Long ago the angels, beings of pure light and devotees of goodness, created the universe with all its' wonders. One of those angels was **Lucifer**. And he was a dreamer. A visionary. Above all else he was responsible for the liberation of one **Lilith** from her own mortality, for the creation of the first demons, and for inviting sin into the cosmos. For these transgressions, the angels cast them both into the pits of Hell where they could see the consequences of their actions literally trickle down as sinners damned to the **ring of Pride** became damned souls. Warped in form, and yearning for the greater power of soul contracts.

So many such souls arose, that eventually Heaven feared Hell so much it formed a great army called the Exorcists. Led by **Adam**, the first man, they struck down thousands in a gleeful set of **exterminations** against sinners. This, Heaven thinks, is the only solution. But soon there may be another.

Redemption. Quite the tall order, isn't it? Where does it start? Where does it end? What exactly is it that separates a human soul from the (luxurious but stagnant) glories of Heaven, and the (anarchic, horny but surprisingly functional) depths of Hell?

Well, as Lucifer's kindhearted and optimistic daughter **Charlie Morningstar** will soon find out, there are few obvious and easy answers to that. Nevertheless, she's determined to save her (violent, impulsive, perverse and often self-destructive) people from total spiritual destruction. Which is why she's opened the

HAZBIN (formerly "Happy") HOTEL

To save their afterlives by redeeming their souls, hopefully sending them to Heaven. Hopefully.

You show up a day before the fearsome **Radio Demon** darkens her doorstep.. **Take 1000 CP** to smite sinners, indulge your sick desires, actually better yourself as a person or just do whatever you want. Everyone else definitely will.

But wait, there's more!

This might be a sudden swerve, but spare a thought for newly open business company **I.M.P.** These (surprisingly) talented and (theoretical) well-trained Immediate Murder Professionals may all be imps (and one hellhound) drawn from the lowest ranks of Hell's hierarchy of demonkind, but they're tough. They're rough. And frankly they've got nothing left to lose. They're hoping to make a figurative killing by taking contracts from recently deceased sinners to inflict literal killings upon those who wronged them in life.

Alas, business ventures in Hell are seldom simple or easy. These go-getters will quickly find themselves pawns in political spats by the noble Goetias, forced to confront the many demons of their own pasts, and faced with best laid plans gone awry over and over again for reasons beyond anyone's control.

The worst part is, **many** of their problems might just be **their own damned fault.**

These exploits take place in **Hell's ring of Wrath** instead, and a…loosely similar period of time that hasn't been specified yet. So as an alternative starting time, you can instead show up a day before the imp **Blitzo** starts giving a presentation about his company's business model to his increasingly exasperated employees. Between his commitment issues, violent outbursts and legendary dick they say he's one

HELLUVA BOSS

Okay, actually take your CP and proceed now after answering one little question that counts as a secondary background for relevant discounts.

Are you damned or saved?

Damned: Well, well. You screwed up! You died and you went to Hell, or you made the mistake of being created by it's rulers. Either way you're one unholy sonuvabitch/bitch/other, and by the inscrutable laws of Heaven you are now deemed a bad person for the rest of eternity regardless of your actual reason for being here.

Saved: *Welcome to Heaven, oh-oh!* Sorry, St. Peter's always excited to greet a new face. Ahem. You died and you went to Heaven, or you made the wise choice of having either been created there-or perhaps having helped create Heaven. By the unfathomable judgement of Heaven you are now deemed a good person who can do no wrong (as long as you don't hurt living people on Earth).

Cool Places!

Roll 1d8 to determine where you start or-you know what? It doesn't actually matter unless you are a Sinner as defined in the Race section. Everyone who's anyone is familiar with Hell's public transport or the fabulous ways of traversing long distances quickly. Just roll for fun if you want. Pick wherever if you don't.

1. The Hazbin Hotel: Located in the Ring of Pride – one of Hell's more upmarket but also cutthroat regions, where any demon who can turn a time engages in the worst excesses of capitalism and cackling supervillainy. Once optimistically named the Happy Hotel by **Charlie**, this dilapidated old dump is presently housing an extremely cranky and fuckable porn star named Angel Dust, and staffed by a grouchy fallen angel named Vaggie as well as a hopelessly out of her depth ball of smiles and rainbows named Charlie Morningstar. It's quite likely it will also soon be staffed by a menacing strawberry pimp-coded Overlord named **Alastor**, a hyperactive murderess named Nifty, and an alcoholic feline ex-Overlord named Husk. Until those gatecrashers arrve, Charlie is always on the lookout for new guests!
2. I.M.P. office: Located on the seventh floor of a condemned building in the Ring of Pride. It's small. It's cramped. It's staffed by the oft-exasperated sharpshooter Moxxie, his overly enthusiastic and loving wife Millie, grumpy loner teenage hellhound Loona, and Blitzo (the "o" is silent) who is a hot mess of issues smoothly hidden by aggressive defence mechanisms. The furnishing sucks. The staff are largely violent and impatient. You should probably pay for someone to get killed NOW or leave quickly.
3. The Ring of Wrath: The domain of **Satan** (not to be confused with Lucifer), and homeland of the imps, this place is the boonies of Hell. Frankly it resembles a more stereotypical and hazardous Texas - where the hogs require a sharp knife and a skilled rider to bring down, the flaming hellhorse and the railroad are still common means of transportation, and occasionally the Goetias deign to grace the ring's farmland with a harvest moon. By all accounts it's a place for local yokels to yuck it up, and anyone wanting to actually accomplish something quickly leaves. You can start anywhere here, or at Millie's family farm.
4. The Ring of Lust: This is the FABULOUS Lord Asmodeus' territory, where all fashion is of the highest (and horniest) quality and all clubs are as classy as they can be while also being horny. Relax. Kick your feet up. Have a good time! You can start anywhere here, though the House of Asmodeus (better known as Ozzie's)

comes with a glowing recommendation. Just don't mind the big boss' badly hidden fascination with *consensual loving commitment*, it's an open secret even if it's technically against what his "art" stands for.

5. Any other Ring: So there's a lot of Hell the show hasn't focused on but confirmed exists, and you can go there if you like. Not much to say there, other than that I.M.P. mostly likes to party and often travels to do it. Just as the Goatias largely like to stay at their palatial estates.
6. Earth: You start on good old Earth! It's a little denser, a little whackier than the world you may remember, and occasionally demons show up for commodities like murder and heroin. A secretive government organisation named D.H.O.R.K is trying to research how to preemptive invade and secure Hell for America's interests, although with little real success. By and large though, you probably recognise this place!
7. Heaven: Welcome back to the good place. As St. Peter was about to say, it's a place with **no worries, burglaries or strife.** Although it's mostly the senior angels' quarters that live up to the grandeur and wonder of celestial architecture, much of Heaven's actually quite material. From multiplexes, to ball pits, to scented candles or marshmallow discotheques, to pangolins, much of Heaven's goodness is actually quite tangible and material. **No nasty stuff, though!** The seraphim Sera rules here, with Emily in charge of keeping up the good mood permeating everyone.
8. Lucifer's duck studio: Since this section is mostly a free pick anyway, things are a little different here. You may have been wondering what the Devil has been up to ever since his wife left the family seven years ago (coincidentally the same time Alastor went into hiding, and Heaven's exterminations started). Well actually, Hell's most powerful denizen and creator has been working on making rubber ducks to soothe his depression from having failed to accomplish anything of value. A lot of rubber ducks, and rubber duck accessories. This is where you show up: Surrounded by piles and piles of rubber ducks, sketches of rubber ducks, rubber duck memes, duck themed souls, and one listless archangel slumped at his desk. Certainly not the start to an awkward conversation at all.

Who You Are!

Power changes quickly in Hell's chaotic environment. Today's prince might well just be tomorrow's pauper, and the day after's secretary if you know what I mean. Therefore, feel free to fanwank the specifics of what exactly makes sense for your history in this world to be, in conjunction with the hints given by your background and race. Or don't even bother. Many of the Deadly Sins, virtually gods to other demons, just kind of hang out and party with everyone. And at least one Goetia is likely to end up working as an imp's secretary. Hell isn't consistent, and Heaven doesn't really give a damn once you're inside the pearly gates. Why should you?

Drop-In: You just randomly show up by busting through a wall somewhere (or by politely opening the door if you feel like respecting private property for some reason). Don't worry about the ensuing confusion too much. In Hell, that's practically how you say hello.

Royalty: For some, Hell is a punishment. For others, it's a *privilege*. You are, in some abstract sense, part of the *refined* and *dignified* classes. The great and if not good, then *classily* evil of Hell. Your life has been one of almost comical pomp and privilege, either with servants doing everything from planning your meals to bathing you or being so insulated from the excesses of the pit it's hard to remember things suck for most down here. Make no mistake though, Hell is a place of power, and your selection of race will determine the exact nature of your status. You could be a sibling or aunt/uncle to Charlie, a cousin to Stolas, and if you're an imp or hellhound then to be frank you are probably the Emperor Norton of Hell: A mostly self-declared royal with a cardboard box pile for a castle.

If you call Heaven your home with this background, you been an entrusted with a duty of some kind that sets you above and beyond most residents. Whether that means you're a glorified doorman, part of Sera's high council or somehow both largely depends again on the order of being you are part of in the race section.

Loser: There's one born every minute. Some sucker who can't pony up for his tab, someone cut down and left for dead in an alley, some absolute bozo life can't stop kicking while he's down. FUCK. THAT. You're not going to pull yourself up by the bootstraps, you're going to tie someone else's bootstraps together and push them over! Whether you're in adult entertainment, organised crime or heavy debt you are someone most of Hell would call a loser, baby. And while this is practically the norm for imps and even many hellborn, not even the **Deadly Sins** themselves are immune from potentially losing everything from one bad deal.

Heaven doesn't have losers, silly! But there…are people who don't so much *fall* from grace as vaguely saunter downwards. Like a certain enterprising company of cherubs likely due to be expelled for inflicting mortal casualties.

Menace: You have one thing on your mind, and it makes you a monster inside as well as outside. Be it murder, glory, hunger or something even nastier, for you Hell is just the beginning. An opportunity to climb a ladder built from broken bodies and mangled sinews, to seize your glittering prize and take your rightful place atop the throne. You see the average demon as pathetic, slovenly cretins who exist to be your playthings, whether as unthinking customers or mere prey. It matters little if you're a particularly diabolical hellborn, Alastor's latest rival or a Sin as cutthroat as **Mammon**. One way or another, you'll have them all begging for you to stay gone. Your reputation defines you more than your past whether you like it or not, limiting your social opportunities.

As a resident of Heaven, you are now voted the #2 biggest dick around after Adam himself. Depending on your other choices, you can potentially take the #1 spot instead.

Performer: You might not be the scariest or most cunning bastard on the block, but ever since you were young you've either had a gift for the performing arts. Things that can move the masses like mere shows of power and affluence can't. Whether your craft is a way to make ends meet, a depraved spiral of passion, a fully commercialised commodity or even simply doing what you love, you have a measure of admiration in the demonic community that transcends social class. Although a Sin might put on a bigger, more spectacular than an imp, that doesn't necessarily mean the imp can't win over the bigger crowd.

Most of which is still true in Heaven, although there's a lot less obsessive fans, haters and corporate exploitation.

Up and Comer: Artistic integrity? Fuck THAT. Hell's hierarchy is stagnant as old blood, and you're the kind of corporate raider who won't stand for has-beens and layabouts getting in your way to the top. You're a professional businessman, a wheeler and a dealer, a glad-hander and hopefully a people person too. Even if you have to knock heads around and stain the bottom line with blood, you know that backroom deals and public press conferences can be as devastating as any ritual to getting you what you deserve: EVERYTHING! And then…well, maybe then the empty pit in your heart will finally be full. Now smile for the camera. And if you've set up shop in the Ring of Pride, expect to get some calls from the Vees once they've taken the measure of their newest rival.

Heaven has a much less toxic business environment and…well to be honest, at the time of writing we don't know much more about it. Frankly some people will probably just buy things to make you happy!

Old Hand: You've lived in Hell long enough to see the mighty rise and the mighty fall. In that time, you've developed a particular set of skills. Skills that have earned you a measure of respect regardless of your race or station, simply from having carved out a professional niche of some kind and maintained a reputation for respectability and consistency that persists where many of your peers have either fallen off the map or succumbed to petty infighting. Ironically, those in your niche often have the most fulfilling and healthiest lives possible in Hell despite having pasts awash with blood. You might not be on the throne of Hell, but you're the kind of community leader the throne would come to for advice. The only question left is whether you're more interested in holding onto what you have, or getting even more.

Heaven's senior non-leadership seldom makes an appearance in the stories about to unfold, at the time of writing.

Exterminator: Does no one know, who they're dealing with? Hell? You'll show them *hell* alright. Of all the monsters and heroes in Hell, only a handful can truly act with *military* precision and bloody-minded ruthlessness. The disgusting degenerates you're forced to watch fester out of control, the affront of lawbreakers insulting their betters-all of it has to BURN! The law must be upheld at all costs, if not for your own sake than to protect everything you hold dear. And if you get a kick of it here and there, that's only fair. Whether through divine or diabolical ordainment, you're a firm believer that redemption is a filthy little lie. And the annihilation of the wicked is the only justice in this rotten fucking world. Just to be clear, the former likely means you're mostly part of the Exorcist corps feared as the swords of Heaven, while the latter likely means you're in the employ of Satan. Unless you're powerful enough to hold your own separate office of authority.

Well, that was self-explanatory. Technically you can have nothing to do with the Exorcists, but expect some very odd looks in Heaven considering most don't even know the exterminations are even happening.

Races!

SO. Here's where everyone in Hell ranks in terms of overall power! There is SO much more to life than who's strongest and we'll get to the complicated part soon. But it's a starting point.



The complicated part is that based on events in the show, this chart seems to measure overall power and tactical utility, particularly prioritising mystical power over physical strength rather than be a cut and dried guarantee of who will win in a given fight. Empowerment from higher beings, mystically binding compulsions and mad science can and has been used to let those weaker on the totem pole to punch above their weight. Coupled with the fact that every demon seen on the show has been tangible enough to punch or shoot, and you might see some massive matchup upsets in your time here!

With that over, you have an almost unprecedented amount of privilege to determine your afterlife, by choosing one of the options below:

Human (+300 CP): You are a human! A good old, normal, human of the modern era. Two legs, two arms, any gender or sexual orientation of your choosing, and almost but *not quite* no talent for magic, not even the minor tricks of imps. Some of you seem to occasionally come across rituals to contact demons or holy artifacts with no clear source; you can be one of those if you like, it doesn't amount to much more than a way to bother demons. The vast majority of your kind go through life vaguely concerned about their impending mortality in a way no other choice here does, and blissfully ignorant about how full Hell is and that Heaven isn't sure how anyone gets in at all. Did I mention your kind die comically easily compared to every other option here?

If you die, while your chain won't end you're *probably* going to become a sinner and only *maybe* going to become an angel given how whimsically bleak this world is. Good luck!

Imp (+200 CP): The average imp is a little grumpy red fella half as tall as a human, created by Satan to serve and grovel. It turns out many, many imps are resentful about this. Despite being the lowest caste of demon with scarcely any real magical abilities to call their own other than glowing eyes, enough fire magic to light a cigarette, a constitution strong enough to treat heroin like beer, and a total immunity to earthly flames, imps aren't totally defenceless. I.M.P's trained killers fight with the strength of a chimpanzee, the reflexes of a cheetah and the tactical acumen of an unrealistic action movie hero after a few months together at best *when not having an off-day*. Alas, many imps give up on even that much.

Hellhound (+100 CP): Similarly looked down on like imps, hellhounds do have one

going for them: They're taller, come in more varieties ranging from rippling wolflike brutes to pudgy pugs, and can shapeshift between a faster quadruped form as well as their humanoid werewolf one. They also have glowing eyes and a superior sense of smell. In fact, they're almost literally treated like dogs by other demons: Up to spaying them, and storing young ones in animal shelter-like adoption centres. Expect to be given nothing but drudge work.

Hellborn (Free): Those naturally born to Hell's environment come in all shapes and sizes, though mostly the humanoid. Many, such as succubi and incubi, simply resemble red humans (though often good looking ones befitting one who revels in their associated sin). Many also resemble animals that aren't dogs, often in ways that reflect their personalities. But there's demons with fish-like parts, demons with clocks for faces, conjoined demons, demons of slime or flame or shadow-really as long as it's nothing too much more advantageous as the examples above, you can pretty much make something up and fit right into Hell. They don't die of old age, and many have modest but useful magical abilities like mesmerising an entire crowd at the beach or possessing a human and taking control of their minds as a gelatinous mass. Oh, and piss a demon off, and they can transform into something genuinely much scarier, faster and nastier in a fight. Not enough to really matter for the levels of power mentioned above, but enough to turn a fistfight into a horror show.

Sinner (100 CP): Much like hellborn demons, the souls of mortals often take strange forms-though many consistently follow the pattern of looking like something befitting their death. A man mistaken for a deer and shot might end up looking like a deer himself, or a man electrocuted to death by a falling TV screen might end up with a TV for a head. And like hellhounds, often these components come with useful adaptations, like multiple arms capable of dextrously wielding guns or…other objects. Again like demons, many also have vague but present magical abilities. There's one important difference: Sinners can't die permanently from violence, recovering good as new between anywhere from hours to days. There are two exceptions to this: Angelic metal weapons, and the innate holy energy of angels. Both of which seemingly cause them to die for good, or in rarer circumstances redeem them to Heaven.

Overlord (200 CP): There's one thing every demon, no matter how great or small, can do – form binding contracts (more on this later). These don't necessarily have to involve

ownership of a soul, but CAN. And for sinners specifically, once they gather enough souls their power skyrockets! A once modest enchantment spirals into gusts of perilous gas stronger than any mortal drug that move like an extension of one's will, and cover entire streets for example. Those sinners who succeed in owning millions of souls become known as Overlords. Though sometimes seemingly little changed from other run of the mill from the outside, their magical power dwarfs that of Hell's fodder-able to manifest as great beams of magical energy. Do note that with this alone you are "merely" a run of the mill overlord. A peer to Val or Velvette perhaps, but a far cry from the Radio Demon; there's a reason why Vox is so obsessed with expanding his influence through broadcasts.

Ars Goetia (400 CP): Oh, how absolutely fantabulous! You are an upper class humanoid bird-like creature (or snake. There is at least one precedent) with the kind of refined bearing that can only come from being one of Hell's gentry. This often innocuous, perhaps beautiful or even underwhelming form belies a terrifying shape of pure demonic energy, still birdlike but predatory, that illustrates why the Goetia hold their position despite being frail enough for imps to abduct: An immortality greater than the lesser demons, such that any damage not from a demon of equal power, an angelic weapon or the holy power of Heaven has no lasting effect on them. Their magical powers far exceed those of all but the strongest Overlords: Turning men to stone with a gaze, teleporting themselves or others over vast distances, reanimating the bodies of the dead as vessels for their will, creating portals between Earth and Hell or Hell's many rings and transforming frost and snow into hovering platforms and gigantic minions.

Eighth Deadly Sin (600 CP): But there are forces above even mere nobility. Primeval demons created to ~~work in a circus~~ uphold the rule of law in Hell. Each presiding over a specific sin, each ruling a particular ring of Hell. Even in their "polite" forms they loom over most demons, and boast physiologies like flesh of hellfire or a towering draconic form large enough to brush aside buildings that make conventional assault horribly ill-advised. And their magic is correspondingly powerful: From exploding buildings with a mere flex of will, to knowing how others experience their sin with pinpoint precision in their presence, to creating elaborate illusions from that knowledge. The limits of their immortality have yet to be tested. Many have acquired vast mundane competency in their interests over their long lives (though at least one has forgotten much of his). And

while the Sins have been fairly complacent in Hell, each does share a grand feat: Creating an entire *species* of demon. You are now a sibling in this sometimes competitive but strangely wholesome family, most of whom are generally more interested in enjoying and promoting their sin in ways where everyone has a good time than the crueller excesses indulged by lesser sinners. Optionally you may own your own ring of Hell, though it'll have to stay here without a certain purchase further down below. Otherwise you're assumed to be some kind of nomadic celebrity (which many of the Sins essentially are anyway).

Heir of Hell (800 CP): Yet above the Deadly Sins themselves rest Lucifer's wife and daughter. Two examples are known: Lilith, the first woman made a demon worthy of ruling Hell by her union with Lucifer. Of whom little is known at the time of writing, but was said to have empowered all of demonkind with her voice and songs, ensuring Hell grew and thrived. The second, Charlie, can launch fireworks powerful enough to knock Exorcist angels from the sky, recall objects to herself through portals and summon whorls of hellfire. Though the princess avoids violence whenever possible, in the brief time she fought hard enough to transform she withstood an archangel and smote it with her claw. And given those examples, with this background you are either a sibling to Charlie, someone who fell with Lilith from Eden, or just some guy Lucifer really, REALLY liked. Though not necessarily enough to marry just to avoid…further complications with Hell's succession.

Fallen Golden Angel (1000 CP): Even beings powerful enough to be worshipped as gods acknowledge one and one alone as both their friend and king: Lucifer, once counted among the Seraphim before he was cast into Hell to see the horrors and only horrors unleashed by the free will he cherished enough to share with humanity. It appears that there are now TWO such angels condemned to Hell, and unlike it's erstwhile king your wings haven't been clipped. Even with his little limitation in place, Lucifer is a force to be reckoned with. Having predated the creation of the very universe itself, at the time of writing it's unknown if even angelic metal can slay him. Such is his power that a weapon drawing upon it merely left him fatigued while firing consecutive shots powerful enough to shatter the barrier protecting Heaven-all the way from Hell. Things like conjuring storms, portals, putting buildings back together or enormous serpents of flame are old hat, but even magic like shapeshifting could be used to rapidly cycle through all the forms of the natural world while maintaining a spiffy hat and bowtie. Moreso than any demon,

Lucifer casually warps reality with tricks like entering a radiant pocket dimension or duplicating his form. Yet his greatest known feat is creation. Apart from having participated in *the creation of the universe,* Lucifer is the creator of the entire Goetia species. If he wasn't demotivated from any truly grand endeavour, he likely holds the power to make Hell into whatever he wants.

On how this relates to Heaven: The hierarchy of power for angels is much less well understood, though being one of the universe's creators it's safe to assume Lucifer resides near the pinnacle of power. Cherubs, small animal and/or infant looking angels with few powers other than flight and minor matter materialisation, seem to hover near the bottom as little more than rivals to imps and hellhounds. As a denizen of Heaven, you may approximate your nature and level of power based on the demonic examples of power above.

Perks!

Perks are discounted by 50% under the relevant background header. 100 CP perks become free.

General

Magical Malarky (Free): To be honest, what magic can or can't do isn't always clearcut. Healing at least seems to be in short supply in both Hell and Heaven, and there are clearcut levels of power. What IS clearcut is that everyone's magic has a distinct aesthetic of some kind! A song-loving demon might shoot musical notation, a spider-themed demon unleash a stream of venom, a television demon have the ability to hypnotise others into sleeper agents that can be expertly steered into all manner of dastardly schemes, and a moth demon being immune to the aforementioned hypnosis magic because of shortsightedness. Or uh, possibly due to being Floridan. It's not clear. An Overlord with a thing for gambling might vanish into his top hat mid-combat, and hurl exploding dice. Your gimmick should be conceptually easy to explain to someone else ("I'm the Dairy Demon! I shoot milk at people and block projectiles with massive wheels of cheese!") and fit the levels of power mentioned above but beyond that, the sky's the limit.

Regarding Heaven's magic, at the time of writing all magic seems to follow a fairy uniform aesthetic of light and sparkles-basically zapping whatever they want into existence and for the more powerful ones, whatever they don't want out of it. There is some room for deviation as shown by Sera and Emily's silver light contrasting with Adam's golden beams, but there are no angels casting shadows or noxious fumes.

The Show Must Go On! (Free): There is one circumstance where magic breaks the nominal limits and even the lowest demon can somewhat suspend the laws of reality. And that circumstance is…the medium of song and dance! You now gain a basic ability to sing your heart out and bust a move, during which your magical abilities surge above and beyond their normal limits and competency. While this isn't limitless and greater power will still convey greater breaks from reality, even a lowly imp could conjure spotlights from seemingly nothing and show up all over the place as long as he's solely trying to perform for an audience. And make no mistake: *It's all definitely happening in some capacity*, to the extent demons can interrupt each other's musicals or build and destroy another demon's career in the time it takes to belt out a jaunty tune about the joys of capitalism.

Game Face (Free/50 CP): This is less of a true powerup and more of a physiological quirk and…social convention. Have you noticed how *underwhelming* many demons and angels look at first glance? Attractive and fit perhaps, but more akin to coloured humans

than anything befitting the myths and folklore sprung up around them. Well, it's at least partially voluntary. You see many demons boast a more inexplicable, dangerous and just plain *scarier* form that seems to be their true nature unbound from a humanoid visage. A scrawny Goetia demon turning a gigantic owl of shadows for example, or even a regular hellborn transforming into a snarling blur of claws and teeth. An already gigantic Sin might balloon into some sort of animalistic kaiju, while the Morningstars have been known to take on crimson-eyed forms belying both their angelic heritage and affinity for hellfire when driven to fight seriously. Even angels often have forms with more eyes, wheels and bird-like features before composing themselves into something more human-shaped in a flash of light. You to have a similar transformation capable of refining the occult nature of what you are into like, just a dude.

For 50 CP, your interdimensional nature lets you adapt this strange magic to all your forms and transformations. Want to be a polite, friendly looking kaiju who can fit through doors and wear a suit? Just sign here.

Damned

Devil's Bargain (100 CP): From the lowliest imp to the mightiest Sin, there's one ability shared by every demon in Hell – The mystically binding contract. Whether through a verbal agreement and a handshake or a written document, so long as someone knowingly agrees they can form a binding agreement that manifests as a chain the benefactor can use to literally wrangle the beneficiary's soul or summon them across great distances. How *much* the benefactor actually gets out of the contract seems to depend on their own strength, given only sinners seem to have the opportunity to become Overlords by obtaining control over another soul. But even without a soul transfer, all manner of conditions ranging from a bestowal of raw magical power to an enforceable promise for a favour can be set. Seller beware: Failure to fulfil the contract will result in it breaking- potentially with the beneficiary still keeping whatever was given.

Brainrot (200 CP): Uh-oh, your eye's throbbing again! Like two of the Vees, you've got some means of defiling the mind in ways far subtler and more insidious than the body. Hypnosis that can render someone a sleeper agent and have them report on their friends and family to you off the clock or denounce them in public, for example. Or an insidious gas that can get people hooked on your dick like crack cocaine. And it's got fairly wide coverage too-if not a gas that can be bottled and sold, then something you can even get people with through a broadcast! But before you go turning every fight into a mindfuck, do remember that this trick's as easy to get rid of as it is to slap on: A few punches to the head will literally knock sense into someone. And don't you forget that those more powerful than you seem to be immune to such magic, and whether by sight, scent or some other sense your target has to actually experience your *special sauce* to be affected.

Not A Ghost (400 CP): It seems you're made of something both more impermeable and sturdier than mere flesh. Your consciousness may be a crackle of electricity that can transmit your entire being from place to place wherever there's electronic screens, or you may simply dissolve your body to shadows and reform nearby at will. Whatever the case, some sort of intangible phenomena fitting your nature now makeups up your very being. Feel free to shift your size and shape within the limits of your substance while letting most attacks simply clip through you. Just…don't stand near any bright places or get into public spats with anyone who can just turn your TV off. The limits aren't clear, but being something other than divine or diabolical flesh seems to cut both ways.

I Am The Law (600 CP): Either Satan has decided to deputise a measure of his authority to you, granting you some of his ability to punish sinners. OR you represent a valuation

of authority preceding even his rule. You see, you have the ability to seal away the powers of those lesser than you in power following a flashy but quick ritual-something like manifesting a series of rings that literally zap away someone's ability to use magic, for example. Lesser or more specific denials are also possible, such as preventing someone from hurting a certain class of beings by any means or blinding someone painlessly. This power isn't entirely useless against those who are your equal or greater, you'll just have to thoroughly thrash them in a fight and render them hapless first before it works. Really lay down the law right on their big dense skulls.

Saved

Angel's Flight (100 CP): Hallelujah, you have functional wings! If your form here already has wings, you have MORE wings-as many as you want. Not that it really changes how fast you move-your flight roughly follows aerodynamics though with much greater lift, and both your lift and speed is more proportionate to your magical power than whatever whacky shape your wings are. Seriously go wild. Want wings of liquid honey? Wings of translucent light? Wings made of eyeballs? Heaven has wings for days and so can you.

Shield of Purity (200 CP): Oh, no! Heaven is in danger! Quick, put a big glowing shield around it! You're particularly gifted in creating the wards of holy light that angels manifest to defend things and people they hold dear. Those without sufficient power simply rebound from barriers like this like water hitting oil, and even an angel of ordinary power could do the work of two or three others in maintaining the barrier meant to protect Heaven. You're so gifted that you can even enchant amulets and talismans that…*women with certain interests* but no real magical talent of their own could use to ward off an imp, and with time and experimentation could surely come up with other uses.

Dominis Ignis Vindictus (400 CP): What was made can be just as easily *unmade*. You can coat all your magic in a destructive force at will-nominally the holy light of Heaven, though a demon could wield hellfire or something stranger yet equally destructive. And this force is particularly destructive towards those ideologically anathema to you and all they rightfully call their own. Even an Exorcist lacking in Adam's raw power could slice through the same ship he annihilated with her sword when coated in such gloriously incandescent power. Of course, the greater your innate power the greater destruction you can level. Even those normally immortal on the level of sinners and greater demons can fall to barrages of this energy, the sin of their very being erased from existence.

Cosmogeny (600 CP): Even though the Sins created demon races, it was a different order of beings who formed *life itself*. You are now a maestro of the living form, a genius of genesis, a guy who makes REALLY cool pets. You could see rough sketches of some kind of strange egg-like creature, and with a few moments of concentration spontaneously create a bunch with functional wings and an instinctive adoration of whoever you designate their master as. Furthermore, either you studied the schema of the very universe itself or took a leading role in its' construction. Because you have vast knowledge of the formation of stars, the universe, gravity, and even celestial phenomena such as Azathoth's Tears that mortals scarcely comprehend. This doesn't necessarily come with the inspiration to harness it with complex technology, but your affinity for creating life extends to creating environments for that life to thrive in-potentially letting you set in motion the birth of new universes, though probably requiring more power than even the single greatest angel to create something larger than the Rings of Hell. Just…think twice about creating a second Adam or Lilith. As this world shows, universes have a tendency to change in ways their creators never intended.

Drop-In

Informative Children's Drawings (100 CP): What do Charlie and the Vees have in common? A talent for communicating complex plans through crayon scribbles, crude drawings and little phrases like "Yay!" or "Bad guy go BOOM!". You now share this, uh, talent for conveying complex information in an improvisational and extremely simplistic manner. Forget powerpoints, you can manage your war effort with some A4 and a Crayola box set!

This perk does not prevent people from laughing at your art skills, or lack thereof.

Cut Container (200 CP): Hey, remember that one chicken-headed sinner who's just been hanging out in the hotel for two seasons? No? Neither does Charlie. You too are extremely forgettable but only in circumstances you'd find convenient, whether mooching off a friend's sofa or evading a local robbery. This isn't complete invisibility or anything, and it's best not to push your luck by doing anything offensive let alone violent-but if there's a war or business takeover going on, expect people to let you stay in that free room.

Situational Plot-Mandated Brain Drain (400 CP): *Wow,* did she really just…go on live TV with the guy she knows has it out for her business *and* has complete control over the biggest media company in Hell? Did he seriously just try to appeal to an Overlord by breaking out the damn maracas? Apparently they did. *That* is the level of stupidity those

you oppose find themselves frequently engaging in, to the point of blurting out their horrific deeds in a public forum or cheerfully wandering onto giant Xs painted on the ground-a frankly abnormal level of impulsivity, incompetence and utter failure to read the room that exists mainly to advance the plot. There are still limits to this but. To be frank. You might quickly find yourself questioning if you live in a whacky sitcom with how gormless people behave when you toggle this thing on. Sometimes people don't say the right things or do the absolutely wrong things just so the plot can happen in this show. With this, *everyone* you don't like will.

ROOt of Some Evil (600 CP): *Oh dear God/Lucifer (delete as appropriate)*, what even are you?! Perhaps you've…budded off someone else yet to take the stage? Don't worry about her for now. Your existence seems intrinsically tied to sin. Lust, wrath, pride-you feel stronger, more refreshed physically and mystically, and even mend wounds swifter in the presence of those giving into their base cravings. And find all your supernatural powers more effective against them. It's not an absolute advantage but it *is* noticeable. And you can spread the fun around like leakages of certain Hellish substances, corrupting mere mortals in moments into sinner demons and animals to Hell's wildlife or potentially even tainting other supernatural beings and sapient mortals into demons. Perhaps with time and great power, you can refine the type of demon you create or affect those as divorced from sin as the angels themselves. Finally, your shapeshifting has reached new and horrific lengths that let you strike and move in ways that defy physics with unnerving swiftness and fluidity, while divorcing yourself from conventional physical vulnerabilities like vital organs. A lot could be said about how far you surpass the average demon in this regard, but sometimes a picture is worth a thousand words.

You've certainly got no shortage of eyes.



Royalty:

Chasing Rainbows (100 CP): Sure, Hell might be an anarchic nexus of degeneracy and violence, but we can't just give up on our people dammit! There is a great wellspring of optimism and determination within you. The kind that drives you to start picking up random hookers off the streets of Hell in the hopes of getting them a better life, and tell that sneering mogul in your face you honestly don't believe he's beyond redemption. Not everyone can be won over by your relentless do-gooding, but those who will shall find you a rock

It Starts With Sorry (200 CP): One simple sorry. It's the path to redemption, through a twisting trail of hearts. There's a sixth sense, or maybe an understated charisma to you, that inspires others to see the good in their lives where no one else will. Even if the whole world is trying to kick someone while they're down, even if their hands are stained with oceans of blood, you can at least get them to reflect on what *if* things could be different? And for those with already relatively clean hands, your dedication and support could easily get a sinner to strive to be more.

More Than Anything (400 CP): Sometimes we might not feel like we know the people closest to us as well as we'd like. That changes now. Your feelings will be made known, and those close to you will reciprocate your sincere devotion with utmost loyalty and conviction. Friends and family can still be driven away by bickering, but will always have your back even when sometimes that takes tough love. Moreover, your loved ones frequently end up in fortuitous circumstances where they can advance your goals. Not everyone can have an archangel for a dad, but you'd be surprised how the right woman in the right place can convince someone to part with their stock of angelic weaponry.

Hear My Hope (600 CP): Music, as has been said, has a magic all its' own. When wielding your supernatural abilities or trying to accomplish something as a team, raising your voice in song will lift the morale of those around you-strengthening their resolve, driving them to push their skills to the limit and encouraging them to join you in common cause. Teamwork will happen flawlessly, the able contributing to your project as if they had trained relentlessly for it, the weak expertly intercepting those who would interrupt you. It doesn't sound like much, but with this an unlikely band of Overlords could one day save Hell from a weapon capable of threatening Heaven. Your supernatural abilities in general are greatly strengthened by music. Perhaps in time, your voice will inspire and enervate as much as Lilith's once did for Hell.

Loser:

Best Fuckin' Lay In Any Given Ring (100 CP): You might leave a trail of hearts behind you wherever you go. You might be a self-destructing screwup with a hardon for ruining your own life. But you know what else you are? A DAMN good lay. Your dick/vagina/(incomprehensible supernatural anatomy) is so FUCKING amazing that a lowly imp could bone a lonely Goetia demon into addiction. You fuck so good, you could rack up enough exes to form a large party if you were also irresponsible enough to leave your partners high and dry emotionally. Which frankly would be a damn shame given how both your bedroom prowess and anatomical gifts leave people hot and heavy while you're fully clothed.

CLEAN IT UP (200 CP): *Whoosh*, there goes Nifty! Stabbing bugs. And sometimes archangels. Oh dear. Much like the Hazbin Hotel's favourite and only maid, you are absurdly fast and skilled in melee, in an unhinged kind of way. You could run several city blocks while carrying a roughly man-sized cat, and crawl about an Overlord's coat like an alien in a scifi horror movie. It has to be said this isn't exactly a *skillful* fighting style

suitable for things like defence, but your instinctive affinity for killing things up close more than compensates

Out For Love (400 CP): Sometimes we hit our limits when fighting to protect those we love. Other times, we surpass them. When specifically driving yourself to support someone you care deeply about, your ability to learn and train advances greatly. Moreover you can heal seemingly permanent injuries in miraculous ways while training- wings severed by angel metal sprouting back with no complications, for example. You never have a problem acting at full competence to protect those you care about, and in fact coincidence often helps you cover their blindspots or compliment their endeavours.

MAD SCIENCE! (600 CP): EUREKA, soon they'll all rue the day they doubted you! You're a mad genius on par with Sir Pentious and Baxter. The former is an airship enthusiast who regularly builds and rebuilds flying war machines capable of devastating entire city blocks in Hell, and who eventually will assist in reconciling the principles of Heavenly technology with Hell's networking. The latter hacks Heaven's mainframe for shits + giggles, built much of the Vees' most frequently used technology and can even hack other technologically integrated demons mid-combat. Your keen insight into the scientific method is mostly focused in a particular area like mechanical engineering or biology, but even outside it lends itself well to startling if unpredictable breakthroughs.

Menace:

Winning Smile (100 CP): A smile is many things, dear heart! It's your armor. Your banner flag. And your hungry, hungry maw. You're now extremely good at projecting confidence and menace while keeping your cool under pressure. The kind of disturbing casualness that can unnerve the average hellborn denizen, and keep even the higher powers guessing about you. Even if you're under extreme pain or duress, you can keep that smile going-so much so you have the stones to stitch your face into one to keep the ruse going.

Signal Jammer (200 CP): You know that sometimes to send a message, you have to cut off someone else's. That's why you have a rare form of magic that lets you short out TVs, fizzle out recording cameras and generally screw up any attempt at recording you with digital media. You're not just camera-shy though, you can flare your powers in a way that distorts light and shadow to make yourself scarier, more ominous, *distorted* in a way that makes you hard to get a clean read on. It's just smoke and mirrors, until you go for the throat.

Dealmaking Dealbreaker (400 CP): In over your head on a deal that was nowhere near as good as you were told? Not to worry. In a Hell full of blowhards and complacent fops, you're quite the master manipulator and people person. You're good at pushing buttons, landing hard-hitting questions and keeping people guessing but fascinated while advancing your own hand, so much so you could potentially talk circles around someone while strapped to a chair. You're particularly good at spotting and abusing loopholes in contracts-or drafting your own. *If* it is at all possible for a contract to be broken, you can quickly put together a surefire plan to get out of it so smoothly and efficiently, it's like you've practiced for it beforehand. Even best-laid plans can still go awry, but there's not many in Hell who can spot a play like yours coming.

Special Offering (600 CP): Well, well, *well now.* There's something *special* about your soul. Whatever the nature of Alastor's bargain with Rosie, it gives you a kind of compatibility with blessings, demonic bargains and similar mystical contract or law-based forms of empowerment that let you get what he did out of selling his soul. Such a pact with one of the strongest Overlords in Hell could grant you power to dwarf even many established Overlords right after arriving in the Ring of Pride despite the thousands if not millions of souls ordinary sinners must acquire to qualify as Overlords at all. Buyer beware: This alone won't save you from any *strings* attached to the contract, but even if you're buying something as mundane as commercial success or a way out of debt you may well end up much more popular or furnished much more comfortably than even your benefactor anticipated.

Performer:

An Artisan's Eye (100 CP): Oh, did the Vees miss some up and coming talent? You've got a knack for some sort of craft-fashion, music, even sex-that would make you acceptable even by the exacting and frequently lethal standards of the Vees' corporate competitiveness. Sing your heart out or just belt out a bunch of bullshit to make a quick buck, the average hellborn on the street will still be swooning to hear you sing (or whatever) for your supper. Yes, this explicitly lets you communicate your plans in well-illustrated but quickly drawn pictures of considerable artistic merit if taken with Informative Children's Drawings as long as you choose something remotely relevant.

Spice It Up (200 CP): You'd do whatever it takes to set the mood, right? A little magical assistance is hardly *cheating*. You now have sort of magical gift be it a delectable perfume or something stranger or more subtle that can spread a certain emotion around an entire club or concert audience's worth of people. Beelzebub's hedonism, an itch to get horny, a simple urge to dance-whatever floats your boat will float those of others. This

synergises with An Artisan's Eye if you can somehow come up with a way to have it enhance your performance, letting you sing or paint or dance in ways that will have most of Hell hyped enough to scream your name in ecstasy. That or dry hump your body pillows.

Professional Distraction (400 CP): It's you! It's YOU! You are HIJACKING THE SCRIPT OF THIS PLOT! It's you, it's yoooou, it's YOOOOOOUUUUUUUU! No seriously you are so damn impossibly good at causing a scene and making everyone drop what they're doing to gawk at you that it's almost like you briefly shift the genre of the world into a whimsical vaudeville show. Even if you're personally shitting your pants, as long as you're not doing anything that *noticeably* changes the status quo you can have hardened gangsters awkwardly puzzled by your panicked pantomime, and even interrupted the fights of mighty Overlords and fallen angels staring askance at whatever the hell you're supposed to be instead of carrying on their squabbles.

One Man Moneymaker (600 CP): Fizzarolli is what he would call a victim of his own success, and what most other demons would call a lucky and talented sonuvabitch. Like him, there is something incredibly marketable about your very form and bearing-the kind of superstar quality that can't be taught or trained, only nurtured and platformed by those with an eye for such things. It's no exaggeration to say you could go from being some deformed imp to the superstar of the Greed ring itself, with demons from every corner of Hell hogging posters, records and potentially fuckable robot automatons of you as ubiquitous as McDonalds is on Earth. This is not really the kind of show to go deep into economics, but suffice to say you'll never have to work another day in your life while living like a rockstar back when those were a thing as long as you keep releasing the odd album (or equivalent every year or so).

Up and Comer:

Trust ME! (100 CP): Rome wasn't built in a day. You've gotta climb a little higher, to get them to see things *your* way. You might not have the kind of on the spot improvisation and manipulative skill certain earlier perks have, but you could be one of the best salesmen, grifters and/or TV personalities in Hell with your gift for public speaking and spinning a message the masses will buy. You're good at all the drudge work behind the scenes of running a business: How to make cash hand over fist quickly, cut deals ruthlessly, who to fire-all that nitty gritty shit they *don't* teach you in an MBA, the *real* nitty gritty of actually managing a cult. Uh, successful business.

Bad With Us (200 CP): So you're a megalomaniacal scumbag with an empty pit for a heart and an incessant need for validation. How do you win friends and influence people? *Accentuate the negative.* Whether it's just randomly raising witch hunts or stringing powerful people along with empty promises, you're good at spinning stories about common enemies and enlightened self-interest that can even make those who personally dislike you go along with your zany schemes-whether in person or through carefully woven media narratives. Play your cards right and you might even get suckers you've bombarded with broadcast slop to cheer you as their man of the people! Above all else this you can somehow get along with BLITHERING INCOMPETENTS as dysfunctional as the other Vees in order to establish a surprisingly devoted working relationship between utterly degenerate excuses for people.

…which other Vees, you ask? Yes. The answer is yes.

The Part Where We Kill It (400 CP): The shit has hit the fan, the building is on fire, and everything's fucked. It's time to LOCK THE FUCK IN and GET OUT. The more you're backed into a corner, the harder you fight back through a combination of situationally improved competency and blatant plot armor. You could go from not hitting the broadside of a barn to expertly sniping people at night with no infrared goggles, or mowing through dozens of gunmen with your teeth and claws. This doesn't tend to be as effective at the start of a conflict, but gets progressively more effective the longer it goes on and particularly when you're taking advantage of an existing opportunity to turn the situation in your favour. On the other hand, this doesn't just have to apply to fighting either if you're strapped for time making a commercial or writing an overdue essay.

Vox Populi (600 CP): Looks like Vox has another rival for being the true people's voice! Like him, you have a seemingly unique ability in Hell: The power to slowly but permanently accrue more overall magical power the more people are paying attention to you and experience some kind of reverence. This doesn't have to be Vox's little ratings addiction, it could be fear or even lust as long as it's tempered by some measure of respect or frustrated unreachability. And while it's pretty low key at the start, given the kind of public presence Vox attained by the time he got an endorsement from the princess of Hell on live TV you might even surpass the strongest sinner in Hell! *Might. Just a little.* Don't get *too* cocky. And if you take your show outside of Hell? Why, far as anyone knows the sky's the limit.

Old Hand:

Whatever It Takes (100 CP): Sometimes we have to make hard choices for the people we love. Even if those leave us with burdens we find hard to bear. Here is an ounce of solace: As long as you act truly selflessly in defence of those you care about, there will always be a silver lining. Nothing major or truly life-changing, but a friend seemingly driven away by your mistakes will support you in your time of need. And the unscrupulous alliance you make will at least keep your loved ones safe even if the rest of Hell is damned by its' ambitions.

Dance Choreography Mentor (200 CP): Think walking in high heels is tough? Try dancing and fighting in them. Like Carmilla Carmine you're like the unholy lovechild of a Beyblade and a professional ballerina in combat, artfully twirling around fast enough to kick an Exorcist in half-as long as sharp angel metal's strapped to your feet. Whatever past resulted in you being some kind of ballroom master of battle also makes you very good at analysing fighting styles and training others to refine their own while simultaneously belting out a song about the power of love. One day you're really going to have to sit down and explain to everyone what kind of life you lived to wind up as a musical kung fu master.

Retired Monster (400 CP): Out of all the beings Alastor is more than happy to sass to their faces, one alone is enigmatically casual around him while simultaneously respected by an Overlord community defined by petty bickering and power squabbles. Here and in every future world, you have a reputation as a man of wisdom and class. A reliable, yet formidable figure deemed formidable even in retirement. The kind of figure that could get someone as violently disruptive as Alastor to address you cordially in public (after only a brief moment of panic), and you have the centuries' worth of insight into human(oid) nature for your word to hold great sway even among other Overlords and other similarly powerful or influential figures in your social sphere. One last thing: Such a reputation in Hell is *always* predicated on the power and will to back it up; this is why, say, Lucifer and Charlie are much less feared than the most powerful Overlords. At the time of writing it's not exactly clear where Zestial ranks compared to Alastor, Vox and Rosie but suffice to say that the gulf between them and the average Overlord in magical power is now comparable to how greatly you surpass the average member of your species.

Artisan of War (600 CP): Enough with the *mad* science, it's time to get some real work done. You have immense ingenuity, technological know-how and expertise in one specific area: The creation of weapons and weaponisation of everything from mundane explosives to war machine components, and an aptitude for getting the most out of supernatural resources such as angel metal. Given time and materials you could reproduce everything from guns that can take out Goetia demons to even superweapons capable of extracting and weaponizing holy light. How does expertise differ from the run of the mill mad scientists out there, you ask? Well for one thing it's a lot more reliable and mass produceable. For another there's a lot less…*flair*, ingenuity and use cases for things that aren't killing people. You make weapons. Exotic weapons, massive scale artillery, potentially immortal-slaying weapons. But ultimately conventional, kill-you-now weapons. But if you want to make a sustainable population of cute egg minions or hack a database, you'll have to look elsewhere.

Exterminator:

Original Dick (100 CP): You don't *have* to be a petty, crass manchild with a beer belly and a literal clown mask by taking this perk but with it you could get away with being one in Heaven without batting an eye. As long as you're not a danger to society as a whole, you can get away with a lot more than you'd think and cross lines of decency and taste that might otherwise result in grudges with people just going "Oh, that's just Dickmaster being Dickmaster, don't mind him". There are limits to this, though. Embarrass someone politically or cross the letter of the law, and you might be due a scolding.

Stick It To The Man (200 CP): Sometimes, people who…don't have a lot of compassion or respect end up in Heaven. Nobody, not even the angels are sure why. You now benefit from whatever this mysterious status turns out to be. You are now always metaphysically considered righteous enough to ascend to Heaven; in more mundane settings this translates to the kind of social respectability priests or lawmakers typically command. In fact, not just that but you're a benefit of societal privilege! Upon ascending to Heaven (or just being really rich and important, whatever) expect to be conferred benefits on par with Adam becoming an archangel relative to whatever divine realm or society you're interacting with. It's good to be the head dick in charge, baby.

BITCH YOU BETTER FALL BACK (400 CP): Sometimes your subordinates don't know what's good for them. Instead of taking their flippant bullshit in stride, as long as

you're both part of an acknowledged hierarchy you can enforce surprisingly coherent military discipline just by yelling, bullying and generally acting incredibly flippant. There is just something about you that makes dissent all but unthinkable even amongst otherwise bloodthirsty or prideful subordinates even off-duty, enforcing razor focus in others despite not necessarily having any of your own. In fact, some of them might be a little *too* loyal to you and you alone…

Storm's Coming (600 CP): Does no one know who they're dealing with? Sinners, weaklings, *dickheads*…they've all got to pay. Your hatred drives you to boundless new heights of combative skill and determination, the rage in you merely an anaesthetic to minor distractions like *missing limbs* that helps rather than hinders you focusing on important tasks like murdering someone. Moreover, when you truly and utterly hate someone circumstances will contrive for you to come upon opportunities where exacting your revenge will be both much easier and inflict more grievous losses. You may still face opposition or other difficulties, but imagine coming upon a demon more powerful than you exhausting her magic to contain an exploding superweapon that could take out her and all her friends, surrounded by other powerful sinners this world would be better off and her pathetic excuses for friends. And imagine the look on her face when you *gut her girlfriend like a fish right in front of her.*

Stuff!

All backgrounds get one 50% discount for a single item from each tier of stuff. Stuff that's worth 50 CP becomes free.

Infinite Rubber Duck Supply (50/100 CP): They say idle hands do the Devil's work, but this item proves the Devil's been a lot more productive than anyone's given him credit for. Either that, or empty nest syndrome is a real bitch. You now have an endless supply of rubber ducks, securely stowed behind a fancy doorway with (of course) a picture of a smug duck on it in your Cosmic Warehouse (or your preferred property). Bathe with them, through them at people, stitch them into a fashionable(?) cardigan, the possibilities are endless!
For 100 CP, you not only have an endless supply of rubber ducks but duck-themed entertainment media. Duck sitcoms, phones with duck emojis and duck memes programmed into them, duck cushions-as long as it doesn't serve a purpose more practical than a footstool and doesn't actually have real duck feathers and meat, it's probably SOMEWHERE in the pile.

Beelzebooze Cask (50 CP): This twee pink kegger contains a glowing yellow liquid that *probably* didn't come out of a certain fox bee lady's ass. It's Beelzebooze, the brew tasty enough to bring demons out to party and strong enough to get them drunker than lightweight shit like heroin! Beelzebub herself will be pleased to see her favourite drink putting a smile on someone's face, and really most demons won't turn down a pint. Caution: Will mutate earthly animals into larger, vicious mutated versions of themselves. Oddly doesn't seem to have any particular effect on humans apart from being really, really strong booze. Refills every week mysteriously after buzzing and partying noises are heard nearby.

Can be repurchased for assorted flavours such as the limited Sinsmas glut-honey edition.

Love Potion (50 CP): Now *this* pink liquid in its' crystalline vial on the other hand is a sure way to tick off Asmodeus. It's a love potion. Fake-ass lust in a bottle, Hell's answer to Rohypnol, made to get someone hot and heavy to get the average hellborn and most sinners to do whatever you want them to all night. Tastes like strawberries, apparently. Refills every week to the sound of Valentino moaning as he may or may not be milked for its' production.

Guns 'n Funs (50 CP): Let's be frank. Nobody's surviving in Hell for long without being armed to the teeth unless they're powerful enough to have the luxury of being stupid. Each purchase of this grants you a supply of weapons restocked by an imp each week that can let a Hellborn break into another Hellborn's premises and shoot up everyone with

enough skill. It could be a selection of assault rifles, handguns and the odd rocket launcher. It could just be a load of bombs, or a mix of modern and archaic weapons. Either way, it's a finite loadout with a lot of ammo, battle-tested Hell quality control and a mean attitude. Can be repurchased for different types of loadouts, as long as they're all otherwise mundane.

Hellphone (50 CP): It's an ordinary iPhone-style thing with one important distinction: It can call people in other realms of existence like Heaven and Hell. That's it. That's the difference. Naturally the damn thing's reception is *out of this world.*

Significant Divine Headwear (50 CP): It's important to let people know you mean business! A halo, a crown of hellfire-you now have some sort of decorative item that represents your nature, power and history in this world that you can summon at will to don. Looks very impressive!

Asmodean Crystal (100 CP): Asmodeus permits his people free travel not just between the layers of Hell, but to Earth and back again. This pink crystal of his enable such travel by creating diamond-shaped portals between realities, and in future worlds will allow you to similarly travel to nearby realms of existence. May need you to get it *wet* and *stroke* it a bit first to function, before it gets used to your grip.

Can be repurchased for additional crystals.

Carmine Signature Collection (50/100 CP): Those fancy angel metal etchings. That mastercraft *flair*. The aura of holy power emanating off this little number! Make no mistake, for 50 CP you can be the proud owner of a single Carmine-crafted weapon whether you want an automatic sniper rifle, a finely balanced blade or even a pair of angel metal-tipped dancing shoes. Apart from being as good a weapon as you can find in Hell, these things can gouge and slay undying beings such as Goetias or any angel short of the likes of Lucifer himself as if they were hurt by any normal weapon. An essential investment to anyone gearing up for a war with Heaven, or trying to make a killing in the nobility assassination business. Any ammunition expended restocks in a week from shipments.

For 100 CP you can get an arsenal of angel metal weapons instead, similar to Guns 'n Funs. This can include utility artifacts such as an angel metal-etched lasso (which is tough enough to swing around boulders if you have the strength and restrain most demons), or blessed revolvers and a knife to back up your sniping rival.

This can also be used to purchase actual angelic infantry weapons, such as the spears and blades of the Exorcists.

Robo Fizz (100 CP): You are now the proud owner of an animatronic, semi-sentient robotic doppelganger of celebrity clown Fizzarolli, custom tailored to your aesthetic sensibilities! You and every other rich weirdo. Like the demon performer it has flexible limbs that act like giant slinkies which can stretch and bend implausibly, as well as a superb sense of balance that let it cartwheel, roll and caper all over the place rapidly. The chassis is also tough enough to withstand small calibre bullets and fire, is deadly enough in a fight to give most sinners a run for their money, and comes with a custom-tailored attitude. By default it's a disdainful and belligerent performer with pride in its craft, but you can set it up to be pretty much anything. What do you do with an autonomous acrobatic clown robot, you ask? What *can't* you do?

Can be repurchased for more Robo Fizz units.

…

Yes, you can fuck them. This is canon. They come with functional holes and everything.

(Fallen) Angel Investors (100 CP): A hundred thousand green bills stacked wherever you want, straight up. Like everything else in Hell, there's a sordid backstory with troubling implications to them: They're *souls.* Yes, as in the things that make Overlords so much more powerful than the rank and file sinners. How does that even work? How do you even process the human soul into currency stamped by Lucifer and Baphomet? Who cares. In future worlds these things will retain their trading value for entities that purchase souls, although good luck explaining to other perplexed demons what they're even supposed to do with a thin green bill-shaped soul.

Can be repurchased.

Heaven does *not* trade in things like this! You can obtain Heaven bucks with a purchase here instead, which in future settings can be traded with holy entities as if they were blessings. Although at the time of writing there's no *confirmed* beneficial mystic properties to Heaven bucks, just think of them as celestial IOUs.

The Hotel Keekee (200 CP): You didn't think that one-eyed cat with the many-eyed maw on its' tail from the intro would be totally irrelevant, did you? What intro? Uh. Moving on. While typically no more clingy, lazy and affectionate than the average cat this levitating critter is no mere pet. You see, it can transform into a key for a hotel roughly as big and rundown as the hotel formerly named the Happy Hotel. It's got lots, and lots of rooms if you need a place for down and out sinners to crash. Or to store a lot of

furniture in, whatever. As the embodiment and manifestation of the hotel, this creature can manipulate and affect it in various ways, though seldom any that matter in combat.

Smokin' Signature Style (200 CP): It's time to throw down, and you need your best gear at your side. Most folks out there have to make do with what you can buy or barter, but somehow you've come into possession of a bonafide arcane artifact. Whether it's a staff tipped with an microphone that amplifies your shadowy magic like it projects your voice or a crimson trident that fires blasts of hellfire and that can skewer archangels, this weapon is finely crafted for enhancing your powers and abilities from this jump. And yes, it can be of heavenly make in which case it defaults to being made of angel metal.

D.H.O.R.K. (200 CP): In the near future, a secret government agency will discover I.M.P. and seek to invade Hell in order to secure the United States' interests. With video proof of the supernatural as a credible threat to national security, they'll be able to construct flying mechanical suits with built-in ballistic weapons designed to impersonate demons and even open a mechanical portal to Hell! By purchasing this, D.H.O.R.K. or an organisation of similar resources and manpower will make contact with YOU first and somehow come to see you as a being of power and wisdom to be appeased for your mutual enlightened self-interest. Sounds like a steal, right? Well…here's the thing. *D.H.O.R.K. kind of sucks.* Those powered suits? Barely fit to take on imps and hellhounds. Their secret agents? Couldn't waterboard useful information out of imps even while gassing them with truth serum, somehow got supplied traditional Japanese weaponry instead of firearms at one point, and can be easily fooled by the lowest rungs of the heavenly host. That portal? Still a work in progress, and may have sent a strike team of theirs to somewhere more…eldritch, than Hell.

Grimoire (400 CP): Elegantly bound and brimming with troves of mystical lore, this tome is either one of the Goetias' own family books or an equally potent source of hellish or heavenly magic. Spells on how to create portals betwixt heaven, hell or even traversing the depths of the cosmos, animate matter and bring a fiery end to your enemies or more can all be found within these pages! In one field as broad as studying the Earth's skies, the stars and the prophecies they hold, there's a particular wealth of magical knowledge. Technically anyone who could memorise all the spells within seems to be able to perform them even if they are but a imp but…that sounds an awful lot like *work,* doesn't it?

Hell of a Sale (100/200/400 CP): Being condemned to a metaphysical sump for damned souls arbitrarily sorted by an unknowable metric hasn't stopped you from trying to turn a quick buck! You are now the proud(?) owner of a business nominally based in Hell, with

the employees and everything, the scale and professionalism of which will depend on your, well. Your investment. Of course. This is a business. And yes, you can repurchase more than one of any tier.

For 100 CP, you own a startup on par with I.M.P. You own either a single crummy apartment in the Pride ring, a family farm-scale one in any other ring of Hell, or a terribly tacky and run down knockoff of a more successful one like Loo Loo Land. You have enough permanent employees (so not counting the hires, carnies or others who just seem to come and go) to be counted on one hand, all of them are lazy/neurotic/unhinged/some other flavour of fucked up, most probably don't want to be here, and all are actually surprisingly good at their job. Keep finding ways to get the tools they need. And deep down care for each other like family.

For 200 CP, you own a successful and beloved business on par with the posh and also rather performatively lustful restaurant Ozzie's. Or the much more successful and popular theme park Lu Lu World! It's the kind of place that demons either struggle to book a place in or that families rush to get into, and once they do it's soaked in a *sinfully* luxurious standard of quality for whatever it is you're doing there. Whether you're making dildos and scented candles or birthday cakes, expect Hell's special magical touch to enhance whatever service or product you're providing.

Finally, for 400 CP you own one of the most powerful corporate brands in all of Hell, with either sheer exposure or the world-changing quality of your company's output making it a force of nature. Carmine Industries' unparalleled production of angel metal-made conventional arms and superweapon components. The Vees' stranglehold on Hell's media and fashion with all the holdings that entails-including their rather luxurious tower with multiple floors dedicated to each Vees' interests. Or Mammon's monopoly on Fizz-related merchandise. Whatever the nature of your company, you have hundreds if not thousands of highly trained and competitive demonic employees as well as one or two utterly outstanding ones, and the sheer economic might to just like-commission a superweapon or something.

Gentle reminder that you can also use this option to invest in a rough equivalent in Heaven. But like…nicer and less mean. At the very least, this is the easiest way to acquire a large and somehow replenishing stock of raw angel metal!

Well.

Mostly nicer.

Okay, *yes* you can use the 400 CP version of this to become the leader of your very own division of the Exorcists. The Exorcists are angels of modest power but generally merciless and bloodthirsty temperament. Most can at least butcher sinners with their immortal-slaying angel metal weapons (while being airborne and hard to harm themselves) while swinging them hard and fast enough to release shockwaves and mow down the average sinner like wheat. though also tend towards extreme aggression leaving them open to counterattacks. While Heaven's military is relatively untested when it comes to opponents who can actually fight back, the chain of command does include at least one junior archangel who may or may not be your descendant. Archangels are roughly comparable to Charlie in power, able to punch through barriers erected by even the strongest Overlords and obliterate buildings instantly with their holy light. Though through frailty or inexperience this one would probably be a much more even fight than Adam for Charlie.

Dastardly Vehicle of DESTRUCTION! (400 CP): You can't spell class conflict without CLASS! Make your bid as a powerful overlord in STYLE, with this massive and heavily armed vehicle crewed by devoted minions! Sir Pentious' airship is a solid example of what you can expect, boasting a tastefully decorated interior as well as energy cannons capable of punching holes through buildings. You might not have little genetically engineered bumbling egg demons crewing your ship, but whether you prefer clockwork mice or mutant insects expect the same kind of devoted but silly workforce proving to be a competent crew and absolutely terrible at dealing with any kind of onboard invasion. And the insides are lavishly decorated and furnished, of course. If you don't like airships for some reason *you wretch of meagre taste* you can have some other kind of all-terrain flying vehicle like a soaring train or a reinforced hovercraft. As one final bonus, the vehicle is large enough to carry a lab and restocking components suitable for conducting whatever demonic or heavenly sciences you might be interested in tinkering with. Just in case what your *next* dastardly plan needs to succeed is an extra ace in the hole…

The Might of Lilith (600 CP): It's huge! It swivels! It's…vaguely phallic. No, focus! This gigantic energy cannon, made from an implausibly large amount of angel metal on an equally implausibly short timeframe, is potentially capable of shattering the barriers Heaven typically protects itself with or blasting half a ring of Hell away. The kicker is that this thing needs a sufficiently powerful fuel source. Like say…an angel of Lucifer's power. Why are you being charge so much for something Vox commissioned from Carmilla Carmine not long after she'd shot down his first recruitment pitch? Well, because *this* particular model has had a few improvements to run off any powerful

magical energy source (although it's power source-containing tubes still have angel metal sockets apparently capable of neutralising even Lucifer's angelic power unless broken from the outside), and to have a far more efficient energy and cooling system. Even if you've just got some magical crystals much less powerful than one of the former highest angel around, this thing can still pop out a few shots at lower intensity as long as you chuck the into the central loading tube. It can also fire for much longer without overheating, and comes with an automatic shutdown protocol in case you go mad with power and get funny ideas like blowing yourself up.

Circus Sideshow (600 CP, optionally more): Damn it all, there's another one! Another ring of Hell, replete with its' own all-pervasive sin (that largely leaves society functional nonetheless) and while the main seven are already taken there's nobody known to hog the others. Each ring of Hell comes with its' own ecosystem of (generally supremely tough and aggressive) plants and animals, the vaguely defined resources to fashion all manner of artifacts or mechanisms enhanced by magical means, as well as an at least city-sized demonic population already present that acknowledges you as the layer's ruler. As for why it doesn't cost more, well. Demons are fickle and violent creatures with the morality and impulse control of the average housecat as well as the responsibility of the average drunk college student, except (potentially) when engaging in a musical number. Herding demons is like herding less intelligent cats, and by and large they don't respect any hierarchy not enforced by sudden violence. In short, judging from Lucifer's present despondency actually ruling Hell rather than just wallowing in its' mess is liable to leave you rather burnt out…unless you have some means of lifting the spirit of every demon in Hell at once.

By the way, would you like to halve Lucifer's burden? For an extra undiscountable 50 CP like the Pride Ring, your Hell draws down sinners (exactly half of those that would have gone to Pride, specifically. In future worlds, while things might get complicated wherever there are other Hells you'll definitely have to deal with every dead wicked soul in worlds without one) by whatever metric decides a soul is worth condemning forever. Certainly, many would agree most of those who end up in Hell did enough to belong there. Serial murder, stalking, cannibalism. But even someone who kills in self-defence or merely died burdened with guilt from inaction can potentially fall to damnation.

For a further undiscountable 50 CP, some unseen force has cut out the middleman and decided to let YOU set the terms for who goes to Hell after their death! There's some sort of performative mystical process in place to set the rules (writing them down on a parchment conjured at your will, passing a law with whatever peers you deem fit etc), but you can always amend the terms by your own will.

Alternatively, this can be used to buy a slice of Heaven. In exchange for being a lot more stable and compliant, the angelic inhabitants of Heaven are generally a lot more risk averse and slow to change. Likewise, you can pay 50 CP to let the (seemingly much stricter, with the benefit that even those condemned to Hells in other settings can potentially redeem themselves with enough agency to somehow act selflessly, without personal gain and preferably in a self-sacrificial way way opposing the act they personally deem most heinous in their history. *At least, that's how it seems to work*) criteria for redeeming souls to Heaven continue to apply elsewhere. And pay an additional 50 CP to set the rules yourself.

The Beast From The Sea (600 CP): The real power of the Vees isn't in their cashflow, their magic or even their stranglehold over the media. *No*, it's that amazing aquarium inside of Vox's tower. You now own a similar aquarium either based in a property of your choice or your Cosmic Warehouse, full of cybernetically enhanced sharks. Sharks so enhanced they don't just survive on land but *fly* and can telepathically do your bidding with the enthusiasm of particularly vicious golden retrievers. But the crown jewel among your pets is a particularly powerful and loyal specimen who, similar to Shock.wav, due to sheer overwhelming might and an apparent resilience to magic it's no exaggeration to say this creature could even send some of the strongest Overlords in Hell running for the hills in a fight. If this thing didn't like you enough to stay put it could probably rip through skyscrapers like cardboard.

And no, it doesn't have to be an aquarium, and the pets don't have to be sharks, but according to Vox *sharks are the coolest*.



New Friends!!!

Together We Are Strong (50-300 CP): What's the point of taking your act on the road without at least a duet, or better yet a quartet? Each 50 CP you spend here lets you create or import a companion with 600 CP to spend on whatever they want, except more companions. The usual 300 CP discount for a full pack of 8 applies. As a special dispensation due to virtually everyone here having unresolved problems, companions can take drawbacks for more CP.

Hell Is Forever (Free/50 CP apiece): But it doesn't have to suck so much. Make a firm enough friend, and by some miracle of MUSICALS they can become a companion of yours to leave this world together with. For a little security, by paying 50 CP you're guaranteed to make a good first impression on a character of your choice. Such a good impression, in fact, the two of you will somehow end up meeting in the middle of a shared musical! It's up to you, if you repurchase this option, whether you encounter people in separate musicals or somehow sweep up much of the main cast in one big musical upon your arrival.

Small Friends (100 CP): Someone cared about you enough to entrust these small, terrier-sized reptilian critters to follow you around. These followers love you unconditionally and tend to hover around you like flying puppies while going about your business. They can ALSO turn into gigantic firebreathing dragons to protect you in combat, but outside of immediate danger they seem happy to remain small.

GIVE ME LIFE (100/400/800 CP, discounted Circus Sideshow AND > = Eight Deadly Sin racial option): Demons come from other demons. Big shocker. But not necessarily in the way you might think. You see, throughout Hell's history there have been those with the cunning to *create* demons to fulfil some goal or aspiration, or just because having some funny little guys around to do stuff makes them feel warm and fuzzy inside. You are now one of them, having created a new species of demon for reasons you know. Or angel. Your demonic or angelic race is inclined to regard you with awe somewhere between that of a child to their parent and literal religious worship, although comically excessive mistreatment can in fact antagonist individuals as Satan found out (to his utter indifference. Oh, and if you somehow accomplished this *without* being a Sin or their greaters either someone made a demon race for your benefit or you were involved in a very extraordinary science experiment.

Like Hell of a Sale, this option can be repurchased multiple times and at different tiers.

Hell has both something of an overpopulation problem and problems with getting leadership to actually do anything about it, so the powers that be will sponsor you taking the time to actually create more room for these guys. And also be more prone to looking the other way if you're one of them. You may decide if your demonic or angelic race has only just come into being or has existed almost long as you have in the jump. Translation: Both Circus Sideshow and selecting the Eighth Deadly Sin or a more expensive racial option will let you apply a 50 % discount to your demon race. If discounts reduce a price down to 50 CP or below, one purchase of the demon race is free and optional. Subsequnet purchases of that race are 50 CP each.

Just get them out of here when you're done. After the jump, the demons become followers scattered generally near wherever you are in future settings, or located in the property provided by Circus Sideshow. Also Heaven just doesn't want to part you from your little friends.

For 100 CP your created demon race is about on par with imps, hellhounds or run of the mill hellborn. The Sins seldom distinguish or begrudge someone being made to grovel, so why should you? There's enough of these things to make up a general population of any given layer in Hell.

For 400 CP your created demon race is about on par with the Goetia demons: At the minimum, immortal to violence from sources lesser to them in mystical power. Though perhaps instead of creating those with grandiose mystical gifts, you'd prefer a race of brutes with physical prowess to rival some of the Overlords' commissioned giant monsters? Likewise there's about as many of them as the Goetias (including one Asmodeus-level absolute unit of a ruler), who seem to have somewhat expanded their clan from the 72 recorded in human literature. Alternatively, if you'd like quality over quantity you can instead have created 7 demons on par with the Deadly Sins themselves.

Finally for 800 CP you have somehow created perhaps the most dreaded of all angelic innovations: Humanity. To be more specific, you have somehow recreated the approximate conditions that led to Adam and Lilith's creation in the Garden of Eden before giving them a little special sauce. The number of *these* demons (if they can even truly be thought of as that. Adam and Abel at least seem to be bonafide archangels) can be counted on one hand, and for good reason. Charlie is really busy at the moment and would probably appreciate someone not contesting her title as the Princess of Hell while she's trying to figure out the whole redemption thing

Pilot Princess (50 CP): Oh look, it's Charlie Morningstar! Except…is it really her? She seems to be significantly more self-aware about Hell's true nature, smart enough not to accept a vaguely worded deal with a demon, and has the confidence to actually assert her authority as Princess of Hell to get what she wants instead of gave to any old reporter. Also a taste for darker and more muted colors when it comes to fashion, and a somewhat more downcast attitude. In every other area she's literally identical to Charlie Morningstar, but she seems to have lost all memory of how she got here other than a vague memory of a "bad business breakup" that resulted in someone important to her being gone forever. She's rather worried and confused, not least because the other Morningstars and everyone she thought she knew don't seem to recognise her at all. Hopefully, you can find it in yourself to be the friend she needs to get through these trying times.



Also she thinks of herself more as Charlotte than Charlie.

Drawbacks (Yikes!!)

Dirty Healings (+0 CP): Have you seen exactly where and when Charlie picked Angel Dust off the street? Now's your chance. This changes your starting date to the prequel webcomic instead, allowing you to see a different side of several charac-well, to be honest what you see is mostly what you get.

[Angelology Intensifies] (+0 CP/-100 CP): By now there's quite a lot of stories out there extrapolating on the series' wider history. Why did Adam become the guy he is these days? What were Lucifer and Lilith doing for all those thousands of years? Choose this, and you may find answers not yet present at the time of writing. For free, you can go to a fanfiction that more or less preserves the canon capabilities of the characters instead of the canon show. If at any point the fanfiction describes capabilities significantly above and beyond those shown in the show (anything trying to elaborate on angelic immunity to harm beyond the obvious generally qualifies), you must instead pay 100 CP in exchange for benefiting from those advantageous metaphysics from being there.

THE DIABOLICAL DANNY DO-BAD! (+50 CP): You are comically, laughably bad at actually being evil. Not even in Sir Pentious' hammy over the top way. You are the kind of person who would tape a fake moustache to your lips, dress like an old-timey railway employee and tie someone to the tracks as your idea of villainy. Expect to intimidate nobody whenever you try at best, and to be outright laughed at by some.

Little Yellow Temptations (+50 CP): Forget apples knowledge, you know what's REALLY going to turn this world upside down? RUBBER DUCKS. At least like Lucifer, you seem to have been convinced that this, THIS is going to be the next best thing, derailing many of your plans and priorities to dedicated large amounts of time and energy to somehow make rubber ducks this ultimate world-changing fad. Yes, you can still spend time with your daughter or whatever given enough prompting, but without a good reason you're just going to keep crawling back for your duck fix like an alcoholic to the bottle.

Alternatively it can be something other than rubber ducks, but it will absolutely still be roughly as ridiculous.

I'll Make The Mistakes (+50/200 CP): Caring about people's a good thing, but sometimes a good thing can go too far. In one specific area you have a tendency to make impulsive, shortsighted mistakes: Protecting those who matter to you. You can still discern someone not being on the level or fight to make right what's wrong, but any

argument predicated on that special someone's safety will be far more effective at piercing your good judgement.

For 200 CP, you are outright in love with someone from this world in a way that causes you both significant drama. Whether because your relationship is deemed unseemly (or at least, you're convinced it is) or because you love them more than they think they do or vice versa, expect to live constantly in interesting times until you sort things out. And to draw in other vested interests hoping to take advantage of the situation-or get even.

AYY I'M SHOOTIN' OVAH HEAH (50/100 CP): The mob continues to somehow be a major presence even in Hell. For 50 CP you've spilt a drink on a handful of loan sharks and they're after you to get even. For 100 CP you've pissed off someone like Crimson Knolastname: A powerful mob boss…by imp standards. Whoever they are, they're really invested in fucking your shit up. Expect them to find ways even into other realms of existence to gut you like a fish.

Dudebro (+100 CP): Diligence? Effort? Pfft, why even? You've lived a life of such luxury and privilege that you find it difficult to comprehend making a mistake. You're sloppy in combat, tend to yell whatever's at the top of your mind out in public regardless of the consequences, and indulge in whatever vice you enjoy at the drop of a hat. This doesn't actually prevent you from being cunning and ruthless, but expect to be caught flat-footed a lot due to careless little mistakes.

BRIGHTER (+100 CP): Brighter than the heavens in the skies above! That's you, that's what you want to be, that's what you need to be! You're as much of an attention-hungry, megalomaniacal, god complex fuckwit as Vox himself (and fuck HIM for daring to stand in your spotlight!). It's not exaggeration to say you'd overturn all of Hell and Heaven to make them bow down before you, or that you're at high risk of getting played by anyone who knows what you really care about. Try not to drive away the people who can actually see past your glowing glory while chasing it.

[理解できない音] (+100 CP): You're a native Japanese speaker unable to communicate verbally in any language other than Japanese, in a setting where almost everyone who's anyone seems to only speak English. It's not clear if seraphim can speak other languages and it would be strange if those who created the universe couldn't but…don't count it out. Expect some major difficulties in communicating. Also you can't write somehow despite being able to read and understand just fine.

Bullish Assassination Economy (+100/200 CP): Someone really, really wants you dead and if they're not one of the Goetia, they have roughly equivocal resources and influence at least. To that end, for the boon of 100 CP they've hired a professional hitman or sinner armed with angelic weaponry and ferocious fighting skills by Hell's standards to bring you down by any means necessary. The only chink in their tactical acumen's armor is a twisted sense of pride in their killings. For 200 CP they're going all out, hiring all kinds of goons (though few of them will have angel metal) in the hopes of bringing you down. The violence only stops once you corner whoever's making your life Hell. Well, more Hellish than the norm.

- I AM THE MASTERMIND (+200 CP): By the way, for this little bonus it terms out there was someone pulling the strings BEHIND your malefactor! They're just as powerful but considerably more intelligent.

Poison (+200 CP): That's what this sick, nasty feeling is to you. There's addictions, and then there's habits like this that are more about sabotaging you emotionally than physically. Specifically, you're addicted to both sex and self-loathing in ways that never work out well for you. Armies of angry jilted exes, finding reasons to willingly get yourself roofied by literal loan sharks-this shit is ruining and has already ruined your personal life as much as your holes, or someone else's, doesn't really matter much. *And you love it*. It's going to take some serious soul-searching to kick this out of your life and get your shit together.

Love in a Bottle (+200 CP): Okay so that alcoholic metaphor just got a whole lot more literal. Whether it's gambling, drinking or gacha games you've been burdened with what most hellborn would consider a life-ruining habit. Doesn't matter how empty your pockets are or how often you've been screwed by it, if you're in a bad enough mood you'll lurch off to drink enough to knock an Overlord on his ass. Can be repurchased for multiple vices, you absolute bum. It's not impossible to kick but…in Hell you're surrounded by reasons not to, and in Heaven people seem to have trouble understanding problems like this.

Lock and Key (+200/300/400 CP): O-kay, this is bad. You've sold your soul to an Overlord for power, and now it's time to decide how fucked you are.

For 200 CP your creditor is someone like Rosie. They have an inscrutable agenda involving the higher powers of Hell they'll expect you to follow unquestioningly, but they can be civil, have a fairly wide latitude in how you can accomplish your mission, and even offer minor help here and there. Just don't you forget that you're their pet, or they'll make you dance a musical about it!

For 300 CP your creditor treats you about as well as Alastor. Expect to be whisked away from whatever you're doing to perform chores ranging from dishwashing to combat, then dismissed just as quickly. Or be dragged away from your life into turf wards with other Overlords. Those sudden quirks aside they do at least value your life somewhat despite violently slapping down any personal humiliation, and can even come to regard you as a friend over time. Not enough to void the contract without a REALLY good relationship though.

Finally for 400 CP you've fallen into the clutches of an abusive, exploitative monster like Valentino. Expect to be whored out right after exterminations, slapped because your owner is bored and forcefed hellish narcotics for kinkier rape sessions.

There's a way out of every contract, as mentioned earlier. If the creditor fails to uphold the letter of the bargain, the debtor is freed from whatever restrictions on their power exist. It's up to you to unwind your leash, though.

- The Fine Print (Free/100/200/300 CP): Speaking of that, would you like a little extra for your trouble? Let's talk about *the letter of the law* which is all that really matters for an infernal contract. If you want to make things easier, for free the legalese amounts to something like "One favour of my choosing, no harming people". Practically a steal but a clever Overlord could still leverage it to threaten you into more service. For 100 CP there's an obvious and clear loophole like getting the Overlord to touch you. For 200 CP, the Overlord can make you their bitch…in a relatively specific area or building, and the contract otherwise gives you free time, only allowing the Overlord drag you in during working hours no more arduous than the average salaried job. Alternatively, like Alastor's contract with Rosie it's predicated on a *very* defined fail condition like ensuring you're the strongest sinner in Hell. Finally, for 300 CP you are well and truly fucked because your contract is as absolute as Alastor's grip on Nifty and Husk's souls.

Exit, Pursued By A Shark (+200 CP): Oh god, what is that?! Some sort of Hellish beast as powerful as Shock.wav keeps showing up out of nowhere and ruining your day! It has an especially nasty habit of showing up whenever you're fighting someone around your level or in similarly dangerous circumstances, invariably making them worse. Kill the thing and another one will just show up in a few days. It'll take considerable effort and investigation to figure out where they come from. Has someone found out how to CLONE cyborg sharks powerful enough to make Alastor flee for his life?!

Proper Princess (+300 CP): You've made the terrible decision of deciding to treat life like a Disney Princess. This is most unwise in Hell but probably a bad idea even in Heaven, in the long run. You're incredibly naïve, instinctively trusting and try to avoid violence at all costs until it's do or die. You're also desperate to believe there's good in everyone despite being repeatedly shown proof otherwise. This is why Charlie gets zero respect from much of the cast at the start of her mission despite theoretically being more powerful than most of it.

Clipped Wings (+300 CP): This on the other hand is why Lucifer LOST whatever respect he had left after a certain public humiliation. At some point, the angels decided to punish you by sealing away your ability to harm sinners. Try to smite one and your powers will just kind of awkwardly sputter out. To make matters worse, circumstances will contrive to put you in situations where harming sinners would be REALLY helpful if not outright necessary, even if you try to sulk away in Heave or something.

Impossible Incompetence (+300 CP): Kindly reread Situational Plot-Mandated Incompetence again, would you? *You're like that all the time.* You are an absolutely comically inept moron who could be sung a song about being called a cuck and told to fuck off, and never figure out it's actually about you until directly named right at the end. You are the kind of ridiculous dingus who could be lured onto a giant X written on the ground. You suck so much at making decisions that even a Sin would find life more difficult than it has any right to be.

Hellbent (+300/600 CP): Normally, only sinners are targeted by the Exorcists during exterminations. You have the privilege of not just being a potential exception, but a priority target. Adam has either enough of a personal grudge or just gotten bored enough to make it his personal mission in life to see you dead. He's powerful enough to crush even the greatest Overlords like insects, fast enough to dodge laser fire and smarter than he looks. He has the full might and loyalty of all currently active Exorcists at his beck and call, and contacts in Heaven. Fortunately he is also not well-liked in Heaven, so anyone without an already damning track record and a functioning brain should at least be able to convince many angels he's gone a bit far.

For 600 CP, may God have mercy on your soul because Sera and a reluctant Able have decided to step in and lend Adam a hand. This isn't *quite* antagonising *all* of Heaven, but the reinforcements Sera alone can bring to bear mean very little difference from the perspective of most.

Adam's one saving grace is that at the time of writing, he hasn't raised a hand to anyone from Heaven who isn't one of his own Exorcists. If the 300 CP version of this drawback is taken with the Saved background, you're dealing with a similarly powerful force of demons instead. Perhaps Satan has deemed you guilty of a grave crime against Hell deserving execution, and set all his enforcers after you? Regarding the scope of threat for the 600 CP version of this drawback, it's something on the scale of six other Sins deciding to support their brother. Or Satan roping in Lucifer and, to her likely panic and confusion, Charlie into destroying you.

Or perhaps the threat comes from beyond both Heaven and Hell. From the distant corners of the universe where unborn life dwells, and where writhing tendrils hunger for mortal morsels.

Go home

Stay

Move on

Notes

The less you think about this setting, the more sense it makes.

What's the point of buying magical powers if demon/angel magic can do whatever the plot needs it to, you ask? Well, think of it like adding more character points to a loosely defined character creation system-not in overall power, but in terms of what *unique and useful* things you can accomplish. If you buy the ability to hypnotise people for CP you don't have to tier that to your *core* demonic capabilities and can punch people through TV screens for example.

Yes, some Hazbin humans have access to magic; it's how Alastor made his little arrangement with Rosie before even dying. No, it has not been elaborated on at all. Given the fact that rich trillionaires and not wizards rule the human world because it is apparently easier to build a machine that reverses age than it is to use magic for anything nearly as profitable, at the time of writing it is assumed human magic is complete and utter garbage fit for little more than yammering at Stolas to come see you through a portal.