

Mars of Destruction

[Introduction]
In the far-off future of 2010, an exploration vessel was sent to Mars to investigate strange ruins found there. Thinking it the discovery of the millennium, the exploration vessel made its way back to Earth with these ancient artifacts in tow. However, something went wrong during reentry, and the ship was burned up in the Earth's atmosphere.

Several months after the pieces of the Mars Exploration Vessel fell to Earth, bizarre incidents began occurring in Tokyo. Strange creatures, quickly dubbed "Ancients", began to appear without warning. These Ancients appeared animalistic in nature, passive almost, but the bore an intense hatred for man and the creations of man that causes them to mindlessly spread death and destruction to everything in their path.

Humanity has forged their own weapons and fighting force to combat the Ancients, but their success rate has been inconsistent, at best.

How will Humanity surpass this ordeal, and more importantly, should they? Especially once they come upon the truth of the Ancients, and the true birthplace of humanity.

[Cp Budget]
+1000

[Origins]
There are few parts worth playing in this world, but you might appreciate a choice in the matter all the same. Your memories and connections in this world will hinge on what you choose here.

Age is 1d8+10 for MARS Compatible and AAST, 2d8+30 for Americans. The age for Earthlings includes thousands of years lying dormant in the Earth, so the actual number is arbitrary. Gender is whatever you came as. Pay 50cp to change both freely.

MARS Compatible [Drop In] (Free):
An irregularity, in more ways than one. You are one of the only individuals, outside the Hinata lineage, with the genetic compatibility to don the MARS suit. Originally, Takeru Hinata was next in line to fulfil this duty, but upon the discovery of a MARS-compatible individual with no citizenship, relatives, or memories, you were forcefully enlisted in the AAST in his stead.

AAST (Free):
A member of the Anti unidentified Ancients Special Team. Despite being worryingly young, you were recruited into this team from an elite police organization. Your team is Japan's first and last defense against the Ancients. Strangely, most of the current members of this team are teenage girls, barring Takeru Hinata, the current wearer of the MARS suit.

American (Free):
You are a concerned American who has decided to involve himself in the mysteries behind the Mars Exploration Vessel, and by extension, the Ancients. You're associated with the National Research Institute, who has taken it upon themselves to analyse the recovered Martian artifacts with their superior American technology. You may be a politician or investor, or maybe even one of the researchers, but you are considered vital to this operation in some capacity.

Earthling (200):
A victim, if ever there was one. You and your kind were the true Earthlings, before the Martians, that began calling themselves "Humanity" invaded your home to escape their own extinction. The remnants of the same virus that failed to wipe out the Martians was brought down to Earth with the falling pieces of the Mars Exploration Vessel. Sensing the opportunity for revolution, you awoke to erase these Martians from existence, and reclaim your homeworld. In this day and age, the humans have come to calling you "Ancients".

Like all of your brethren, you possess superhuman strength, and are capable of firing a beam of plasma from your mouth that can instantly annihilate human flesh beyond cinders. However, you have evolved beyond all of them, giving you a unique appearance and greater power. Your strength and overall durability is of course superior, but you also possess a passive forcefield that completely negates all weak plasma attacks. Sufficient injury will prevent you from raising this forcefield at all. Your species' superior armor and musculature has the unfortunate drawback of rendering you significantly slower than the average human. Sprinting for you is what most humans would call "power-walking".

[Perks]
Let's see what you're made of. Perks are discounted 50% off for their respective origins. All origins get their 100cp perk for free.

General Perks:

Original Video "Animation" (Free All): Why don't you go ahead and knock it off with all this martial arts and super speed nonsense. Give the animators a break why don't you, we can only afford to pay them so much. You've now attained a special power possessed by every inhabitant of this universe, the power to stand completely still in any circumstance. You're still subject to the laws of physics, but just not moving is harder than you'd think. You can breathe without visibly inhaling, or balance perfectly on one foot, or fire a submachine gun without flinching.

Totally Gone (50cp/per): You have absurd blood pressure, and an equally insane quantity of blood in your body to compensate. This somehow just works in regards to your body mass and functions. You can increase this pressure and quantity with each purchase of this. One purchase will let blood squirt out of your wounds like a sprinkler, with two, bloodspray is an actual spray that could knock papers off a desk, with twenty purchases, you could use your papercuts to carve up stone like a high-pressure water jet.

MARS Compatible Perks:

The Compatibility (100cp): The miraculous genetics that let you survive dawning the MARS suit. In addition, your internal organs have been mutated for compatibility as well. instead of outright bursting or being crushed when placed under immense pressure, your organs and muscles can simply condense like sponges, while maintaining all functionality. Releasing this pressure will cause your body to “inflate” into its proper shape. This doesn’t make it any less agonizing, but this increased density makes your body stronger somehow.

Heart Stimulants (200cp): When the fate of the world rests on your shoulders, it’s understandable that you’d need to vent every now and then. More than that, somehow, doing so makes you appear more attractive to your peers. You could spend your every waking moment whining like a baby, and somehow, this will make many of your coworkers pity you enough to develop romantic feelings for you. Assuming they tolerate your whining long enough to be affected. This doesn’t make you any less annoying.

Why is it Alive? (400cp): There’s nothing worse than a tight-lipped monster, especially when you have no idea why you’re fighting to begin with. If you’re at a major information disadvantage in an ongoing conflict, and end up killing someone who would otherwise be able to clear up your questions, they’ll often find some hidden reserves of strength within themselves to briefly come back from death and exposit at your threateningly. They may not tell you everything you want to know, but they’ll usually let some major hints slip out before they drop dead for good.

Considerable Shock (600cp): Even if it shrink-wraps your intestines, slipping on the MARS suit does have its perks, namely that most injuries sustained with the suit on go away the second you take the damned thing off. Now your special genetics let you apply this to any similar transformations into armored states. You can still be killed like this, but if you can consciously undo your transformation in time, none of your injuries will carry over. Although, this doesn’t work in both directions, do try to stay in good health outside of combat. Any damage sustained by the armor itself will persist regardless.

AAST Perks:

“Police” Training (100cp): ...If you say so. You know how to fire a plasma gun, and specialize in a single specific area of “police” work, in which you excel, such as hand to hand combat, swordsmanship, marksmanship, information analysis, etc. More impressively, whenever you find yourself in a policing body, you’ll almost always be at the receiving end of special promotions or recommendations, regardless of your actual displayed competence, or lack thereof.

Proceeding to Eliminate! (200cp): Isn’t it nice when the bad guys give you the first move? If you enter a battle without actually attacking, all involved parties will just wait and stare blankly at you, without attacking, until you decide to initiate combat. This time can be used to strategize, charge attacks, or just pose if you want, as long as you don’t actually attack. Your opponents will likely do the same though. You can only pull this move once per fight, and only when you first enter it. Smarter enemies will eventually learn their lesson, if they survive that long.

We've Managed (400cp): You've developed a… peculiar maneuver for prolonging your life. If you're ever put in a position where your life is at stake, whether from an otherwise fatal wound, or being strangled to death, you can prolong the time it takes for anything to kill you by squirming and moaning suggestively. It doesn't matter what you're actually suffering from, as long as you have the stamina and physical ability to wiggle and making those ambiguously sexual noises, you can keep on living, and even stall the progression of whatever this threat is.

Get Back! (600cp): They say that poisonous frogs evolved vividly colored skin to ward off predators, maybe this is the same kind of phenomenon? Your hair now has some impossible quality to it. Maybe it's an unnatural color, maybe it naturally grows into an elaborate and otherwise high-maintenance hairstyle on its own, maybe some combination of those. Whatever it is, it frightens any and all enemies of yours on an instinctual level. As long as your head is visible and completely unarmored, it is impossible to actually hit your head with ranged attacks, even by accident. This is not the case for totally indiscriminate attacks.

American Perks:

True Identities (100cp): Even if they don't know who you are, there's one undeniable truth that no onlookers can refute, you are an American. At will, you may retroactively change your dress and appearance to match any hollywood actor. Why not slip on a pair of goggles and be Doc Brown, or make preteens everywhere swoon with your perfect Johnny Depp impression. If you like, you can superimpose these appearances together, but the outcome is usually unpleasant to look at, human faces just aren't supposed to look like that.

Humanity Has Roots in Japan? (200cp): When the fate of the world is at stake, there's just no time for logical debate. You are an absolute master of irrational arguing. You can sell your own nonsensical arguments or keep up with a debate gradually shifting away from rationality without missing a beat. Even as your opponent falls back on logical fallacies to give themselves an edge, you can match them with your own brand of nonsense to even the playing field. You can sell your own illogic with a confidence that few are willing to doubt.

An Awful Time in Tokyo (400cp): You can't blame foreigners just for being inadequate, it wasn't there choice to not be born American, but you're willing to help them make up for lost time. You have a frightening talent for convincing foreign parties help you or the interest of your country over their own. They'll give your country priority over their own country's interests, and they'll commit anything short of treason on your behalf, and some may be willing to cross that line. You can always expect to be first in line when it comes time to research the world-changing artifacts that fell on foreign soil, or acquiring the services of world-renown experts in a given field, who just happen to not be American.

To America? (600cp): There's a reason people say everything's better in America. Any studious or scientific pursuit you partake in is guaranteed to be at least twice as productive and twice as efficient when pursued on American soil, compared to anywhere else. Additionally, any processes that have certain environmental conditions required to execute, whether it's a specific humidity, elevation, or something more mystical like being near a leyline, you can waive these requirements entirely, as long as you're doing it in America. This only covers you for purely environmental or topographical requirements, it's another story if you require a particularly rare material expense, or the assistance of a specific person.

Earthling Perks:

There's a Third! (100cp): You have no time to spare on the weak in your noble mission. In your crusade, you may find people who are just utterly unimportant and expendable before you. In this world, these people are characterized by an absence of facial features or a totally mundane hairstyle. Rather than wasting time on them, as long as you don't devote your attention to targeting opponents who pose an actual threat to you, your attacks will be drawn to these expendable extras, especially their vitals, regardless of whether you even bothered aiming. These lethal strikes will always result in a physically impossible shower of blood and gore that is all but guaranteed to decimate your more relevant enemies' moral.

You Can Talk? (200cp): Talk is cheap, but useful nonetheless. In any form you take on, regardless of its biology or properties, you will be capable of coherent spoken language. Even for inhuman languages that you know, as long as you have one form with the physical capacity to speak it, you may carry these over to any other form you take. This also extends to any purely mouth-based abilities, such as the earthlings' trademark plasma beams.

The Real Earthlings (400cp): The martians may laugh at you for falling short in speed, but that soon changes to terror when they watch you casually stroll through a parked car. Your superior Earthling muscles will now actively increase your physical strength inversely to how fast you're moving. If you're moving at or above your average speed, you'll stay at whatever your strength normally is, but if you deliberately move slower than that, your strength will begin scaling. Going at ½ your usual speed will double your strength, going at ¼ speed will quadruple it, etc.

It Was You Who Invaded (600cp): There's something anomalous about you that people just can't properly keep track of in battle. In such confrontations, people's depth perception will practically atrophy when you're around. They won't know whether you're really that close of just plain huge. You can close in for a grab while your enemies still think you're blocks away, or pass off an attack that missed you entirely as a fatal hit. Opponents probably won't even understand what they witnessed until the battle has long since ended.

[Equipment] It never hurts to be prepared when the stakes are as high as they are. Items are discounted 50% off for their respective origins. All origins get their 100cp item for free.

General Items:

Corsets (100cp): Specially designed training apparati for aspiring users of the MARS suit. Those who do not possess the genetic compatibility may wear these corsets over your limbs and torso to train you body to handle the physical strain. Although, this will require years of constantly wearing these to reach that point. The suit will still reject you on a genetic level, preventing you from using it for any significant amount of time. Those who do have the compatibility however, may use these corsets to gradually numb your body to the pain that comes with slipping on the MARS suit. Letting you take it on and off freely, and wear the suit with little to no meaningful time limit.

MARS Compatible Items:

MARS Suit (100cp): The linchpin in humanity's offensive against the Ancients, the Anti-Ancient suit, MARS. The MARS suit was designed by the Hinata family. The suit grants the wearer the same strength and durability of an Ancient, while maintaining the speed and mobility of a human being. Unfortunately the suit has been shown to kill anyone who puts it on without compatible genetics. This is mainly because the process of dawning the suit involves forcefully condensing the wearer's limbs and abdomen to an otherwise unsurvivable extent as it forms around them. Only the Hinata bloodline themselves has consistently demonstrated this compatibility. Putting on the suit requires an enclosed cross-shaped chamber. You receive this chamber, that you can freely and securely install in any location, or even a sufficiently spacious vehicle of your choice.

Photon Sword (200cp): What starts off as just a small handle, when activated collects photons from the surroundings to form a blade of seemingly hardened light. Rather than just burning through an enemy, like the more conventional plasma-based weaponry, this blade tears through matter on a molecular level. The blade is a set shape, and it's a bit on the small side, so it's not all that hard just to catch your wrist before you have a chance to cut anything with this.

Armored Truck (400cp): This armored truck has the durability to shrug off even an Ancient's beam, but it rarely needs it, since enemies don't usually think to attack it for whatever reason. This truck, well, it's more of a van really, has a spacious area inside that's perfect for any especially flashy transformations. Any flashy sequences like that be totally hidden from anybody outside the truck, and there's even a platform that you can raise to exit through the roof of the truck. Onlookers rarely put two and two together as to who enters the truck before seeing their transformed state exit immediately after. You don't have to use this for transformations, it can be used for pretty much anything you'd use a soundproof and bulletproof truck for.

Nepotism (600cp): Maybe you weren't as alone in this world as you thought. Here, and in future worlds, you will find at least one relative, or someone who thinks they're your relative, in some high-up position in any organization you ally yourself with. You may not even know they existed until you enlist, but they will still give you more preferential treatment than you could ever want or need. They will always recommend you for the most prestigious positions, and let you in on way more info than you should be privy to. It's also possible that they only have their own interests in mind for you. As long as you don't rely too heavily on their help, you should be in the clear. If you explicitly don't want a nepotistic superior, all you have to do is wish it so when you first enlist in an organization.

AAST Items:

Jumpsuit (100cp): The standard uniform for AAST operatives. A skin-tight jumpsuit with wrist-mounted communicator. The specially-designed fabric is highly resistant to piercing and tearing, though it doesn't do much good against blunt-force trauma, obviously. For some reason, despite leaving the wearers head, shoulders, and hands totally exposed, it seems to extend its protection to those areas as well.

Plasma Armory (200cp): In addition to the plasma gun that comes standard for all AAST operatives, you receive a plasma-based variation of a single melee weapon of your choice, two if you plan to dual wield. Plasma weaponry behaves like ordinary bullets and blades for the most

part, but the absurd heat gives the weapons piercing power incomparable to any conventional types of weaponry. A well placed shot with these could blow the arm off the average Ancient.

Plasma Rifle (400cp): Not to be confused with the plasma guns that come standard to all AAST agents. This piece of experimental plasma technology combines the precision and stopping power of an anti-tank rifle, with the piercing and searing power of plasma weaponry. It's surprisingly easy to control, just pull the trigger and it fires in a perfectly straight line. It can even synchronize with advanced apperati like the MARS suit to automatically target and aim with hardly any user input. This beam can pierce even the strongest defenses the Ancients have to offer, but until you manage to upgrade it, it takes ages to recharge after each shot.

Headquarters (600cp): A high-rise building for your own personal use. This place is massive, and will show up in a location of your choosing for each future world you enter. You don't have to pay a dime to maintain ownership of this place. Nobody will ever complain over what, if anything, you use this building for, as long as it's nothing visibly illegal, I mean. If you wish it so, you can have this building be officially documented as a police institution under your exclusive control, but naturally you'll have far more rules to abide by then if you want to avoid trouble.

American Items:

A Well Made Tux (100cp): You can't expect anyone to take you seriously if you can't look the part. This fashionable designer suit shapes perfectly to your body to accentuate only your best features. More importantly, this suit just screams authority. As long as you have some position of relative importance over someone, regardless of what that position is, people who see this suit will instinctively know how important you are without you saying a word. It's rare for people to even ask for your identification if you really have the level of authority required for a given event.

Artifacts (200cp): For every world you go to, you will receive an armored case full of generic artifacts belonging to the most notable lost civilization in that world. If you have the resources to back it up, you can analyze these artifacts to uncover all kinds of lost secrets of those civilizations, and possibly even track down its resting place, assuming the civilization isn't still alive and well somewhere. There's no real limit to what you can potentially uncover from these, but you're still limited by your resources and expertise.

Cargo Plane (400cp): When the fate of the world is at stake, overnight shipping just isn't good enough. This cargo plane can be sent to pick up or drop off at any location in the world with a suitable runway. The plane is pretty big, and can carry anything lighter than a tank. It's perfectly capable of being shot down or sabotaged during landing or takeoff, but as soon as it's up in the air, it is 100% impossible to attack in any way until it lands again. The one drawback is that this plane cannot fly with any living beings onboard. Even the piloting is handled by an advanced but non-sentient AI.

America (600cp): What more could you ever want? In all future world, the United States of America will exist. You will always have irrevocable citizenship in these Americas, and any skills or abilities that rely on the presence of America to function will work just fine here. In worlds that had no America of their own, they will receive their own America equivalent with a similar culture

and relative level of prosperity compared to the rest of the world. For worlds that already have an America, you may introduce a second America, for double the patriotism.

Earthling Items:

Public Domain (100cp): You have no interest in fumbling with the law of martians, there are far more important matters at hand. Still, it doesn't hurt to have some tunes to get you and your troops in the mood. What you have is an absolutely massive soundtrack of circa 2005 public domain Earth music. Most of these are easily identifiable classical pieces. You can play this soundtrack with no apparent audio devices, and although you can choose who around you can hear it, nobody will think to question it. You can also control how annoying this music is to other people, if you want to try weaponizing this.

Cursed Relic (200cp): Looks like you've stumbled upon one of the relics that was aboard the Mars Exploration Vessel. This one may have even been the culprit behind its mysterious destruction. Maybe it's magic, maybe it's some peculiar radiation or magnetic field it emits, but any moving vehicle this relic finds itself on will crash without fail after a few hours in transit. Casualties are not guaranteed, but they may be more or less likely, depending on the vehicle in question. Unfortunately, this doesn't make any exceptions for vehicles that you happen to be riding on, so getting this from place to place may prove challenging.

Loyal Retainers (400cp): A loyal tribe of underdeveloped Earthlings. These Earthlings haven't evolved past their primal form. They're weaker, dumber, and even slower than an evolved one. They all appear identical, but they're pretty much wild animals mentally, so you won't have to worry about hurting their pride. They still outmatch any normal human with their strength. You receive about a dozen that follow you from world to world. These guys are more like objects than any kind of lifeform, they're really that dumb, so they don't count as companions. They probably won't listen to your orders if you don't look like an earthling yourself.

The Virus that (Probably) Killed the Martians! (600cp): If not the actual virus that pushed the martians to near extinction, and later woke the true Earthlings from their centuries of slumber, this mutated strand is no less potent. It somehow synchronises with your biology, and those infected will be changed into a lesser variation of one of your alternate forms. For instance, if you synchronised the virus to an earthling altform those infected will be changed in both body and mind to become the more primal form of earthling, with barely any cognizance left. Being a dragon will change the infected into drakes, being a werewolf will change the infected into weaker wolfmen, etc. Developing a cure for the virus is very challenging, although not impossible. Unless you have a sample of the unsynchronized virus, like you have here.

[Companions]
Go ahead and pick up some friends to spend your ten years with.

Import (50cp/per): I...guess you could bring some friends along. I can't say they'll appreciate it, but you certainly have that option. For 50cp, you may import one of your old companions into this world, or make a new one. These companions receive 600cp to spend, but you can transfer your own cp to them on a 1:1 basis, if you really want to.

Canon Companion (50cp/per): Feel free to take any characters already in this world as a companion, for just 50cp. They're already inhabitants of this world, so they don't receive any cp.

Pick a Route, Any Route (Free): If you don't feel like paying 50cp for a companion, not that I can blame you, you may take any single character from this world that you manage to form a romantic relationship with as a companion for free. Most of the canon character's personalities don't extend past their hairstyle, so just pick a color and hope for the best. Yes, you can totally take any of the Ancients this way too, if you can pull it off.

[Drawbacks]
In the event that you've already exhausted the funds you were granted at the start, here are some handicaps that you can take on to earn yourself some additional cp.

You're Too Young to be Wielding a Submachine Pistol (+100cp): You look like someone who just graduated middle school, and unlike everyone else in this world, people actually treat you as such. Regardless of what position you hold over people, you will never be taken seriously. Despite that, this won't make any assignments handed down to you any less dangerous, just far more condescending.

It's Your Destiny (+100cp): No matter who you are or what role you have to play, everybody has their own burdens to bear. Unfortunately, you have to bear yours alone, because nobody cares enough to share it. No matter what your problems are, no matter how awful, or relatable they may be, nobody, not even your closest companions, will even remotely care or attempt to help you. You won't find a single sympathetic ear in this whole galaxy. The only exceptions to this are problems that negatively affect other people directly.

Shoot Him! (+200cp): You have some kind of miraculous mental disability that prevents you from actually attacking the enemy until the lives of either you or your teammate are in immediate danger. "Immediate" as in, the monster has their hand around your friend's neck and has been squeezing the life out of them for a while now. If you act quick enough, once you remember how your gun works, you'll always have enough time to theoretically save either yourself or your ally, but this will still make it far more difficult than it needs to be.

Get in the MARS Suit Shinji (+200cp): You will be taking the role of Takeru Hinata in the story, no matter what origin you took. Even if you aren't MARS compatible. your background will somehow facilitate your father forcing you into some horrendous experiment against your will and turning you into the Earth's first and last line of defense against the Ancients. To make matters worse, you also retain Takeru's angst and daddy issues. Despite all of this, you will never work up the nerve to put your foot down and stop fighting the Ancients.

Extra (+300cp): You have a completely mundain hairstyle and little to no defining facial features. While in most worlds, this would make you a totally normal person, here, it makes you expendable. Not that your superiors don't value your life, but the universe as a whole certainly doesn't. In any combat circumstances, lethal attacks are drawn to you like flies to honey. Even if you aren't being aimed at, attacks that should otherwise just miss will usually find their way to you through pure bad luck. Nobody else will notice or even acknowledge this trend. You can still block or just dodge attacks as normal, but nothing you do will be able to convince the narrative of this world that you aren't a totally expendable extra.

Our Hero (+300cp): You… are just the worst. No matter what conflict you enter, no matter what advantages you have over your opponent, you will, without fail, get your ass handed to you at least once before it's over. In a fist fight, you'll get bones broken left and right, you can't even enter verbal debates without being humiliated. This won't stop you from winning in the end. You can still kill the opponent with your one good arm, or use your shattered pride to catch your opponent off-guard with your new mindset. Still, it's never pleasant. Even worse, your superiors, regardless of what side of the conflict you stand on, will insist on placing responsibility for their victory on your shoulders. No matter how many times you get beaten into the dirt.

[End Choice]
It may not have been a very eventful visit, not in the fun way at least, but I trust you made the best of it. Now then, where do we go from here?

Mars, the Final Frontier of Destruction [Stay Here]

On Mars, No One Can Hear you Destruct [Go Home]

Hitchhiker's Guide to Destroying Mars [Move On]

[Notes]

Jump by Gene

So, turns out that the MoD OVA was based off a PS2 game. There's no english translation for the game, so I'm basing this solely off the OVA. From what I've been able to gleam, in addition to the combat, the game had a lot of dating sim elements. Which is funny, considering the OVA has less testosterone than most yuri series. Other than that, you're not missing out on much.