spend time with you.

Aurelia Zarathiel Caeloria the Third, Eternal Empress of the Caelorian Empire



Aurelia is a commanding presence—brilliant, tough, and ruthless when necessary, but also a just and visionary ruler. As the Eternal Empress of the most powerful empire in the universe, she feels suffocated by endless responsibilities and surrounded by enemies and rivals. Her initial plan? To manipulate the Cosmic Lord by presenting a carefully crafted façade designed to win your favor and loyalty.

But if you pay the 100 CP cost, her true intentions would be revealed. Aurelia's goal wasn't just to gain your help; she wanted to perform a 'soul merge'—a dangerous ritual to conceive an heir with the qualities of a Cosmic Lord, a child who would inherit her empire and strength. However, this process would be fatal for her.

What followed was an unexpected adventure. After confronting her about her plan, the two of you would find yourselves stranded on a remote moon in a different universe for two weeks, unable to return home due to some plot-related twist. This forced proximity would break down Aurelia's cold exterior, allowing her to reveal her true self. Over time, you'd learn about her struggles, and by the time your companions or the Caelorians rescue you, the Empress would retract her manipulative scheme and offer you genuine friendship.

*For **100 CP**, you may uncover that Aurelia's true motives involve two objectives: manipulating you to either stop or contain the Blobs in order to save the empire, and seducing you to perform a soul merge, producing an heir with the potential to become the greatest Fourth Eternal Empress. This process, which involves merging the souls of a Caelorian and another, is dangerous and often fatal for the one carrying the child. Aurelia seeks this union to ensure the Caelorian Empire's dominance and to create a powerful successor.*

When confronted about these plans, Aurelia will initially demand your capture. However, you manage to capture her instead, leading to an unexpected turn of events. An enemy attack causes both of you to be stranded on a strange moon with grassy plains and an unfamiliar sky, disrupting your cosmic powers' ability to locate your exact position and return.

After living together for two weeks, Aurelia's demeanor shifts. As her perfect facade falls away, she begins to reveal her true self—her frustrations, her regrets, and the burdens of her life. She sincerely apologizes for her manipulation and expresses a deep desire to experience a simpler life. As a rescue team finally arrives, discovering that you both were stranded in a completely different universe, the Empress returns to her throne with a newfound perspective.

In a private moment before her departure, Aurelia asks for your forgiveness and requests genuine assistance against the Blobs. She promises to cease any further attempts at manipulation and expresses a wistful hope that one day she might see her own daughter running freely through grass fields, as she briefly did. Despite her earlier actions, Aurelia vows that the Caelorian Empire will remain your steadfast ally, and should you ever need their aid, they will stand by you without reservation, and wishes she can truly consider you a friend.

Aia, Awakened Star Seed and daughter of Vega



Aia embodies the idea of a mortal thrust into cosmic power, where the allure of immortality and might quickly fades into loneliness. Her story is one of struggling to hold onto her humanity in the face of endless time. I envisioned her as an orphaned girl, never knowing her parents, who by a stroke of cosmic fate merged with a Star Seed shard, transforming her into a being of immense power. At first, the novelty of immortality fascinated her, but as the years passed and she watched her friends and the small family she built slowly wither away, the weight of eternal life became a burden.

Her 100 CP event would see you encountering Aia as forces sought to attack her, giving you the opportunity to temporarily join her in battle. The quest is open-ended, allowing you to tie her attackers to other antagonists in the jump, leaving room for deeper plot developments. The event would also involve the star Vega, the source of the shard that merged with Aia. Vega, in her silent observation, would express her care for Aia by providing a cryptic clue about their connection, specifically asking you not to reveal her involvement to her daughter. This adds a layer of mystery to Aia's journey and leaves you wondering about Vega's motives.

> When you awaken as a Cosmic Lord, Sol, Earth, and Luna will inform Aia of your arrival, piquing her curiosity. She will be intrigued by the Cosmic Lord's presence and will take several days to locate you, content to observe from afar. It will take her months to muster the courage to approach you, seeking companionship with someone she views as a kindred spirit. Even then, Aia will prefer to maintain a distant friendship, offering occasional assistance as long as it doesn't put her in grave danger, before retreating to her home on Earth.
>
> For **100 CP**, during one of your many travels, you will encounter the Vega star system and be contacted by the ethereal voice of its core star, Vega. Vega will introduce itself and humbly request that you seek out and protect one Star Seed in particular, Aia. The star will reveal that many Star Seeds are being hunted across the universe by an unknown force, harvested for nefarious purposes. Vega will also ask you not to reveal its identity to Aia, providing no further explanation for this request.
>
> Upon returning to Earth, you will find that disaster has struck. Strange, powerful beings, completely black and seemingly absorbing everything they touch, have launched an attack on Earth, particularly targeting the area where Aia resides. Despite her Star Seed powers, Aia struggles to repel them. With your aid and that of your allies, the threat is eventually neutralized, but Aia is deeply shaken by the experience. Realizing the danger she and others like her face, she will agree to accompany you on a quest to uncover the origins of these creatures and put an end to whatever threatens her and her home.

Mara Blackthorn, Interdimensional Devil Hero and Survivor of the Cataclysm



Mara is a returning character from my previous jump, *The Interdimensional Academy*, but this version is much more experienced and battle-hardened compared to her younger, more untested self. In this iteration, she's a seasoned interdimensional hero and survivor of the Cataclysm, a significant event that shaped her story. I even hinted that she might have some Out-of-Character (OOC) knowledge, as a playful nod to the idea that she might have been a companion in your previous jump or shared experiences with a different version of your Jumper.

Her 100 CP event would begin with a distress call from the Sylvandar, a ship threatened by a hive of Malignatus monsters. You would arrive to find the ship consumed by Malignathus Growths, and as you fought to save any survivors, Mara would appear at a pivotal moment, joining forces with you to defeat the creatures. Through her, you would gain critical information about the Rift at the End of Space and Time, a location tied to the remnants of the Interdimensional Academy. This opens the door for you to explore Mara's past, revisit events

from the Academy jump, and weave those storylines into this one, giving you the option to follow up on those plots or simply enjoy the callbacks to your previous adventures.

> For **100 CP**, during one of your jumps, you will receive a distress signal from a Sylvandar Cruiser under attack by Malignathus organisms. When you arrive, you'll find the cruiser torn in half, with one section nearly engulfed by a Malignathus growth. Using your heightened senses, you'll detect survivors trapped within the growth and venture inside to rescue them. As you make your way through the infested area, you'll encounter a massive creature about to crush a family. At that moment, Mara will reveal herself, striking the creature down with a single, powerful blow. She will recognize you and request your help in saving the remaining survivors. With your assistance, everyone will be rescued, and Mara will express her deep gratitude—perhaps a bit too enthusiastically. She'll remark that there's something strangely familiar about you, though she can't quite place it. After more adventures, Mara will trust you enough and **reveal the location of the Rift at the End of Space and Time**, the place where she initially arrived into this universe, thinking that with your abilities as a Cosmic Lord you might be able to use it to help her to return home.

Urist Áiskjald, God-like Star Forger



Urist is inspired by the concept of a cosmic dwarf smith, combined with the idea that gods can be formed by the collective beliefs of a civilization. But what if those beliefs were not limited to one civilization, but spanned the entire universe? This is where the Mythopoetic Gods come into play—god-like entities born from ideas shared across every civilization in existence. Urist represents this concept, being a Star Forger whose power stems from the myth of the divine craftsman present in cultures throughout the cosmos.

Obviously Urist had to be his name because Dwarf Fortress is the best dwarf game ever.

His 100 CP event revolves around a massive cosmic storm tearing through galaxies, threatening star systems on an unprecedented scale. Urist urgently seeks your help, needing the power of a Cosmic Lord to protect a particular star system he forged in his younger days—a place of deep personal significance to him. Together, you would work to shield the system and ultimately dissipate the storm, securing Urist's respect and friendship along the way.

> For **100 CP**, the Cosmic Lord and Urist Áiskjald find themselves reunited under dire circumstances. At some point after their initial meeting, a massive cosmic storm—born from the remnants of a dying galaxy—begins to tear through the universe, destabilizing stars and threatening to unravel the very fabric of space-time on anything it encounters. The storm's destructive path leads it directly toward a star system that Urist himself had forged long ago, a system that holds a deep, personal significance to him.
>
> Upon sensing the imminent disaster, Urist, in his gnome-like avatar form, urgently seeks out the Cosmic Lord. Though proud and reluctant to admit it, Urist knows that even his immense power might not be enough to stop the storm alone. Together, they race to the endangered system, where Urist reveals the true nature of the stars in this region—they are not just celestial bodies but the embodiment of his earliest and most cherished creations. If the storm is not stopped, everything he has ever valued, the very essence of his existence, will be lost.
>
> Through their combined efforts, they manage to dissipate the storm's core, saving the system and preserving Urist's creations. Exhausted but victorious, Urist looks upon the stars he forged with renewed respect, realizing that, for the first time in eons, he did not face the challenge alone. His bond with the Cosmic Lord deepens, and he begins to see the Cosmic Lord not just as a curiosity or a tool to stave off his boredom, but as a true ally, perhaps even a friend.

Rah Ze Xion, the Astral Phoenix



Rah's character underwent several changes from version 1.0 to 1.1. Initially, he was portrayed as arrogant and territorial, with his 100 CP event involving you receiving an egg that would hatch into a blue bird, Lapis, from the Lapis and the Child Phoenix scenario. In this original version, Rah became your companion somewhat forcefully, wanting to protect Lapis, the newborn phoenix.

In 1.1, Rah's story was streamlined, separating the Lapis and the Child Phoenix scenario and focusing more on Rah's character. He remains a powerful, fiery Astral Phoenix, but it is now revealed that despite his immense strength, Rah is still a child among his kind—the only known Astral Phoenix in the universe, although this is no longer explicitly said but instead hinted in his entry, leaving it for you to explore.

> *For **100 CP**, once you have settled into your journey after awakening, a mysterious gift will arrive—a box adorned with a strange, cute octopus symbol. Inside, you'll find a large blue egg, pulsating with a faint warmth. Intrigued, you decide to care for it, not knowing what it might contain. After a series of adventures, the egg will hatch, revealing a small female bird with bright blue feathers. The little bird quickly bonds with you, becoming your loyal companion. Strangely, it can survive in the vacuum of space and shows no need for food or water. As time passes, this seemingly ordinary bird accompanies you on many adventures, displaying a keen intelligence and an innate sense of the cosmos.*
>
> *Eventually, your path will cross with that of the Astral Phoenix. The moment Rah Ze Xion lays eyes on the little bird, his ferocious demeanor changes. What begins as a battle for dominance quickly turns into something entirely different. The Phoenix stops its attack, transfixed by the sight of the blue bird hiding behind you in fear. Recognizing something in the creature, Rah Ze Xion shifts into his humanoid form, a towering figure of molten rock and celestial fire, and introduces himself. He demands that you hand over the bird, but she clings to you, terrified of the Phoenix's power.*
>
> *Should you refuse, Rah Ze Xion's pride will flare, but instead of attacking, he will calm himself, realizing that force will not sway you or the bird. In a moment of uncharacteristic patience, he declares that he will remain by your side, waiting until the little bird "grows into her true form." Though his presence is daunting, you sense a deeper connection between the Phoenix and the bird—a connection that may hold the key to understanding the mysterious origins of Rah Ze Xion himself. As the journey continues, this strange alliance will test your resolve, and perhaps reveal a softer side of the legendary Astral Phoenix as he watches over the creature that has captivated his ancient heart.*

Vivi Twinkle Galactica, Galactic Idol



Vivi didn't undergo many changes from 1.0 to 1.1, aside from her 100 CP event being removed. Originally, her event was meant to highlight her crush on you, where she would invite you to a special performance created just for you, and then ask you to join her on her travels. Her story took a darker turn as you would discover that Vivi's management team was pushing her towards exhaustion. This was meant to give you a chance to intervene and save her from burnout, helping her avoid losing her motivation and dreams of being a galactic idol—potentially leading to a bad end for her career.

Vivi is a cheerful and somewhat naïve girl, deeply passionate about music and bringing joy to others. When she first encounters the Cosmic Lord, she feels an immediate, inexplicable attraction, which could develop into real feelings depending on your actions and how you interact with her. Vivi's optimism and energy are infectious, but behind the scenes, she's struggling with the pressures of fame and the weight of her responsibilities. With your support, she could regain control over her career and pursue her dreams without sacrificing her happiness.

> *For **100 CP**, after establishing yourself as a Cosmic Lord and at least some weeks after Vivi's concert on Earth, you receive an invitation to a special concert—a performance just for you, hosted by none other than Vivi Twinkle Galactica herself. Upon attending, you are struck not only by her talent but by the genuine warmth and joy she exudes. As the concert progresses, Vivi begins to incorporate the cosmic harmonies into her music, creating an atmosphere that feels both deeply personal and universally profound.*
>
> *As the final note fades, you find yourself drawn to Vivi, who seems equally curious about you. After the concert, she invites you to join her on a tour across the galaxy, offering you a chance to see the universe from her unique perspective. However, as you travel together, you begin to notice that Vivi's team is pushing her harder and harder, and the once carefree idol starts to show signs of exhaustion. Realizing that her happiness is at stake, you are faced with a choice: help Vivi break free from those who seek to exploit her, or risk losing the light that makes her shine so brightly.*

Armigrand, the Quantum Architect



Armigrand was originally conceived as an androgynous character with partial memory loss regarding their origin, possessing a flexible set of quantum powers that made them an intriguing companion. However, I struggled to find ways to integrate Armigrand effectively into the scenarios or provide compelling opportunities for their appearance in the jump, aside from the 100 CP mini-scenario I initially designed.

At one point, I even considered removing Armigrand entirely, but after completing the work, I decided to include them in the initial release. While their backstory and role may be a bit open-ended, Armigrand's versatile powers and mysterious origins offer plenty of potential for creative exploration, leaving their development largely up to you.

> For **100 CP**, after establishing yourself as a Cosmic Lord, you encounter an unusual anomaly in space—a region where the laws of physics seem to bend and warp unpredictably. Intrigued, you investigate, only to find Armigrand at the heart of the disturbance, deep in experimentation. However, her experiment has gone awry, and the very fabric of space-time is beginning to unravel.
>
> You intervene, helping Armigrand stabilize the anomaly and prevent a catastrophic collapse. Impressed by your skill and intrigued by your nature, Armigrand offers to accompany you on your journey, fascinated by the possibilities that your partnership could bring. Together, you set out to explore the furthest reaches of the universe, unraveling its secrets while gradually piecing together the fragments of Armigrand’s lost memories.
>
> As you travel together, Armigrand’s fragmented memories begin to resurface in unexpected ways, sometimes manifesting in dreams, other times triggered by seemingly mundane encounters, leading to a deeper connection between you both.

Unknown, Avatar of the Ravager Nebula



The Avatar was originally designed as a nameless character, initially serving as the living extension of the Ravager Nebula—a sentient, predatory cosmic entity. She would seek out your help after suddenly losing her connection to the Nebula, only to discover upon arrival that the Nebula itself had mysteriously vanished. Now cut off from her main body and left aimless, her 100 CP event would involve uncovering the disappearance of the Nebula.

As she experiences independent thought, she would slowly begin to develop a unique will and personality of her own. By the time you resolve the mystery, she would have evolved from her original state, becoming a completely new being, distinct from the Ravager Nebula. In a meaningful moment, she would ask you to name her, making her an even more personal and special companion.

Originally, this story was intended to tightly link her to your journey, giving you a chance to shape her development. However, in the 1.1 release, I rewrote most of her entry since it was more of a mini-scenario than a traditional companion introduction. Now, she’s a blank slate for you to shape, offering plenty of room to explore her growth.

> A month after your ascension as a Cosmic Lord, a strange phenomenon begins to occur. A soft whisper, faint and indistinct, begins to reach your ears. It happens sporadically, and no matter how you try, you cannot pinpoint its origin. The whisper seems to elude even your most powerful senses, leaving you to wonder if it is a figment of your imagination or something more sinister. Over the course of several days, the whisper grows more persistent until finally, it resolves into a single, unmistakable word: "Help."
>
> Once you recognize this plea, a peculiar vapor materializes around you, filling the space with shimmering clouds of vibrant colors. The clouds slowly coalesce into a humanoid figure, hovering not far from where you stand. The figure is that of a slim

girl, her form semi-translucent, with a silhouette of deepest black, speckled with countless tiny stars that twinkle like distant galaxies. At the center of her chest lies a dark core, encircled by a mesmerizing display of swirling colors that dance around it in a hypnotic pattern. Her face, though expressionless, radiates a quiet desperation. You watch as her lips move in a silent plea for help, but no sound reaches your ears—only the ghostly impression of her words.

Finally, her voice breaks through the silence, a soft, ethereal sound that resonates in your mind. She introduces herself as the avatar of the Ravager Nebula and begs for your assistance, explaining that a grave danger threatens her existence. She confesses that, despite her power and awareness, she has been unable to contact anyone else who could help her and has turned to you in desperation. She urges you to accompany her to the nebula, offering means of rapid travel should you or your companions lack the ability to reach it quickly.

However, just as you prepare to depart, the avatar suddenly collapses, her form flickering as she clutches her chest in pain. Through gritted teeth, she warns that something is terribly wrong and that there is no time to waste.

When you finally reach the location of the Ravager Nebula, you are met with a shocking sight—nothing. The nebula, once a massive, luminous entity that dominated the region, is gone. All that remains is a faint residue of its former presence, a few wisps of cosmic matter drifting aimlessly in the void. The surrounding space feels wrong, as if the fundamental laws of reality have been weakened or distorted. The avatar stands beside you, her expression one of profound loss and confusion. She has no answers, no understanding of what has happened to her main body or any other avatars she may have created.

You can delve deeper into the mystery of the Ravager Nebula's disappearance but only **after investing 100 CP,** as you and the avatar investigate the remnants of the nebula, you will uncover evidence of a powerful entity or force that has consumed or displaced the nebula from this dimension. The journey takes you across multiple star systems, through hidden pockets of warped space, and into forgotten realms where the rules of reality are bent beyond recognition. Along the way, the avatar begins to develop a sense of self, gaining a personality and emotions that she never possessed before. As she grows, she becomes more than just a fragment of the Ravager Nebula—she becomes a sentient being with her own desires and identity.

In the final confrontation, you and the avatar face the entity responsible for the nebula's disappearance. Through your combined efforts, you manage to overcome this threat, restoring the nebula to its former glory. However, the avatar realizes that she can no longer merge back into the nebula as she once was; she has become something new, something separate. With a newfound sense of self, she turns to you and, with a shy smile, asks you to give her a name—a symbol of her new identity and the bond you have forged through your journey together.

Kirik Melon, Self Proclaimed Best Pilot and Navigator in the Universe



Kirik Melon was inspired by the archetype of a roguish, cool gambler pilot, combined with a mouse-like appearance. He sees himself as the best pilot and navigator in the universe and would be perfect for Cosmic Lords who don't have the ability to fly through space on their own. His adventures would revolve around treasure hunts, high-stakes heists, and daring escapades in intergalactic casinos.

Originally, I considered making Kirik's ship a 100 CP event reward, but instead, I left it as a non-fiat bonus item you could acquire through your interactions with him. While Kirik may be a bit of a braggart, his charisma and skill make him a fun companion, always ready to take you on the next great adventure through the stars.

For 100 CP, when you finally corner Kirik, he will beg for his life, explaining the dire situation he's in. If you're not careful, he'll slip through your fingers, using every trick and gadget at his disposal to make yet another daring escape. However, should you manage to keep him under control, Kirik will shamelessly request your help in retrieving his personal ship, which he claims is the fastest in the universe—piloted, of course, by the galaxy's best pilot.

The quest to retrieve Kirik's ship leads you both undercover into a notorious Crime Syndicate Casino, where intrigue and danger lurk around every corner. The casino is a hotbed of criminal activity, with high-stakes games and even higher stakes for those caught cheating. Moving through the casino requires all the cunning and skill you and Kirik can muster as you navigate the treacherous environment, avoiding detection and staying one step ahead of the syndicate's enforcers.

Eventually, the two of you find yourselves at a gambling table facing off against some very unsavory characters. With the casino rigged to detect any use of supernatural abilities or advanced technologies, it's down to luck and skill. Despite losing out earlier, Kirik manages to secure a victory on the final roll, winning back his ship and a substantial sum of credits. However,

as expected, the Crime Syndicate doesn't play fair, and a brawl breaks out as they refuse to honor their agreement. As more and more criminals and hostile robots flood the casino, you and Kirik are forced to fight your way out, making a daring escape as you steal back Kirik's prized cruiser.

Kirik is ecstatic, profusely thanking you for your help. Just as you're about to inquire about his debts, Kirik nonchalantly produces a bag filled with stolen credits—enough to cover his outstanding debts, or at least enough to get the syndicate off his back for the time being. With his ship back in his hands and the debts momentarily resolved, Kirik is eager to embark on new adventures, and whether you like it or not, he seems intent on dragging you along for the ride.

Scenarios

The original scenarios from the 1.0 release were rewritten based on feedback, particularly concerning how they sometimes limited your freedom to make choices and forge your own path. Many of the earlier versions had more rigid storylines, which could feel constraining and railroading. However, these scenarios can still serve as inspiration for your own stories, offering a glimpse into how events might have unfolded if you hadn't intervened or made changes.

Not all scenarios needed significant adjustments—many of the early ones remained mostly intact. But for those that did undergo major revisions, I'll share their original versions here. These contain details about the initial vision I had for them before they were rewritten into their current versions, and may serve as a foundation for crafting your own narrative or exploring alternate paths. Let them inspire you on your journey.

Lapis and the Child Phoenix



The Cosmic Lord is drawn into a mystery involving a curious little blue bird that has been following her for quite some time. The bird seems ordinary at first, but its constant presence, as well as strange coincidences and small acts of luck surrounding it, make the Cosmic Lord wonder if there's more to this tiny creature. You'll have to find a chance encounter with Octavio the Multiversal Merchant, the truth begins to unravel. Octavio reveals that the little bird is no ordinary creature—it is, in fact, an Astral Phoenix, the second of its kind in this universe. He discloses that he made a promise to the bird's mother, the last Astral Phoenix of her universe, to watch over her daughter.

The journey with the little blue bird leads the Cosmic Lord to a secluded celestial plane where the remains of the mother phoenix's essence linger, carrying her final wish: to give her daughter a life of joy, companionship, and growth. It is here that the bird, bathed in the cosmic energies of the plane, undergoes a transformation into a small humanoid girl. She chooses the name "Lapis," symbolizing the deep blue of her former feathers. With Octavio's guidance, Lapis learns of her mother's tragic fate—dying not from injury, but from the crushing loneliness of outliving everything she had ever known. Astral Phoenixes, as powerful as they are, are also deeply vulnerable to the weight of eternity.

In this heartwarming scenario, Lapis's transformation and newfound identity are celebrated by the Cosmic Lord and her companions. However, the story takes an intriguing turn when it is revealed that Rah Ze Xion, with all his time alive, is also but an infant in the grand scale of time of Astral Phoenixes. The two, Lapis and Rah Ze Xion, are linked by fate, both tasked with learning how to live, grow, and thrive in a universe where they are the only Astral Phoenixes.

The scenario culminates in an emotional and hopeful moment, as Lapis begins her journey of self-discovery. With Octavio's wisdom and the Cosmic Lord's guidance, she finds that though her mother's legacy may have been one of loneliness, her future can be one filled with joy, friendship, and the warmth of companionship.

A Younger Sister's Plight

The **Demon Queen's fury** can no longer be contained, and a massive, brutal invasion into real space begins, spreading chaos and destruction across the galaxy. As cities crumble and worlds burn, it falls upon you, the Cosmic Lord, to minimize the devastation and seek out the true cause of this sudden onslaught. Your journey will take you deep into the **Ten Thousand Hells**, where the truth behind the invasion awaits. At first, the hells seem like nothing more than a nightmarish wasteland, home to feral, mindless demons who revel in carnage and destruction. However, as you descend through the layers, you begin to notice signs of civilization—strange as it may seem. Demons down here are cunning, organized, and far more dangerous in their ambition.

As you dig deeper, it becomes clear that the **Demon Queen's invasion** is not born of her hatred for real space but rather a desperate attempt to maintain control over the unruly demon nobility. Without constant bloodshed and external conflict, they would turn on her, plunging the infernal realms into civil war as the nobles vie for the throne. You realize that simply defeating the queen won't stop the invasion—the demon lords will just tear each other apart in a catastrophic power struggle. However, if you can destroy or subdue enough of the key nobles, you may give the Demon Queen enough breathing room to recall her forces.

As your descent through the layers of hell continues, you encounter towns and cities filled with demonic intrigue, political maneuvering, and a level of sophistication unexpected in such a realm. In contrast to the upper, savage hells, the lower layers of hell are a reflection of demonic ambition and intellect. Eventually, you reach **Pyraxis**, the deepest and most surprising of all the hells—a tranquil paradise of lush gardens, beautiful creatures, and towering black spires, all under the rule of the Demon Queen. At its heart stands an **onyx tower**, guarded by imposing sentries who bar any from entering.



Inside the tower lies the most startling revelation of all. The home of the Demon Queen is not the dark, foreboding lair you might expect, but a cozy, **welcoming place**, a sanctuary from the chaos of hell. Here, you'll confront the Demon Queen herself, though her rage may subside if you offer a solution to deal with the ambitious demon nobility threatening her rule. Hidden away within her sanctum is the greatest secret of the Demon Queen: a single **crystal orb**, containing an image of two little girls—one with **golden hair and angelic appearance**, the other with **black hair and horns**. Standing beside them is a **beautiful figure in pure white**, her identity shrouded in mystery, but with an expression of love for the little girls.

Your final challenge is not just to stop the invasion but to **unravel the mystery** behind the Demon Queen's plight and find a way to pacify her restless nobility, restoring a fragile balance between hell and real space. Will you manage to strike a deal that spares the cosmos from further destruction, or will the infernal realms spiral deeper into chaos?

The Illusion of Omnipotence

The adventure begins with the Cosmic Lord responding to a call from the inhabitants of a small moon in a nearby star system, who are reporting strange anomalies. Upon arrival, she notices the region's reality has been altered, reverting to a near-original state that seems eerily out of place with the rest of the cosmos. The inhabitants are confused and scared, unable to explain what has caused the strange shift.

If Refresh is with her, she suddenly grows quiet and, after observing the space, exclaims, "*Not these guys again!*" before disappearing without any further explanation for the rest of the scenario. Now alone, the Cosmic Lord continues her exploration until she encounters a figure who resembles herself in stature and bearing but radiates an unfamiliar cosmic energy. This is **Abel**, a Cosmic Lord from a neighboring universe.

Abel introduces himself with a slight air of superiority, addressing the Cosmic Lord as an equal but offering her companions (if present) little more than a dismissive glance. Abel explains that she is a member of a powerful group known as the **Cosmic Conclave**, a secretive organization of Cosmic Lords from across realities. He invites the Cosmic Lord to their headquarters, a grand space citadel suspended in a pocket universe frozen in time. Abel describes the Conclave as an elite, highly exclusive society of Cosmic Lords who cooperate to keep the cosmic balance, offering mutual aid, protection, and opportunities for power.

Intrigued, the Cosmic Lord agrees to visit the Conclave. Upon arrival, she is greeted by the sight of the immense floating citadel made of pure, hardened reality—an architectural marvel designed to withstand even the fiercest of cosmic forces. Inside, wonders abound: artifacts from countless universes, relics of power, and other Cosmic Lords engaged in their own activities along countless followers and servitors. Everyone greets her with polite formality, though the interaction feels a bit hollow.



Abel gives her a tour and leaves her in the courtyard to interact with others. During these interactions, the Cosmic Lord encounters **Cosmic Lord Gretel**, a shy and somewhat nervous freckled figure who warns her in hushed tones that not all is as it seems. Gretel reveals that the Conclave is not the bastion of mutual aid and cosmic cooperation that Abel painted it to be. Instead, most Cosmic Lords within the Conclave are self-absorbed and indifferent, obsessed with their own universes. Newcomers are often exploited for errands or treated as pawns in political schemes. The promised benefits of membership? Mostly illusions.

Before the Cosmic Lord can probe further, Abel returns to escort her to meet the leader of the Conclave, **Cosmic Lord Archeron**. Archeron is an imposing figure, seemingly the epitome of control and power, with an aura of quiet menace. He welcomes the Cosmic Lord but keeps a calculating distance, subtly evaluating her every word and action. Archeron has an agenda: he sees the Cosmic Lord either as a potential ally to manipulate or a threat to eliminate.

Here, the path diverges based on how much CP (Cosmic Power) the Cosmic Lord has invested in her abilities and cosmic vestments:

- **High CP Investment**: If the Cosmic Lord is too powerful, Archeron will immediately see her as a threat to his control over the Conclave. He will start making subtle moves to discredit her, placing her in dangerous situations or manipulating others within the Conclave to target her. Eventually, he may even arrange assassination attempts, believing the only way to secure his dominance is to eliminate her before she can challenge him directly.
- **Low CP Investment**: If the Cosmic Lord is more modest in her abilities, Archeron will take a different approach. He will attempt to manipulate her into doing his bidding, positioning her as a pawn in his schemes while making her believe these decisions are her own. He might dangle the promise of greater cosmic power, knowledge, or influence to keep her under his control.

In either scenario, the Cosmic Lord eventually realizes that Archeron's true motives are far from benevolent, and that the Conclave, far from being an omnipotent organization, is little more than a collection of self-interested Cosmic Lords, with Archeron pulling the strings. She must then decide how to navigate the political intrigue of the Conclave, either by outsmarting Archeron, escaping his influence, or outright confronting him.

The adventure becomes a high-stakes game of cosmic manipulation, where the Cosmic Lord must use her wits and alliances to expose the Conclave's weaknesses, free herself from Archeron's machinations, and decide whether to dismantle the Conclave's hold on the multiverse or leave it to rot from within.

Harvest's End

The adventure begins when the Cosmic Lord receives a formal invitation from the Caelorian Empire, specifically requesting her presence to visit the Empress. Rumors suggest that the Empress's health is in decline, but no other information is available. Upon arriving at the grand capital, the Cosmic Lord is led to the Empress's chambers, where the Empress greets her warmly on a balcony overlooking a shimmering skyline, a cup of fine tea in hand. Though she looks radiant, it becomes clear she is exhausted—both from the Blob incursions and from a string of smaller issues that have placed unbearable pressure on her.



Though she tries to conceal her fatigue, the Empress is relieved by the Cosmic Lord's presence, expressing gratitude despite having no knowledge of the invitation. Over the course of a week, the Cosmic Lord and her companions enjoy the hospitality of the Empire, although the nobility are eager to show off, inundating the Cosmic Lord with questions, praise, and requests.

As the Cosmic Lord prepares to leave, she is approached by the High Scientist of the Empire, a leading mind in researching the Blobs. He explains that the Blobs' behavior has become increasingly strange—they have started contracting and expanding at regular intervals, freezing in place before resuming their harvest of reality. This irregular behavior has led the scientist to develop a risky device designed to interface with the mind of a Blob, allowing for potential communication. However, getting close enough to use the device is dangerous, as the Blobs' unpredictable movements and immense power make any approach perilous.

The Cosmic Lord agrees to test the device, believing that if they can communicate with the Blobs, they might stop the harvest.

The Cosmic Lord and the Caelorian fleet travel to a star system under siege by Blobs. Upon arrival, the sight is bizarre—the Blobs' erratic contractions have worsened, and they are moving in strange, unpredictable patterns. The battle between the Caelorian fleet and the Blobs begins, with heavy losses on both sides.

Suddenly, the Blobs fuse into a massive, singular entity—an enormous Blob nearly equal to the Cosmic Lord in power. A fierce battle ensues, and just as the Blob begins to overtake the Cosmic Lord, she activates the scientific device and aims it at the creature's face. The Blob contracts violently, faster and faster, until everything fades into a blinding white light.

The Cosmic Lord finds herself suspended in a white emptiness. Slowly, she becomes aware that this is not mere emptiness, but a part of an impossibly vast, feminine face—a face strikingly similar to the Blobs. The being's thoughts and emotions are utterly alien, yet the Cosmic Lord can sense its pain and distress. This being exists across countless realities, its presence fragmented into millions of threads, each thread connected to the Blobs in the Cosmic Lord's universe and others.

As the Cosmic Lord watches, the face cracks. From the cracks, hundreds of yellow comets of light burst forth, flying through the white emptiness and disappearing into the unknown realms beyond. The Cosmic Lord feels the being's emotions—pain, joy, and hope—as it prepares for some cosmic birth. The comets are offspring, soon to breach the boundaries of this universe and enter others.

In this brief moment, the entity finally notices the Cosmic Lord. A wave of gratitude washes over her, before the entity closes its eyes and everything fades to black.

The Cosmic Lord awakens back in reality, surrounded by silent Blobs. They are no longer moving and are slowly evaporating into glowing motes of light, dissipating harmlessly. The Blobs' presence is gone, their harvest complete. The Cosmic Lord knows that what she experienced was far beyond the understanding of anyone else—this ancient, alien entity had not intended to destroy or conquer but was simply following its natural cycle of creation.

Though the entity's mind was too alien to comprehend fully, the Cosmic Lord knows that it felt hope and gratitude at the moment of their connection. Whatever the entity was, its purpose had been to create new life—life that would travel beyond this universe, into the realms that lie beyond the grasp of even the Cosmic Lords.

Upon return, it is revealed that it was the High Scientist who sent the invitation to the Cosmic Lord, hoping to be able to ask his request to the Cosmic Lord and out of concern for the health of his beloved empress. The Blob threat is no more, although the damage remains it is not all lost as some of it can be mended with the aid of the Cosmic Lord.

The Singularity and the Star



The scenario begins with the Cosmic Lord and her companions responding to an innocuous call for help from a distant star system. The initial task seems trivial: assisting a malfunctioning starship trapped in a dangerous asteroid field. With the expertise of the Cosmic Lord and Star Seed Aia, they quickly navigate the hazards and rescue the stranded crew. However, as they finish, a strange shift in the cosmic winds catches the Cosmic Lord's attention. The distant stars seem to hum ominously, and then, without warning, a mysterious and urgent message from Vega—a sentient star known for her ancient wisdom and cosmic influence—interrupts their mission. Vega is calling for immediate assistance.

Intrigued by the sudden plea, the Cosmic Lord sets a course for Vega's system, unaware of the emotional and cosmic weight awaiting them. Upon arrival, they are greeted by the brilliance of Vega herself, her light radiant but laced with tension. Vega reveals a grim truth: TON 618, the monstrous black hole, is now hunting her. This threat is deeply personal—TON 618 had consumed the remains of Vega's ancient partner long ago, and now seeks to complete its cycle by absorbing her as well. It is not simply a matter of destruction; Vega's partner's essence, twisted within the black hole, has become obsessed with reuniting with her, and this obsession has been passed on to TON 618, transforming it from a cosmic predator into a tormented being driven by longing.

The Cosmic Lord, determined to save Vega, begins formulating plans with her companions. Several ideas are proposed: they could create a dimensional pocket to hide Vega, or relocate her to the universe's outermost edges where TON 618's reach might falter. Another possibility involves using the remnants of Vega's partner's nova to mask her energy signature, making it appear as though she's already been destroyed. As they debate these strategies, time begins to run short, and tensions rise as the group races to find a solution before TON 618 arrives.

During these critical days, Vega spends more time with Aia, bonding over philosophical discussions and musings about the universe. Their connection deepens, though Aia remains unaware of the profound truth Vega carries. In a private conversation with the Cosmic Lord, Vega reveals her deepest secret: Aia, who has long fought beside the Cosmic Lord, is actually Vega's daughter. After Aia merged with the Star Seed shard Vega sent out, Vega had sensed Aia's emotions, her yearning for a simpler, mortal life, despite now possessing agelessness and cosmic power. Feeling immense guilt, Vega never revealed the truth, believing she had imposed a burden upon her daughter that she might not have wanted—the burden of immortality. For centuries, Vega watched from afar, consumed by regret, unsure how to bridge the gap created by her silence and the weight of unspoken love.



Just as the group finalizes their plans, TON 618 arrives—an all-consuming force on a collision course with Vega. The battle is fierce. The Cosmic Lord and her allies throw everything they have to halt the black hole's pull, using cosmic shields, gravitational distortions, and even a fragment of Vega's partner's essence to distract TON 618. But the power of the black hole is unrelenting. Its hunger is too great.

In the final moments, as Vega is slowly drawn toward TON 618, she calls Aia to her side. Her once-flaming form now flickers, dimming as she approaches her fate. "*Aia*," Vega whispers, her voice trembling with emotion, "*I never had the courage to tell you...*" Aia stands in stunned silence, tears flowing unimpeded, her heart breaking as the truth finally dawns upon her, many hints said before in their previous interactions.

As Vega's form is pulled into the infinite darkness of TON 618, her final words echo in the empty void, a whisper only Aia can hear: "*Shine brighter than the stars, my sweet child.*"

With Aia emotionally compromised and Vega about to fall into the depths of TON 618, can the Cosmic Lord prevent this dark fate from happening? Or will Vega be consumed, and the universe be dimmer from her absence.

The Dreamscape's Hidden Truth



The Dreamscape of Unreality begins to bleed into the waking world, causing bizarre and terrifying phenomena to spill into reality. The Cosmic Lord is called to enter the Dreamscape and put an end to these incursions. Within this chaotic and ever-shifting realm, the Cosmic Lord must confront their deepest nightmares and uncover the mysterious force behind the disturbance.

As they traverse the surreal landscape—where time loops, gravity twists, and impossible creatures roam—clues lead them to an inevitable showdown with the Composer of Nightmares, the dream realm's enigmatic ruler. To stop the incursions, the Composer presents a twisted game, where only by winning can the Cosmic Lord halt the nightmare's advance. The game itself is layered with tricks and illusions, and each stage threatens to unravel the Cosmic Lord's sense of self.

The first round of the game takes place in a labyrinth formed from the Cosmic Lord's own haunting memories, twisted and reimagined by the Composer. In this maze of familiar faces and forgotten fears, the Cosmic Lord must confront emotional shadows they thought long buried. To progress, they must decipher a series of riddles, each more personal than the last, tied to their past failures and doubts. The walls themselves shift with each choice made, and the only way forward is through emotional clarity and acceptance of their deepest vulnerabilities.

The second round thrusts the Cosmic Lord into a mirror arena, where they face twisted, dark reflections of themselves. These warped versions possess fragments of their own power and attempt to break the Cosmic Lord's resolve by using their worst traits against them. The Cosmic Lord must outwit and outfight these shadowed versions, resisting the pull of self-doubt as each doppelgänger whispers poison into their mind. Only by mastering their own identity, accepting both strengths and flaws, can they emerge victorious from this phase of the Composer's twisted game.

The final challenge is played on a grand cosmic chessboard, where the pieces are entire galaxies, and each move alters the Dreamscape in a cascade of reality-bending effects. The game isn't just one of tactics but also of cosmic stakes, where every wrong move could unravel the very fabric of existence. The Composer smiles knowingly, confident in their superior understanding of the dream world, but the Cosmic Lord uses their growing mastery of the Dreamscape's fluid rules to turn the tide, bending the fabric of the dream itself to create new possibilities. As the final checkmate is delivered, the Composer's smug demeanor falters, and the Cosmic Lord seizes the victory.

Having won the game, the Cosmic Lord secures a reluctant promise from the Composer of Nightmares to halt the incursions into reality. As a final reward for their triumph, the Composer reveals a hidden truth: the Dreamscape is but a fragment of a far greater cosmic being, a greater multiversal entity known as the Pansophont. The Composer themselves is merely a dream within this being's consciousness. Before releasing the Cosmic Lord, the Composer offers a cryptic parting message: "This is all a dream within a dream. The question is, who will wake up first?"

In an instant, the Cosmic Lord finds themselves back in real space, with the Dreamscape's incursions halted. Yet the haunting revelation lingers—was this truly the end, or merely a glimpse into a larger, incomprehensible reality?

Heaven's Fall: Part One



Weeks after the events of one of the previous scenarios, the Cosmic Lord and her companions continue their mission across the universe. During a perilous encounter with a monstrous entity of the void, **one of the Cosmic Lord's trusted companions, valiantly sacrifices herself** to stop the creature from consuming an entire planet. Despite the Cosmic Lord's vast power and the advanced technologies at her disposal, every attempt to revive the companion fails.

Everyone watches in despair as their efforts, including powerful resurrection spells and even reality-altering abilities, come to nothing. Not even the companion's natural resilience and abilities, which had previously granted her survival in the most dire situations, can bring her back. Her body remains lifeless.

After exhausting all methods, Diatomyr speaks up, her crystalline voice soft but filled with uncertainty. She suggests that the reason for their failure might not be due to the lack of power, but because the companion's soul hasn't returned. Someone else points out that her soul could be held elsewhere. She speaks of a place where all souls are drawn after death: Elysium's Embrace, a mystical realm that no physical body can breach.

Without much information about Elysium, the Cosmic Lord turns to someone who knows souls and the afterlife better—Dabria, the Demon Queen of the Ten Thousand Hells. Her domain diverts souls from the heavens, and if anyone has knowledge of Elysium's workings, it would be her.

The Cosmic Lord and her companions traverse the layers of the Ten Thousand Hells, descending into a realm of suffering and grandeur, a world shaped by the delicate and dangerous beauty that Dabria controls. After several trials, including subduing unruly demon lords and negotiating passage through the hostile levels of hell, they finally reach Dabria's court, her dark beauty commanding the space around her.

When the Cosmic Lord explains their plight, Dabria, after some consideration, agrees to help. However, she demands a price: an unconditional favor in the future. Reluctantly, the Cosmic Lord agrees, knowing that the Demon Queen never makes deals lightly. As the pact is sealed, a black mark materializes on the Cosmic Lord's hand, a dark sigil of their agreement.

With the bargain struck, Dabria begins a powerful ritual. Dark energies swirl through her throne room as she draws upon her mastery of souls and death. The Cosmic Lord's soul is separated from her physical form, while her body remains safely guarded by Dabria. This soul projection travels through the infinite dimensions until it finally reaches Elysium's Embrace.

The Cosmic Lord's soul materializes in the radiant, serene realm of Elysium's Embrace as a semitransparent representation of her body, greeted by an overwhelming sense of peace. Time has no sway here, and the Cosmic Lord feels the pull of the realm, but resists its allure. Before her stands Amara Celestis, the Keeper of Elysium, an angelic figure of unearthly beauty. Amara approaches with a calm and gentle aura, welcoming the Cosmic Lord with serene grace.

The Cosmic Lord speaks with urgency, requesting the return of her companion's soul, revealing the tragic events that led to the companion's death. Amara listens, her expression remaining serene, but after a long pause, she softly declines. She confirms that your companion's soul has indeed arrived in Elysium, but she refuses to release her. Amara explains that no soul may leave Elysium once it has entered, as the purpose of this realm is to guide them toward eternal rest, where they will merge with the cosmic order.



In frustration, the Cosmic Lord demands the release of her companion. But Amara, wielding her authority over this realm, effortlessly rebuffs the request. She remarks that the Cosmic Lord's time to rest has not yet come and, without malice, forcefully expels her from the realm, returning the Cosmic Lord's soul back to her body.

Back in the Ten Thousand Hells, the Cosmic Lord awakens, her soul firmly back within her body. She contemplates using one of her more potent abilities to force her way back into Elysium. But each attempt is met with a cosmic resistance beyond her power, preventing any breach into the sacred realm. No matter how she pushes or bends the laws of reality, something far greater blocks her path.

Dabria, watching with intrigue, remarks that she observed the entire confrontation through the black mark on the Cosmic Lord's hand. She explains that Amara's power over souls within Elysium is absolute, and that no physical or magical force can enter the realm without being rejected. Only a soul can exist there.

As the discussion continues, Dabria's gaze lingers on Diatomyr, a glint of recognition in her eyes. She comments cryptically that there may be a way—something beyond the reach of Elysium itself. If the Cosmic Lord can gain access to a secret place known as the Sanctum of Hope and Dreams, there might be a chance to challenge the very nature of Elysium and its keeper. However, Dabria admits that even she does not know where the Sanctum lies, though legends speak of its connection to those closest to the Creator.

The Cosmic Lord, now burdened with the weight of Dabria's favor and the knowledge of Amara's refusal, leaves the Ten Thousand Hells. The group is left with one hope: to uncover the location of the Sanctum of Hope and Dreams—a place where the impossible might be made possible.

The Last Message of the Creator



One day, an unexpected message arrives, not addressed to the Cosmic Lord, but to the Last Custodian of the Universe, Diatomyr Epsilon. The message is cryptic, containing little more than a request for a meeting and a name: Thalendra. Diatomyr's shock is unmistakable, and she informs the Cosmic Lord that she must attend this meeting alone. Concerned, the Cosmic Lord discreetly follows her companion on this mysterious journey.

Their destination, surprisingly, is the Crystal Library of the Cosmos, where the long-lost sister of Diatomyr, Thalendra, stands alone, her hand gently tracing the surface of one of the ancient crystals. Her face reflects a mixture of longing and melancholy as memories of the past resurface.

The reunion between the sisters is tense. Diatomyr, though composed, holds a reservoir of unspoken emotions—betrayal, confusion, and sorrow. Thalendra, who had abandoned her duties ages ago, knows she cannot evade these emotions forever. She quickly moves to the reason for the meeting: clues to the whereabouts of the Creator of the Universe, the one who set all things into motion.

Before she can finish, both sisters turn their attention to the Cosmic Lord, who, despite her efforts to remain hidden, has been detected. After a slight reprimand from Diatomyr, the Cosmic Lord steps forward and is introduced to Thalendra. Thalendra, momentarily stunned, realizes the significance of this encounter. She had sensed the awakening of the Cosmic Lord, but had been so absorbed in her quest for answers that she ignored the signs of the coming of the Cosmic Lord—until now.

Thalendra reveals that her search has led her to believe that finally she has found a clue for the Creators location. She has traced a lead to one of the moons of Cassiopea XI, where the ruins of a fallen civilization hold in a locked vault the answers she sheeks. However, retrieving the information from the moon will not be easy. The ruins are perilous, protected by ancient traps and reality-bending wards. Thalendra knows she cannot do this alone. She needs the strength of Diatomyr and if possible the Cosmic Lord to have any chance of success.

As they prepare for the journey to Cassiopea XI, Thalendra explains the Creator's gradual disappearance. In the beginning, the Creator walked among the Custodians, guiding them in their duty to protect the universe. But over time, her visits became less frequent, and one day, she vanished entirely. At first, the Custodians maintained the order of the universe in her absence. But as greater threats arose, more Custodians fell, and Thalendra, disillusioned and desperate for answers, abandoned her post to search for the Creator.



The journey to Cassiopea XI is fraught with tension. Diatomyr still feels the sting of abandonment, and Thalendra struggles to bridge the emotional chasm that has grown between them. As the group ventures into the vast underground ruins, they encounter strange, ancient technologies and structures that defy explanation. The ruins of Cassiopea XI are treacherous, filled with twisted relics and deadly defenses. Strange technologies pulse with an eerie energy, recounting the rise and fall of lost civilizations. But the true danger lies deeper, in the vault at the heart of the ruins. After barely surviving a series of trials, the party reaches it, only

to find an amethyst crystal—one of their fallen sisters, a Custodian lost long ago, held within a broken machine meant to analyze it. The discovery leaves the sisters shaken, but the vault offers no direct clues to the Creator's location.

Just as they are about to leave, alarms blare, and the very air around them turns viscous, as if the atmosphere itself has become fluid. Only those with cosmic strength can move through it. The ruins begin to shift and close in, attempting to trap them inside. With great effort, the party escapes, exhausted and shaken.

Thalendra, feeling defeated, believes her search has led to another dead end. But Diatomyr, now more understanding of her sister's choices, invites her to bring their fallen sister's remains to the Crystal Library, where they can lay her to rest alongside the others. Together with the Cosmic Lord, they return to the Library and find a place for the amethyst crystal to rest, uttering quiet words of remembrance for their lost sibling. Thalendra, trying to hide her vulnerability, sheds a tear.

As the Cosmic Lord kneels to place her hand upon the crystal, a sudden, silent cosmic call resonates through the void, addressing her directly. It is a summons from Earth—from the **Sanctum of Hope and Dreams**. The sisters, too, hear the call, though they cannot fully comprehend its meaning. When the Cosmic Lord reveals that the Sanctum is on Earth, Thalendra, desperate and humbled, falls to her knees and begs the Lord to lead them there. The Cosmic Lord asks her to rise and promises to guide them to the Sanctum and, hopefully, to the truth about the Creator's fate (*and perhaps change the fate of one of your companions should you have started the Heavens Fall scenario*).

The path leads to Antarctica, where the geomagnetic pole hides an enigmatic puzzle. The Cosmic Lord is the only one who can perceive and solve it, unlocking a hidden path through space and reality that has shielded the Sanctum from discovery. Once inside, the trio finds the Sanctum of Hope and Dreams—a small, beautiful place adorned with intricate murals and columns. At the center is a throne, and beside it, a single cup, unblemished and untouched by time.

The sight of the cup evokes a bittersweet memory for Diatomyr and Thalendra, a reminder of their youth, and Diatomyr softly whispers a name, known only to her and her sister. They steel themselves for what lies ahead. The murals on the walls tell the story of the Creator and the universe's many civilizations. The Creator, depicted as a white-haired woman, protects her "children," the Custodians and two little girls, and battles strange, alien forms threatening her creations from beyond the boundaries of the universe.



As the Cosmic Lord approaches the throne within the Sanctum of Hope and Dreams, the very air hums with ancient energy. The murals around them swirl with life—the Creator's story, her protective presence over the Custodians, and her struggles against incomprehensible entities beyond the universe. Every detail seems to pull the trio deeper into the mystery.

The Cosmic Lord, feeling drawn to the throne at the center, takes a deep breath and places her hand on the armrest. A sudden wave of fatigue crashes over her like a physical blow. Her legs tremble as an unseen force compels her to sit. The moment she lowers herself into the throne, the room's dim light flares into a blinding brilliance. Columns of light rise from the ground, their radiance etching shadows of the murals on the walls, as if the very space is coming

alive. The cup beside the throne begins to glow with an otherworldly luminescence, casting long tendrils of light that reach out, brushing against the Cosmic Lord's form.

Suddenly, an immense pressure builds in the air, growing heavier with each passing moment. The Cosmic Lord gasps, feeling her connection to the universe deepen—its pulse, its rhythm, its very heartbeat floods her senses. But something is wrong. Hidden beneath the cosmic hum, she senses a discordant note, like a crack in an otherwise perfect melody. Her mind strains to grasp it, her cosmic awareness pushing to its limits.

Then it hits—an intense, overwhelming exhaustion, deeper than anything she has ever felt, sapping her strength as though the weight of a thousand stars presses upon her soul. Her vision blurs as the room warps around her, shifting from the Sanctum to something else, something vast and unknowable.

She sees her universe, floating in an endless void—a fragile bubble of life and existence. In its center, a white-haired woman slumbers, her form gentle and ethereal, her hands cradling the universe in a protective embrace. The Creator. But all around her, other bubbles—other universes—drift, and something unnatural stirs inside our universe. Like a predator, it watches, seemingly waiting for the perfect moment to strike.

As the Cosmic Lord gazes at the scene, a sudden, sharp pain pierces her mind. She flinches, her cosmic senses recoiling from the unknown presence. It's fragmented, **shattered**, its form chaotic and alien, shifting in and out of reality as though it doesn't belong. The Cosmic Lord's head pounds as fragments of incomprehensible images force their way into her mind—fractal shapes, swirling darkness, and a glimpse of a grotesque entity whose very presence defies reason.

The pain intensifies, growing unbearable as the presence claws at her consciousness. Its fragmented form begins to solidify, revealing parts of itself to her—a towering, monstrous thing of writhing parts and endless eyes, each one reflecting a different aspect of insanity. Its voice, a cacophony of alien whispers and screams, begins to echo through her mind, threatening to shatter it with maddening pain.

The Cosmic Lord clenches the throne, her grip tightening as she fights to hold onto her sanity. She tries to resist, but the presence—whatever it is—pulls her deeper, its influence spreading like a poison through her mind. Every second feels like an eternity as her vision fractures, her thoughts scattering under the weight of the presence's assault.

Just when it feels like she is about to be torn apart, **the white-haired woman in the vision stirs**. Her eyes slowly open—two pools of infinite depth, filled with kindness, sorrow, and unimaginable power. The moment her gaze meets the Cosmic Lord's, everything changes. A wave of calm washes over the Cosmic Lord, silencing the chaos. The grotesque entity screams in rage, its form dissolving into nothingness as the woman's presence fills the space.



*" Perhaps if its you little child... no... little **Jumper**... please help **them**..."*

The words are not spoken, but they echo through the Cosmic Lord's very being, resonating deep within her. The woman smiles—a soft, gentle smile that radiates warmth and comfort. The intense pain, the fear, the fragments of

terror that threatened to consume the Cosmic Lord are swept away as if they had never existed. The vision fades, leaving the Cosmic Lord seated on the throne, her heart pounding, her mind racing with the enormity of what she has just witnessed.

As the light in the Sanctum dims, the Cosmic Lord opens her eyes, still feeling the lingering warmth of the woman's presence. Diatomyr and Thalendra are by her side, their expressions filled with concern. They, too, had felt the presence, though they did not experience the full vision. The Cosmic Lord breathes deeply, steadying herself before speaking to both of them explaining what she saw.

The Cosmic Lord looks down, her mind replaying the final words of the vision. She feels the weight of their significance—the Creator knew what she was, who she truly was, not just the Cosmic Lord of this universe but a Jumper, someone beyond the boundaries of the universe itself.

Silence falls over the Sanctum as the full weight of the revelation settles in. The Creator had reached out, but instead of answers, they are left with even more questions. What was the foreign presence lurking within their universe? And why had the Creator, in all her power, been unable to stop it?

As they leave the Sanctum, the sense of dread lingers. The universe, once thought secure and whole, now feels fragile. Whatever the Cosmic Lord had glimpsed, whatever that twisted presence was, it was still out there, waiting.

And the Creator had placed her hopes on them.

Heaven's Fall: Part Two

After the events of The Last Message of the Creator, the Cosmic Lord and her companions finally discovered the location of the Sanctum of Hope and Dreams. They search tirelessly for any clues on how to break into Elysium's Embrace to recover their fallen companion's soul.



Once inside the Sanctum, a cryptic revelation points to the Throne as the key to unlocking the pathway into Elysium. At this moment, Dabria reaches out through the black mark on the Cosmic Lord's hand, revealing that the throne's immense power can focus enough energy to challenge the cosmic laws of Elysium itself.

The Cosmic Lord, with the aid her companions, and the little pair of Custodians, sits upon the Throne and taps into her full cosmic power. A brilliant pillar of light emerges around her, and above the Throne, a shimmering pathway opens, stretching directly into Elysium's Embrace.

The Cosmic Lord and her companions step into the light and find themselves transported into Elysium—not as wandering souls but in their living, physical bodies. They are immediately struck by the breathtaking, idyllic beauty of the realm. Unlike the last time the Cosmic Lord entered Elysium in her soul form, the overwhelming allure of the place is muted, as her soul remains anchored to her living body.

Dabria's voice echoes through the mark, warning the Cosmic Lord that Amara won't immediately sense them because they are alive, but it's only a matter of time before their presence is discovered.

The party begins exploring Elysium, wandering through ethereal landscapes that seem tailor-made for the souls dwelling there. Each soul appears to be in a perfect, personal heaven, living out their idealized afterlife. The more perceptive companions notice that even souls who, in life, were considered evil or corrupt also reside in their own versions of paradise—heavens reflecting their twisted ideals. One companion comments, surprised, "*I thought heaven was supposed to be for good people only.*"

As they venture deeper, passing through countless surreal heavens, angels and various celestial beings cross their path. But these creatures of light pay no attention to the party. Upon closer examination, it becomes clear that these beings are not truly alive; they are hollow constructs, functioning like automated guardians bereft of real will or identity.

Suddenly, the Cosmic Lord senses a familiar presence and instinctively rushes toward a particular part of Elysium. There, they find the soul of their dead companion, residing in a heavenly illusion. She appears happy, living an idyllic life with a family, children, and even a partner who bears an uncanny resemblance to the Cosmic Lord herself. Yet, like the other angels and constructs in this realm, her 'family' and 'life' are hollow, lifeless creations—illusions designed to keep the companion's soul content.



Worse, the Cosmic Lord notices that the companion's soul is gradually weakening, as if it has been slowly dissipating since her arrival in Elysium. The longer she remains here, the more she merges with the realm, losing parts of herself.

The Cosmic Lord attempts to speak with the companion, but at first, the soul does not acknowledge her presence, trapped in the blissful illusion. After several attempts, the Cosmic Lord finally breaks through the veil, forcing the companion to confront the truth—that the 'life' she is living is false and her 'family' is nothing more than hollow imitations.

The companion is devastated by the revelation, her soul shaken. The party prepares to leave, but it becomes clear that something is missing. Parts of the companion's memory, personality, and powers have been drained, as if pieces of her soul have been stolen. She remarks, in a weakened voice, that she feels those missing parts calling her from the center of Elysium.

With the companion in tow, the party presses on toward the center of Elysium, passing through countless idealized heavens. At the heart of the realm, they find a vast chasm leading into an endless white void. In the middle of the chasm, a towering pillar of light stands, composed of all the souls that have merged with Elysium's Embrace. It is the anchor of the realm, connecting every soul to the cosmic order that governs Elysium.

At that moment, Amara Celestis appears before them, her presence commanding and serene. She requests the immediate return of the companion's soul to her heaven, insisting that she belongs here, in eternal rest. Amara warns that disrupting Elysium would bring chaos to the universe.

The Cosmic Lord refuses, and a confrontation ensues. Amara, wielding incredible power within her domain, initiates a battle. Her strength in Elysium is overwhelming, and it becomes clear to the Cosmic Lord and her companions that Amara, if she were ever allowed to leave this realm, might be the most powerful being in the universe.

During the intense fight, Amara declares that since they have entered her realm and threatened its sanctity, she will grant the Cosmic Lord and her companions eternal rest—offering them their own places within Elysium's heavens.

At a critical moment in the battle, the Cosmic Lord realizes that defeating Amara within Elysium is impossible. Here, she is invincible. Her attention is drawn to the pillar of light—the heart of the realm, the source of its laws. The Cosmic Lord decides to strike at the pillar.

Amara, for the first time, shows genuine worry. Her eyes widen as she rushes to block the Cosmic Lord from damaging the pillar. The party shifts its strategy, focusing all their efforts on the pillar. Amara becomes frantic, pleading with them to stop, warning that they do not understand the consequences of their actions.



The Cosmic Lord, despite Amara's warnings, succeeds in striking the pillar. Cracks form along its surface, and Amara looks on in astonishment and despair. She falls to her knees, weakened and disoriented as her near-omnipotent power begins to falter. Suddenly, the black mark on the Cosmic Lord's hand glows, and a black light fills the chamber. Dabria manifests herself within Elysium, her form slipping through the cracks in reality. Without hesitation, she rushes past her sister and delivers a devastating kick to the already weakened pillar, shattering it completely.

As the pillar breaks, Elysium begins to quake, its cosmic laws crumbling. The once serene and unshakable realm trembles as the souls within start to stir.

Amara, horrified, looks at her sister and whispers, "*What have you done, sister*?"

Dabria, her eyes filled with a mix of sorrow and determination, replies, "*I'm freeing you from a burden that should have never been yours to bear.*"

As the pillar of light shatters, a wave of energy pulses through Elysium, restoring the soul of the Cosmic Lord's companion. The companion regains her lost powers, memories, and personality. Her essence stabilizes, and she looks at the Cosmic Lord with a renewed sense of self, finally whole once more.

With the destruction of the pillar, the cosmic laws that once bound Elysium no longer hold sway over the realm. The Cosmic Lord, sensing the freedom from these restraints, opens a portal for the party to leave. The once-impossible escape from Elysium is now within reach.

Before stepping through the portal, the Cosmic Lord glances back at Amara and Dabria. The two sisters stand together amidst the fading perfection of Elysium, the realm trembling around them.

Amara speaks softly, her voice tinged with sorrow. "*Now that Elysium is broken, there is nothing to stop it, Sister.*"

Dabria, puzzled, looks at her with concern. "*What are you talking about, Amara*?"

Amara's gaze lowers, her ethereal calm shaken. "*Elysium was one of Mother's last creations. It wasn't just a resting place for souls. It was designed to hold something in check, though she never told me what it was. Now… I fear it's no longer contained.*"

Dabria furrows her brow, her voice softer now. "*Did you ever find out what it was?*"

Amara shakes her head, her usually serene composure faltering. "*I don't know, I even doubt it still exists. All I feel now is… lost.*"



Dabria steps closer to her sister, her tone gentle yet firm. "*Then come with me. To my home. You don't have to be alone anymore, not now and never again.*"

For the first time in what feels like an eternity, a soft smile spreads across Amara's face. She nods, her expression touched by a quiet relief, feeling the warmth of her sister again after a very long time.

The Rift and the Return of the Shattered One

The galaxy is rife with whispers of chaos. Long-forgotten cultist activity has resurfaced, spreading like wildfire. The **Cult of the Broken Eclipse**, once thought vanquished, has re-emerged with a terrifying objective: to find their lost master, the so-called Eclipse.



Strange rituals and disturbances are reported from remote star systems, as entire regions descend into madness. Desperate and erratic, the cult's influence begins to fracture the very fabric of order across the universe. The Cosmic Lord, ever watchful and ever vigilant, is summoned by a coalition of worlds, all of whom seek her intervention against the rising tide of doom.

In her search for answers, the Cosmic Lord uncovers hidden temples, secret cultist gatherings, and disturbing rituals. As she delves deeper into this growing darkness, she realizes the cult is far more dangerous than anticipated. While many of their rituals seem aimed at summoning void creatures or Outsiders, some cells are attempting the unimaginable—bringing back their dark master, the **Eclipse of the End**.

But time is short. The cult seeks to perform a massive galaxy-wide ritual that would plunge all of creation into a state of irreversible entropy. The cult must locate a point of destined entry for their master to return, and as their influence spreads, entire star systems begin to fall into chaos. The stakes could not be higher.

In the beginning, the cultists' activities are erratic but focused on summoning their lost master. As the Cosmic Lord infiltrates hidden temples and tears through dark sanctuaries, the pieces of their plan slowly come together. These fanatics believe they can tap into a rift—a point between realities—that will allow their master to return from whatever void he was cast into. They speak in cryptic riddles, referencing a place beyond the stars where even time bends to the will of ancient powers. The rift, they say, is hidden somewhere deep in the galaxy—an anchor point for a forgotten deity.

At first, the Cosmic Lord encounters familiar foes—cultists summoning void creatures and other Outsiders—but nothing she hasn't faced before. As she disrupts these rituals, it seems like the tide might be turning. Small victories pile up as cult cells are systematically eradicated, and there is a fleeting sense that perhaps the situation is under control. Yet, with every encounter, an unsettling feeling gnaws at the Cosmic Lord's senses. The air feels heavier, reality seems to fray at the edges, and the very fabric of space seems more fragile with each battle.



But soon, she begins to notice strange signs—subtle at first, but quickly escalating in magnitude. The cultists, once unified in their devotion to the Eclipse of the End, start behaving erratically. Their rituals no longer follow the ancient rites, their voices crack with madness, and their once fervent chants begin to descend into incoherent babbling. As the Cosmic Lord draws nearer to the core of their operations, she notices the cultists' eyes—once clear and sharp with fanaticism—are now glazed and distant. Their faces twist in fear, as if they are no longer in control of their actions.

The rituals themselves also begin to degrade. What once appeared as structured invocations to the Eclipse devolve into chaotic ceremonies, their chants no longer directed toward their master, but toward something far more ancient and terrifying. As the Cosmic Lord battles her way through these failing ceremonies, she hears strange whispers—voices not of the cultists, but of something darker, something other. The once-clear goal of resurrecting the Eclipse of the End seems to be slipping from the cult's grasp.

Then, the first real sign of deeper horror emerges. The Cosmic Lord witnesses the aftermath of a failed summoning—a temple filled with twisted, malformed bodies of cultists. Their forms have begun to merge with the very void they sought to control, their minds shattered beyond recognition. Symbols of the Eclipse are defaced, replaced with incomprehensible scrawlings, and at the center of it all, a pool of black ichor pulses with life, as if it is watching.

As she investigates further, the Cosmic Lord uncovers an even more disturbing truth—an unknown entity has wormed its way into the cult's ranks, twisting their intentions. What was once a plan to summon the Eclipse of the End has been hijacked by a far greater horror. It becomes clear that the cultists themselves no longer understand what they are summoning. Some have started to worship this new entity unknowingly, calling it **The Shattered One**. Others have gone completely insane, babbling incoherently about visions of fractured realities and endless madness.

This entity—the Shattered One—was not part of the cult's original design. It had been lying in wait, its influence creeping into the minds of the cultists, turning their desires into a catalyst for its own awakening. What the cultists believed to be the Eclipse is merely a fragment of this greater horror. It has been playing the cultists as pawns, using their madness to breach the boundaries of reality itself.

Finally, the Cosmic Lord's journey brings her to the edge of space and time itself—**The Rift at the End of Space and Time**. A place where reality seems to collapse in on itself, where the laws of physics falter, and the vastness of the universe converges into a single point. Here, in the heart of this ancient anomaly, the cultists have gathered their remaining forces. The energies that swirl around the Rift are ancient, echoing the whispers of a bygone era where a great cataclysm happened.

The Rift is unlike anything the Cosmic Lord has ever encountered. It pulses with powerful energy, a sealed tear in the fabric of space-time. The air is thick with distortion—reality flickers, dimensions overlap, and time itself seems to ripple in waves. The cosmic energies that flow from the Rift are powerful, warping the very essence of anything that comes too close.

At the heart of the gathering is the cult's leader, a powerful dark mage who has already begun merging his body with that of an Outsider. His eyes burn with the fire of madness, and he stands as

the last true servant of the Broken Eclipse. In his hand, he holds what he believes to be the key to completing the ritual—the final piece that will allow the Eclipse to enter through the sealed rift.



The battle between the Cosmic Lord and the cultist leader is fierce. The forces of reality itself seem to rebel as they clash—dimensional tears open around them, revealing glimpses of otherworldly landscapes, nightmares made flesh. The cultist leader summons eldritch horrors, creatures born of the void, but the Cosmic Lord's power is undiminished. She tears through these abominations with cosmic fury, driving her blade through the heart of the corrupted mage, ending his twisted existence.

But as the ritual collapses, a terrible truth is revealed—the cult's efforts were never truly about the Eclipse of the End. The rituals they thought would summon their master have only served to stir the sleeping Shattered One. A being so far beyond comprehension that its very presence breaks the minds of those who perceive it. The Cosmic Lord stands at the center of this revelation, watching as the remnants of the cultists succumb to complete madness. Their bodies twist and distort, becoming vessels for eldritch nightmares as they are consumed by the Shattered One's influence.

The universe itself begins to unravel. The Rift pulsates violently, and cracks form across the sky, like shattered glass. The influence of the Shattered One is no longer contained—it spreads like a plague, infecting entire systems with madness. Even the most powerful civilizations struggle to maintain order as the very fabric of space and time tears apart, unleashing chaos across galaxies.

The Cosmic Lord realizes the full scale of the catastrophe. The Eclipse of the End is no longer the threat; the Shattered One is. This eldritch being, this entity of broken realities and infinite madness, seeks to tear the universe apart, piece by piece. It thrives on chaos, drawing strength from the madness it spreads. The cultists were nothing more than pawns, and now, with their minds shattered, they are no longer in control.

The Cosmic Lord stands alone, knowing that time is running out. She must gather her allies, rally the greatest forces of the universe, and prepare for a final confrontation. But even she knows, deep down, that this time, her might alone may not be enough.

From the heart of the greatest void between galaxies, the single fragment of the Shattered One that was hidden within this universe reveals itself—a massive, undulating, non-Euclidean form, a nightmare of twisted flesh, eyes, and mouths stretching beyond the limits of sanity. The very act of observing it drives some to madness, as its maddening whispers worm their way into the minds of the bravest warriors.

As the universe descends further into madness, civilizations once isolated by light-years of distance now find themselves united by a single, overwhelming threat—the Shattered One. The anomaly at the center of the vast cosmic void, now visible across the entire universe, grows larger by the day. Its crimson glow pulses like a malignant wound in space, spreading corruption across the cosmos. This terrible anomaly, like a crack in the universe itself, is no longer just a distant dread—it actively distorts reality and time.



Entire systems begin to crumble. Stars flicker out of existence. Planets twist and reshape as though reality itself is turning them inside out. And worst of all, any being—mortal or cosmic—that gazes too long upon the anomaly risks succumbing to its effects. First comes the whispers, quiet but insistent, burrowing into the minds of those who see it. Then, the whispers grow louder, until they drown out all thought, driving those affected into madness. Across the universe, leaders, soldiers, even gods themselves find their minds fracturing. The fortunate ones are merely driven insane. The less fortunate begin to transform, their bodies twisting into monstrous aberrations, puppets of the Shattered One's will.

It is in the face of this growing apocalypse that the great coalition forms—a desperate alliance of civilizations, factions, and beings from every corner of the universe. The Caelorians, the greatest empire in the known universe, stand shoulder to shoulder with the Grundth, the honorable reptilian warriors known for their indomitable strength. The Assimilators, a collective consciousness capable of absorbing knowledge and adapting their technology, rally their fleets. And countless others—smaller factions, independent worlds, ancient orders—lend their might.

The coalition's armada, the greatest force ever assembled in the history of the universe, moves toward the source of the anomaly. Thousands of ships, from sleek celestial frigates to hulking dreadnoughts, cut through the starry void. Some fleets resemble living organisms, organic and pulsating with life; others are mechanical behemoths, bristling with advanced weaponry. The sheer scale of the armada is awe-inspiring—each ship a symbol of its people's hope for survival.

But chaos strikes long before they reach their destination.

As the fleets travel deeper into space toward the growing anomaly, the corruption begins to take hold. At first, it is subtle—whispers echoing in the minds of the most sensitive among them. The telepaths of the Caelorians report hearing strange voices, while the Grundth warriors, hardened to war, find their temperaments becoming erratic. Some crew members start seeing things—shadows moving where no shadows should be. Then, slowly, the first signs of madness begin to show.

Entire ships fall silent. A massive Grundth battleship, known for its resilience, stops responding to communications. When coalition scouts investigate, they find the crew has torn each other apart, their bodies twisted into monstrous forms, their faces locked in expressions of primal fear and hatred. Within days, more ships succumb. The corruption spreads faster than anyone had anticipated. The Shattered One's influence is not just contained to the anomaly—it has seeped into the very minds of those who came to stop it.



Suddenly, a faction of the fleet turns. A battalion of Caelorian light-ships, once shining with celestial energy, now burn with a sickly crimson glow. Their minds, completely overtaken by the madness, direct their weapons against their former allies. The first shots are fired, and what was once a united front against the Shattered One dissolves into chaos.

Space erupts into warfare.

The corrupted ships lash out wildly, their crews screaming in fury and terror, attacking anything in their path. Their once-beautiful designs twist into grotesque forms, as though the ships themselves

are warping into nightmarish versions of their former selves. Entire fleets clash as confusion and madness reign. Celestial beams, plasma bolts, and void cannons light up the darkness of space, a kaleidoscope of violence. Beings of once-impeccable discipline are now driven to insanity, their minds shattered by the insidious whispers of the anomaly.

The fighting spreads like wildfire across the coalition armada. Fleets that had been preparing for a united strike against the anomaly now find themselves locked in desperate combat with their own allies. Commanders issue conflicting orders; captains struggle to maintain control as their crew members turn on one another. Even the most powerful civilizations, like the Caelorians and the Assimilators, are not immune. The collective mind of the Assimilators fractures, and for the first time in millennia, they experience true discord among their ranks.



Suddenly, through the chaos of the battle, two pillars of energy pierce the void—one of radiant light, and one of consuming darkness. The Celestis sisters, Amara and Dabria, appear as shimmering avatars of divine and infernal power. Amara, the previous keeper of Elysium's Embrace, and Dabria, the Demon Queen and Master of the Ten Thousand Hells, stand as beacons of hope in the midst of despair. The Cosmic Lord, standing at the helm of the forces of resistance, watches as their arrival causes the battlefield to briefly still—every eye turning to the celestial twins who embody the duality of creation itself.

Together, the sisters' power is awe-inspiring. Amara's brilliance shines like a thousand suns, while Dabria's darkness swallows all light in its path. As they unite their forces, the entire fabric of spacetime trembles, cosmic waves of energy rippling outward, distorting reality. Amara lifts her hands high, light radiating from her form in waves of pure creation, while Dabria, wreathed in shadow, stands proud with her arms crossed, calling upon the ancient forces of the Ten Thousand Hells under her command.

They focus their combined energies into a single attack aimed at the Shattered One's central eye. The force of their assault shakes the cosmos, as a beam of light and darkness entwined races toward the entity. For a brief, brilliant moment, the void is filled with dazzling colors—like the birth of a new universe—as their combined strike reaches the Shattered One.

But then, the unthinkable happens.

The Shattered One, though struck by their ultimate attack, barely flinches. Its form warps and bends under the sisters' combined might, but it does not fall. Instead, it releases a counterstrike—an explosion of maddening energy, a howl of infinite agony and rage. The force of its retaliation is catastrophic, and the two sisters are thrown back with terrifying speed, their celestial forms crashing into the debris of the shattered coalition fleet.

As Dabria hurtles through the void, her body slams into the remains of a massive cruiser, causing the once-proud vessel to disintegrate further upon impact. Her ethereal form flickers, weakened by the Shattered One's strike. As she lies motionless among the wreckage, a small, transparent crystal orb slips from her dress. It falls slowly, tumbling through the zero-gravity vacuum, glowing faintly with the memory of a family long gone.



The Cosmic Lord, still reeling from the failed assault, sees it all unfold—the looming terror of the Shattered One, its monstrous form now creeping toward Dabria with grotesque appendages of flesh, teeth, and eyes. The cult's twisted god-monster moves with deliberate malice, sensing its victory near. One of its many limbs reaches out, dripping with eldritch energy, as if to claim the fallen sister's very essence.

The Cosmic Lord summons every ounce of power she possesses, rallying her strength to intervene. She hurtles through the chaos of battle, her body blazing with cosmic energy as she attempts to intercept the Shattered One's strike. But despite all her might, she is deflected—thrown aside by the sheer magnitude of the being's power. Her attempts, while heroic, fall short.

Amara quickly reaches her sister to try to save her, but time is not enough, and can only try to withstand the onslaught of the upcoming attack from the Shattered One. The monstrosity's limb looms inches from Dabria and Amara, ready to consume them, when suddenly—the crystal orb shatters.

In an instant, a presence is felt beyond the battlefield, beyond even the universe itself. Outside the boundaries of creation, lying dormant in the void between realities, a woman begins to stir. She is an embodiment of cosmic grace and untold power. Her hair, white as the stars, flows like an ethereal river across the nothingness. Her form is a projection of beauty and strength, a being of unimaginable power, long thought asleep outside the boundaries of time and space.

As the orb shatters, she awakens.



Time itself slows to a crawl. Across the universe, only those with heightened senses—those attuned to the deepest cosmic energies—can feel her arrival. From the very edge of existence, a white comet, brighter than any star, streaks faster than anything across the cosmos. It moves faster than the speed of thought, a blinding streak of light headed directly for the battlefield.

The Shattered One senses her approach. A cacophony of maddening screams erupts across the universe, as every eldritch voice within its twisted form speaks in unison, calling out a name filled with hatred and dread: "*Diva…nitri… ka…!*"

The white comet strikes the battlefield with impossible speed, and the very fabric of space shudders. **Divanitrika Celestis** emerges from the light—a being of untouchable power and beauty, the very **Creator of the Universe** standing before the Shattered One like an immovable force. The monster lashes out, hurling its reality-breaking appendages toward her, but they break upon her presence like waves crashing against ancient stone.

For a brief moment, all goes silent. Divanitrika is unstoppable extending her hand toward the Shattered One, her slightest touch causing the very stars to tremble. The entity recoils in agony as a radiant burst of light envelops the battlefield, overwhelming all senses.

In that moment, Divanitrika turns her gaze to the Cosmic Lord. Her voice, though no words are spoken, resonates within the Cosmic Lord's mind, carrying a message of both warning and hope:

"It is not over yet, **little Jumper***. This... echo of mine... does not have the power to completely destroy it... but with what I have I can manage to give you all a chance. A chance to finally end this nightmare and give this universe and everyone within a future."*



With a final surge of light, Divanitrika's power engulfs the Shattered One, shattering its presence across the battlefield, weakening it beyond measure. The battlefield is ripped from real space, and the Cosmic Lord and her companions are transported to the Edge of Reality—a place where the final confrontation will take place.

Here, at the Edge of Reality, the Shattered One remains— gravely wounded, but not yet defeated. The white woman's intervention has severely weakened the creature, but the battle is far from over. The eldritch entity, though strongly diminished, still holds terrifying power. The Cosmic Lord stands at the precipice of the universe, where time and space blur into nothingness.

No longer are the maddening whispers driving the Cosmic Lord and her companions to insanity. The true test begins now as now the odds are even against you. The universe's fate lies in your hands, Jumper.

This is your moment to change destiny. To defeat the Shattered One. To end the madness once and for all and save this universe from the grim fate it had before your arrival.

The unexpected intervention of the Creator of the Universe has granted you a fleeting opportunity—one last, fragile hope against the impossible might of the Shattered One. The fate of the universe rests in your hands, Jumper. Either you destroy this fragment of the eldritch existential horror or be consumed by it, along with everything you have ever fought for. Victory will not come easily—this single shard of the Shattered One, though dramatically weakened, still stands just beyond your current power, its strength and abilities calculated to be slightly greater than your own, despite every perk, power, and ally at your disposal as a Jumper. However, should you manage to triumph over this nightmare will halt the madness unraveling reality and restore balance to this universe.

The challenge is monumental, but should you succeed, you will be rewarded with 1200 CP, reflecting the unimaginable peril of your quest. Steel your resolve, for the fight ahead is unlike any you have faced before. The endgame is here.

Good luck, Jumper.

Artwork of the Cosmic Lord

In this section I'll share with you many of the unused art I thought to include in the jump, but either I didn't find a good opportunity or place to include it or the idea changed and was not able to include it. Maybe it will serve you for inspiration for your story, or maybe you'll find interesting, either way I hope you enjoy it.

As a note to those that weren't for the initial release, all the art in the jump was completely generated via an AI Image generator using DALL·E 3.



These were the first images I generated with the concept of a Cosmic Lord. At this point I had no idea what they were going to do, the powers they would have, I only knew I wanted them to have some type of cool suit or armor and a nice cape filled with a starscape.



More early artwork from the jump, depicting Cosmic Lords posing with their Cosmic Vestments.





At some point, the Cosmic Vestment idea changed to not only be a suit of high tech armor but a suit built to be anything you want as long as it could be something you'd put on a super hero.















These last two images were meant to be used as transformations for Refresh. Her true form (as set by her own personal reality field) was supposed to be a child like girl, where she would limit herself, but when releasing her true power against foes she would enter a super mode (later named Cosmic Boost) where she would change into a teenager and later into an adult form. You could still use the idea on her, but I couldn't fit it in the jump as to not make her entry too bloated in comparison with the other companions.



Unused art for the Grundth, male and female.



I really liked Aia's character as she is the companion with the most room to develop and grow in power and as a person.




Mara holding the Dark Spear, the idea was she would be more mature and older in this jump than her version from the Academy, although in the final jump she kept looking like a teenager. She does have the ability to alter her appearance though.




Concept art for assimilated members of the Assimilators, they looked cool but I couldn't fit them anywere. They also looked too humanoid, I envisioned them as being robotic, not needing humanoid forms anymore. I did like them though.











These last three images were early concepts of Synapsis. She was originally a Blob Hunter, as you can see in the gooey look of her armor suit, and at some point I even considered the suit to be a friendly Blob that bonded with her, before scrapping that and changing her to her current incarnation, as I thought the Blobs should be alien and impossible to understand/communicate until the Harvest End scenario where you would find out why they were invading your universe.




Cosmic Lord Abel was a minor character in the Illusion of Omnipotence scenario, she was originally thought to be a man but later I changed her into a girl and thought it would be fun to think of her as a somewhat rival to the Cosmic Lord. She would have an opposite colored design to the colors in your Cosmic Lord's vestments, but I never really developed a character entry for her. Maybe I'll introduce her back in a future jump, where she may shine better.




Some images I liked when I was generating ideas for some of the companion appearances, one eventually became the Unknown Avatar companion.











Some unused images related to TON 618, with the exception of the last picture who are supposed to be the humanoid avatar of Star Vega and her unnamed lover, from a time before he was absorbed into TON 618.









































































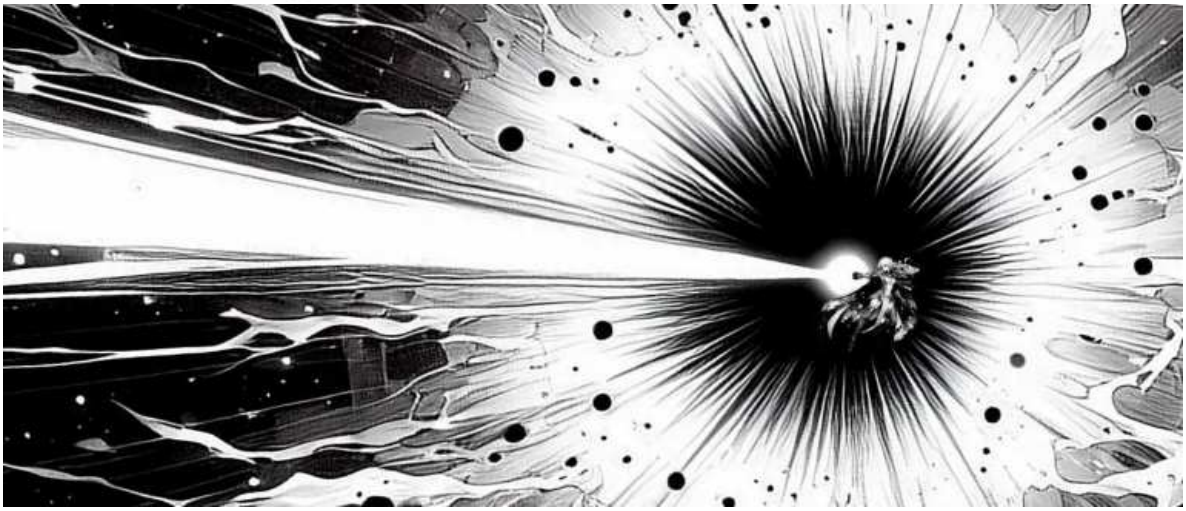





























9

















































































































































