

Killing Bites
by The One-Armed Anon

JumpChain Compatible

Since society's beginning, there have been puppets & puppeteers. The puppets grew from individual chieftains, kings, and lords - to governments & nations. The puppeteers found themselves growing as well, their spheres of influence and power growing. They could no longer hide, and as these puppeteers eventually clashed with one another, their hidden ruses and plans began to unravel. So it was that the Killing Bites were instated.

Two individuals. Champions for two opposing factions. When one champion was laid low, that faction lost and the matter was settled. Though the idea hit snags in it's infancy, soon the Killing Bites became the best way to avoid secret wars and untold amounts of conflict. In fact, as society progressed further and further? The Killing Bites became almost a profitable bloodsport - a way for the rich, famous, and would-be royalty of the new generations to see death and get their thrills, while their money went to more... 'profitable' ventures.

And so society continued to have it's mysterious 'men behind the scenes.' The Illuminati, the Masons, numerous other covens and organizations whose tendrils ran deep. And now? This world of secret societies, hidden plans, plans within plans, and politics like none other?

You are a part of it now. Whether a Brute who serves as champion within the Killing Bites, or one of the enigmatic individuals running it all with an iron fist, you are now one of the underworld.

Have fun.

Oh!

Before I forget. Keep an ear out, wiring a transfer to you.

+1,000 CP!

Don't spend it all in one place, now.

Origin & Identity

Ah, but first! A name to fit that pretty face of... Wait, how old are you?

(For your age in years, roll a **1d8 + 20**, or pay **100 CP** to choose any)

As for **Location**? You start out in a city of your choice. Country, continent, doesn't matter.

Now... Tell me about yourself.

Drop-In (Free): You arrive looking... rather, not particularly worse for wear than you usually do, and your memory about this place is shot - nonexistent, even. Well, you're in the underbelly of the world, and it seems that along with no memories, you have no contacts or allies to make use of.

Brute (50 CP): Ah, yes. The Brutes of the Killing Bites are the champions who help dictate success or failure, being either representatives for their faction in all ventures, or hired mercenaries to act as champions in the arena. Typically guided by a Manager, the duty-bound scientist and businessman who ensures that a Brute is running at peak performance.

Manager (50 CP): A Brute must dedicate themselves to performing at their strongest within the Killing Bites - often not being capable of taking care of funds, housing, and transportation due to the zeal of their work. So the Manager comes into play - often the one who has engineered the Brute's unique, varied abilities. The Manager ensures the Brute is working at peak performance - when not engaging in the Underworld's politics & business themselves.

Sponsor (50 CP): There are the pawns, the players, and the spectators within the game. And then there's you - for who else could be trusted to manipulate each tiny, delicate string which makes up the plans for you and your organization? Whether you operate independently, act as the go-to for another, or are the head of your own syndicate, one thing is for certain: When they need the Bites organized, your puppeteering ensures they WILL happen.

Perks, Skills, & Abilities

Did you honestly think I'd drop you in here without anything to work with.

Hybrid (50 CP. Free Drop-In & Brute): As society progressed, technology & science have skyrocketed - until we reach the modern age, the year of 2015. It seems, in particular, genetic modification was secretly developed - resulting in you. A human capable of morphing between a half-human, half-animal state in less than the time it takes to breath.

Businessman (50 CP. Free Manager & Sponsor): It's all just good business, after all. Even if, in the end, it becomes a monetized bloodsport for the rich and famous to lust over. You have good business sense - knowing when to invest, knowing how to haggle & debate, everything a good business owner must know. Including... when to cut one's losses.

Collected Mentality (100 CP. Discounted Drop-In): Even when surrounded by bloodthirsty mongrels & petulant, boisterous opponents, your emotions are kept on a tight leash - only the greatest outrage or crisis will make you break your veneer of calm professionalism.

Glory's Fanfare (100 CP. Free Brute): You fight for the crowd - to hear them chanting your name after each victory. Your actions can wow any crowd, no matter whether you're the villain or the hero. No gimmick required, no tagline spewing necessary.

Taskmaster (100 CP. Free Manager): Efficiency - every second of the day is important, and you know just how to spend every single one of them. You've gained the uncanny ability to plan actions and manage your time with incredible efficiency so as to squeeze every little moment for what it's worth. Over the years you've even gained some proficiency in multitasking to make the time you have even more useful. With this, you'll rarely find yourself thinking "I'm running late" or "I need more time in the day" again!

Financier (100 CP. Free Sponsor): Your job has to deal with the oddest lifeblood of human society - the coin. As such, you've become well associated with currency, and are capable of drumming it up where necessary - whether dredging ancient funds you forgot you had, cashing in on spontaneous investments, the works. You'll always have money on hand - now whether it's the right amount is the question.

Integrity (300 CP. Discounted Drop-In): You have a specific code - a code of conduct that you hold yourself to whether in combat or in debate. While upholding your code of honor, you will find your movements are made more fluid & lithe as if fueled by some supernatural force. Enemies who would mock, or defile your code will find no mercy, as your attacks against them are incapable of missing.

To The Victor (300 CP. Discounted Brute): Victory comes to those whose fangs are the sharpest, according to a new generation of Brutes. You've ensured your fangs are sharp - as well as everything else. Your muscles are taut and at the ready at all times, you can activate your adrenal glands at will to cause a surge of adrenaline through your system, and most of all - your mind. Trained to expect hostility at all times, in the back of your mind you are subconsciously running through a mental checklist - always on the alert for tells, signs, and omens of ill will.

Professor (300 CP. Discount Manager): Count yourself among the most knowledgeable people on this Earth, friend, for you needed that education to claw your way up this ladder. You have the equivalent of numerous Ph.D's and Master's degrees, all dealing with the sciences. Including some sort of degree involving laughter? Hey. I'm not the smart guy here. I won't ask.

Puppetmaster (300 CP. Discount Sponsor): You're no stranger to getting your hands dirty, or you would be if you weren't so good at making others dirty their hands for you. You're excellent at finding the likes and dislikes of others, and reading group dynamics. You can then use this information to manipulate those people with frightening ease, after some sugary words of course. Inspire loyalty, turn best friends into worst enemies, make the competition sabotage themselves. Just don't let the manipulated know they're being manipulated, it tends to end badly for the manipulator.

Ideal Impact (600 CP. Discount Drop-In): It's not strange, really - everyone has their own beliefs, their own concept of honor. While on the field of battle, as long you stay true to your personal beliefs and keep your honor intact, you're able to project those beliefs through your words and actions. Both seem to have more impact on the psyche of onlookers, a feeling of great importance that makes people pay attention. The things you say and do will stick; resonating with people and making them remember you. Weaker willed people will be shaken to the core, questioning their own beliefs. Stronger minds will likely find it very hard to question your character or forget your resolve.

Wrecking Ball (600 CP. Discount Brute): You came in like one, that's for sure. You have a penchant for dramatic destruction - bashing through walls & entrances with dramatic aplomb. Here's the quirk to it however: The more urgent & dramatic the moment? The stronger you are during that moment of destruction - growing even capable of smashing through solid metal foundations & energy fields. This perk even applies to bindings - the strongest shackles shattering when the time is right.

Hybrid Biologist (600 CP. Discount Manager): Well well. You know your craft well - almost too well, it seems. You know how to create Hybrids - the humans capable of morphing into a half-human, half-animal creature capable of more than either progenitor. Along with this? You know how to biologically place 'barriers' within individuals - hiding abilities & properties within a person's body until such a time as requirements are met. These requirements can be anything from the introduction of a chemical via pill to a simple code phrase.

Conspirator Extraordinaire (600 CP. Discount Sponsor): You're deep in the webs of all of these running, tangled conspiracies - and you love every second of it. Touch one thread and a dozen more are affected, and every line is connected to another in ways you can see as clear as day. You can orchestrate just about any confrontation or conflict (or resolution of conflict) you see fit, and you know how to exploit every mistake of other players in the underworld. You can segue anyone you need to into this tangled web, and segue yourself out without so much as a scratch. In the future, you will find your name already whispered of in the seedy underbelly - and your exploits (while not well-detailed) well respected.

Co-Operatives

Nobody works alone. Not in these waters.

Brute Hybrid (200 CP. One (1) Free for Manager): You work best when you have someone to take the spotlight - and so they shall. A Brute is the one who takes part in the Killing Bites, and this Brute does so with gusto. Their Hybrid beast and combat focus are completely up to you (aka look at the Hybrid Customization page). The Brute has the perks Hybrid, Glory's Fanfare, and To The Victor.

Manager (200 CP. One (1) Free for Brute): You need someone who can make sure you're always at tip-top shape, always ready for the next big fight. So enters your Manager - while you train & practice to stay at the peak of your fitness, they will ensure you can do so without piddly distractions like 'transportation' and 'medical expenses.' The Manager has the perks Businessman, Taskmaster, and Professor.

Fellow Conspirators (Variable): Suppose you have people waiting in the wings, eh? You can bring in Companions that you've collected from your no-doubt numerous adventures, following the... well, following guidelines.

- Single Companion = **50 CP**
- Bulk Purchase (4 Companions & Above) = **200 CP.**

Fellow Conspirators receive one of the 50 CP perks for free (per companion). As well, you can sacrifice **100 CP** at a time to give each Companion exactly that much to spend, up to a maximum of **300 CP.**

Hybrid Customization: When importing a Fellow Conspirator - and if said Conspirator was given Hybrid as one of the two free 50 Cp options - the companion in question is allowed to choose one Combat Specialization for free, and the options Phylum Upgrade and Otherworldly Genes are discounted for

Equipment

You didn't think I'd give you nothing to work with, right?

Shifting Gloves (100 CP. Free Drop-In): A simple pair of leather gloves that change shape actively with the shape of the wearer's hand. Nothing else to it really - if a glove is damaged, it repairs itself over the course of an hour, and if the hand shapes itself to something that has claws, the glove will accommodate them.

Combat Outfit (100 CP. Free Brute): Appearance is important in the ring - and you know how to exploit it. You have an outfit that is iconic at a glance, and people recognize it as yours - even if someone else is wearing it. If damaged or otherwise removed from existence, an exact copy of it will spawn - neatly folded and tied into a small package.

Hybrid Analyzation Scanner (100 CP. Free Manager): A small scanning device - to be linked to any computer, and would not look out of place in a mobile medical station. What it does however is - analyzing a person's body structure & measurements - gives an enterprising surgeon specializing in creating Hybrids an idea of what creature would work best for a given patient.

Conspiracy Board (100 CP. Free Sponsor): Ah yes, the theorists favorite. Only, you don't use this to pursue 'maybes' and 'what-ifs,' you use this to establish facts about the ever murky underworld. You don't even need to update it yourself, either! Any names you put on this board, be they organizations or individuals, the board will automatically find the connections & the events that link them. It offers no explanation for these however, and updates as time goes on. You'll have to do a bit of self-interpretation.

Second-Glance Lenses (100 CP): A simple pair of black sunglasses with one, odd quality to them: Unless someone gets a good, solid look at your face, they cannot remember you at all.

Safe House (200 CP): Even if the world surrounding it has no accommodations for what is required, once per land you will find a safe house. It will always vary in size and shape, but each Safe House will have a source of running water that recycles & purifies; a source of electricity that charges from solar, geothermal, and wind power; and enough reinforcement in the walls & supports to withstand an extended siege.

The Betting Man (200 CP): A simple CD with 'The Betting Man' written in sharpie on the silver top. On it is a program - a versatile program dedicated to outcome prediction, odds estimation, and the swift setting up of the Killing Bites favorite past-time: Betting. It keeps track of bets made, and the money transitioning between the house & the person who placed the bet, without a fault. Oh, and the aspect of the software that predicts outcomes? It's correct roughly 95% of the time - the remaining 5% is mostly due to incomplete information & statistics.

Darknet (200 CP): A private, strictly confidential Internet provider that you have access to in all settings with such a thing as the Internet. This network is known for holding to a few standards: all users are strictly anonymous (or operate under accepted handles) and all files shared are scrubbed clean of identifying data linking to the original file-sharer. As well, there are access to networks & chat rooms that only you and your fellow conspirators can even see the links to. Good for networking, aye?

The Desk (200 CP): An odd piece of furniture, certainly. It's an elaborately-made desk that would not look out of place in a lawyer's office - sturdy enough to withstand bullets, but a well-placed rocket will decimate it. What's odd about is how the different drawers and cabinets seemingly have... odd properties. Place something in that drawer, say. A knife. Close the drawer, open it again? The knife's not there. Put a flash of whiskey in that same drawer, close it, open it, boom. There's the knife. This works three times, giving you three spaces of storage within one drawer or cabinet.

Oh, and the best bit? You'll never have to clean and repair this desk. If it does get destroyed, a new one will simply appear after a week - although any objects stored within it are going to be long gone.

Hybrid Customization

When genetically modified & spliced, no two Hybrids are alike - for even if they share a species, the underlying improvements are beyond comparison.

Combat Specialization

Balanced (Free): Instead of going for any specific focus, you were engineered to be well-rounded, if slightly weaker as a result. Your capacity for both offensive, defensive, and evasive measures are equal.

Offensive (100 CP): You were engineered SPECIFICALLY to hit as hard as you can, as often as you can, and leave your opponents reeling and broken from it. Your Hybrid form emphasizes strength & blind speed - which is only amplified if the beast incorporated into you was built for savagery.

Defensive (100 CP): You were built to take blows without budging an inch, and without so much as a scratch from even the razor claws of a great cat. Your Hybrid form emphasizes defense, durability, and stamina conservation - amplified if the beast incorporated into you is acknowledged for such traits.

Evasive (100 CP): You were built under the mantra of 'death by a thousand cuts,' and are capable of dancing around stronger opponents like a light breeze. Your Hybrid form emphasizes speed, agility, and dexterity - amplified if the animal you are a Hybrid of exemplifies such traits.

Lightning Bruiser (200 CP): Huh. Looks like someone splurged to have you engineered well, huh? Instead of being 'merely' balanced, or emphasizing any one particular trait, you were built to excel in every last one of them - destruction, defense, and evasion. This specialty is not amplified by the animal you are a Hybrid of, but instead it heavily increases any natural attributes of your beast that line up with any of the traits listed under Offensive, Defensive, and Evasive.

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Hybrid Form

Regular (Free): Your beast is one found readily within the Class Mammalia, creatures like bears and honey badgers.

Phylum Upgrade (100 CP): It seems whoever did work on you was of a higher caliber than any other geneticist. Your Hybrid form can now - instead of being restricted to a Mammal - be any creature within the Phylum Chordata.

Otherworldly Genes (200 CP - requires Phylum Upgrade): It seems along with the geneticist being oddly skilled, you have a particular beast in mind - something you fought a long time ago. So long as this beast you defeated could reasonably fit within the Chordata phylum, you can import it as your Hybrid form.

Drawbacks

1,000 points not enough?

Time to take a challenge.

You're allowed a maximum of **600 CP** worth of drawbacks.

Fangs are Sharpest (+0 CP): You're dumped into downtown Japan - no doubt a fairly familiar, if aggravating sight by now. Don't worry, you'll run into some fun soon enough, for you're going to wind up joining one Nomoto Yuuya's adventures as he is dragged into the shady underworld - meeting the Brute Hybrid known as Hitomi the Honey Badger.

Love Their Own Voices (+100 CP): For the duration of your stay, nobody - not even your companions - knows when to make things succinct. They constantly drone on, going into long and overblown speeches that seemingly take agonizing hours and are full of so much prose & metaphor as to make you sick to your stomach. There's no interrupting these people once they get on a roll, either. Good grief.

You're Better Off Not Looking Behind the Curtain (+100 CP): Against all damn logic, it seems you just have no stomach for blood & violence. And the world is going to conspire against you, and make sure that you are exposed to hideous amounts of gore & agony. Get used to having an empty stomach, because you will most likely vomit up everything. That's right, everything.

Unknowing Magnet (+200 CP): You will find yourself dragged into just about every conflict around. Why? You'll find that you've made prior agreements to aid specific organizations & individuals, even if you have no idea how these agreements came to pass. And you will find that in aiding these poor sods, you'll be up against truly powerful opponents. Turning down these cries for help isn't allowed, either. Have fun!

Jackass Employer (+200 CP): H'oooh boy, doesn't this sound familiar eh? You find yourself reporting to a completely out-of-touch-with-reality higher-up. You'll never know their name or their face, but their goals & methods of contact are always disrupting what you intend. Said employer also loves using you to solve problems. Problems that tend to involve a lot of firearms, blood, and violence. Good luck.

Destroyer's Royale (+300): Every four months, there will be a massive tournament involving the strongest of Brutes - the Royale. You will be a contender - your employer's already ensured you're registered for ten years straight. Now, you may find combat easy as pie - until you step foot onto the private islands they have cordoned off for the Royales. As soon as you take part, you are reduced - every supernatural ability, skill, and otherworldly equipment is sealed for the duration of the Destroyer's Royale. Except for the skills you purchase in this world, you will be locked from it.

For Sponsors & Managers, the Royale proves a different challenge - for cheating is a WELL loved past-time of this event. You must ensure the success of a specific Brute - either yours, or another's that you choose. During this time, the rules are the same: Stepping onto the island seals all powers from outside of this world. Any one time a Royale is lost? You are sent home.

Unknowing Fugitive (+300): Regardless of your origins, you will find that your memories - ALL memories - are wiped for the ten years you are here. You will have no idea about any hidden potential you bear, and if you do unlock these capabilities, will have no idea how to use it. But the best part? It turns out, you prove to be an obstacle for one group in particular - The Illuminati. You will find yourself hounded economically, politically, and should you take part in the Killing Bites your opponents will receive boons a thousand times over.

The End

So it's been ten years, huh? Ten years of what amounts to playing in the shadows of society, be it a bloodstained fighter in the ring or a bloody-handed chess player manipulating everything. Regardless, it's time for you to make a decision.

Go Home

You're tired of this. Tired of the games, the schemes, the planning, the backstabbing, you've had enough. It's time to go home - with everything you've collected up to this point.

Stay Here

Perhaps you like this world. The conflict & glory, or perhaps you prefer this place because of how easily you could sidle yourself in to a position of utter control. Regardless - you do not move on or go back to Earth. For this is your home now.

Move On

It's time to pack your bags and take another trip on your never-ending journey.