

Street Fighter 1.1

A jump by SpazzWave



Welcome to Shadaloo, a Southeast Asian nation currently dealing with a civil war, a hostage crisis, and General M. Bison: a self-appointed military dictator who has spent years building one of the most powerful criminal organizations in the world through drug trafficking, arms dealing, and the general business of making everyone around him miserable.

His latest move is holding 63 Allied Nations relief workers hostage for a ransom of 20 billion dollars, which tells you everything you need to know about the man's sense of scale. The Allied Nations are arguing about what to do. Colonel Guile has already decided and is not waiting for permission. Chun-Li is somewhere in the city chasing a story that is also deeply, personally about revenge. Ryu and Ken are trying to make a dishonest living in a war zone. Arms dealers, soldiers, covert operatives, and various other dangerous people are all converging on the same city at the same time for completely different reasons.

You have arrived in the middle of all of it. You have **1000 CP** to spend. Good luck.

Origins

Any origin can be a Drop-in.

Allied Nations Soldier

You serve under the Allied Nations, currently stationed in Shadaloo in the middle of something that was supposed to be straightforward and has become anything but. You have your training, your weapon, and a chain of command that is increasingly making decisions you do not agree with. Whether you follow orders or follow your instincts is, at this point, entirely up to you. Good luck either way.

Reporter

Somewhere in Shadaloo, a story is happening that the world needs to know about, and you are going to be the one to tell it. You have a press badge, a camera, and the kind of stubborn determination that makes dictators nervous and editors very happy. This city is full of warlords, soldiers, arms dealers, and criminals, all of whom have something to hide and none of whom are particularly happy about a journalist poking around. That has never stopped anyone serious about the job, and it is not going to stop you.

Con Man

You are not a soldier, not a journalist, and not a warlord. What you are is someone who looked at a country in the middle of a civil war and saw opportunity. Shadaloo is full of desperate people with money, poor judgment, and an urgent need for things that are not entirely legal. That is, professionally speaking, exactly the kind of market you have always done your best work in. You have your wits, your charm, and a plan that will probably need adjusting approximately four minutes after you arrive. Welcome to Shadaloo. Try not to sell weapons to the wrong general.

Mad Despot [100]

Looks like General Bison must be ready to face some competition, as there is now a second general with heavily armed forces inside Shadaloo. You have an organization, you have resources, and you have ambitions that extend well beyond simply surviving in a country that is currently on fire. Whether you are an established power looking to expand or a rising force that the world hasn't had to take seriously yet, you are here because Shadaloo represents an opportunity that is simply too significant to ignore. Bison built something impressive. You intend to build something better. Well. Your ambitions are probably nothing like conquering the world. Probably.

General Perks

Gentleman Warrior [Free]

There's nothing more pure than the honest test of mettle between one warrior and another. No tricks. No politics. Just two people who have dedicated their lives to the art of violence, finally getting to see who's better at it. You carry an aura that marks you as a true warrior, someone who has genuinely given their life to the craft of combat. Anyone worth their salt will feel it the moment they look at you, and you'll feel it in them too. And when you two actually get to fight? There's a deep, almost spiritual joy that kicks in for both of you: the pure satisfaction of two warriors giving their best to kick the shit out of the other. You both perform at the best of your abilities, and the fight becomes exactly what a fight between two warriors should be: the most fun either of you has ever had. After all, what's the point of dedicating your whole life to this if you can't enjoy it? You can toggle this off if you wish.

Street Fighter [Free/400]

Not everyone who throws a punch is a fighter. You are. You have the skills of a genuinely talented martial artist: trained, disciplined, and fully capable of handling yourself against a group of people and coming out the other side of it. For the price of **400 CP**, you belong in the same level as the best fighters on the planet, easily matching the Guiles, Chun-Lis, and Bisons in skill. Your body also operates on a level that matches your skill: ropes snap in your hands, you can lift a fully grown adult off the ground with one arm, and break necks as easily as snapping a twig.

Mad Science [400]

Bison had the right idea. Why recruit soldiers when you can just build them? Dhalsim disagreed with the ethics, sure, but you have to admit the man's resume is impressive. Anyway, his loss, your gain. You are now a genius (with an IQ of 160 and excellent problem-solving skills) with a PhD specialization in genetic manipulation, biochemistry, and neuroscience. This, as you can imagine, is a very fancy way of saying you can improve any living creature into absolute units completely loyal to you. Your neuroscience work handles the loyalty side of things, burning devotion deep enough into your subjects that betrayal simply won't occur to them, and no such thing as morals will stop them. With time, you could easily build an army of super-soldiers that can defeat squads all by themselves, shrugging off punishment that would hospitalize a normal person, and completely, unconditionally devoted to you. And of course, there's absolutely nothing stopping you from lying down on that table yourself and becoming the next step of human evolution. Not bad for a day in the lab.

A.N Soldier Perks

Special Ops [100]

The Allied Nations produce a lot of soldiers, and you? You are one of their finest. You have years of genuine, hard-earned military experience across every field that matters: combat, tactics, infiltration, intelligence, demolitions, and commanding troops who would rather be anywhere else and somehow getting results out of them anyway. Whatever the mission needs, you have the training and the professional competence to make it happen, whether that's storming a heavily fortified base or convincing a room full of politicians that yes, this is in fact a real emergency and no, they cannot just write Bison a check and call it a day.

That Bastard Bison! [200]

Sometimes your enemy is holed up in an impenetrable fortress somewhere, completely unreachable, perfectly comfortable, and with absolutely no reason to come out and face you. This is a problem. Fortunately, you have a solution, and that solution is your mouth. You have a genuine talent for talking shit about your enemies and getting under their skin. It doesn't matter how disciplined they are, how far away they are, or how many aides are telling them to ignore you; you will always find the exact combination of words, actions, or sheer audacious nerve to make them take it personally. Warlords who have ignored entire armies will find themselves making very poor strategic decisions specifically because of you, and if you put in a little extra effort, you can make them come face you personally. Turns out no fortress is truly impenetrable if you make the guy inside mad enough.

Play Dead [400]

"Every once in a while, fake your death. It confuses the hell out of your enemies." - Some philosopher or something. Sound advice, and you have taken it to heart. There is no tactical maneuver more devastating than making your enemy believe they have already won. The funeral, the mourning, the satisfaction that you are no longer their problem, and then you come kicking through the air and landing right in the middle of everything like you never left. You are a complete master at the unique skill of faking your death and fooling your enemies. Your acting is flawless, the wounds are convincing, and every single person who witnessed your demise walks away completely certain you are gone. Until you aren't. Of course, this becomes less effective the more you try it on the same person (even the most gullible enemy gets suspicious after the third funeral). But as long as you keep defeating your enemies and making new ones, there will always be a fresh batch of people who have absolutely no idea what's coming and are about to find out the hard way.

Who Wants to go Home! [600]

You've just been told the war is cancelled. Your men died for nothing. The politicians wrote a check, shook some hands, and went home feeling very good about themselves. The room is silent, everyone is staring at their boots, and everyone is devastated. Are you going to let this stand? No! You have the charisma and force of personality to inspire entire battalions with nothing but a speech. Against direct orders, against common sense, against every rational instinct a trained soldier has developed over years of not dying, they will follow you, every single one of them, because you said the right words and genuinely meant them. The hierarchy can sort itself out. There's a fortress to storm, friends to avenge, and a very bad day to turn into a very good story.

Reporter Perks

Pretty Face [100]

Journalism is about integrity, courage, and asking the hard questions. It's also, apparently, about being distractingly good-looking. Who knew? You are a quite beautiful person, with looks that could stop a conversation mid-sentence. And more importantly, make people very bad at noticing what you're actually doing. Guards relax around you, interviewees overshare, and even the intimidating warlord becomes oddly chatty over dinner. Perfect for letting you walk into rooms you have absolutely no business being in, ask questions nobody should be answering, and walk back out with a story that is going to ruin somebody's entire week. Not bad for a pretty face.

Ninja Girl [200]

Journalists are supposed to ask questions, take notes, and occasionally get yelled at in press conferences. You, apparently, took a wrong turn somewhere and picked up a full ninja skillset instead. It happens. You are absurdly good at infiltrating places you absolutely should not be. Be it fences, windows, guards, or military bases, you could easily bypass all of them without being seen or heard. Even the most fortified compound is, for you, a Tuesday. How did a reporter end up this good at this particular set of skills? No one knows, but there's a story on the other side of that wall, and it isn't going to get itself.

Sumo Power [400]

Journalism attracts all kinds of people. Former soldiers, ex-cops, the occasional disgraced academic. You are, somewhat uniquely, a former sumo wrestler, with a body built like a brick wall that translates surprisingly well into field work. First things first: you are big. Strong enough to break chains with your hands, shrug off hits that would put a normal person through a wall, and dominate any room you walk into. The sumo training also gave you something less obvious but equally impressive: complete, almost supernatural control over your own body. You could sit through torture without making a sound, stay perfectly still for hours, and perform many more feats of physical control that have absolutely no business belonging to someone with a press badge. Somehow, this all makes perfect sense on a resume.

Vengeance of an Indomitable Woman [600]

Some people have goals. Some people have ambitions. You have something considerably more dangerous than either: a reason that never gets quieter, no matter how much time passes, and the terrifying discipline to do something about it. You could lose everything, such as your family, your home, and every comfortable thing that made life worth living, and instead of breaking, you would spend the next decade methodically making yourself into exactly the kind of person capable of settling the score. No burnout, no doubt, no 3 am moments of wondering if any of this is worth it. And your capacity for learning reflects that, easily mastering skills that take normal people a lifetime in a fraction of the time in order to reach your objective. Chun-Li mastered the martial arts of three continents on her way to Bison's doorstep, and you could do the same without blinking. Whatever took everything from you made a significant mistake.

Con Man Perks

The Hustle [100]

Some people sell products. You sell ideas, stories, and occasionally things that probably shouldn't be sold in the first place. You're a natural hustler, the kind of person who can talk their way into (or out of) just about anything. You can lie, misdirect, and sell almost anything to almost anyone except those who are so paranoid they wouldn't trust their own mother (and even then, you'd probably give it a solid shot anyway). And if somehow, against all odds, the hustle fails, you already have an escape plan prepared. Because the one thing a good hustler never does is get caught without a way out.

Partners in Crime [200]

Ryu and Ken were, objectively, not impressive people. Small time hustlers with no plan, no resources, and no business being anywhere near a military operation of that scale. And yet somehow, between the two of them, they made it work. Because the one thing they genuinely had was each other, and it turns out that counts for more than anyone gives it credit for. You and one companion develop the kind of teamwork that should take years to achieve naturally, letting you communicate with glances, covering each other's blind spots instinctively, and working together to achieve results greater than what you could do alone. In fact, even something as betrayal is impossible because the bond between the two of you runs too deep for it to ever seriously cross either of your minds. Because if there is someone you can trust in this world of warlords, hustlers, dictators, and genetic supersoldiers, it's the one person dumb enough to still be standing next to you.

Soldier's Pet [400]

Nobody in a position of authority can fully explain why they keep giving you chances. You have done nothing to earn it and everything to undermine it, and yet here they are, doing it again. For some reason, authority figures just like you. Generals, colonels, police chiefs, even warlords with self-appointed military titles can't quite bring themselves to throw the book at you the way they probably should. You might still end up in a cell, technically speaking, but there will always be a deal on the table before the door finishes closing. Because after all, while you might not be above the law, you sure are charming enough that the law keeps finding creative reasons to make an exception, slide a mission briefing under the door, and pretend the last three things you did never happened.

Small Mercies [600]

Some people get lucky and win the lottery. Others get the girl, the promotion, the penthouse, the whole package delivered with a bow on top. Your luck might not be conventional, but it certainly is useful to keep you alive. You will find out that any time you are helpless and incapable of defending yourself, circumstances will bend in order to keep you alive. Got thrown into an arena, but you aren't a fighter? Looks like a truck just invaded the arena. Captured by a megalomaniacal dictator and scheduled for execution? Remarkable coincidence: an entire military invasion just kicked off outside, and everyone forgot you were in here. Tied up, outnumbered, out of options, and approximately thirty seconds from a very undignified end? Something is already on its way; you just have to hold on long enough for it to arrive. The rules are simple: you have to genuinely, completely have run out of options. It only rewards people who are completely, authentically about to have the worst day of their life. Which, for a con-man, is basically every Tuesday.

Mad Despot Perks

The Most Important Day in Your Life [100]

You've killed a lot of people. Made a lot of widows. A lot of orphans, too. A weaker man might be influenced by all the crying and the revenge quests and the dramatic confrontations where someone screams, "YOU DESTROYED MY VILLAGE!". You are not a weaker man. You are completely immune to what can be considered guilt, shame, regret, or remorse, which frees up an extraordinary amount of mental real estate for more productive things like world domination, interior decorating your secret base, or figuring out what to print on the back of your personal currency. Other people's tragedy simply does not register as your problem. Be the weeping widow, the vengeful daughter who has spent fifteen years training specifically to ruin your day, the heartfelt monologue about everything you took from them, all of it washes over you like a light drizzle on a Tuesday afternoon. Because for you, it was a Tuesday.

Presentation! [200]

If there's something a mad despot has, it's style! Presentation! And the ability to send a message and have that message received exactly as intended. Anyone can throw a tantrum with an army behind them, but being treated like you matter? That's an art, and you are great at it. Whatever you do, however you do it, always lands with the full weight you intended. When you intimidate, people feel it. When you kill someone, it sends a message. And when you take 63 hostages, you become an international crisis. Honestly, it's a gift.

The Base of Power [400]

The first step to building a power base is recruiting, and you, magnificent despot that you are, have been blessed in this department. Once people hear of you (be it your name, your deeds, or your impeccable fashion sense), many will seek you out to follow you. Soldiers, scientists, fanatics, and people who just really want dental insurance and don't ask too many questions will all come to you like moths to a very authoritarian flame. And for those who don't wish to follow your magnificent rule? Well, you always know exactly how to recruit them by force. They might not love you, but they'll show up to work on time, and they won't try anything stupid.

You Raving Lunatic! [400]

The bane of all power-hungry dictators is one thing and one thing only: their own ego. The number of would-be world conquerors who have been undone by their own arrogance could fill a very depressing history book. Luckily, you will not suffer the same problem. Despite your towering ambitions of conquering the world and becoming its supreme emperor, you remain remarkably clear-headed and - dare I say it - humble. You recognize that even the smallest foes can topple an empire. You understand that some actions, no matter how satisfying, are strategically idiotic. You will never, for example, offer your criminal partner payment in currency you just printed with your own face on it, on the expectation that said currency will become valuable after you kidnap the queen of England. You will always make clear-headed decisions in pursuit of your goals, which puts you ahead of roughly ninety percent of everyone who has ever tried this.

Pax Jumperica [600]

Bison had the vision. A perfect world, remade in his image, every nation bowing to Shadaloo in grateful submission. It was, honestly, a solid concept. The problem was everything after the concept: the planning, the execution, the not-getting-punched-through-a-wall-by-a-Belgian part. Vision without competency is just a very expensive hobby. Luckily for you, you have both: the grand ambition of a world conqueror and the genuine, practical ability to actually build toward it. You know how to consolidate power, how to acquire allies and equipment, how to corrupt institutions, and how to make the machinery of an empire run smoothly enough that it doesn't require your personal attention every five minutes. The vision of a perfect world and the organizational genius to actually construct one, brick by brick, nation by nation, until Pax Jumperica isn't an ambition anymore. And in the end, everyone will bow in gratitude to you.



Items

You have a **300 CP** stipend to spend here. You can freely import items. Items destroyed restore themselves in three days. You also gain the blueprint of anything you buy here. The items scale to your size.

Bison Dollars [Free]

A suitcase containing \$50 million in Bison Dollars, also known as the currency General Bison intends to implement "when he kidnaps the Queen of England." Currently worthless, but hey, it's a lot of paper. If Bison ever does take over the world (or you do), these become legal tender.

Welcome to Shadaloo [Free]

New to the warzone? Yeah, it shows. Good news is, someone's looking out for you! Here's a detailed map of Shadaloo and its surrounding region, updated in real-time with all the relevant information you need to not get yourself killed in the first five minutes. Every Allied Nations checkpoint, every patrol route, the Black Market, Sagat's underground fighting turf, and even the Bison's fortress, all marked and color-coded by faction. Try not to lose it.

White Powder [50]

A sealed bag containing approximately ten thousand dollars' worth of cocaine. Consume it, and you will briefly understand how a man with a bad knee performs a flying kick. Sell it if you prefer. Replenishes when you enter a new jump.

Street Fighter Arcade [50]

A fully functional Street Fighter arcade cabinet stocked with every game in the series, from the original all the way to the latest release, with unlimited credits so you never have to dig around for quarters again. Perfect for killing time between the chaos, and honestly, given the situation in Shadaloo right now, you're going to need something to take the edge off.

Command Platform [50]

The man himself had one, and now so do you. An imposing hovering platform fitted with a joystick that lets you float above the battlefield and command your forces from a comfortable distance. It also connects to any base you have, letting you monitor every room, control every system, and bark orders at your subordinates without having to get up once. Whether you're overseeing your base operations or just want to make an entrance, nothing says "I'm in charge here" quite like floating into the room on one of these.

The Conversion Chamber [400]

A fully operational genetic conversion chamber, capable of taking a regular human being and turning them into a superhuman. The machinery handles everything, including the neurological conditioning to ensure whoever comes out kills without remorse or hesitation (though this part is optional). The process takes three days minimum and the chamber does not require a scientist to operate, though having one significantly improves the results.

A.N Soldier Items

Trusty Beretta [100, 400 For Other Origins]

Every Allied Nations soldier who set foot in Shadaloo was handed one of these before deployment. Simple, dependable, and effective enough to handle the vast majority of problems a soldier is likely to encounter in a war zone. Yours comes with one significant upgrade over the standard issue version: it never runs out of ammunition. Because sometimes, reliability is just another word for unfair advantage.

Stealth Boat [200]

Guile got his entire invasion force into Bison's base on one of these, which should tell you everything you need to know about their practical value. A small, fast, and completely silent watercraft capable of moving personnel and equipment through hostile territory without showing up on radar, sonar, or the general awareness of anyone who would very much prefer you weren't there. Whatever body of water stands between you and where you need to be, this gets you across it without anyone knowing you were ever on it.

Surveillance Satellite [400]

The Allied Nations built exactly one of these, and the budget meeting that approved it was apparently something to behold. A fully operational surveillance satellite (the most sophisticated one on the planet) is sitting in orbit and pointed wherever you need it pointed. It can observe anything happening on the ground in real time with enough clarity to read a document over someone's shoulder from low Earth orbit. The face tracking technology is connected to a comprehensive database, meaning that anyone you are looking for can be found as long as they are outside, and in Shadaloo, most of the people worth finding spend a lot of time outside. Finding people just became considerably less of a problem.

Colonel Position [600]

Congratulations, you outrank almost everyone in this room. As a Colonel of the Allied Nations, you have command authority over a substantial number of soldiers, access to military intelligence, resources, and the kind of institutional weight that makes people stand up straighter when you walk in. You could use this to requisition equipment, command soldiers, or even authorize operations against targets that have been making your life difficult, all with the full backing of one of the most powerful military organizations on the planet. Post-jump, this translates into an equivalent position of military authority in whatever military force you enter.

Reporter Items

Press Passes [100]

A collection of fully authenticated press credentials covering every major news organization currently operating in Shadaloo, plus a few that technically don't exist but look convincing enough that nobody has ever checked. They get you into places that have no business letting a journalist in, past checkpoints that should absolutely be asking more questions, and through doors that were very clearly marked as restricted. The credentials update themselves to remain current and legitimate wherever you travel, so the pass that got you into a Shadaloo military briefing will work just as well at the next jump's equivalent.

Wardrobe of Disguises [200]

A collection of disguises covering virtually every profession, social class, and faction currently operating in Shadaloo. Be soldier, civilian, or even a circus performer, whatever the situation requires, the wardrobe has it. The disguises are good enough to fool people who should know better, hold up under reasonable scrutiny, and update themselves to remain relevant in whatever world you find yourself in next.

Kilos of Dynamite [400]

Several kilos of high-quality dynamite, reliably sourced, and about as straightforward to use as anything that explodes can reasonably be. Light the fuse, walk away, and whatever was standing there is no longer standing there. The supply replenishes itself on a regular basis because once you have decided that carrying kilos of dynamite is a reasonable professional decision, you tend to go through it faster than expected.

The Van [600]

A fully equipped field van that serves as a mobile base of operations, surveillance post, equipment storage, and getaway vehicle all in one. Fitted with communications gear, monitoring equipment, and enough storage space for everything a journalist slash covert operative might need to run an extended field operation. The engine never needs maintenance or refueling, the equipment inside is always functional, and the exterior is inconspicuous enough that it could park outside a heavily guarded compound without anyone giving it a second look. Whatever you need to run out of a van, this van can handle it.

Con Man Items

Communicators [100]

A pair of communicators, one for you and one for a partner, with unlimited range and batteries that never run out. Whatever distance separates you, the line is always open and always clear.

Swiss Army Tool [200]

A compact multi-tool that covers virtually every practical need a person operating outside the law might encounter: lockpicks, cutting tools, electronic bypass equipment, and a dozen other functions that have no business being in something this small. The remarkable thing is that it is completely undetectable by searches of any kind: no pat down, metal detectors, or security sweeps can find it. It is always on your person when you need it and never discovered by anyone who would take it away.

The Arsenal [400]

A curated collection of high-end military weapons, such as rifles, snipers, and even grenade launchers, scaled up to the point where you could comfortably arm an entire gang and have enough left over to start an argument about it. Also included, for reasons that make complete sense in context, is a collection of Nerf guns and Nerf knockoffs that look realistic enough to pass casual inspection. The legitimate weapons are exactly what they look like: real, functional, and valuable enough that any serious buyer with money to spend will be very interested. The knockoffs are for when you want to move product without actually moving product, collecting payment for weapons that will, upon closer inspection that you will be long gone before anyone conducts, turn out to be considerably less lethal than advertised. Both collections are excellent for business. Only one of them requires you to still be in the country afterwards.

The Black Market [600]

A fully operational black market that is yours to run, located somewhere conveniently accessible and discreetly situated enough that the wrong people don't stumble across it by accident. It has food, drink, entertainment, and the kind of company that asks no questions and expects none in return. It does not start with inventory to sell, but it does not need to: word travels fast in criminal circles, and you will find that all manner of dealers, smugglers, and operators begin contacting you to move their merchandise through your market in exchange for a cut of the commission. You provide the space, the discretion, and the connections. Everyone else provides the product. It is, professionally speaking, an extremely efficient business model.

Mad Despot Items

The Cape [100]

Every serious mad despot needs a cape, and this one earns its place beyond pure aesthetics. Sweeping, dramatic, and cut to make anyone wearing it look like someone who has absolutely no patience for being questioned, it does everything a good cape should do in terms of pure imposing presence. The practical side is equally impressive: constructed from highly advanced aramid fibers that make it completely bulletproof, it wraps around you with enough coverage to protect against the kind of opportunistic gunfire that tends to come from people standing behind you who thought you weren't paying attention. Looking imperious and not getting shot in the back are, it turns out, not mutually exclusive goals.

Money Printer [200]

A fully functional, professional-grade printing press capable of producing currency of genuinely remarkable quality. You can use it in two ways. The first is the legitimate route: establishing your own currency, backed by whatever you decide backs it, printed with whatever face you decide deserves to be on it. The second is the considerably less legitimate route, which is printing perfect replicas of existing currencies that are indistinguishable from the real thing under any inspection short of a very dedicated laboratory analysis. Both options are available, both produce excellent results, and neither requires you to explain yourself to a central bank. Bison printed his own currency on the expectation that it would become valuable after he conquered the world, but since that hasn't worked out, I expect you might want to aim for a slightly more immediate return on investment.

Villain Base [400]

Every serious operation needs a headquarters, and this one is considerably more impressive than anything that description usually implies. Built into a location of your choosing and designed from the ground up to be both functional and intimidating, it comes fully equipped with everything a self-respecting mad despot needs to run a world domination operation without constantly improvising. The science laboratory is fully kitted out for whatever research your ambitions require, the hacking apparatus is capable of intercepting any communication, and the armory keeps your soldiers fed, armed, and equipped with everything they need to handle whatever comes through the door uninvited. The base also comes with a powerful security system of mines, turrets, and layers of automated defenses. The perfect base for any despot.

Your Army [400]

Because you can't be a mad despot without an army. One hundred soldiers, fully trained and completely loyal to you in the way that actually matters. They will eliminate whoever needs eliminating, administrate whatever position you place them with perfect competence, and throw themselves in front of a bullet for you without a moment's hesitation. They are not asking questions about the mission, they are not filing complaints about working conditions, and they are absolutely not entertaining offers from competing warlords. Quite a steal.

The Bison Suit [600]

The same technology that powers bullet trains from Tokyo to Osaka, miniaturized and built into a combat suit that would make any serious military engineer either very excited or very concerned. The superconducting electromagnetic systems give you two immediate and deeply unreasonable capabilities: the ability to discharge powerful bolts of electricity at whatever you are currently unhappy with, and the ability to fly, which in a combat situation is considerably more useful than it has any right to be. The suit is built tough enough to take serious punishment and dish out considerably more, putting you on a level that conventional weapons have a very hard time dealing with. The real selling point, however, is the onboard life support systems. Built directly into the suit are a defibrillator, a CPR system, and an emergency adrenaline injection that activate automatically the moment your body decides it has had enough. Twice every ten years, the suit will bring you back from the edge of death before anyone in the room has had time to feel good about it. You get two of those. Use them wisely.



Companions

Recruit Anyone [Free]

Anyone you want to recruit in this world is free to join you as a companion if they agree.

Create/Import [50 CP for 1, 200 CP for 8]

You can create new Companions or import existing Companions. They get an Origin, with all freebies and discounts, along with **600 CP** to spend. They do not get Item Stipends. You can also import any companion you bought here for a **CP** stipend. Alternatively, if you want, you can import all your companions for free, but they will only get their freebie perks from their origin.

Chun-Li [Conditionally Free]

Investigative journalist by day, one-woman wrecking crew by night. Chun-Li has spent years tracking Bison down, and she's not about to stop now. The difference is that she's decided you're worth tagging along with. She's not doing it out of loyalty, at least not yet. She joins with a clear expectation: you help her take Bison down, she has your back until it's done. What happens after that is up to how the two of you get along. Don't let the press credentials fool you. She's resourceful, determined, and more than capable of handling herself in a fight, as anyone who's been on the wrong end of her work can attest. Just hold up your end of the deal.

General M. Bison [50]

The man, the myth, the megalomaniac. Bison is a brilliant military strategist, charismatic leader, and all-around terrifying individual who has managed to hold an entire nation hostage with nothing but sheer force of will, a well-funded army, and an absolutely unhinged sense of self-importance. Against all odds, he sees you as an equal (which is frankly one of the rarest things in Shadaloo, given that he considers most people furniture). He'll back your plans, contribute his considerable tactical mind to your operations, and bring his forces to the table when things get serious. Just be aware that he has opinions, he will share them, and he is not accustomed to being told no. On the bright side, the man commits. Whatever you're doing, he's all in.

Colonel William F. Guile [50]

Decorated soldier, Allied Nations commander, and the kind of guy who will stare down a 20 billion ransom demand on live television and tell the man to go to hell. Guile is one of the most capable military minds in Shadaloo, and for whatever reason, he's decided you're family. Not in the vague, professional sense, but in the genuine, ride-or-die, fake-his-own-death-for-your-mission sense. He brings his full military resources to the table, his unit, his connections within the Allied Nations, and an iron will that has yet to find anything capable of breaking it. He also gives surprisingly good speeches when the situation calls for it.

Zangief [50]

Big, loyal, and absolutely unshakeable in his dedication to you. Zangief is a mountain of a man who previously threw his considerable weight behind Bison (not out of malice, just an honest misunderstanding about who the good guys were), and now that energy is entirely yours. As your second in command, he takes your orders seriously, keeps your subordinates in line, and handles any situation that requires someone to physically pick up a problem and throw it across the room. Don't let the simplicity fool you, though. He's dependable, earnest, and the kind of second in command who will follow you into any situation without hesitation or complaint. In a warzone full of people with hidden agendas, that's worth more than you'd think.

Drawbacks

Supplement Mode [Free]

This jump becomes a supplement to another jump of your choice. Your CP will be separated between both jumps, and taking drawbacks in the supplement will affect the entire universe you are jumping to, but only give points for the supplement. You also have the choice of fusing both universes.

Canon Replacement [Free]

You can replace any canon character you wish as long as they are connected to your origin.

Extended Stay [+100]

Ten years on Shadaloo is not enough for you? This option extends your time in the jump by ten years, giving you more time to appreciate what Shadaloo has to offer (ongoing civil wars, surprise military invasions, underground fighting rings, black market shopping, and the occasional dictator trying to take over the world again). This option can be taken multiple times, but you can only get **200 CP** total from it.

It's Personal [+100/+200]

Something terrible happened to you before you arrived in Shadaloo, and you haven't recovered from it. Be it a loved one killed, a life destroyed, or everything you built burned to the ground, it left a wound that hasn't closed and probably won't by the time this jump is over. You carry it everywhere, and it affects how you think, how you fight, and how you make decisions when the pressure is on. For an extra **100 CP**, that tragedy is tied directly to one of the major players in this conflict: Bison had your father executed, Guile was there the night everything fell apart, Sagat's people took someone you loved. Whatever the connection is, you're going to come face-to-face with it in this jump, and you're going to have to decide what you do about it.

Occupational Hazards [+100/+400]

Shadaloo is a rough place, and you've got the damage to prove it. For **100 CP**, you've lost an eye, which makes depth perception a fun new challenge in a city where people are actively trying to hit you. For an extra **300 CP** on top of that, you've also lost a limb, and unlike the eye, this one is going to make itself known constantly. Be it fighting, running, climbing, or driving, everything you'd normally do without thinking is now a significantly more complicated proposition. Prosthetics are available in Shadaloo if you know where to look, but don't expect anything cutting-edge. You're in a warzone, not a hospital.

BEHOLD! [+100]

You suffer from a compulsive need for theatricality that you simply cannot switch off. Whenever you make a plan, capture an enemy, or feel the urge to make a threat, you cannot just do it quietly and move on. You will monologue. You will explain your exact intentions in dramatic detail to whoever is in the room. You will give your enemies time to escape, your allies time to doubt you, and your opponents every piece of information they need to counter you, all because you physically cannot resist the urge to make a speech about it first. Every. Single. Time.

Rated PG-13 [+100]

You cannot kill anyone. At all. For the entire jump. Anyone you would kill instead gets knocked unconscious, launched comically through a wall, or otherwise incapacitated non-lethally. Doesn't matter how you try to go about it: bullets become tranquilizers, explosions leave everyone miraculously unharmed, and that guy you just threw off a building will land in a conveniently placed dumpster. Hope the A.N jail can keep them locked up, because that's your only option now.

Power Loss [+200]

All your out-of-jump powers, perks, and abilities are disabled for the duration of this jump.

Monster [+200]

You have been physically transformed. Maybe Dhalsim's machine got hold of you, maybe something else entirely is responsible. Either way, what's done is done. You're powerful, no question about it, but the face looking back at you in the mirror is not the one you remember. More pressingly, the mind behind it is something you're going to have to fight for every single day. Maintaining your humanity is an active, ongoing effort that never really gets easier. The anger comes out of nowhere, the violent impulses hit hard and fast, and there will be moments where the sociopathy creeps in, and the people around you stop feeling like people entirely. You're going to have to actively remind yourself why that matters.

Behind Bars [+200]

You start the jump in jail. Your only way out is to swallow your pride and cut a deal with whoever gets to you first (either the Allied Nations or Sagat's crew), and they will absolutely make you own up to every last bit of it. Choose your new boss carefully, because you're going to be running their errands for a while, whether you like it or not.

Hostage Situation [+200]

Someone you care about has been taken. Bison has them, which means they are currently somewhere inside a heavily fortified underground base surrounded by an army of soldiers and a dictator with a god complex and a very expensive battle suit. You have 72 hours to save them before they are turned into a brainwashed super-soldier, which is exactly as bad as it sounds and considerably harder to reverse than you would like. The base is not easy to get into, the army is not easy to get through, and Bison is not going to hand them back because you asked nicely. Good luck.

Bad Blood [+400]

Looks like you did something to anger the Shadaloo Tong. Nobody's entirely sure what, and frankly, at this point, it doesn't matter. What matters is that their assassins are coming for you, constantly, relentlessly, and somehow against all logic and reason, they will find you everywhere. Guile's most secure AN facility? There's one in the vents. Bison's heavily fortified river-delta fortress? One just climbed out of the toilet. There is no location on earth secure enough to keep them out, no checkpoint thorough enough to catch them, and no amount of locked doors that will give you a single night of uninterrupted sleep. Sagat has very dedicated people working for him and every last one of them has your name on their list.

Plastic Weapons & Con Artists [+400]

Any weapons, gear, or tech you purchased for this jump have been swapped out for cheap plastic toy knock-offs sold to you by a pair of sleazy, smooth-talking swindlers. The guns jam or melt after a single shot, the explosives are party poppers, and whatever you paid for them was frankly embarrassing in hindsight. To make matters worse, the two con artists responsible (and you will absolutely recognize them when you see them) will not stop crossing your path for the entire duration of the jump. They will accidentally blow your cover at the worst possible moment, stumble into your carefully laid plans like a pair of human wrecking balls, and then have the audacity to try and sell you something else entirely useless before disappearing back into the chaos. They mean well. It does not help. After the jump, they can be acquired as companions.

Purity of Unarmed Combat [+400]

Weapons are for people who need them. You're not one of those people (or rather, you don't get to be one anymore). No guns, no blades, no explosives, nothing with a trigger or an edge. Just your fists, your feet, and whatever technique you've got backing them up. The good news is that a surprising number of people in Shadaloo settle their differences the old-fashioned way, so you'll fit right in with the underground fighting crowd. The bad news is that Bison's army did not get that memo, and they are absolutely carrying firearms. Hope your footwork is good.

The Tournament [+400]

At some point during the jump, you will receive an invitation to Shadaloo's underground fighting tournament. Calling it an invitation is generous, as it's more of a summons, and declining is not really on the table. Sixteen fighters stand between you and the finish line, pulled from every corner of the city's criminal underworld and beyond. At least eight of them are genuinely superhuman and at the peak of martial skill, and you will have to fight your way through the entire bracket in one piece. Win the whole thing or lose the jump. Simple as that.

I Thought We Were The Good Guys? [+400]

You are, to put it kindly, not the sharpest tool in the shed. You mean well, but your grasp on cause and effect is tenuous at best and catastrophically wrong at worst. You will misread situations, back the wrong people for the wrong reasons, and make decisions so breathtakingly misguided that the people around you will be left standing in the rubble, wondering how you function on a daily basis. You might even work for free. Yes, for free. Can you believe it?

Insert Credit? [+600]

Somewhere along the way, something went wrong, because this is not the grounded warzone movie you signed up for. People are moving faster than the eye can see, punching through walls like they're made of paper, throwing fireballs, and shrugging off hits that would put a normal person in the ground permanently. The laws of physics have apparently taken the jump off. Sadly, this does not affect you in any way, which means you'll probably have a hard time here. Good luck.

Ending

Go Forward

Shadaloo has been good to you. You've got the perks, you've got the items, and you've got the kind of hard-earned experience that only comes from spending ten years in a country where everyone is either trying to conquer the world or stop someone else from doing it. Pack your things and move on. The chain is waiting, and frankly, after this, whatever comes next should be a walk in the park.

Stay In Shadaloo

Why leave? You've carved out quite a life for yourself here in this jump. Your cosmic journey ends here, but your local adventures are just beginning. Perhaps you'll take over the Shadaloo Tong and run the underworld, become a decorated general in the A.N. forces, or just make a living selling weapons to the highest bidder. Whatever you choose, you keep everything you've bought. Who knows? If you wait long enough, those millions of Bison Dollars you hoarded might actually be worth five British pounds someday.

Go Home

Fair enough. Between the civil war, the hostage crisis, and whatever happened in your jump, you have more than earned a trip back to somewhere that has functioning institutions and a general absence of people trying to conquer it. Everything you purchased comes with you. The chain is over.

Changelog and Notes

V 1.0 - First Edition

V 1.1 - Small fixes, edited the Gentleman Warrior to have a toggle, and increased the price of the Bad Blood drawback