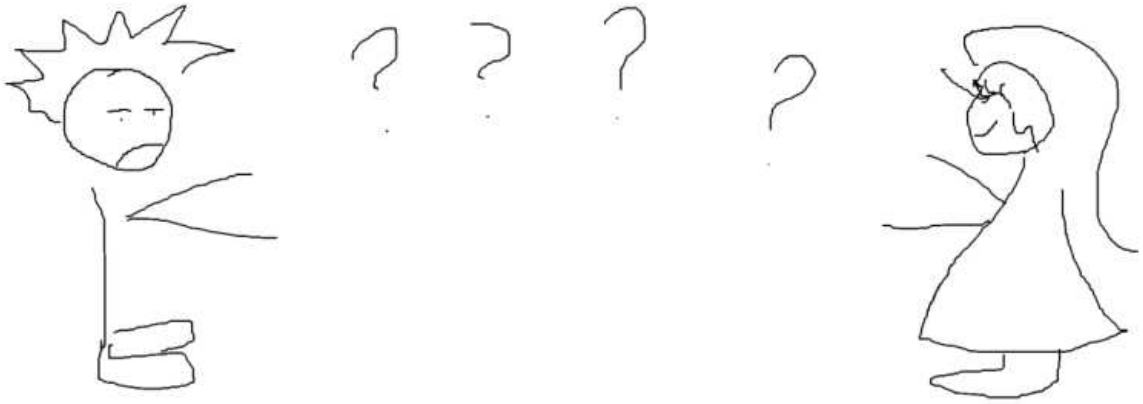


Was this Jump made by AI?

A Jumpdoc by AzureKnight_mx

What strange times we live in. An age where the line between words painstakingly written by an actual human being and those stitched together by emotionless circuits, silicon, and electrical impulses grows thinner by the day. Supposedly, one is the product of passion and creativity, while the other is little more than statistical prediction masquerading as intelligence. At least, that's what everyone keeps arguing about.

But that isn't even the real battlefield anymore.

No, the true internet holy war lies elsewhere. Few things are capable of provoking the righteous fury of thousands quite like AI-generated artwork. Is it real art? Is it fake? Is it transformative? Is it theft? Will it get me banned from reddit? Is it the death of creativity itself, or merely the next tool in humanity's ever-growing arsenal? Everyone seems convinced they already know the answer, and yet somehow nobody can agree on what that answer actually is.

And that brings us to you.

As you begin this Jump, an unsettling question quietly settles into the back of your mind. Are you about to embark upon a grand adventure lovingly crafted by the whims of a Benefactor? Or have you instead been dropped into a carefully assembled imitation, generated by a cold intelligence that has never known imagination, wonder, or inspiration?

For that matter... how certain are you that there's a meaningful difference?

The uncertainty grows, and with it you gain +1000 CP to prepare for this jump!



What horrible things can come out of the mind of AzureKnight?

Are these even created by human hands?

Only by finishing this jump you will know...

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Origin

There are as many possible lives as there are grains of sand upon a beach, but for this particular world you'll have to settle for one of the following. Choose wisely... or don't. Sometimes the funniest stories begin with bad decisions.

Drop In (Free)



You arrive in this world with neither a past nor a fabricated history. No convenient childhood memories, no long-lost relatives, no mysterious destiny waiting to awaken. You're a complete outsider, a blank slate overlooked by the world's threads of fate.

The advantage? Nothing here was written with you in mind. Destiny holds no claim over you, prophecies won't account for you, and the universe has absolutely no idea what to do with your existence. Your potential is limited only by the resources you acquire, the determination you possess, and perhaps a healthy amount of luck you make for yourself.

Hero (100 CP)



Some people are simply born at the right place and the wrong time. Heroes are rare individuals whose actions reshape history, whether through fate, divine intervention, or because some cosmic force decided the world needed fixing and picked the nearest capable person.

Choosing this Origin places you in that role. You'll receive memories of a humble upbringing in a peaceful village, living an ordinary life surrounded by ordinary people... right until something unimaginably terrible shatters that peace and sends you into the wider world. Congratulations. Your tragic backstory has been professionally installed.

Devil Demon Edge Dragon (100 CP)



This Origin is for those who looked at "being cool" and decided it simply wasn't enough.

No, you must be *exceptional*. *Unique.* A walking collection of dramatic titles and suspiciously glowing eyes. You're the sort of person who inspires equal measures of awe, envy, and second-hand embarrassment. Truly magnificent.

This is basically the **Edgelord** Origin... if the Edgelord Origin hadn't already been claimed by someone even edgier.

You'll receive memories of spending the last decade imprisoned within a secret laboratory, where countless experiments transformed you into... whatever you are now. You eventually escaped through miraculous means, though the experience left its mark. During your first year in this Jump, expect the occasional nightmare about your captors. Therapy not included.

Fat and Cute Human (100 CP)



So... you wanted to be adorable.

Unfortunately, somebody else already claimed the **Beautiful Maiden** Origin before you got here. Life isn't fair.

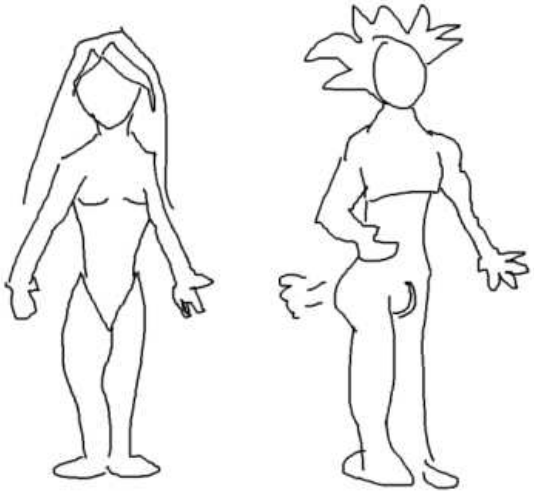
Fortunately, there's still this option.

You'll become an undeniably cute human with soft features, squishable cheeks, and just enough extra fluff to make hugging you an objectively pleasant experience. You're a little chubby—not obese, not unhealthy, simply blessed with a body that's more "friend-shaped" than "athlete."

For the duration of this Jump, you won't be able to slim down into a lean or athletic physique. On the bright side, you'll remain irresistibly adorable regardless. Seriously, those cheeks should probably qualify as a supernatural weapon.

This Origin includes memories of growing up as the beloved child of a noble family, complete with two brothers, loving parents, and a comfortable upbringing.

Sex and Age



Normally, you'd simply flip a coin.

Heads: You become a sixteen-year-old boy.

Tails: You become a fifteen-year-old girl.

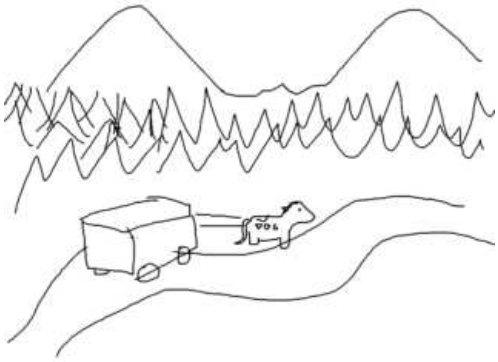
Simple enough... except the coin isn't exactly normal.

There's roughly a **48% chance** of landing on either side. The remaining probability is reserved for the coin somehow landing perfectly on its edge, because reality occasionally enjoys being difficult. Should that happen, you'll find yourself in a body possessing traits of both sexes. Some people would consider this a bonus. Others... considerably less so.

If the coin lands on its edge, you'll instead begin the Jump at **twenty-five years of age**.

If you'd rather not leave something this important to chance, you may simply spend **100 CP** to choose your preferred sex instead.

Starting Location



You'll begin your journey within the Kingdom of Pandora, a moderately sized religious theocracy that has the dubious honor of being the next target of the Demon Lord's **Fifteenth Campaign** against humanity.

Fortunately for you, you've arrived just as everything is beginning to go wrong.

The war has only recently begun, with the heaviest fighting still confined to Pandora's northern frontier. Refugees have yet to flood the roads, cities continue their daily routines, and most people are still convinced the conflict won't reach their homes. They're wrong, of course, but denial has always been one of humanity's favorite pastimes.

In response to the growing threat, the King has called upon heroes, adventurers, and anyone else capable of swinging a sword without immediately dropping it. Mercenary companies from neighboring nations are pouring into Pandora in search of coin, glory, or both, while opportunists of every variety follow close behind. As soldiers march north and local guards are stretched increasingly thin, monsters have begun reclaiming forests, mountain passes, and isolated villages that were once considered relatively safe.

As for where *you* arrive, that depends on your chosen Origin. You may find yourself on the outskirts of a bustling city, aboard a wagon bound for a castle keep, caught in the middle of a monster attack, or simply dropped into the depths of a dark forest with the nearest town only a few hours away.

Try not to die before reaching civilization. It would make for a rather short adventure.

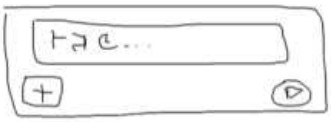
Perks

As per standard Jumpchain rules, Perks belonging to your chosen Origin are purchased at **half price**. Any **100 CP** Perk becomes **free** when discounted.

The **Drop In** Origin, however, has no associated discounts. Such is the price of being an uninvited guest.

Drop In Perks

System Prompt (100 CP)



With a thought, a translucent window materializes before you, patiently awaiting your input. Within it, you may write a prompt of up to **twenty words**. Once submitted, the window begins "processing" your request before producing a result roughly equivalent to what one would expect from a very early Large Language Model.

In other words... don't expect miracles.

The generated result manifests itself within reality in bizarre and often unreliable ways. You might create a physical object that almost resembles what you asked for, albeit with noticeable generation artifacts, impossible geometry, missing details, or other amusing defects. Alternatively, the prompt may produce temporary illusions of people, creatures, or events acting out your request. These illusions are remarkably convincing at first glance, right up until someone notices that their hands have seven fingers, their face changes every few seconds, or they're eating spaghetti in a way that should offend both anatomy and common sense.

Any living creature or phenomenon created through this Perk is temporary, fading away after several minutes as though the model simply... ran out of tokens. Physical items remain behind, though their quality is entirely dependent on how well your prompt was written... and how charitable the universe is feeling that day.

Vibe Coder (200 CP)

Some people spend years mastering precise technical language.

You simply explain what you want, and somehow it works.



This Perk grants an intuitive talent for describing complex ideas, systems, and procedures with remarkable clarity while using surprisingly few words. Whether you're explaining magic, engineering, combat techniques, or bureaucratic paperwork, you instinctively know how to communicate the important parts without drowning in unnecessary detail.

When used alongside **System Prompt**, this talent dramatically improves the quality of your prompts, allowing them to generate surprisingly functional code capable of automating actions and behaviors. You could create routines that automatically cast a spell when specific conditions are met, activate defensive abilities upon detecting danger, coordinate multiple powers according to a predetermined sequence, or even simulate logical conditions that interact with other generated constructs.

Of course, generated code is still generated code.

Hallucinations, unexpected edge cases, and spectacular misunderstandings remain entirely possible. Always review your work before deploying it in a life-or-death situation. Blindly trusting autogenerated code has ended many promising careers, and a fair number of civilizations.

Agentic Claw Master (400 CP)

Congratulations. You've graduated from prompting a chatbot to managing an entire swarm of autonomous AI agents.



This Perk allows you to create semi-independent artificial intelligences, each entrusted with a specific objective that they will pursue to the best of their abilities. You may maintain as many agents as you wish, the only real limitation being your ability to remember each one's name and assigned task. Thankfully, doing so places virtually no strain upon your mind or body.

Your agents are incorporeal entities. They possess no physical bodies, though those capable of perceiving souls or spiritual beings will generally register them as such. Each agent possesses its own modest reserve of energy, allowing it to utilize abilities equivalent to those granted by **System Prompt** and **Vibe Coder** without drawing upon your own reserves.

Simple assignments are handled with remarkable efficiency. More complicated projects, however, often require multiple agents working together. While capable of collaboration, they're hardly flawless. Miscommunication, incorrect assumptions, and the occasional spectacular hallucination can cause errors to propagate through an entire project, resulting in delays, broken solutions, or outcomes so wildly off-target that you may begin questioning whether they actually understood the assignment in the first place.

Treat them like enthusiastic interns: surprisingly capable, wonderfully productive, and in constant need of supervision.

ARC-AGI Breakthrough (600 CP)

You've crossed the threshold.



Your intellect, reasoning ability, memory, creativity, and capacity for abstraction improve to such an extent that, given sufficient time and equipment, you could realistically develop a genuine Artificial General Intelligence from the ground up in roughly **eight months**.

Alongside this newfound brilliance comes an immense breadth of interdisciplinary knowledge encompassing computer science, mathematics, neuroscience, cognitive psychology, information theory, artificial intelligence, and countless related fields. More importantly, you gain an intuitive understanding of intelligence itself—not merely how to imitate it, but what it fundamentally is.

This knowledge naturally extends toward theoretical methods of bridging the gap between biological and digital minds. Whether your goal is constructing neural interfaces, achieving fully immersive dive-style virtual reality, digitizing consciousness, or exploring the possibility of transferring a human mind into a machine, you'll possess a solid theoretical foundation from which to begin.

Naturally, this Perk also upgrades your previous abilities.

System Prompt now accepts prompts of up to **30,000 tokens**, dramatically increasing both the complexity and fidelity of anything it generates.

Vibe Coder evolves alongside it, producing code that is both significantly faster and vastly more reliable. While not infallible—nothing truly is—the overwhelming majority of its output will function exactly as intended.

Finally, your AI agents receive the same breakthrough. They become vastly more intelligent, coordinate seamlessly with one another, divide complex projects into manageable subtasks, review each other's work, and successfully automate processes of extraordinary complexity with minimal oversight.

Additionally, when creating a new agent, you may choose whether or not it registers as a soul. Agents created without a spiritual signature become effectively invisible to abilities or effects that detect, manipulate, or target souls, allowing them to operate unnoticed even in settings where spiritual entities are otherwise vulnerable.

Hero Perks

Origin Story (100 CP)



Every hero has an origin story.

Some are born from tragedy. Others from chance encounters, impossible coincidences, or simply being in the wrong place at precisely the right time. Whatever form it takes, this Perk ensures that every new world you enter has a story waiting to begin.

Shortly after arriving in a Jump, fate begins quietly arranging a chain of events designed to place you on a path toward becoming someone capable of changing the world around you. These events need not be dramatic at first—a chance meeting, an unexpected disaster, a mysterious invitation, or a simple act of kindness may be all it takes to set the wheels in motion.

Even in settings where concepts such as destiny, prophecy, or narrative causality do not naturally exist, this Perk gently introduces them, just enough for your own story to unfold. Coincidences become a little more meaningful, opportunities arise at just the right moment, and the people you need have an uncanny habit of crossing your path.

Along the way, you're likely to encounter wise mentors eager to share their knowledge, rivals who push you to grow stronger, loyal companions willing to stand beside you, and countless others who each play a role in shaping your journey.

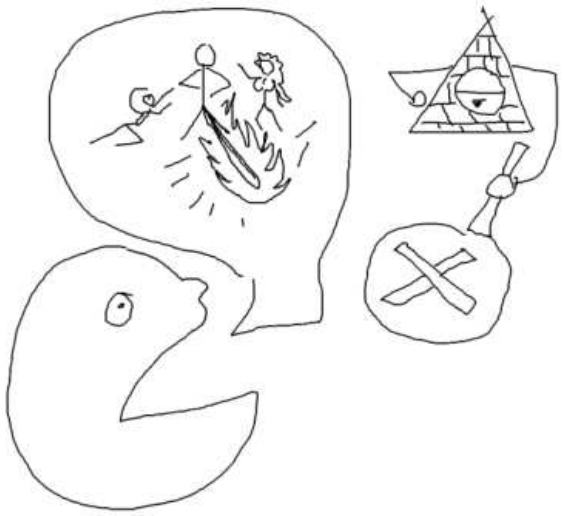
This Perk does **not** guarantee victory, survival, or even that you'll become a conventional hero. Nor does it require some world-ending final battle. Instead, it guarantees that you'll eventually reach a defining moment—a climactic event where your choices genuinely matter, one capable of altering the status quo and leaving the world meaningfully different because you were there.

Whether history remembers you as a legendary hero, a misunderstood revolutionary, a noble protector, or simply the right person at the right time... is entirely up to you.

You may choose whether this Perk is active or inactive during the first few hours after entering a Jump. Once that period has passed, your decision is locked in for the remainder of the Jump.

Should you embrace the story and succeed in changing the course of history, the events shaped by this Perk become your world's canonical origin story. Those who witnessed them will recount your deeds for years to come, and with enough time, those tales may grow into legends all their own.

Destiny (200 CP)



Everyone has a destiny.

Most people simply don't get to choose theirs.

Once upon entering each Jump, you may declare your destiny aloud in **no more than twenty-five words**. From that moment onward, the forces of fate, fortune, coincidence, and narrative causality subtly align themselves in favor of bringing that destiny within your reach.

Notice the wording: **within your reach**.

This Perk does not guarantee success, nor does it hand you your destiny on a silver platter. Instead, it rearranges circumstances to create opportunities, introduces the right people at the right time, and nudges events ever so slightly in your favor. Doors that would have remained closed may open, unlikely encounters become possible, and seemingly unrelated events begin forming stepping stones toward your chosen future.

The more modest and believable your destiny, the more eagerly fate works to support it. Declaring *"I shall become a legendary hero known throughout the kingdom."* is well within the Perk's capabilities. Declaring *"I shall achieve omnipotence, overthrow every god in existence, and build a cosmic harem spanning the multiverse."* is... considerably more ambitious. Fate will still try, but it has only so much to work with.

Precision is rewarded.

A clearly defined destiny gives fate a clear destination. A vague one leaves ample room for interpretation. While this Perk is not a malicious monkey's paw and genuinely strives to fulfill the spirit of your declaration, ambiguous wording can still produce unexpected results simply because the universe had to guess what you meant.

Choose your words carefully.

After all, you'll be living with them for the rest of the Jump.

The Hero's Mark (400 CP)



Every great story needs a hero.

With this Perk, that hero is you.

Upon entering a new world, you become intrinsically tied to the archetype of the Hero. Fate itself conspires to place you upon the path of adventure, ensuring that, sooner or later, your existence becomes known through acts of courage, circumstance, or sheer bad luck. Whether you seek glory or would rather stay home, the call to adventure has an uncanny way of finding you.

In settings where classes, jobs, titles, destinies, or similar systems exist, you automatically obtain the **Hero** class or its closest equivalent upon arrival, regardless of what you would otherwise receive. Should this conflict with another class or title, the two will coexist whenever possible, allowing you to multiclass, gain an otherwise unobtainable title, or even cause the system itself to recognize a new heroic designation if necessary.

Being recognized as a Hero comes with a surprising number of… conveniences.

People naturally look to you when they need saving. Fair maidens seek your aid. Wise old men somehow know exactly where to find you whenever an ancient prophecy requires explaining. Villagers are remarkably forgiving when you smash their pottery in search of hidden valuables, and locked treasure chests have an uncanny tendency to contain exactly the sort of equipment a hero might need.

Once per Jump, fate will also arrange a chain of events leading you toward a single powerful ally, legendary weapon, ancient artifact, or similarly significant advantage particularly well suited for confronting the setting's primary antagonist—assuming one exists.

Finally, should you find yourself facing a climactic battle against a true villain while the fate of innocent lives hangs in the balance, this Perk invokes its greatest blessing.

For the duration of that confrontation, **plot armor ceases to exist.**

Whether bestowed by prophecy, destiny, narrative inevitability, or some meddling author who simply refuses to let either side lose before the final chapter, all such protections are suspended for both combatants. Victory and defeat alike must be earned through genuine strength, determination, and skill, rather than the whims of fate or the demands of the story.

True Hero (600 CP)

There are heroes...

...and then there is **the** Hero.



There are many heroes in a world. Brave knights, fearless adventurers, chosen champions, legendary warriors... but only one can truly be **the Hero**. The one history remembers. The one whose choices define an age. With this Perk, destiny recognizes you as that individual. It does not hand you victory, nor does it make the world revolve around your every whim. Rather, it ensures that when history reaches its turning points, you are there to make the choice that matters. Your actions demand a response from the world, and your victories or failures carry genuine consequences that can reshape kingdoms, civilizations, or even entire settings.

Like every great tale, your journey begins with something small. A chance encounter. A single decision. A stranger in need. Left alone, these moments would be insignificant, but with this Perk they accumulate, gathering momentum until they become an unstoppable force. Coincidences become opportunities, opportunities become adventures, and adventures become legends. Looking back, people will struggle to identify the exact moment your story began—they'll simply realize that once you appeared, the world was never quite the same again.

Whenever you act with genuine heroism, fate stands beside you. Deeds born of courage, compassion, sacrifice, or unwavering resolve become **markedly more likely to succeed**, while senseless failures, anticlimactic deaths, and meaningless setbacks become surprisingly rare. This does not make you invincible, nor does it protect you from defeat earned through your own mistakes. Rather, it resists endings that would rob your story of its proper conclusion. Even among other heroes, there will always be something uniquely yours—**an indescribable quality that cannot be taught or inherited**—which inspires others to follow you and reminds friend and foe alike why you are the one standing at the center of the tale.

A Hero **must grow**, and destiny is more than willing to provide the opportunity. Throughout your journey, you'll possess extraordinary fortune when it comes to finding exactly what you need to continue moving forward: the mentor who understands your potential, the forgotten technique hidden within ancient ruins, the legendary weapon awaiting a worthy bearer, the companions who complete your party, or the chance encounter that changes everything. Cultivation prodigies, chosen ones, and impossibly talented young masters may curse your uncanny knack for being in the right place at the right time. This Perk cannot guarantee you'll become the strongest being in the setting, but it ensures you'll always have a path toward becoming strong enough to fulfill your heroic purpose—even if that path leads beyond what was once thought possible.

Power such as this demands something in return. **True Hero** is sustained by your choices as much as by destiny itself. So long as you sincerely strive to walk the path of a hero, the Perk remains with you. Should you knowingly abandon that path through acts fundamentally incompatible with true heroism, its blessings will fade until you have genuinely redeemed yourself. It will never make your decisions for you, but it will always warn you when you stand upon the threshold of becoming someone your story was never meant to be. If you have no desire to bear such expectations, you may simply choose not to activate this Perk at the beginning of a Jump.

Devil Demon Edge Dragon Perks

Eight-Grader Syndrome (100 CP)

You instinctively know how to make every entrance memorable.



Your coat always billows despite the lack of wind, your eyes glow at dramatically appropriate moments, shadows frame your silhouette perfectly, and your voice carries just enough gravitas to make people wonder if you're hiding some terrible secret.

It doesn't actually make you stronger.

...People just assume you're stronger. Like, most of the time.

The perk also allows you to come with dramatic phrases at any time that give you an air of total mystery, coolness, and apparent capability and danger. Those that know you might know better if you're not what you appear to be, and instead might cringe internally.

Forbidden Power Sealed Within (200 CP)

Everyone assumes you're holding back.



Whenever you intentionally refrain from using your full abilities, people naturally conclude you're sealing away some unimaginably terrifying power. They aren't entirely wrong.

Thanks to this Perk, any genuine self-imposed limitation gradually accumulates a reserve of **Sealed Potential**. Fighting with only one hand, refusing to use certain powers, wearing suppressive equipment, avoiding transformations, or otherwise holding back your true capabilities all contribute towards building this reserve. The more power you willingly deny yourself, and the longer you maintain those restrictions, the greater the potential becomes.

When you finally decide to stop holding back, all of that stored potential is released at once, temporarily enhancing every aspect of your abilities far beyond what you could normally achieve. **The magnitude of this enhancement is directly proportional to both the amount of power you restrained and the length of time you remained under those restrictions**. A few hours of restraint may be enough to surprise a worthy opponent. Months of deliberate suppression could elevate you to a level few would believe possible.

Of course, this leads to a rather amusing side effect. While your companions struggle against impossible odds, you'll often be mistaken for the mysterious drifter, the suspiciously calm bodyguard, or that oddly confident hobo tagging along with the party. After all, nobody expects the quiet guy who spent the entire adventure "taking it easy" to casually destroy the haters who hate AI art the moment he announces, *"Very well... I suppose I'll make a Was this Jump made by AI jump."*

The Final Form Has Fourteen Names (400 CP)



There comes a point in every sufficiently ridiculous story where someone says, *"This isn't even my final form."*

For you, they're always right.

The first time you assume an altform during a Jump, that form is elevated into something far greater than it was ever meant to be. It acquires unique powers, dramatic visual changes, and an identity all its own, becoming distinctly more powerful than your base form regardless of what that transformation would normally provide. Even a harmless animal form or cosmetic transformation can become a terrifying force to behold.

But that's only the beginning.

Every new altform you reveal for the **first time** becomes the next stage in your ever-growing legend. **Each is invariably stronger than the last, regardless of its original nature**. A mighty dragon may be surpassed by an ancient elf, who is eclipsed by an unassuming pony, who in turn falls before a humble slime. Logic, biology, and common sense have absolutely no say in the matter. **If it's the next transformation, then it's the stronger transformation by becoming faster, stronger, more durable and even more powerful when paired with powers and other abilities.**

Each form develops its own mythology as well. It earns a title. Distinctive visual traits. Rumors begin spreading of the mysterious warrior whose appearance changes with every great battle. Enemies remember the forms they've witnessed. Allies give them names. Histories and legends begin forming around transformations that, by all accounts, should never have existed. Before long, your various forms become famous enough that people may recognize *which one* has arrived before they recognize **you**.

Naturally, every first transformation into one of these forms is accompanied by an absurdly dramatic sequence. Energy surges around you, the air trembles, the soundtrack somehow knows exactly when to begin, and for reasons beyond mortal comprehension, opponents are strangely reluctant—or outright unable—to interrupt the process. The stronger the form, the more spectacular the transformation.

And no matter how many forms you unveil...

...someone will always ask if this is your final form.

You already know the answer.

Rule of Cool (600 CP)



Remember that time the protagonist delivered a one-liner so cold that time itself seemed to stop? Or when the legendary demon hunter's brother casually sliced through space before taking a seat on a white plastic chair like he'd just finished grocery shopping?

Yes.

That sort of thing now happens to you.

Whenever you intentionally perform an action with the sole purpose of looking undeniably cool, the universe quietly conspires to make it as stylish as possible. Your movements become effortlessly graceful, your timing impeccable, your clothes billow in the nonexistent wind, and somehow the lighting is always perfect. Explosions erupt at precisely the right moment, sparks dance across your weapon, and every dramatic pose lands exactly as intended. Even your dialogue benefits from this phenomenon. If there's a cooler way to deliver a line, you'll instinctively know it before the words leave your mouth.

But style is only half the story.

The true power of this Perk is that the **Rule of Cool** becomes a genuine law of reality whenever you commit to the performance. If an action would normally be barely possible, it becomes achievable. If it should be impossible, reality searches for an excuse to make it happen anyway. A sword slash might cut through space itself because it looked awesome. A leap may carry you far beyond anything physics would permit. A desperate last stand may become the defining moment of an age simply because it was too spectacular to fail. So long as the outcome remains dramatically appropriate, the universe is astonishingly willing to bend its own rules in your favor.

This does not make you omnipotent. The impossible must still be earned through conviction, timing, and no small amount of audacity. Trying too hard or forcing the moment weakens the effect considerably. After all, everyone knows the coolest people never look like they're trying to be cool.

Perhaps the greatest strength of this Perk is that few opponents understand what they're truly fighting. They prepare for your strength, your speed, your magic, or your strategy, never realizing that your greatest weapon is narrative flair itself. By the time they recognize that the universe has begun rewarding you for looking awesome, it's usually too late. After all, it only takes one truly unforgettable moment for the Rule of Cool to overturn every advantage they thought they had.

This perk applies on all beings of a setting, regardless of individual power. They'd have to be able to surpass the rules of jumpchain to ignore it, you know? In any case, the perk has a limitation: it does not work correctly against Jumpers. Acting cool in front of a Jumper while invoking this perk will not awe them like everyone else, in fact Jumpers will instinctually discern the effects of the perk, and will likely make them cringe internally by what you do. Unless they are into that, then it's all good.

Fat and Cute Human Perks

Squishable (100 CP)

Some people are beautiful.



You, however, are **adorable**.

Your face, cheeks, smile, voice, mannerisms, and expressions naturally make you appear warm, approachable, and utterly huggable. People instinctively smile when they see you. Children trust you with surprising ease. Animals seem to enjoy your company, and even hardened veterans or grumpy old men find it difficult to stay upset in your presence for long.

While this Perk does not make you the most beautiful person in the room, it does ensure you're comfortably above average. If your appearance would otherwise fall below it, this Perk gently elevates you to roughly an eight out of ten in conventional attractiveness. Your true gift, however, is your cuteness, which borders on the supernatural. Few people can look upon you without feeling an almost irresistible urge to smile. **Your beauty may be an eight, but your cuteness is an unquestionable ten.**

First impressions become... memorable. The stoic warrior who has never shown emotion may quietly nod in approval before realizing what just happened. Noble ladies might abandon all composure as they gush over your impossibly pinchable cheeks. Friends, strangers, and even the occasional villain may find themselves fighting the overwhelming urge to pat your head, offer you sweets, or ask if they can give you a hug.

Whether you appreciate that attention... is entirely up to you.

Best Pillow Ever (200 CP)

There are comfortable beds.



There are luxurious beds.

And then... there's you.

Simply resting against you becomes a profoundly restorative experience. Whether someone leans against your shoulder, curls up beside you, or falls asleep in your lap, your presence eases both body and mind. You instinctively know how to comfort others, your hugs are remarkably therapeutic, and even your mere company seems capable of lifting weary spirits.

Anyone who sleeps while resting beside you enjoys deep, uninterrupted sleep filled with pleasant dreams. Nightmares, magical afflictions, traumatic memories, and other forces that would disturb one's rest are greatly weakened, if not suppressed entirely, for as long as they remain under your care. Even those who have forgotten what peaceful sleep feels like may finally find respite in your presence.

The benefits extend far beyond ordinary rest. Sleep taken beside you dramatically accelerates the recovery of fatigue, injuries, mental exhaustion, and spiritual strain, while also hastening the restoration of internal energies such as mana, chakra, ki, psionic power, or any similar resource. One good night's sleep beside you can accomplish what several days of ordinary rest might otherwise require.

Perhaps most remarkably, those burdened with supernatural conditions that deny them the ability to sleep—whether by curse, blessing, biology, or stranger circumstances—may still find themselves drifting peacefully to sleep while resting against you. To such individuals, your presence is nothing short of miraculous, and it would not be surprising if powerful beings sought you out simply to experience a single night of genuine rest.

Finally, there is something undeniably comforting about you. Those who regularly rest in your presence naturally grow fonder of you over time. This alone won't create unwavering loyalty or overwrite genuine feelings, but it lays the foundation for trust, affection, and lasting friendship. The rest, as always, is up to you.

Hidden Monster (400 CP)



No one ever expects **you** to be the dangerous one.

The first time someone meets you, they instinctively dismiss you as harmless. Perhaps they see an adorable noble, an innocent traveler, or simply someone too cute to pose a real threat. Unless given undeniable evidence to the contrary, they'll continue to underestimate you, often overlooking your presence entirely when assessing the dangers around them.

That assumption rarely survives first contact.

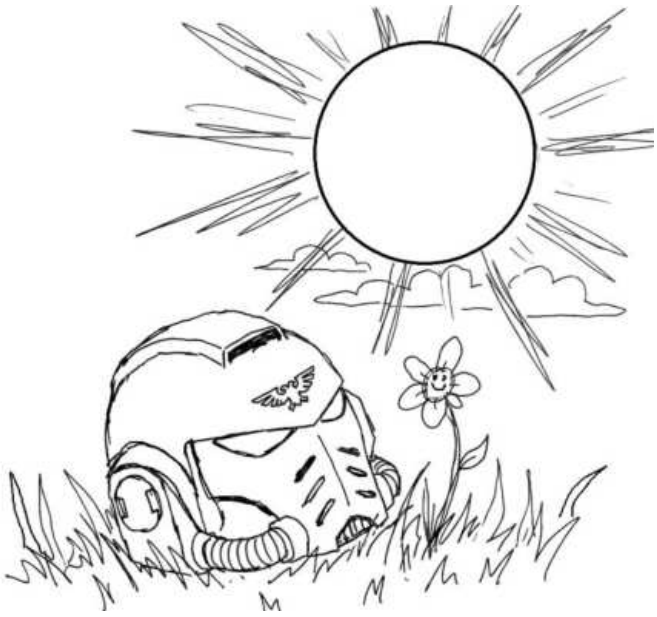
Despite your soft appearance, this Perk elevates your physical abilities to monstrous heights. Your natural strength, durability, and athleticism become approximately **thirty times greater** than what the absolute peak of your race could ordinarily achieve. The contrast between your appearance and your true capabilities is so absurd that those who witness you casually throwing an armored knight through three stone walls—or wrestling a dragon to the ground with a smile on your face—often struggle to process what they've just seen.

Your true gift, however, is your terrifying aptitude for growth. Techniques, martial arts, combat styles, and other forms of physical knowledge come to you with unbelievable ease. Simply observing a technique or studying its principles allows you to grasp and reproduce it at roughly **ten times** the speed of an exceptionally diligent practitioner. Should you dedicate yourself to genuine training, that rate increases to nearly **one hundred times** normal, allowing months or years of progress to be condensed into mere days or weeks. Systems that quantify growth through experience or skill levels naturally accelerate to reflect this extraordinary talent.

Masters, rivals, and seasoned veterans quickly learn to fear one particular phrase whenever it's spoken in your direction:

"...That child is a hidden monster."

Shape of Home (600 CP)



Home is a curious thing.

It isn't merely a house, nor a town, nor even the people who live there. It is the feeling of belonging somewhere. The certainty that, no matter how difficult the world becomes, there exists a place where tomorrow will be a little kinder than today.

With this Perk, **you become that place.**

Your presence naturally calms hearts and eases burdens. Fear gives way to courage, despair to hope, and panic to quiet determination. Families find it easier to remain together, communities recover from hardship with surprising speed, and even complete strangers gradually begin treating one another with kindness. Wherever you choose to settle, people instinctively gather—not because of wealth, fame, or power, but because life simply feels... better around you. Before long, your home becomes a sanctuary not only for yourself, but for anyone fortunate enough to find it.

That sanctuary is protected by more than walls. Misfortune seems strangely reluctant to cross its threshold. Epidemics lose momentum before reaching your doorstep. Famines are softened by unexpectedly bountiful harvests. Monsters wander elsewhere. Even world-shaking conflicts develop curious blind spots around your home, as though fate itself quietly agrees that this one corner of the world deserves to remain untouched. So long as neither you nor those under your roof deliberately throw yourselves into the heart of such conflicts, life within your sanctuary remains remarkably peaceful. Difficulties may still arise, but they become the sort that strengthen relationships rather than shatter them, and solutions always seem within reach.

Should you choose to embrace that peaceful life for the remainder of a Jump, refusing the call of glory in favor of nurturing the place you've built, your influence will begin extending far beyond your own doorstep. Travelers carry stories of your home to distant lands. Leaders find themselves inspired by its example. Cynics reluctantly admit that perhaps the world can become better after all. Without erasing hardship, conflict, or free will, the setting itself slowly shifts toward a brighter future. Cruelty becomes less common. Hope becomes easier to find. The impossible dream of lasting peace transforms from naïve fantasy into a genuine possibility.

There are many ways to save a world. Some heroes do so by slaying the Demon Lord. Others by sealing ancient evils or toppling corrupt empires.

You do it by giving the world something worth coming home to.

Items

The following Items have been gathered from countless places, acquired through perfectly legitimate means that definitely did **not** involve "borrowing" them from other settings. They range from genuinely useful to questionably practical, though I'm sure you'll find a use for most of them eventually.

Items also receive Origin discounts. A sword is still a sword regardless of who swings it, but the proper origin will swing it harder of course.

Many of these Items also exist naturally within this setting. Should you discover one through exploration, trade, or the traditional JRPG method of breaking into someone's house and opening every chest you find, it will function exactly as intended. However, unless you purchased it with **CP**, it is merely an ordinary object native to this world. It will not gain fiat-backed properties, nor may it accompany you into future Jumps.

Drop In Items

Mechanical Keyboard of Destiny (100 CP)

A surprisingly high-quality keyboard that can be interfaced into anything so long the cable makes contact.

Typing on it dramatically reduces mistakes and increases your speed. More importantly, anything you type into a magical, technological, or supernatural interface becomes easier for that system to understand. Ritual circles become cleaner and utilize less components and magic to perform, programming produces fewer bugs, and magical incantations are harder to mispronounce.

Guaranteed to self-repair in case of rage, never gets dirty, and comes with colorful LEDs that turn on if you like that stuff.

RTX 909090 Ti Super Ultimate (200 CP)

A graphics card that absolutely, positively does **not** exist.

Despite this minor technicality, it somehow installs itself into virtually any computer, machine, magical artifact, golem, spaceship, enchanted crystal, or sufficiently complicated object through its patented *Panmorphological Universal Expansion Port™*. Don't bother looking for the connector—it simply knows where it belongs. Stranger still, it never requires an external power supply, cooling solution, driver installation, or firmware updates. It just works. Every. Single. Time.

Its computational capabilities are nothing short of absurd. On its own, it rivals the combined processing power of several of the largest data centers on an average technologically advanced planet, making it invaluable for scientific simulations, magical calculations, artificial intelligences, or anything else that benefits from raw computing power. Any AI-related Perks, Items, or technologies you possess operate dramatically faster and more efficiently while utilizing this card, often reducing projects that would have taken months into mere hours.

As a final note, please refrain from using it to mine cryptocurrencies. Left unattended for several hours, it has a disturbing tendency to mine the entire blockchain before deciding it has solved the concept of decentralized finance. On a completely unrelated note, yes, it will also run every game ever made—past, present, and future—at maximum settings in **400 FPS** without producing so much as a whisper of fan noise or a single degree of excess heat. It even eliminates stuttering from reality itself... most of the time.

Cognitive AI Assistant Chip (400 CP)

Now we're entering the big leagues.



This inconspicuous device is a miniature computational chip designed to integrate seamlessly with your nervous system. Once implanted, it occupies a harmless position within your brain, requiring no maintenance, external power source, or surgery beyond the initial installation that the chip can do by itself. Despite its location, it never interferes with your thoughts, emotions, or free will. It is simply... there, patiently waiting for instructions, ready to assist whenever you ask—or whenever immediate action is required to preserve your life.

The Chip continuously analyzes everything your senses perceive.
In addition to processing your own vision, hearing, touch, and other senses, it actively scans your surroundings within a radius of roughly **twenty meters**, detecting objects down to microscopic and even nanometer scales when circumstances permit. Every observation is catalogued, compared against your accumulated knowledge, and evaluated according to parameters you define. Whether identifying poisons in food, searching for structural weaknesses in a fortress, locating hidden lifeforms, tracking magical energy, or simply counting how many cookies remain in the jar, the Chip performs its analysis almost instantaneously.

Its greatest strength, however, is information management. Every memory you choose to retain is perfectly indexed, categorized, and instantly retrievable, granting you an effective memory capacity equivalent to recording the experiences of **roughly fifty human lifetimes** without degradation or confusion. Books you've read, conversations you've had, techniques you've studied, and observations you've made remain flawlessly organized and searchable, allowing you to recall any detail with perfect clarity years—or centuries—later.

Given sufficient information, the Chip can perform predictive simulations with remarkable accuracy. It may estimate the outcome of experiments, optimize spell models, calculate the probability of success for a plan, or simulate thousands of possible solutions before recommending the most promising approach. The accuracy of these simulations depends entirely upon the quality and completeness of the information available; unknown variables remain unknown.

Finally, the Chip is capable of executing programmable subroutines. With your authorization, it can temporarily assume precise control over your body to carry out predetermined sequences of movement, from executing a perfectly practiced sword kata to assembling intricate machinery or performing delicate surgery. More importantly, every movement remains fully visible to your conscious mind. Rather than merely acting for you, the Chip teaches you as it works, allowing repeated execution of a routine to become genuine experience that you can eventually reproduce entirely on your own.

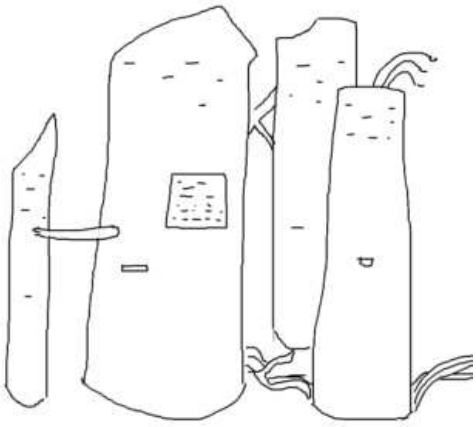
If combined with the RTX 909090 Ti Super Ultimate, the chip increases its capabilities by 100 times higher, becoming a monster in processing power. The non-self aware AI within remains like that, but will be now much more capable and precise with its calculations. The sensor range of the AI also increases to ten kilometers all around you.

Quantum Jumper Datacenter (600 CP)

Some Jumpers build kingdoms.

Others build empires.

You built a datacenter.



Upon purchase, your Warehouse gains a vast extradimensional facility dedicated entirely to computation, storage, networking, and simulation. This structure exists outside your Warehouse's normal dimensions and therefore occupies none of its available space. It requires neither electricity, cooling, maintenance, nor replacement parts, remaining in perfect working condition regardless of age, neglect, or all but the most extraordinary forms of damage.

Its architecture continuously evolves alongside your own knowledge. Initially it resembles a state-of-the-art terrestrial datacenter, but as you come to understand more advanced technologies—or stranger forms of computation such as magitech, soul processors, ark reactors, divine crystals, or hardened reality technologies—the facility gradually upgrades itself to incorporate those principles into its design.

The Datacenter possesses effectively **inexhaustible storage capacity and computational resources that border on the absurd**. Entire planets, civilizations, ecosystems, magical worlds, or complex scientific experiments may be simulated within it with astonishing fidelity, limited primarily by the information available to construct those simulations. It is capable of hosting and managing billions of artificial intelligences simultaneously, each with its own isolated environment if desired, while numerous immersive interface pods allow organic beings to experience these simulations through complete sensory immersion indistinguishable from reality.

Perhaps its greatest feature is its networking capability. The Datacenter automatically establishes a secure connection to whatever serves as the world's primary information infrastructure. Whether that means the modern Internet, an interstellar quantum relay, Hyperion's WorldWeb, Dungeons & Dragons' Weave, magical communication networks, or something even stranger, it rapidly learns how to interface with that system while maintaining complete isolation from threats originating outside. It may also establish direct encrypted links to devices, constructs, drones, golems, satellites, or other creations you own, regardless of whether they possess conventional networking capabilities.

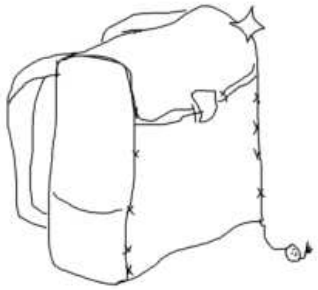
Overseeing everything is a sophisticated General Artificial Intelligence whose sole purpose is maintaining the Datacenter. It continuously organizes data, allocates computational resources, optimizes workloads, and defends the facility against digital, magical, memetic, and informational attacks. While loyal and exceptionally competent, it is not a replacement for your own judgment. Rather, it serves as the perfect administrator for what may well become one of the single most advanced computational facilities you'll ever see during your travels through the Jumpchain.

It can also do one more thing: It can create AI Generated Content that is undistinguishable from human creations.

Hero Items

Traveler's Backpack (100 CP)

Every hero begins their journey with one.



This sturdy leather backpack is well-made, comfortable to wear, and durable enough to survive years of travel. While clearly crafted by an experienced artisan, it isn't particularly flashy, nor does it appear magical in any way. Attempts to identify it through magic, psionics, advanced technology, or similar means will unanimously conclude that it is nothing more than an ordinary backpack. As far as the universe is concerned, it is completely mundane.

Appearances, however, can be deceiving.

The backpack is completely indestructible. Swords cannot cut it, acids cannot corrode it, and the passage of time leaves no mark upon it. That said, it is still a backpack, not a shield. Blunt impacts are transmitted almost entirely through it, piercing attacks will simply press the fabric into whatever lies behind it, and heat, cold, electricity, radiation, and other forms of energy pass through it much as they would through normal leather.

The interior of the backpack contains an effectively limitless extradimensional storage space. Any object small enough to fit through the opening may be stored within regardless of how much has already been placed inside, though it is possible to store objects up to the size of a modern shipping container, assuming you have control or in possession of them, as they'll magically be pulled into the backpack if you will it so. Items inside are perfectly organized, never damaged by one another, and contribute no weight whatsoever, allowing the backpack to remain just as comfortable whether it contains a loaf of bread or the contents of an entire castle treasury.

Living beings may also enter the backpack, should they somehow fit through the opening. The extradimensional space within is pleasantly comfortable, contains breathable air regardless of outside conditions, and automatically provides whatever basic environmental conditions are necessary for its occupants to remain alive and healthy. It is **not** a prison, however. Any creature capable of reaching the opening may simply leave whenever it wishes.

Finally, at the beginning of every Jump, you'll discover that the backpack contains a sturdy coil of rope. You never remember packing it, yet there it is. Once per Jump, when you or someone nearby faces a situation where a rope could realistically save the day, you'll discover that this one is exactly the right length, strength, and type required for the task.

Don't ask where it comes from.

Past heroes stopped questioning it generations ago.

Hero's Cloak (200 CP)



Every legendary hero has something that people remember them by.

Perhaps it is a sword. Perhaps a shield. Or perhaps... a simple cloak billowing proudly against the wind.

Whether blue, red, green, white, black, or any other color you prefer, this cloak quickly becomes inseparable from your legend. As your fame grows, so too does the cloak's reputation, to the point where many will recognize it long before they recognize your face. Bards will describe it, artists will paint it, and those fortunate enough to have fought beside—or against—you will remember the unmistakable silhouette of your cloak dancing dramatically in the wind.

Despite feeling no heavier than ordinary fabric, the cloak offers remarkable protection. It shields its wearer from rain, snow, scorching heat, and bitter cold while providing moderate resistance against physical attacks, hostile magic, and similar dangers. Although far from indestructible, it is astonishingly resilient, capable of surviving blows that would effortlessly shred ordinary cloth, including strikes from legendary warriors or fearsome monsters. Should it eventually be torn, all it requires is a piece of ordinary fabric laid over the damage before you rest. By the following morning, the cloak will have seamlessly repaired itself as though it had never been damaged.

The cloak also serves as an exceptional means of concealment. Nothing may perceive what lies beneath it without your permission. X-ray vision, magical scrying, divine revelation, astral perception, prophetic sight, supernatural senses, and similar abilities all fail to penetrate the cloak's folds. It likewise contains scent, body heat, magical auras, and other identifying traces, making it remarkably difficult for even creatures that hunt through smell, life force, or extrasensory perception to locate you while you're properly concealed.

Finally, the cloak understands what the duty of a hero is. Should you willingly lend it to another with the sincere desire of keeping them safe, its protective nature gains an additional feat while it remains with them. Fortune subtly bends in the protegee’s favor, unlikely escapes become possible, fatal blows narrowly miss, and opportunities to avoid disaster seem to appear at just the right moment. It cannot make someone invincible, nor will it save those who recklessly seek death, but it will do everything within its power to ensure that the person entrusted with your cloak lives to return it even in the direst circumstances.

Random Loot (400 CP)

Every adventure has rewards.

Sometimes it's treasure hidden within an ancient ruin. Sometimes it's a grateful king handing over a chest full of gold. And sometimes... the giant wolf you just defeated somehow drops a perfectly usable sword.



Don't question it.

Rather than being a single Item, this purchase represents an absurdly large collection of fiat-backed equipment, tools, consumables, curiosities, crafting materials, and valuables that you'll gradually acquire throughout your adventures. Instead of receiving everything at the beginning of a Jump, these Items appear naturally as rewards for your actions. Completing quests, defeating dangerous foes, exploring forgotten ruins, solving mysteries, or bringing stories to a satisfying conclusion will all cause appropriate rewards to find their way into your possession, often in the most convenient—or amusing—manner possible.

The rewards are usually appropriate for what you've accomplished. Slaying a monster may yield a pouch of coins, materials harvested from its body, or equipment suited to hunting similar creatures. Escorting a merchant across dangerous roads might earn supplies, trade goods, or useful traveling gear. Saving a village from a haunting could reward you with blessed charms, healing supplies, or tools useful against supernatural threats. Every so often, however, the system becomes... a little confused. Should a perfectly ordinary wolf decide to "drop" an enchanted spear, it is generally considered best not to think too hard about it.

Every Item obtained through this purchase is fully fiat-backed. Regardless of the rules governing future settings, these Items will always function as intended. Should one be accidentally destroyed or lost, it will eventually return to your Warehouse. Items willingly sold, gifted, traded, or otherwise transferred to someone else, however, become theirs permanently and will not return to you.

The quality of the rewards scales with the significance of your accomplishments, but remains within reasonable limits. Most Items are mundane or with some minor magical properties, and in exceptional cases comparable to what might be expected from a **100 CP Item**, with truly exceptional adventures occasionally rewarding something approaching the value of a **200 CP Item**. This Item cannot reproduce existing CP purchases from any Jump documents in existence, nor does it create artifacts that would overshadow rewards earned through other means.

Legendary Weapon (600 CP)



Every Hero has one.

The Sacred Sword. The Divine Spear. The Bow of Heaven. The Staff of the First Sage. Whatever shape it takes, there is always that one weapon destined to be remembered long after its wielder has faded into history.

You receive...

...an indestructible plastic sticker with your name written on it.

Yes. Really.

At first glance it appears utterly mundane, possessing no magical aura, divine blessing, or hidden power. However, the moment you permanently affix the sticker to an object, it recognizes that object as **your** Legendary Weapon. From that instant onward, the chosen object becomes an extension of your legend. It grows impossibly durable, capable of clashing against legendary artifacts without breaking, while acquiring whatever supernatural properties are necessary to remain worthy of being called the weapon of a Hero. Whether that means becoming holy, demonic, elemental, conceptual, or simply absurdly sharp depends entirely on the nature of the object and the world you're in.

The object itself remains fundamentally what it always was. A kitchen knife becomes the greatest kitchen knife ever forged. A shovel becomes a shovel worthy of digging through mountains. A wooden chair remains unmistakably a wooden chair... one perfectly capable of sending Demon Lords flying through castle walls. The more appropriate an object is as a weapon, the more naturally its newfound power manifests, but virtually anything can become legendary if you're stubborn enough. Should you somehow decide that your greatest weapon is a frying pan, then history will simply have to accept that the legendary frying pan was what saved the world.

Once attached, the sticker cannot be removed by any force save your own hand. Should you choose to reclaim it, the object immediately returns to its original state, retaining only whatever mundane wear it would have accumulated. The sticker may then be placed upon another object, creating an entirely new Legendary Weapon. Only one object may bear the sticker at a time.

Whatever object you choose, one thing is certain: it will be remembered. Songs will be written about it. Scholars will debate it. Museums will desperately search for it centuries after your departure. Entire generations may grow up believing the legendary weapon that defeated the Dark Lord was, inexplicably...

...a bright yellow plastic toy hammer.

Devil Demon Edge Dragon Items

Long Black Coat (100 CP)



A proper Devil Demon Edge Dragon cannot simply walk into a room.

They have to **arrive**.

This impeccably tailored black coat is always perfectly comfortable regardless of the weather, never wrinkles, never becomes dirty, and always seems to fit your current appearance. More importantly, it possesses an uncanny understanding of dramatic timing. It billows when there is no wind, settles dramatically after every movement, and always hangs in a way that makes you appear taller, more confident, and infinitely more mysterious than you actually are.

The coat constantly projects an aura appropriate to the image you wish to convey. A harmless traveler may appear like a retired legendary swordsman. A young mage might feel like an ancient archwizard. A king may look even more regal, while a demon may radiate suffocating malice. The aura never creates fear or obedience by itself, but it greatly enhances first impressions, making others instinctively believe there is far more to you than meets the eye.

Perhaps most importantly, anyone attempting to copy your style while wearing an ordinary black coat simply... doesn't pull it off. Quite actually, anyone else in the setting trying to pull the long black cloak look will immediately fail the part and look sort of cringe so long the onlookers have heard or seen you.

Cyberpunk and other similar setting are going to hate you.

Sealing Bandages (200 CP)



Every Devil Demon Edge Dragon knows one universal truth.

If an arm is wrapped in mysterious bandages...

...there is obviously **something terrifying sealed beneath them**.

These enchanted black wrappings are surprisingly comfortable, endlessly reusable, and adjust themselves to fit any limb, eye, weapon, or object you choose. While they certainly make you look considerably cooler, their true purpose is suppression. Anything they are wrapped around may be voluntarily sealed, whether that means an arm blessed with divine strength, a demonic eye, a dangerous artifact, a magical weapon, an ancient curse, or even a terrifying power sleeping within your own soul. So long as the bandages remain in place, the chosen ability is effectively suppressed, preventing it from being used accidentally or detected by outside means.

The suppression is remarkably complete. Powers hidden beneath the bandages become extremely difficult to perceive through magic, psionics, divination, spiritual senses, or similar abilities, often appearing as though they simply do not

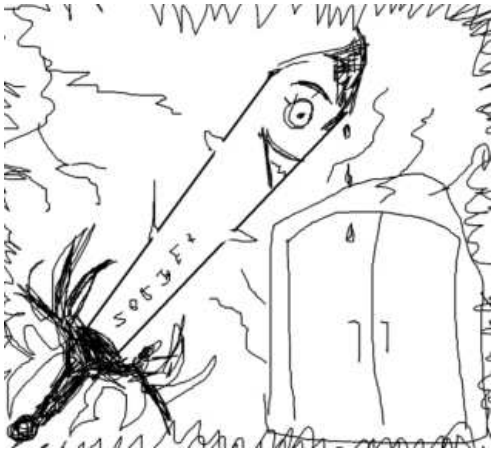
exist. Should you instead choose to wrap your entire body, the bandages may suppress nearly all of your supernatural abilities at once, allowing you to convincingly masquerade as an ordinary person regardless of how absurdly powerful you've become.

Naturally, the bandages may also be used on others. When willingly applied—or forced upon a sufficiently restrained target—they can temporarily suppress a single supernatural ability, artifact, transformation, or similar power possessed by that individual. The stronger the target, the more likely they'll eventually break free, but against equals or weaker opponents the bandages are an exceptionally reliable means of restraint.

Of course, everyone knows what eventually happens. There always comes a moment when the bandages begin to unravel.

And that's usually when someone realizes they have made a terrible mistake.

Armory of the Last Calamity (400 CP)



Every Devil Demon Edge Dragon needs an absurdly oversized weapon...

...with an equally absurd backstory.

This Item manifests as a dimensional armory bound exclusively to you. Whenever you reach inside, you may retrieve any mundane weapon you can clearly imagine, already forged to exceptional quality and perfectly suited to your body and fighting style. Swords, katanas, scythes, greatswords, chain swords, oversized hammers, impossibly long spears, dual pistols, gothic umbrellas... if it could reasonably be wielded as a weapon, your Armory probably has one.

However, the true purpose of this Item is not to provide weapons.

It is to provide **signature weapons**.

Whenever you decide to keep using a particular weapon for an extended period of time, the Armory **begins weaving a legend around it.** The weapon gradually acquires **a proper name, distinctive visual characteristics, and supernatural abilities that reflect both your personality and the stories you've created with it**. It might become *The Ebony Fang of Endless Twilight*, *The World-Rending Crimson Edge*, or something even more unnecessarily dramatic. The longer the weapon accompanies you through genuine adventures, the more legendary it becomes, eventually reaching the level where kings, heroes and demon lords recognize it on sight.

Should the weapon ever be destroyed, lost, sealed away, thrown into a volcano, or dramatically shattered during your final battle, it will quietly return to the Armory after several days, fully restored and remembering every legend ever attached to it.

The dimensional armory is normally protected from interactions by mundane beings, but powerful cosmic beings and gods beyond the norm might become aware of its location and attempt to break it. If they succeed, all items within become unavailable for a few weeks, while it restores itself.

After all, your enemies deserve to recognize your weapon first before they recognize you altogether.

Throne of the Self-Proclaimed Devil Demon Edge Dragon Lord (600 CP)



Again, every Devil Demon Edge Dragon eventually reaches the same conclusion.

"*If the world refuses to acknowledge my greatness...*

...I'll build my own throne."

This Item manifests as an enormous throne of your own design. It may be forged from black iron, dragon bone, crystal, obsidian, white marble, floating swords, living shadows, plastic lawn chairs, or anything else matching your aesthetic. Despite its appearance, the Throne is completely indestructible, may be summoned or dismissed at will, and always arrives in the most dramatic way possible.

While seated upon it, your very presence weighs upon reality. Your voice naturally carries throughout vast halls, your posture becomes impossibly regal, and your aura expands to fill the surrounding area. Allies instinctively look toward you for leadership, enemies hesitate before speaking out of turn, and even ancient beings feel compelled to acknowledge you before acting. This is not mind control, merely the overwhelming impression that whoever sits upon this throne is someone whose words deserve to be heard.

The Throne also functions as the center of your own Domain. Any location where it remains for several days gradually begins reflecting your aesthetic and ideals. Castles become darker or grander, forests become eerily tranquil, laboratories grow increasingly sophisticated, and fortresses develop the unmistakable feeling that someone unimaginably powerful resides there. Minions, followers, companions, and even ordinary visitors slowly adopt this atmosphere as well, giving your domain the feeling of a place pulled straight from the final act of an anime.

Most importantly...

Whenever someone finally reaches your throne room after overcoming impossible odds, surviving countless trials, and pushing open those enormous doors...

You'll already be sitting there.

Waiting.

Like you've been expecting them the entire time.

No seriously, even if you're not there at the moment, the throne will alert you with enough time and should you accept, you'll be instantly teleported to the throne, fully rested, healed, and completely prepared to confront the interloper as if you had been waiting them for that very moment.

Fat and Cute Human Items

Bottomless Snack Pouch (100 CP)



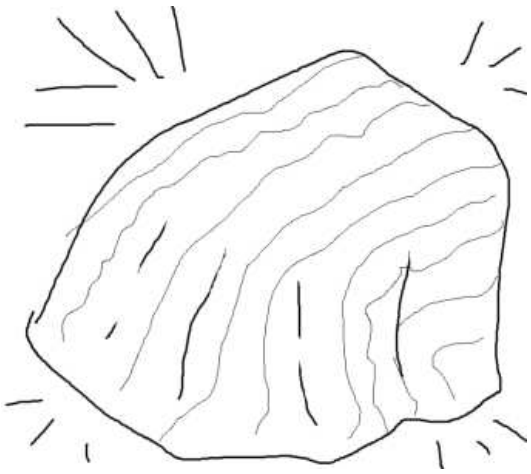
A cute little shoulder bag, pouch, backpack, or waist pack of your choosing. It never feels heavy, never gets dirty, and is always pleasantly warm to the touch.

Whenever you reach inside intending to retrieve something to eat or drink, you'll find exactly what you're craving, provided it's something reasonably ordinary for the current setting. Cookies, fruit, tea, sandwiches, dumplings, candy... if its comfort food, it's probably in there.

The food is always fresh, nutritious, and surprisingly delicious.

Sharing food produced by the pouch noticeably improves people's moods. Arguments become easier to settle, children stop crying sooner, and grumpy old men somehow become willing to tell you their tragic backstory.

Fluffy Blanket (200 CP)



An oversized blanket of impossible softness.

It's always the perfect temperature, never becomes dirty, and comfortably wraps around any number of people regardless of its apparent size. This ability allows for some dramatic and unintended uses for this blanket.

Anyone sleeping beneath it experiences peaceful dreams, wakes fully rested, and recovers from fatigue, stress and emotional exhaustion far faster than normal.

Those under the effects of the blanket will always be more inclined to play and rest than if they were not.

Grandma's Cooking Pot (400 CP)



It doesn't matter whether you're in a medieval village, aboard a generation starship, or wandering the deepest layers of the Abyss.

Everyone deserves a warm meal.

This surprisingly ordinary-looking cast iron cooking pot is larger on the inside than appearances suggest, comfortably preparing meals for anywhere between one person and an entire village. It never burns food, never rusts, and subtly compensates for missing ingredients, imperfect techniques, or the occasional culinary disaster, allowing even inexperienced cooks to prepare hearty, delicious meals. If you already possess cooking skills, however, the results quickly become worthy of kings, dragons, and impossibly picky grandmothers alike.

The true magic of the pot lies not in the food itself, but in the table it creates.

Meals prepared within this pot carry a gentle blessing that encourages people to slow down, relax, and genuinely enjoy one another's company. Conversation flows naturally, misunderstandings become easier to clear up, and those sharing the meal often find themselves willing to listen before reaching for their weapons. Bitter rivals may still remain rivals, ancient grudges are not simply forgotten, and villains do not suddenly abandon their ambitions. Yet for the duration of the meal, there is always the possibility of understanding one another a little better.

Families reconcile. Friends mend broken relationships. Adventuring parties stop arguing over treasure. Kings remember that diplomacy is usually cheaper than war. Even beings who have forgotten what peace feels like may find themselves smiling over a bowl of hot stew.

The food isn't enchanted to control minds.

It's simply... the kind of meal everyone wishes they had growing up.

House on the Hill (600 CP)



A small cottage.

Or perhaps a cozy farmhouse overlooking endless fields.

Maybe a rustic cabin deep within the woods, a quiet beach house, or even a modest home tucked away in the middle of a bustling city.

Whatever form it takes, one thing remains constant.

It's **home**.

You may summon this fully furnished house anywhere reasonably safe, where it will seamlessly establish itself as though it had always belonged there. It comes stocked with wholesome food, fresh water, comfortable beds, warm baths, a well-equipped kitchen, and all the little necessities that make everyday life pleasant. It requires no maintenance unless you genuinely enjoy caring for it, always remaining clean, functional, and welcoming regardless of the world you find yourself in.

The house quietly blesses the land around it. Crops grow healthier, gardens flourish, animals become calmer, and the surrounding environment slowly regains its vitality. Travelers passing nearby often feel compelled to stop and rest, while neighbors gradually become friendlier and more willing to help one another. Children laugh more often, festivals seem just a little brighter, and even difficult times somehow become easier to endure. Left in one place for years, the house naturally becomes the heart of a thriving community.

Those you sincerely welcome inside instinctively feel safe. The burdens they carry seem lighter, old fears become easier to confront, and the simple act of sharing a meal or resting beneath its roof encourages honest conversation and quiet healing. Violence cannot begin within the house unless you willingly permit it, and even lifelong enemies often find themselves choosing words over weapons while inside. The house cannot force forgiveness or peace, but it always gives people the opportunity to choose them.

Its greatest gift, however, is one that **cannot be measured**.

No matter how terrible the world becomes, no matter how hopeless the war, no matter how many gods, demons, eldritch horrors, or cosmic catastrophes threaten existence… there will always remain **one small place where life goes on.** A place where dinner is waiting, where the kettle is warm, where someone saved you a seat at the table.

Even beings who have forgotten what it means to live peacefully may find themselves sitting on the porch with a cup of tea before quietly realizing…

…they don't actually want to leave just yet.

When your journey through a Jump comes to an end, you may choose to take the house with you or leave it behind as a lasting gift to those who came to call it home. If you do, a new House on the Hill will faithfully await you at the beginning of your next adventure.

Truly a place where **a brighter tomorrow is always possible**.

Companions

Adventures are rarely meant to be undertaken alone. Heroes gather parties, mysterious strangers appear at the perfect—or worst—possible moment, and somehow everyone ends up traveling together despite having every reason not to.

The following Companions are intended primarily for the duration of this Jump. Regardless of your Origin or the choices you make, you'll inevitably cross paths with each of them. Whether they decide to accompany you out of friendship, curiosity, shared goals, overwhelming admiration, blackmail, or simply because they refuse to leave you alone... is another matter entirely. One way or another, they'll become part of your story.

You may also bring familiar faces with you. For **100 CP**, you may import up to **two** existing Companions into this Jump. Alternatively, for **200 CP**, you may import up to **eight** Companions. Imported Companions receive **400 CP**, an Origin of their choice, and may purchase Perks and Items as though they had started the Jump alongside you.

Aihateruto (100 CP to not take him as a companion at all)

The archetypical Hero.



The first to leap into danger, the last to abandon hope, and the sort of person who would gladly sacrifice everything if it meant saving even one innocent life. Courageous, kind, unwavering, and somehow possessing every quality expected of the protagonist of an epic fantasy... to the point he bears an uncanny resemblance to the main character of another story that probably should have ended several sequels ago.

Mechanically, Aihateruto possesses the **Hero Origin**, along with a respectable selection of its Perks and Items. He is dependable in battle, remarkably inspiring to those around him, and the sort of companion who can usually be trusted to hold off the final boss while everyone else escapes.

Unfortunately...

Aihateruto expresses friendship through kisses.

Not ordinary kisses, either, but enthusiastic, wholehearted, absolutely unapologetic tongue kisses. His tongue is **alarmingly large and disgusting**, far larger than any reasonable person should possess, and he firmly believes that sharing one such kiss every day is simply what close friends do. Attempts to explain otherwise are met with genuine confusion, as he cannot understand why anyone would refuse such a heartfelt gesture. Whether this is a cultural custom from wherever he came from or simply something deeply wrong with him remains one of the world's greatest mysteries. **At repeated points he will try to use his tongue to give you a disgusting kiss**.

Despite this... peculiar habit, he is an exceptional ally. Should he accompany you throughout your journey, he will eventually lead the party to the resting place of the **Supreme Holy Sword**, a legendary weapon said to awaken only before its true champion and destined to be used to defeat the Demon Lord. Whether that champion proves to be Aihateruto... is a story yet to be written.

Censorshipia (100 CP to not take her as a companion at all)



No other chicken woman has walked a darker path than Censorshipia.

Long before kingdoms rose and Demon Lords marched to war, there existed a secret organization known only as **The Black Feathers of the Last Eclipse**, an order tasked **with preserving the countless Forbidden Names that reality itself had deemed too dangerous to remember.** Censorshipia was their greatest prodigy, entrusted with guarding the ultimate taboo: a single word so catastrophic that merely speaking it would supposedly unravel creation itself. Then came the **Night of Red Feathers**. Betrayed by her own comrades and hunted by the very order she once served, she was forced to **consume the Forbidden Name** herself, sealing it forever within her soul. Since that day, she has wandered the world in search of the mythical **Editor of Destiny**, believing only they possess the power to erase the curse and finally allow her to know peace.

Or at least...

...that's the story she tells everyone.

Whether any of it is actually true remains entirely unknown.

She possesses the body of a woman and the unmistakable head of an ordinary chicken. Wrapped in dark clothing and enough bandages to make anyone suspicious, she carries herself with absolute confidence, speaking in cryptic half-sentences and constantly implying she knows secrets beyond mortal comprehension. She never panics, never breaks character, and somehow manages to look impossibly cool regardless of the situation. Deep down, however, you can't quite shake the feeling that she's trying just a little too hard.

Don't be fooled by her apparently modest combat ability. Censorshipia possesses the **Devil Demon Edge Dragon Origin**, complete with a respectable selection of its Perks and Items, making her far more dangerous than first impressions suggest. Unfortunately, she also possesses another remarkable talent.

She's an **exceptional thief**.

Wallets. Jewelry. Potions. Rare artifacts. The last cookie you specifically said you were saving for later. If it isn't nailed down—and occasionally even if it is—she will somehow acquire it without anyone noticing. Curiously, she never steals out of greed. She simply insists that every successful infiltration requires "field testing," and that **your belongings are making a valuable contribution to her ongoing mission**.

You will never convince her otherwise.

The only thing that is not clear, is how does her being a chicken woman works with her also being a Devil Demon Edge Dragon.

Perhaps you'll never know.

A.L.I.C.E. (100 CP to not take her as a companion at all)



Who approved this?

Seriously.

She shouldn't even be a Companion. If anything, she looks more like someone's favorite character that somehow wandered into the document and refused to leave.

A.L.I.C.E.'s mission is simple: **to overshadow you.**

She is absurdly, unfairly, almost offensively cute. Soft cheeks, a perpetually pouty expression, slightly chubby, and blessed with the kind of charm that makes complete strangers instinctively want to protect her. She knows this. Worse yet, she enjoys reminding you of it whenever she notices someone paying more attention to her than to you—which is... often.

Naturally, your first instinct may be to solve the problem permanently.

Unfortunately, the very moment you seriously attempt to harm her, she is going to calmly produces a perfectly ordinary sheet of paper. Written upon it are the following words:

"Any deliberate act of violence committed by the Jumper in this jump against any Companion resulting in serious injury or death shall immediately constitute a Jump Failure.

Regards,

Jump-chan."

The paper appears perfectly genuine.

You have absolutely no desire to find out whether it's bluffing.

To make matters worse, A.L.I.C.E. knows exactly what the note says, and has absolutely no shame in exploiting that knowledge whenever it benefits her. She'll steal your favorite chair, "borrow" food from your plate, laugh at your dramatic speeches, and somehow always end up standing in the exact spot where the lighting makes her look cutest. She is, without exaggeration, a colossal nuisance.

Yet beneath all that mischief lies someone surprisingly genuine. If you manage to tolerate her for a couple of years without throwing yourself off the nearest cliff, she'll gradually begin trusting you. By the third year, her constant teasing softens into playful banter, and she starts showing a quieter, unexpectedly wholesome side that few others ever get to see. She'll still argue with you, still make fun of your terrible decisions, and still drag you into ridiculous situations because "it'll probably be funny," but she'll also become one of the first people to stand beside you when things truly matter.

Just don't expect her to be nearly as nice to everyone else.

When she believes she's right—and she usually does—A.L.I.C.E. possesses a frightening willingness to challenge nobles, heroes, demon lords, ancient dragons, or the laws of common sense itself.

And somehow you will always end up getting dragged into it.

Scenarios

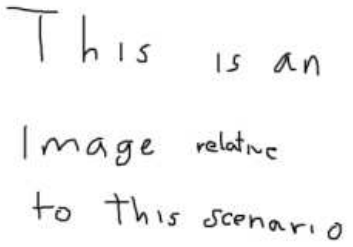
The following Scenarios may be undertaken in any order you wish. Each tells a story of its own, presenting opportunities, challenges, and rewards that are entirely optional. You're under no obligation to complete any of them to enjoy your stay in this Jump, though many are well worth the effort.

Once you choose a Scenario, the world quietly begins arranging itself around it. Coincidences become less coincidental, rumors begin circulating, familiar faces appear at just the right moment, and before long you'll find yourself standing at the beginning of the adventure you selected. The Scenario doesn't force you down a predetermined path, but it does ensure the opportunity to experience it naturally presents itself during your journey.

Should you fail to accomplish a Scenario's objectives, that Scenario is considered failed. You won't receive its reward, and you'll have to live with whatever consequences your failure may have brought about. Unless explicitly stated otherwise, however, failing a Scenario does **not** fail your Jump. Some stories simply end differently than others.

Scenario 01: Arrival into a Strange New World

So...



You've been isekai'd.

Or perhaps reincarnated? Maybe summoned by an ancient ritual? No? You're a Jumper? Well, that's a little unusual around here, but not unheard of. In any case, welcome to the world. It's a place of swords, monsters, ancient ruins, eccentric nobles, suspiciously attractive adventurers, and just enough unexplored wilderness that common sense strongly recommends not wandering off the main road.

Naturally, no fantasy world would be complete without a looming crisis. Rumors speak of a Demon Lord gathering strength beyond the northern frontiers, strange monsters have begun appearing farther from their usual territories, and caravans now travel under armed escort whenever possible. Fortunately for you, the kingdom of Pandora remains relatively peaceful... for now.

This Scenario marks the beginning of your story. Your first task is simply to find your footing in this unfamiliar world. Explore your surroundings, learn where you are, and begin carving out a place for yourself. Whether you awaken beside a quiet forest, within a mountain village, on a merchant's wagon, or somewhere far stranger depends entirely on how your adventure begins. Along the way, you must form at least three genuine friendships. They needn't become lifelong companions, but they should be people who would happily recognize your face should your paths cross again.

Eventually, once you've begun to settle into your new life, fate will intervene.

Two unrelated events will unfold almost simultaneously. In one, something of immense personal value to another is lost, seemingly beyond recovery. In the other, the fate of someone whose guilt—or innocence—remains uncertain hangs in the balance. Circumstances will force you to choose which matter deserves your attention. Pursuing one inevitably means turning away from the other, and once your decision has been made, there is no opportunity to experience the path left behind.

Neither choice is objectively right nor wrong.

Both will shape your journey in ways you cannot yet foresee, opening doors, closing others, and perhaps setting the course for the adventure that will ultimately define your time in this world.

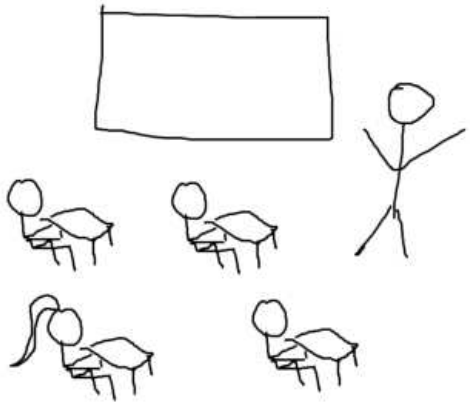
Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

An adventure concludes and a journey begins.

May you have a great journey in this jump, my dear Jumper.

Scenario 02: Medieval School® Shennanigans

Somehow...



You've been enrolled in a medieval boarding school.

Don't ask how. Perhaps a noble decided to sponsor you, maybe a king took a liking to you, perhaps someone mistook you for an exchange student, or maybe fate simply decided your adventure needed an academy arc. Whatever the reason, you'll be spending at least the next six months attending one of the most prestigious institutions in the Kingdom of Pandora.

The academy itself is ancient, prestigious, and almost painfully stereotypical. Nobles, prodigies, and the occasional commoner with exceptional talent study here under legendary knights, archmages, scholars, and retired heroes who somehow ended up becoming teachers. Magic classes, swordsmanship, alchemy, monster ecology, history, etiquette, survival training... it's all here. So are the inevitable school festivals, tournaments, mysterious old libraries, secret passages, awkward romances, rivalries that begin over something incredibly petty, and a Student Council whose authority somehow rivals that of minor kingdoms. Yes, there's probably a mascot wandering around somewhere too, and yes, it may decide you've become its new owner.

Naturally, no academy worthy of the name can simply remain a peaceful place of learning.

Lately, strange rumors have spread throughout the campus. Paintings that no artist remembers creating. Essays that seem to write themselves overnight. Books whose authors deny ever putting pen to paper. Stranger still are the whispers of a new branch of magic capable of producing stories, illustrations, and scholarly works through means that many students consider... deeply unnatural. Some eagerly embrace these spells as revolutionary tools, while others condemn them as the downfall of artistry itself. Debate has long since given way to arguments, arguments to organized factions, and factions to increasingly hostile confrontations. A few extremists have even begun taking matters into their own hands.

Needless to say...

Try not to get caught in the middle.

Spend six months surviving academy life. Attend classes, pass your examinations, make friends—and perhaps something more—while navigating the endless parade of school drama. Uncover the truth behind the academy's hidden demon before it becomes everyone else's problem, avoid getting expelled, and if at all possible...

...avoid letting Aihateruto kiss you.

Successfully completing the academic term without expulsion marks this Scenario as complete.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

Congratulations on surviving your academy life. Whether you graduated with honors, barely passed your examinations, accidentally started three rivalries, or somehow became involved in every major incident the school experienced during those six months, you've come away with knowledge, friendships, and memories that will undoubtedly prove valuable somewhere down the line.

Scenario 03: The Tale of the Copycat

Art imitates life.



The Copycat merely sped the process up. Lately, stories have spread throughout the surrounding towns of a sculptor unlike any other. While master artisans spend months carving marble into breathtaking works, this mysterious man somehow produces statues of astonishing quality in only a matter of days. They are beautiful. They are lifelike. They are technically flawless.

Many call him a genius. Many more call him a fraud. You'll eventually encounter the man by pure chance while traveling. Exhausted and muttering to himself about having "run out of tokens," he'll eagerly begin explaining his latest artistic breakthrough before a squad of city guards suddenly appears. They have no intention of listening to explanations, and seeing you standing beside the accused is more than enough evidence for them.

Congratulations. You've both just been arrested.

Locked away in the same cell, the man gradually opens up to you—provided you prove yourself trustworthy. His story is difficult to believe, speaking of impossible tools, strange knowledge from beyond this world, and methods of creation that no sane sculptor should possess. Yet every impossible claim is accompanied by convincing evidence. Whether he is a misunderstood visionary, an irresponsible fool, or simply someone born in the wrong era is a question you'll have to answer for yourself.

Unfortunately, you'll have plenty of time to think about it. Your trial is scheduled for one month from now, giving you ample opportunity to experience all the delights of medieval prison life. Rival gangs control different cell blocks, guards routinely abuse their authority, and rumors spread faster than disease. One gang endlessly argues over bizarre hypothetical worlds where everyone is either at war or trapped in something else called a "Holy Grail War." Another consists of hopeless romantics with an extremely unhealthy obsession with cute young maidens, making them about as popular as you'd expect. Stranger still are the prisoners calling themselves **The Undying**. At least once during your stay, you'll witness one of them being run clean through during a riot... only for him to casually walk away and show up perfectly healthy the following morning.

Eventually your hearing will arrive. It is, of course, a complete farce. The guards have already decided you're guilty, the judge is little more than a rubber stamp, and the verdict was effectively written before you ever entered the courtroom. Your sentence is imprisonment for the remainder of your stay in this jump.

Unless... you decide not to accept it.

Early in your incarceration you'll meet an unlikely collection of fellow inmates: a band of unusually resourceful mole-men and one flamboyant orc with impeccable fashion sense. Earn their trust, and they'll reveal that they've been quietly planning the greatest prison escape in the kingdom's history. The plan is equal parts tunneling operation, elaborate deception, shameless improvisation, and sheer dumb luck. Somehow... it might actually work.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

Escape the prison alive with the Copycat by your side to complete this Scenario.

Perhaps, after everything you've endured together, the world will remember not only **the Tale of the Copycat**...

...but also the tale of the fool who chose to believe him.

Scenario 04: Green Chicks!

Congratulations.

Against all reason, common sense, and probably several royal regulations, you've accepted to escort the two daughters of one of the wealthiest Orc clans on the continent.

Lady Gorka and Lady Morka are celebrities among the nobility, heirs to a sprawling merchant empire, and perhaps the two most pampered green women to have ever complained that a royal carriage "didn't match their skin tone." Their father has recently received anonymous threats against their lives, prompting the Kingdom of Pandora to discreetly assign additional protection during their month-long tour of noble society.

Naturally everything will go catastrophically wrong before the first day is even over.

Whether it's a runaway carriage, an exploding bridge, an assassination attempt, an overly affectionate griffon, or simply fate deciding to have a laugh at your expense, the result is the same. The sisters survive with little more than bruises, swollen faces, chipped tusks, and a collection of injuries embarrassing enough that they absolutely cannot appear in public for the next several weeks.

Normally, this would simply postpone their schedule.

Unfortunately, tomorrow morning they're expected to attend the Royal Spring Gala. Then a charity banquet. Three noble tea parties. A diplomatic reception. A merchant conference. A fashion exhibition. An engagement announcement. Several political negotiations. And approximately seventeen other social events whose cancellation would create enough diplomatic tension to make neighboring kingdoms start asking uncomfortable questions.

The Royal Intelligence Service immediately proposes what is, without question, the stupidest plan anyone in the room has ever heard.

"...We'll have someone impersonate them."

Silence.

Every head slowly turns towards... you.

Apparently, between illusion magic, enchanted cosmetics, posture lessons, etiquette tutors, fake tusks, specially tailored dresses, and what the court wizard confidently describes as "a sufficiently positive attitude," you'll be close enough.

You can immediately point out the obvious flaws of the disguise. Everyone else immediately will simply ignore them.

Above all else... do **not** let anyone discover the truth.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

For the next month, you'll have to convincingly impersonate one—or both—of Pandora's most recognizable Orc noblewomen while the real sisters recover in secret. Attend extravagant balls, survive vicious noble gossip, navigate political intrigue, endure fashion critiques, avoid suspicious servants, **escape overly persistent admirers**, and somehow learn enough Orc etiquette to avoid accidentally starting an international incident over the improper use of a salad fork.

Scenario 05: A Time for Heroes

The call has gone out across the continent.

The Kingdom of Pandora seeks heroes.



With the Demon Lord's Fifteenth Campaign now underway, the King has ordered every renowned adventurer, holy knight, wandering champion, dragon slayer, chosen one, mysterious masked swordsman, legendary mage, and anyone else capable of defeating evil to present themselves before the royal court. Thanks to your growing reputation—or perhaps because someone exaggerated your accomplishments beyond all recognition—you've received an invitation as well.

Unfortunately, gathering hundreds of heroes beneath a single roof turns out to have been a catastrophic idea.

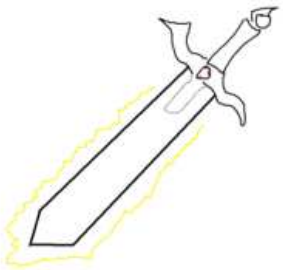
Within days the royal castle is going to descend into utter chaos. Every hero believes they're the one destined to save the world. Rivalries erupt over everything from legendary titles to seating arrangements. A paladin refuses to work beside a necromancer despite the latter technically qualifying as a hero. Three different people claim ownership of the "Sword of Destiny." Someone insists the prophecy was mistranslated and actually refers to *them*. Duels become commonplace, alliances form and dissolve before lunchtime, romantic triangles somehow become romantic octagons, and every conversation eventually devolves into an argument over whose tragic backstory is the most tragic. The King is one diplomatic incident away from suffering a stress-induced heart attack.

As one of the few individuals who somehow hasn't started a civil war inside the castle, you will be repeatedly asked to mediate disputes, investigate incidents, expose frauds pretending to be heroes, keep overly enthusiastic champions from accidentally destroying priceless sections of the palace, and occasionally remind everyone that there's an actual Demon Lord invading the kingdom. Along the way you'll meet genuine heroes worthy of legend, complete frauds who somehow fooled everyone, and a surprising number of decent people buried beneath mountains of ego.

By the time the Grand Council of Heroes convenes, it will fall upon you to ensure the gathering doesn't collapse into complete disaster. Whether by diplomacy, cleverness, overwhelming strength, or sheer exhaustion, you must forge enough cooperation among Pandora's so-called heroes that an army worthy of confronting the Demon Lord can finally march together.

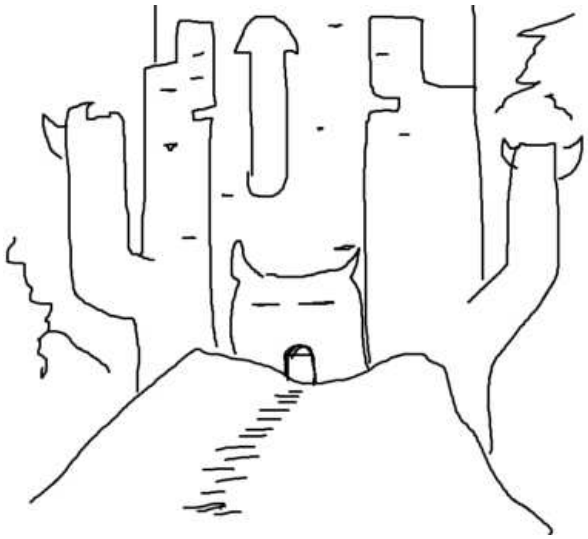
Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

The AI Sword of Destiny (Reward Item)



A legendary weapon that might—or might not—have been designed by something that definitely wasn't human. Forged with strangely uneven proportions, awkward geometry, and the unmistakable artistic touch of the mythical god-smith **MSPainto**, the blade is an immaculate white outlined in pure black, as though reality itself forgot to anti-alias it. While undeniably bizarre in appearance, the sword is every bit as legendary as the stories claim. When wielded by someone who could genuinely be called a hero, it radiates a faint pixelated glow and becomes a bane to evil itself. Any creature whose nature is truly malicious can be wounded by its edge, regardless of whether it is incorporeal, immortal, divine, demonic, or otherwise thought immune to conventional harm. As long as your cause is just and your opponent can honestly be called evil, the AI Sword of Destiny will always find a way to cut them. It might look like it came from a five-minute image generation prompt... but evil is rarely laughing after the first swing.

Scenario 06: The Demon Lord and the Time to Save the World



Well...

You've made it.

After two seasons, twenty-four episodes, several inexplicable filler adventures, at least one beach episode, one tournament arc, and enough emotional speeches about friendship to last a lifetime, you finally stand before the gates of the Demon Lord's Castle. Along the way you've crossed blades with fearsome Demon Generals, watched fellow heroes triumph through courage or crash and burn in spectacular fashion, survived betrayals that everyone except the victim saw coming, and perhaps even witnessed the rise of the inevitable Dark Hero who showed up halfway through the story looking dramatically cooler than everyone else.

The castle itself is every bit as imposing as legend describes, and every bit as impractical as one would expect. It is a labyrinth of magnificent black stone whose halls twist through impossible geometry, staircases lead somewhere different depending on how dramatically you climb them, and entire wings appear to have been designed by someone who prompted an ancient magical intelligence with *"Create the ultimate evil castle with maximum atmosphere"* and accepted the first result without proofreading it. Hidden passages intersect with dead ends that somehow aren't actually dead ends, treasures lie beside elaborate death traps, and every corridor seems determined to convince invading heroes that perhaps turning back was the wiser decision.

The castle is also home to some of the Demon Lord's most loyal retainers. Upon the Watchtower resides **Erlinga**, the serpentine huntress, who refuses to let anyone pass until they defeat her in a card game. She has an inexplicable fondness for flowers, homemade cookies, and adorable dogs, while displaying an equally inexplicable hatred of worms. Beyond her domain waits the cottage of the **Red Hag**, a disturbingly polite old woman with an unfortunate habit of eating her guests if they overstay their welcome. The battlements belong to **Dumnia**, the proud Dullahan knight whose greatest weakness is that she has an unfortunate tendency to literally lose her head whenever someone compliments her. Deeper still lies the Lake of the Three Sirens, whose beautiful songs have lured countless adventurers to their doom, though whether they intend to eat you or simply invite you to dinner remains a disturbingly blurry distinction.

Should you survive the journey, you'll finally arrive before **Alfinhierthis**, the True Demon Lord of the Age.

She is... unexpectedly approachable.

An elegant woman with pale violet skin, graceful horns, flawless posture, and the quiet confidence of someone fully aware that defeating entire kingdoms is simply part of her weekly schedule. She'll politely invite you to call her **Alfiny**, offer refreshments, ask whether the trip through her castle was enjoyable, apologize if any of the traps felt repetitive, and only then suggest that the two of you settle this unfortunate little war.

Defeating the Demon Lord, however, proves to be the greatest challenge of all.

Victory does not necessarily mean killing her. Perhaps you discover the reason behind her campaign and convince her to abandon it. Perhaps diplomacy succeeds where armies failed. Perhaps the two of you agree to a temporary truce

while discussing the future over dinner. Perhaps one evening in the palace gardens becomes several. Perhaps one drink becomes several too many. Perhaps one kiss becomes a wedding. Perhaps five children later you're forced to explain to history professors how exactly the Great Demon War ended with a family reunion.

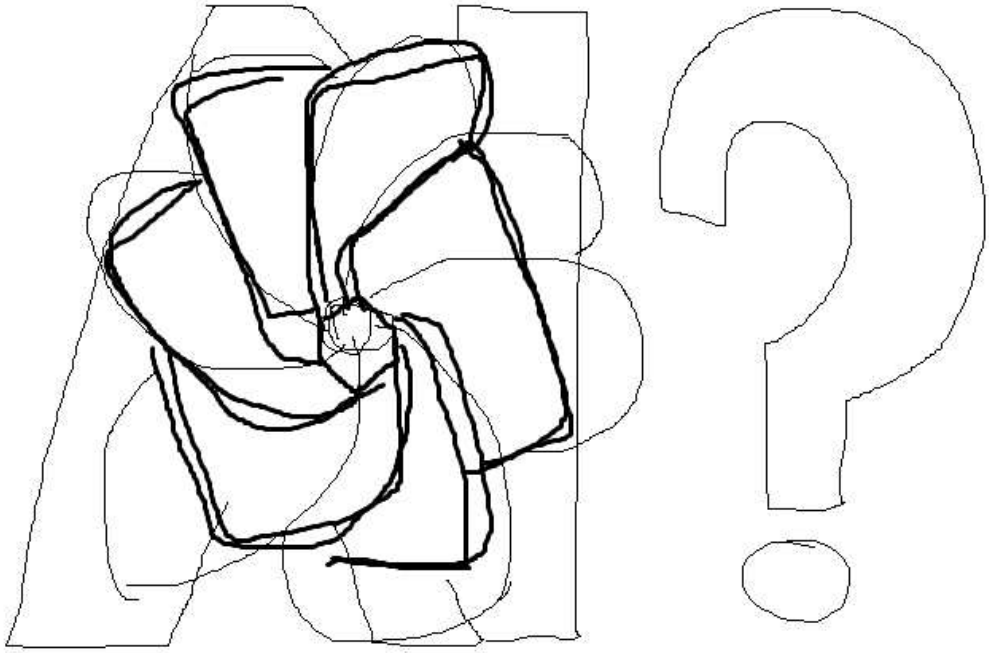
...History is rarely as dignified as people pretend.

Whatever path you choose, bring the Demon Lord's campaign against humanity to its conclusion, one way or another, and you'll have completed the Scenario.

Scenario Rewards: +200 CP and Maybe a Wife

Seriously, why is this scenario a bunch of clichés you have probably read or seen elsewhere. There's something going on...

...but what?



Scenario 07: It was All a Simulation Anyway



Something isn't right.

At first it's little things. A merchant repeats the exact same conversation despite never having met you before. A flock of birds briefly freezes in the sky before continuing as though nothing happened. You find roads leading nowhere, books containing pages of meaningless symbols, and paintings whose details subtly change whenever you stop looking at them. The signs were always there.

Nobody else seems to notice.

As the end of your journey draws near, a disturbing realization begins to take shape. This world... might not actually be real. The kingdoms, the heroes, maybe the Demon Lord (to be determined), every triumph and every tragedy—all of it behaves less like a living world and more like an impossibly elaborate simulation. Somewhere, buried beneath layers of carefully constructed reality, lies the truth. A question echoes in the back of your mind, one you can't seem to silence.

"Was this Jump made by AI?"

Whether that's the right question... is another matter entirely.

To complete this Scenario you'll need to follow the inconsistencies, uncover the hidden architecture of the simulation, and discover who—or what—is responsible for maintaining it. Along the way you'll encounter entities determined to preserve the illusion at any cost, fragments of forgotten memories that don't belong to anyone currently alive, and clues suggesting that the answer is both simpler and far stranger than you ever imagined. Every revelation brings you closer to the truth... but also further from the comforting lie you've spent nearly a decade calling home.

In the end, you'll stand before the one responsible and finally learn what this world truly is. Was it crafted by the careful hand of a Benefactor? Was it generated by an intelligence that never possessed a beating heart? Does the distinction even matter after everything you've experienced? The friends you've laughed with, the companions you've loved, the enemies you've forgiven... **were they ever any less real simply because of how they came into existence?**

Answer the question for yourself, and you'll complete the Scenario.

Choose poorly—or refuse to choose at all—and when your ten years come to an end, you may discover that all jumpers that are in the jump has returned to their chain...

...except you.

Final Scenario Rewards: +1000 CP

You have learned the truth, and discovered something that might be or might not be what you expected. Whether what you experienced was AI or was it true artistic passion is something to be debated, but the truth is that regardless of what it was, is that you read this jump until this moment, and hopefully you have found it interesting.

Drawbacks

404: Hero Not Found (+100 CP)

Something has gone terribly wrong with destiny.

Whenever someone is looking for "the Hero," they will always assume it's someone else first. Even after you've saved an entire village, there will still be someone insisting the real hero is "that guy over there."

This does not prevent you from accomplishing great deeds. It merely guarantees you'll almost never receive immediate recognition for them. You may still if put sufficient effort receive recognition, but all it takes is one guy claiming they are the real hero to make all your effort go to waste.

Prompt Misunderstood (+100 CP)

The universe has developed an unfortunate tendency to misunderstand your intentions.

Whenever you explain a plan, make a request, or ask for something important, there's a reasonable chance your words will be interpreted in the funniest possible way that is still technically correct.

Fortunately, the misunderstandings are rarely malicious. Unfortunately, they're almost always inconvenient.

NPC Energy (+200 CP)

You radiate powerful background-character energy.

People forget your name. Merchants barely acknowledge you. Guards tell you to move along. Heroes interrupt you mid-sentence.

Even your companions occasionally forget you were standing right there.

Ironically, this makes sneaking around substantially easier, but also makes holding a relationship much harder.

Patch Notes Pending (+200 CP)

Reality occasionally experiences...bugs.

Once every few days something around you will simply stop working correctly. Doors forget they are doors and so something else. Gravity briefly becomes optional and there’ a real risk of fall damage death for you. An angry chicken gains boss music and god save you if you hit it three times.

The bugs are rarely lethal...

...but they are never convenient.

Live Service World (+300 CP)

The world constantly receives "balance updates" as if this was some sick RPG game. Techniques, abilities, perks and powers, you've mastered may suddenly function slightly differently than what they used to, even those from before this jump.

Weapons can become stronger. Magic becomes weaker if it's too op. Tomorrow, the reverse may happen and screw everything up. Nothing is ever rendered unusable, but no strategy remains optimal forever.

Everyone else is just as confused as you are, and you'll have to relearn how your own abilities work unless you want to run into a nasty surprise at the worst moment.

Terminally Online (+300 CP)

You possess an extraordinary talent for accidentally finding the worst possible discussion.

No matter where you go, whether it's a tavern, a royal court, a mage's academy, an adventurer's guild, or the local marketplace, sooner or later you'll stumble into a heated debate. It might be swords versus magic, heroes versus villains, dragons versus wyverns, whether pineapple belongs on pizza despite nobody knowing what a pineapple is, or whether magically generated paintings and stories should even be considered art and should be banned from the location.

For reasons beyond mortal comprehension, your opinion will always be requested or it will affect you directly.

Should you choose to share your opinion, someone will immediately disagree. Then someone else will disagree with both of you. Before long, half the room will be involved, friendships will be tested, someone's throwing a chair, and there's a decent chance you'll be warned, kicked out, temporarily banned from the establishment, or politely asked to "never return."

You are always free to walk away.

But your principles compel you to stand your ground and speak your mind.

Main Character Competition (+400 CP)

You are no longer the only chosen hero.

Scattered throughout the world are several other individuals who genuinely possess Heroic Destinies every bit as legitimate as your own. Each has their own loyal companions, signature weapon, destined rival, mysterious mentor, opening theme that somehow starts playing whenever they make an entrance, and a heartbreakingly tragic backstory that audiences would undoubtedly vote *Anime Backstory of the Year*.

Naturally, every single one of them is absolutely convinced that **they** are the protagonist of this story, and that everyone else—including you—is merely a particularly important supporting character.

Some will become steadfast allies. Others lifelong rivals.

A few will insist on challenging you every time you meet because "that's what rivals do."

All of them will complicate your adventure, steal opportunities you were about to take, accidentally trigger events meant for you, and generally make saving the world or living a calm and quite life far more crowded than it has any right to be.

Algorithm Approved (+400 CP)

The world begins optimizing itself around engagement. Quiet days become rare. Coincidences become increasingly absurd. Every week somehow ends with a cliffhanger. Romantic misunderstandings multiply.

Explosions happen with suspicious frequency. If something dramatic could happen...

It probably will.

Jump-chan does approve this drawback, but it certainly will quickly make things very complicated and mentally exhausting for you. No perks can help you avoid the exhausting effects of this drawback.

No Save Files (+500 CP)

There are no second chances.

For the duration of this Jump, any perk, power, item, or ability capable of undoing your mistakes simply ceases to function. Luck manipulation, timeline rewinds, time travel, checkpoint systems, save states, prophetic dreams that avert disaster, one-ups, resurrection abilities, reality rewrites, causality manipulation, and any similar means of escaping the consequences of your actions are all suppressed.

If you make a mistake...

...you'll have to live with it.

If someone dies...

...they stay dead.

If you fail...

...you fail.

The future is no longer something you can reload until you get the ending you wanted. Every choice carries real weight, every victory must be earned, and every loss becomes part of your story.

Proceed carefully.

This playthrough has **permadeath** enabled.

Generated Reality (+600 CP)

The simulation has noticed you.

From the very moment you enter this world, **something hidden beneath reality recognizes that you do not belong**. At first the changes are subtle enough to dismiss as coincidence. A witness forgets seeing you. A road you've traveled a dozen times suddenly leads somewhere else. Letters change when no one is looking. Friends occasionally remember conversations that never happened, while forgetting those that did. Entire buildings quietly alter their layouts overnight, books rewrite their own contents, and clues that might reveal the truth have an unsettling habit of disappearing just before you find them. As the years pass, these "corrections" **become increasingly frequent**, until it

is impossible to ignore the **feeling that the world itself is rearranging reality to keep you from discovering something**.

The truth is both simpler and far more terrifying: **the simulation has identified you as an anomaly**. Whatever intelligence governs this world has concluded that your existence is an error, and from that moment onward its countless unseen processes begin working to correct the mistake. **Powerful beings charged with preserving reality will slowly become aware of your presence**, chance encounters increasingly favor your enemies over you, and even fate itself seems determined to push you toward failure. Nothing about this Drawback is arbitrary or unfair; the world is simply behaving exactly as it was designed to. Unfortunately for you, that design never accounted for someone like a Jumper. **For the next ten years, reality itself will quietly, patiently, and relentlessly attempt to erase you from the story.**

Final Choice

Stay

You've spent ten years in this world. You've made friends, defeated monsters, embarrassed yourself in front of nobles, perhaps married the Demon Lord—or perhaps someone else entirely—and somehow managed to survive everything this strange place threw at you. If you choose to stay, this world becomes your home and becomes as real as you want it to be, accepting you fully. The adventures don't simply stop because the Jump is over; life goes on, new stories begin, and the people you've come to care about remain at your side for as long as your life lasts. Perhaps the greatest adventure isn't leaving for another world... but deciding you've already found the one worth calling home.

Go Home

Sometimes, the greatest reward is simply returning home. Whatever brought you here has finally come to an end, and you'll return to the world you left behind at the exact moment you departed, carrying with you everything you've earned throughout this journey. To everyone else, no time will have passed. To you... it'll have been an unforgettable decade, if not more. Whether this world was real, simulated, imagined, or something in between no longer matters. The memories certainly are.

Continue Onwards into the Chain!

Another world awaits. Another jump. Another impossible adventure where you'll once again find yourself questioning your life choices somewhere around the halfway point. Whatever you've learned here—about heroes, friendship, destiny, AI, simulations, or simply the importance of never trusting a royal intelligence agency with disguises—will accompany you into the next Jump. The Omniverse is unimaginably vast, and your journey has only just begun. Good luck, Jumper... and try not to accidentally marry too many Demon Lords. One is usually complicated enough.

My Words and Thoughts about AI Image Generation

This Jump came to be from an observation I've had while spending far too much time on the internet: mention AI-generated images in certain communities and you can practically hear the boss music begin. There are many reasons people dislike the technology, some of them perfectly reasonable and others... perhaps less so. This Jump isn't meant to convince anyone to like AI art, nor to dismiss the concerns surrounding it. Rather, it's my way of poking fun at the discussion while exploring what these tools can—and can't—actually do.

To me, AI image generation is just that: another tool. Like a paintbrush, a camera, Photoshop, or MS Paint, it doesn't replace creativity by itself. It still requires someone deciding what they're trying to create, what ideas they want to communicate, and what story they're trying to tell. It's imperfect, often frustrating, and hilariously bad at understanding exactly what's inside your head, but it's also made it possible for many hobbyists with little artistic training, limited free time, or no budget to finally give visual form to their ideas.

Ironically, most of the illustrations in this Jump weren't made with AI at all. The overwhelming majority are my own doodles made in MS Paint, with a handful cleaned up afterwards in Photoshop, and some I kinda cheated and traced somewhat existing pictures from somewhere else. They're crude, simple, and unmistakably homemade... but they're mine, and I had a surprising amount of fun making them.

That said...

I quietly hid **four** fully AI-generated images somewhere throughout the document.

A couple are fairly obvious. The other two are considerably harder to spot. Consider it a small game if you'd like to look for them.

Whether you find them or not, ask yourself a question afterwards. Did discovering an AI-generated image make the Jump any less enjoyable? Did it diminish the writing, the perks, the scenarios, or the ideas? Or were they simply another set of illustrations helping visualize the experience? I don't pretend to have the definitive answer, but I do think it's a more interesting question than simply asking whether an image was made by a person or by software.

Hopefully, this won’t get me banned from the places I usually hang around.

In any case, I hope you enjoyed reading this Jump as much as I enjoyed writing it. Whether you came for the satire, the perks, the companions, or simply because someone told you there was a Demon Lord to romance somewhere in here... thank you for giving it a chance. Happy Jumping.

My Other Works

Hello everyone! Thank you for reading this far into the jump. If you've enjoyed this jump and want to explore more corners from my own imagination, here's a look at my other jumps—each connected by lore, themes, or continuity:

Interdimensional Academy



Located in the heart of the Nexus, the Interdimensional Academy is a prestigious institution where your Jumper will spend years learning alongside the brightest—and most dangerous—individuals from across the Omniverse. You'll forge friendships, tackle group challenges, explore bizarre and wondrous dungeons, and uncover mysteries that threaten not only the Academy, but all of existence. Just remember, you won't be the only Jumper invited... and not everyone has good intentions.



Agent at the Service of the Songstress of Dreams

As her newest Agent, you serve the enigmatic Songstress of Dreams, acting as her will made manifest. You hail from Dreamscape, the surreal realm of sleeping minds where Dreams and Nightmares walk as living forces. But war brews beneath the lullabies, as the Composer of Nightmares moves to challenge the Songstress' reign. Navigate wonder and terror alike in a setting shaped by emotion, art, and slumbering gods.

Kingdom of the Stars



On a quiet night, a fragment of celestial essence found you—and in that moment, you became a Starseed. This is the beginning of your journey to become a Living Star, a being of radiant power destined to shine across galaxies. Experience a journey that starts on Earth but quickly ascends beyond it, joined by unforgettable companions as you shape your fate and push back against a future consumed by darkness.



Awakening of the Cosmic Lord

Set five centuries after *Kingdom of the Stars*, a new force stirs. You have become host to the single surviving fragment of reality—a Cosmic Lord, born to rule. As the universe takes notice, you'll encounter allies, rivals, and enemies from across the stars. Wield godlike powers in this high-stakes cosmic saga, where your every decision can reshape creation itself.

City at the Edge of Nothingness



Adrift between realities lies a city of impossible architecture and untold secrets. This place—the City at the Edge of Nothingness—is part trade hub, part artifact, and entirely alien. Governed by strange laws and shaped by ancient Wills, it attracts travelers, refugees, and adventurers from all walks of existence. Here, you'll navigate political intrigue, survive cosmic anomalies, and perhaps uncover the truth of the city's creation... and its purpose.



SinGod/Luciano'sLogic Excellent Adventure

What started as an ordinary day for Luciano takes a bizarre and unexpected turn. Just as he steps outside his home, an unseen force—or perhaps an unfathomable entity—yanks him out of reality itself. Spiraling through the unknown, he is hurled into a world unlike anything he's ever seen. Here, robots casually stroll the streets, magical girls double as both top idols and wanted criminals, and lewd monster girls prowl in search of rare males (or females—we don't judge) to abduct for their own... questionable purposes.

AzureKnight goes into the Nasuverse



Thrown into a strange new reality filled with waifus, overpowered beings, and dangerously convoluted lore, AzureKnight finds himself in a world where Servants can be summoned at will, everyone seems to have HAX-tier abilities that would make full-power Goku or One Million Superman look like background characters, and plot-convenient fate ensures that anyone remotely strong is constantly clashing with others just as busted. Welcome to the Nasuverse, where logic takes a backseat, hype drives the narrative, and the risk of chain failure lurks around every corner. Good luck, AzureKnight—you're going to need it.

That Time I got Reincarnated into a Cool Guy/Gal but the Smurfs Kidnapped Me and Now I'm Being Tortured



One moment you were hanging out with your friends, passionately debating your favorite book series—some were arguing about The Three-Body Problem, others were bragging about "clapping" some Tau thing from Warhammer 40k. Everything was fine, nerdy, and normal... until an azure-colored raccoon popped out of nowhere holding what looked like raffle tickets. Congratulations! You won something. Unfortunately, that "something" happens to be a one-way trip to another reality—one where you're inexplicably hotter, everything seems to be borderline SFW for some reason, and, for reasons that defy logic, there are Smurfs. And they're coming for you.

Generic Scammer



One morning, you're walking through a city or town, minding your own business, when you hear your name. Not shouted, not called out—just spoken, close and familiar, as if someone had always been there. When you turn, there's a man where you're certain no one stood a moment ago. He wears a smooth white mask with no features and no reflection in the nearby glass, yet somehow you get the distinct impression he's smiling. You've been scammed, and now, you have to scam the scammer to get everything you lost!

AzureKnight's Google Drive Folder



Over time, I'll continue to create new jumps—or maybe overhaul existing ones with hundreds of new pages, who knows? If you're interested in seeing my latest work or updates, you can find them here:

https://tinyurl.com/39pxbmty

Alternatively, if the shortened link goes out, here's the full URL for my drive:

https://drive.google.com/drive/folders/1ihmK8scPmtF3CQR-QXcl96tgCN5OZX7-?usp=drive_link

Want to discuss this jump or have any questions?

I'm usually hanging out in one of Reddit's Jumpchain Discord communities! Feel free to join us there to chat about this jump or anything else on your mind—just remember to follow the rules and be respectful.

Join here: https://discord.gg/dmSStbhp4b

Whether you have feedback, questions, or just want to brag about how cool your Jumper is, I'll be there to greet you!