

Isekai Kuimatsu No Same 0.1

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Introduction:

Welcome, Jumper—

to yet another typical isekai world! You know the type—there's a Demon Lord threatening to destroy everything, and in response, the goddess has gone and summoned or reincarnated countless otherworlders to “save” the day.

Each of these so-called heroes was blessed with absurdly overpowered “cheat abilities,” the kind that make them think they're untouchable protagonists straight out of some self-insert light novel.

So, with so many heroes running around, the world must be safe now, right?
...Right?

Heh. Not even close.

Because instead of saving the world, these “saviors” are usually too busy doing what they do best—forming harems of beautiful men and women, wasting time feeding their egos, or depending so heavily on their broken powers that even the lowest-ranked adventurers could outskill them in a real fight.

And the locals? Oh, don't get me started on them. Half are hopelessly naïve, the other half are wallowing in their vices, and all of them seem determined to live in a fantasy bubble where common sense went extinct ages ago.

But despair not! For this world does have one true savior.
A creature of ancient, unstoppable hunger.
The apex predator that ruled the seas for 400 million years...

A shark.

Summoned by the worst summoner in history—Shiromi Rabuka Traf—this beast shall cleanse both demons and delusional mortals alike. The Demon Lord's army will fall before it... and so will the normies, devoured with glorious, unrelenting glee!

So, Jumper, take this 1000 CP and dive headfirst into this absurd little world.

Starting Location:

Before the Sharkpocalypse begins, you'll arrive one year before Shiromi Rabuka Traf performs that fateful summoning. Roll a 1d6

1. Manajinity Magic School

Oh look—another prestigious magic academy where the young and gifted gather! How totally not cliché at all~

Here, students study all kinds of sorcery, though summoning magic is the most popular subject. Unfortunately, while their magical talent is sky-high, their morals are buried somewhere in the school sewer system. Expect bullying, arrogance, and more public make-out sessions than a cheap romance novel.

2. Galleos Magic Empire – Imperial Capital: Ogwarts

The shining heart of magical civilization! The human alliance's crown jewel! ...And in one year, they'll summon a hundred heroes at once. Yes, one hundred. Because apparently, the best solution to the Demon Lord is to flood the world with overconfident otherworlders. As the capital of the most magically advanced nation, you'll find every kind of mage, merchant, and menace here—just mind the egos and propaganda.

3. United States of Hollywood

Welcome to America—as interpreted by Japanese writers.

Cowboys, fast food, big explosions, superhero wannabes, and a suspicious number of talking guns. Everything here feels like an anime parody of action movies.

4. Hamunanpla – Capital City: Hamu

Once a proud desert kingdom, now a tragic mess.

The golden sands have turned grimy with corruption, crime, and cheap liquor. Thieves and mercenaries rule the alleys while nobles drown themselves in excess. The fall of Hamu is coming fast, and you might just be around to watch it crumble... or rule what's left.

5. Crystal Plains – Hot Spring Town

Ah, paradise~ Glittering crystal formations pierce the ground, filling the air with mana and mineral-rich magic. The local hot springs are said to rejuvenate body and soul, attracting travelers, merchants, and a suspicious number of “vacationing heroes.”

6. Choose any place found in this world.



Origins:

You may change your gender for free, and your age will depend on the Origin you choose. Any of these can be taken as Drop-In if you prefer to just appear out of nowhere with no backstory.

Pathetic Summoner

You're one of the many summoners scattered across this world... but unlike the others, you kind of, uh, suck at it. But your luck changed the day you received a "divine vision" from the goddess herself—who "graciously interfered" in your next summoning ritual.

The result? You got a powerful familiar! Yay!

...Except it's bloodthirsty, uncontrollable, and about 90% likely to ignore your commands entirely. Still, it's sworn to protect you, even if that means painting the town red.

So, uh, silver linings?

Your age: 14 + 1d20 years

Shitty Otherworlder

You were a hikineet loser in your previous life—lazy, self-centered, and addicted to bad mobile games. Whether you were summoned or reincarnated, the goddess decided to give you an overpowered cheat skill or broken item to make your life here "easy."

And it is easy!

...If you ignore your total lack of empathy, social skills, and basic decency.

Your age: 18 + 1d12 years

Demon Lord Army

Ahh, the forces of darkness! But wait—plot twist! This Demon Lord's army is actually competent, organized, and not even evil by default. They just... exist. Peacefully. With some minor casualties of expansion.

At least until humanity panicked and declared war on them out of sheer paranoia and somewhat justified.

Now you're part of an army fighting for survival against "heroes" who are more dangerous than the demons themselves.

Your age: 100–400 years

Scary B-Rank Movie Familiar [300 CP]

Born from summoning rituals gone wrong, you embody the essence of classic B-rank creature features: the unstoppable slasher, the creepy doll, the flesh-eating blob, the suspiciously intelligent shark... the list goes on.

Your power level sits somewhere between "terrifyingly dangerous" and "probably killable with enough plot armor." You are feared, misunderstood, and somehow always get dramatic lighting when you appear.

Your age: Ageless

Perks:

General

Jerks Everywhere [Free / 100 CP]

Welcome to a world where manners went extinct and everyone's personality peaked at "insufferable." Nearly everyone is a jerk (only about 1% are actually decent), and the cultural moral compass is long since lost in the dungeon of bad choices. For reasons unknown to physics, attractiveness is universal here — everyone clocks in at least an 8/10 yes, including you. Public displays of affection are obscene, tasteless, and gloriously common; society's standards are basically the script for a B-rank horror romcom. This Origin perk is free while you're in this world, but if you want to export the same social environment to other worlds or future jumps, enabling it there will cost 100 CP. It's also toggleable on/off at the start of any world you enter.

Death to Normies [Free / 100 CP]

There's a world-rule: when "normies" (ordinary people enjoying wholesome pleasures, especially sexual ones) openly revel in their mundane happiness around you, the universe decides to punish them in spectacularly gory fashion. While you're physically in this sharkpocalypse world, that effect is free — it triggers automatically and produces maximum cinematic carnage (very satisfying, admittedly). If you want to take this feature into other worlds or make it a custom toggle at the start of future jumps, that option costs 100 CP to enable there.

B-Rank Movie Horror [Free / 100 CP]

This world is infested with monster straight out of those cheap late-night horror flicks—the kind with questionable special effects and way too much fake blood. Giant sharks that leap through tornadoes, haunted mannequins, sentient blobs, and serial killers who just won't stay dead—yep, they're all real here.

While you're in this world, this perk is free—because surviving bad horror is just a fact of life here. If you'd like to carry this knack and the accompanying cinematic nonsense to other worlds, you can enable it for 100 CP at the beginning of each world.

Immunity to Gore [Free]

Congratulations, you have a stomach of steel and a brain that refuses to short-circuit at the sight of carnage. This world loves its gory B-movie set pieces, and while everyone else might scream, faint, or get traumatized, you remain unnervingly calm. Blood, entrails, exploding limbs in extreme close-up — none of it causes panic, nausea, or long-term psychological debuffs for you. You see the brutality and register it as “Tuesday.”

Common Sense [Free]

Against all odds, you retained some functioning brain cells. While the populace tumbles headfirst into idiocy, you’re the rare person who can still use logic, basic decency, and at least one useful life skill. You won’t fall for every obvious trap, you don’t hand your wallet to suspicious cult leaders, and you can generally behave like a competent human being in public. This grants you social pragmatism and decision-making that actually helps you survive and not become Another Plot Device.

B-Rank Movie Trailers [Free]

In this ridiculous world, cinematic nonsense is part of the natural laws of reality—and you’ve been cursed (or blessed) with the power of narrative exposition!

Whenever a supernatural ability, massive explosion, or gruesome death occurs, a full-blown B-movie trailer starts playing... directly in your mind, your allies’ minds, and anyone else you choose to include. It comes complete with that deep, over-dramatic narrator voice, flashing text, and a totally nonsensical “in-universe explanation” for what just happened.

“In a world... where friendship couldn’t save him... only questionable CGI could!”

The logic is always barely coherent, hilariously over-the-top, and somehow manages to make events sound both epic and cheap at the same time. It never reveals actual spoilers or strategic info—it’s just there to make reality feel like a bad trailer.

You can toggle this effect at will.

Pathetic Summoner

The Goddess Efection [Free For Pathetic Summoner/ 600 CP For other Origins]

Blessed—well, sort of—by the goddess who has a horror fetish of this world, you have received her “divine favor.” When you perform your summoning ritual, instead of calling forth an ordinary familiar, you tear open a hole in reality and summon a creature straight out of a B-rank horror movie.

Now, before you get too excited—your familiar’s current state is nerfed compared to its cinematic glory days. It only possesses the basic powers it displayed in its first movie appearance. However, don’t underestimate it—this “weakened” form is still absurdly powerful. Even at baseline, it can wipe out a room full of A-rank adventurers without breaking a sweat, and any attack below A-rank simply can’t hurt it at all.

Your familiar is utterly loyal to you, bound by divine decree to protect you no matter what. It may have a taste for destruction, but when it comes to your safety, it’s a very cuddly eldritch nightmare. You also receive a Summoner’s Rod, a staff topped with a glowing orb that allows you to communicate with your familiar telepathically—helpful when your partner’s first instinct is usually “bite first, ask questions never.” Also with time and kills it will slowly unlock more abilities found in b rank movies. Like the ability to summon tornados and swim in them like an infamous shark movie.

You may choose any creature originally featured in a B-rank horror movie as your familiar’s base form. It might be a murderous animatronic bear, a shark, a zombie clown, or a carnivorous grasshopper. If you have a companion, follower, or pet whose species exists in that genre, they may be imported and upgraded to this status as well. They also receive one free ability from the Horror Movie Star section that cost 400CP or less.

Sunshine and Rainbows [100 CP]

Your head is truly filled with sunshine, rainbows, and possibly too little oxygen. No matter what horrible things happen—being beaten by your classmates, betrayed by a village and sold to demons, or branded a traitor—you'll still find a way to smile the next day. The darkness of humanity simply doesn't stick to you. Even when the world proves itself cruel and unfair, you can shrug it off with a deep breath and a good night's sleep.

Friend Finder [100 CP]

Maybe you're a pathetic summoner... but you're also surprisingly good at networking. Despite your weak start, you seem to attract decent allies wherever you go—humans, demons, monsters, or anything with a pulse. You have an instinct for befriending the right people, and your allies will never betray or sell you out. Even with your bloodthirsty familiar lurking behind you, your companions remain loyal, weirdly tolerant, and always willing to lend a hand in your latest crisis.

Heroic Heart [200 CP]

Deep down, you've always dreamed of being a hero—a shining light in this dark, dumb world. And now, you actually might be one. You possess an unshakable core of courage, the kind that makes you charge into danger instead of running away. Of course, fate has a sense of humor, so you'll often stumble directly into perilous situations that “just happen” to test your resolve. Luckily, these incidents are always something you can handle... barely. Solving them peacefully, however, may require more charisma than divine intervention.

No, You Got the Wrong Person [200 CP]

So maybe you destroyed a village. Maybe your classmates died in a tragic “self-defense” incident. And maaaybe an entire kingdom fell because of you—but those were totally reasonable misunderstandings, right? Whatever crimes or chaos you cause, the world just... doesn't blame you for long. Rumors fade, blame shifts, and before you know it, everyone's pointing fingers at some poor random scapegoat instead. You can commit atrocities, and within weeks, your public image bounces back to “misunderstood cutie.” Truly, divine PR management.

Familiar Growth Tree [400 CP]

You now possess the ultimate interface for monster management—a glowing, mental Growth Tree that shows every possible path of evolution and ability your familiar can take. You can see new skills, unlock requirements, and even reset your familiar’s development whenever you please, allowing for infinite experimentation and customization. In future worlds, this Growth Tree will automatically expand to include new branches relevant to that world’s powers or rules.

Other Familiars [400 CP]

Congratulations! You can now summon and command a second familiar, though this one isn’t some cosmic B-movie abomination. Instead, it’s a more traditional magical creature—think minotaur, harpy, golem, or any other fantasy beast. While not as horrifyingly overpowered as your main familiar, this companion still boasts C-rank adventurer strength and unwavering loyalty.

Comedic Damage [600 CP]

So, here’s the thing—your familiars love you. They really do! It’s just that their affection tends to manifest as catastrophic physical trauma. Maybe your electric eel familiar needs to ground its voltage through your body to power its attacks and you just happen to be the nearest conductor. Or perhaps your five-ton mutant shark expresses love by performing a high-velocity body slam of friendship directly to your torso.

Normally, this would paste you into a fine, red mist—but! you now obey cartoon physics whenever an attack comes from your allies. Instead of dying horribly, you’ll just suffer over-the-top slapstick injuries! Expect blood fountains, smoking outlines, crater-shaped impact zones, and human-shaped holes in walls. You’ll experience mild discomfort, a bruised ego, and maybe a funny bone or two out of place—but the damage fades within seconds.

You Die, I Die. You Live, I Live [600 CP]

The bond between you and your familiar transcends mere mortal understanding. Your souls are now intertwined so tightly that the fates of both are one and the same.

If you die, your familiar dies. If your familiar dies, you die. But don't worry—five minutes later, one of you will spontaneously resurrect... and the other will follow immediately after.

If one body is mostly intact, the resurrection is quick. If it's completely obliterated which, let's face it, tends to happen a lot in B-movie universes, the body will fully regenerate within an hour before the revival triggers. If somehow both of your bodies are annihilated, you'll both return as ghostly spirits—one time per jump. And the resurrection ability of this perk will be inactive for 10 years or until you start your new jump.

If you have more than one familiar, the link expands so that all of you share this undying bond. And as you travel to future worlds, you may choose to extend this soul-chain to one more person per world.



Shitty Otherworlder

Cheat Ability [Free for Shitty Otherworlder / 600 CP for Other Origins]

Congratulations, you hopeless nerd! The Goddess took pity on your sorry, hikikomori soul and decided to bless you with something utterly ridiculous. Upon your arrival in this world, she personally grants you one cheat ability or cheat item—each powerful enough to make reality cry.

These cheats are SSS-Rank, indestructible, and only function in your hands. Anything that requires ammo, battery, or resources has infinite supply because the Goddess got tired of balancing things.

You may purchase additional cheats here with Shitty Otherworlder receiving discounts here.

Redo

Death? Failure? Nah. You can save scum reality. While here in this world once a week if you die, time instantly rewinds to the moment you first arrived in that world. Your memories, skills, and trauma remain lucky you, letting you redo everything armed with foreknowledge and regret. In future world this is limited to Once per jump.

Instant Death

You now wield the most terrifyingly cheap spell imaginable: when it hits, the target just dies as long as your abilities are superior to your targets. No resistance, no saving throw, no cinematic monologue—just dead. Even better, the mana cost is so low it might as well be free.

Super Luck

Reality loves you. The universe bends over backwards to make sure things go your way. 99.99% of situations will always favor you—traps misfire, enemies trip into their own attacks, and treasure boxes appear just where you were walking.

Flour Mastery

Yes, flour. Like the baking kind. Turns out the power of pastries is absurdly overpowered in the right hands. You can bake bread that heals more effectively than divine elixirs, pastries that explode like grenades, or cupcakes that cure curses. Even the flour bag itself doubles as a weapon—smack someone with it and you'll make a crater.

Flag Destroyer

You've gained the ultimate anti-drama ability: Fate now slides you a daily forecast of every horrible event destined to happen to you. Betrayals? Death flags? Surprise monster ambushes? You'll know them all in advance, complete with snarky internal narration. More importantly—you can prevent them.

Resell

You've unlocked the multiversal version of Amazon Prime! You can now purchase any item from any world you've visited, as long as it's something that was actually for sale there. Want a tank? Sure. A forbidden tome of cosmic horror? Add to cart. Slaves? Uh... let's maybe not, but technically yes. Just remember—it's all cash up front, no refunds, and definitely no customer service.

Card Gamer

Pick your favorite trading card game—Yu-Gi-Oh, Pokémon, Magic: The Gathering—and congratulations, it's now real. You can summon monsters, activate spells, and slap down trap cards with perfect flair. The cards are as powerful as their lore implies, and the animations? Oh, they're very real. Duel disks optional, but highly recommended.

Cute Magic

The cuter you are—or rather, the more people think you're cute—the stronger your magic becomes. Your sparkly attacks can level mountains, your healing light outshines the sun, and your transformation sequences are legally classified as divine events. Basically, as long as someone's heart goes “kyaa~!” your destructive potential skyrockets.

Super Sentai Mechs

You have split into five separate bodies, each piloting its own personalized vehicle: a tank, a Gustav cannon, a Panjandrum wheel, a balloon bomber, and a helmet-gun... thing. Each body can fight independently and have their own interest, but when you combine? You merge into a colossal sentai mech of unstoppable, explosion-filled justice! Also if one of them dies they will return at the beginning of your next jump.

You're Fired

Flip someone off with true malice, and the flames of hell immediately devour their soul. Even better, every soul consumed this way permanently boosts your power. Who knew petty rage could be so efficient?

Apps

You've been given a divine smartphone, smartwatch, or tablet packed with supernatural apps. Some boost your stats, some heal allies, some fire lasers, and some reveal hidden treasures or open sealed doors. The best part? New apps unlock over time as you grow stronger.

I Have Game and Anime Logic [100 CP]

Turns out that spending years watching anime, reading light novels, and grinding RPGs has actually prepared you for this world! Your brain naturally interprets magic systems, class archetypes, and even ancient runes like in a game tutorial. You instinctively understand things like skill trees, mana costs, and why a giant floating crystal probably needs to be hit three times to activate. Social customs, fantasy rules, even absurd plot clichés—your nerdy instincts guide you flawlessly

EXP Bar [100 CP]

Ding~! A little window has appeared in your mind, showing your stats, skills, and most importantly—an EXP bar. It updates in real-time, letting you know exactly how close you are to leveling up, mastering a spell, or unlocking a new ability. You'll never have to guess whether all that grinding is worth it again! Even better, it shows progress for training, studying, or even relationships yes, it can measure social EXP... somehow.

Chick Magnet [200 CP]

Oh, you didn't think you'd escape the harem trope, did you? You are irresistibly popular with your preferred gender. People flock to you with hearts in their eyes and plot relevance in their backstories. Sure, most of them are only interested because you're "the superpowered otherworlder," but hey—attention is attention.

Beach Party [200 CP]

What's an isekai adventure without a random beach episode? Now, at will, you can alter the local weather to be perfect for parties near the ocean—or lakes, hot springs, or any sufficiently large body of water. Clear skies, gentle breezes, and ideal swimsuit conditions await you.

My Class [400 CP]

You've been blessed with a main character profession! You've mastered one of the classic RPG/Anime classes—each one now boosted by divine favoritism to A-Rank adventurer levels. Choose one from the list below.

Barbarian

Unmatched strength and rage-fueled endurance. You laugh off mortal wounds. When you let your fury flow, your muscles swell with divine power, veins glowing like molten iron. Your blows shake the ground, your roars scatter armies, and your mere presence drives beasts into submission. Even when torn apart, your body stitches itself together through sheer defiance.

Rogue

Stealth, agility, and dirty tricks—plus absurd backstab crits. You're the shadow that slips through fortresses and hearts alike. Locks open at your touch, traps disarm themselves out of respect, and your daggers always find the softest spot in any defense. With agility that borders on teleportation, you weave through enemies like a wisp of smoke.

Paladin

Holy might, unbreakable faith, and the ability to smite evil. You channel divine light through sheer conviction, healing allies and burning sinners to ash with the same radiant hand. Even despair bows before your unwavering belief. And when you deliver your holy smite, you shout your attack name like it's gospel. Justice never looked this shiny.

Ranger

Archery, wilderness mastery, and the mysterious power of looking cool under a full moon. You are one with the wild—the whisper of the forest wind, the gleam of moonlight on a bowstring. Your arrows curve through impossible trajectories, each shot guided by instinct sharper than any compass. You move through nature like a ghost, unseen and untouchable, and every beast within miles respects you as one of their own.

Wizard

You have studied every tome, deciphered forbidden runes, and probably blown up a few towers in the process. Your intellect is your greatest weapon—your spells unleash complex formula that maximize their power while minimize the mana cost. You are the archetype of arcane arrogance, correcting your enemies' grammar as you incinerate them.

Sorcerer

Magic runs in your blood, making your spells flashy, chaotic, and unfairly strong. Your body is a living mana reactor, glowing veins pulsing with raw power. Your spells erupt like fireworks, unpredictable and devastating, fueled by your emotions rather than logic.

Druid

Nature bends around you, and animals call you their forested overlord. The earth itself breathes with your will. Trees bend to protect you, rivers alter course to follow you, and beasts kneel as you pass. You summon vines, and shapeshift into beast of nature. Your magic is ancient, wild, and untamed—a reminder that nature doesn't need civilization.

Other Isekai Races [400 CP]

Not everyone gets isekai'd as a boring human! You've been reincarnated into a new, more powerful races. Each is a high-tier, A-rank variant of its species. Choose your form the list below.

Succubus (Female Only)

Beautiful, seductive, and fueled by desire itself. Your charm is literally magical. Every word you speak drips with allure, every glance could melt people hearts and maybe a few morals too. Your wings and tail shimmer with infernal grace, and your very presence bends emotions to your will. Mortals find themselves entranced, demons treat you like royalty, and heroes... well, they usually end up blushing and making bad decisions.

Lich

Undead sorcerer with endless stamina, death magic, and questionable hygiene. You've traded flesh for power, baby! Your soul now rests in a phylactery, making you basically unkillable unless someone finds and smashes your weird glowing jar. You command armies of skeletons, drain life with a gesture, and cackle dramatically because—let's be honest—it's part of the job.

Metal Slime

Practically indestructible, insanely fast, and adorable enough to merchandise. Swords bounce off you, spells fizzle out, and enemies cry when they realize you're immune to basically everything below B rank attacks. Despite your size, your speed and defense stats are off the charts, and you can reshape your form into blades, shields, or cute little hats for dramatic flair.

Beastman

Whether wolf, cat, or fox—enhanced senses, agility, and animal instincts are yours. Graceful, fierce, and dangerously charming, you're the perfect blend of human cunning and animal prowess. Your reflexes make you untouchable, your strength is wild-born, and your senses could put any predator to shame. Plus, those ears and tails? Unfairly cute.

Humble Pie [600 CP]

Looks like you're not like the other losers who got isekai'd into this world. Most of them? Arrogant idiots who think "main character energy" means they're invincible—and then wonder why the local demon lord turned them into chunky salsa. But not you. Oh no, you're self-aware. You understand that every so-called "broken" ability has a flaw, every perfect defense has a gap, and every overpowered hero eventually meets a counter.

You've studied your power, dissected it, and learned its weaknesses so thoroughly that you've crafted countermeasures for them. Anyone who studies your ability, figures out how to resist or nullify it—will find that you already have a response ready. Their counter gets countered, their adaptation gets adapted against, and their smug grin turns to panic when they realize you've already planned for this exact moment.

If your enemies have counters for your counters? You've got those covered too. If they somehow develop counters for those, well—you get the picture. Your mastery evolves endlessly, keeping you one frustrating step ahead of anyone who tries to "balance patch" you out of existence. This works for every fighting style, magic system, or cheat ability you gain here and in future worlds.

True Hero [600 CP]

Unlike the usual crowd of scummy, luck-based isekai rejects, you were chosen because you were already a genuinely good person. When the goddess granted you her blessing, something deeper awoke—an aura of radiant virtue, the unmistakable presence of a True Hero.

Your very existence now inspires others. Wherever you go, your good deeds ripple through the world like sunlight through storm clouds. Even the most cynical, bitter souls feel a flicker of remorse when they witness your kindness—seeing the light, if only for a moment. Your compassion, bravery, and refusal to give up become contagious; villagers stop scheming, knights start reflecting, and even criminals pause to question if maybe... just maybe... they don't have to be total jerks all the time.

Your heroic aura also works in more personal ways—your presence motivates others to improve themselves, even if you’re not actively trying. And don’t worry, all that radiant purity doesn’t mean you’re some uptight saint; you’re still free to get “romantically expressive” with your lover (or, ahem, lovers) without ever suffering a single point of bad karma. The goddess herself smiles upon your passion—because a good heart doesn’t mean a chaste one.



Demon Lord Army

Elite Demonic Army [Free for Demon Lord Army / 600 CP for Others]

You are a Skeleton Lizard Demon, one of the most common yet shockingly deadly breeds within the infernal ranks. Even without lifting a claw, your body alone is a weapon: scales harder than steel, bones that deflect blades, and a natural strength that puts any human warrior to shame.

But raw power is just the beginning. As part of your standard “welcome to hell’s military” training, you’ve been drilled in all the proper arts of organized villainy. You are proficient with one weapon of your choice and can ride any manner of magical beast into battle. You’ve learned to command water and airships, execute flawless shakedowns on trembling mortals, and even capture enemies alive because sometimes the boss prefers interrogation over carnage.

Through endless battles and the blood-soaked discipline of the Demon Lord’s ranks, your might now rivals that of a vice-general’s in raw destructive power—though, admittedly, your tactical finesse could still use some polish.

Body Makeover [100 CP]

Every proper high-ranking demon knows that appearances matter—whether you want to look human to or just to turn into a hot skeleton man for aesthetic reasons. With this ability, you can freely alter your body at will, shifting between your natural demonic form and a human or humanoid disguise. You can even permanently change your race entirely! Choose from options like a harpy, human skeleton, scorpion man, lizardfolk, half-demon cyborg, or yes—even a giant fuzzy walrus demon if that’s your jam.

While these alternative races aren’t as inherently overpowered as other isekai species, they still have advantages—each one slightly above a normal human baseline. In future worlds, this perk evolves: once per jump, you may permanently change your race to a demonic variant from that setting. If the world lacks demonic species, you’ll still receive a form that’s subtly enhanced beyond human limits.

Elemental Affinity [100 CP]

Fire, ice, lightning, darkness—or perhaps something more exotic like poison, or Charm. You now have a natural affinity with one element of your choosing. Your control over it is instinctual, almost biological, allowing you to summon, shape, and weaponize it without formal study. The stronger your emotions, the fiercer your control becomes.

To Enter One's Dreams [200 CP]

Oh my, how intimate~ you can now slip through the veil of consciousness and stroll right into another's dreams like you own the place. Within these dreamscapes, you can alter everything—the sky, the rules, even the dreamer's memories. Sweet dreams, right? Oh, but here's the kicker: if you kill someone within their dream, they die in reality too. No messy cleanup, no witnesses, just... “died mysteriously in their sleep.” You can also use this ability to plant suggestions, heal trauma, or just mess with someone's head for fun.

Motorcycle Enthusiast [200 CP]

You've unlocked the sacred art of Infernal Ride Summoning—calling forth your own supernatural motorcycle, forged from equal parts mana, metal, and pure rebellion. This bad boy can race across any surface—land, sea, or sky—with flawless control. It feeds off your mana for infinite fuel and repairs itself instantly upon re-summoning. Style-wise? Up to you.

Machine Genius [400 CP]

Your brilliance with technology borders on divine blasphemy—you can craft everything from mana-powered tanks to floating warships, artillery, ammunition, and even golem soldiers. And not just any golems—oh no—your specialty lies in bunny-suited robot girls with machine guns, jetpacks, and an unsettling amount of personality. Every infernal army needs a mascot, after all. Your mechanical constructs are powered by demonic energy, loyal to you, and capable of rapid self-repair. You are the industrial engine of hell's war machine—and possibly its most dangerous inventor.

The Mist of Truth [400 CP]

A truly sinister power... You can now summon an eerie, pale mist that spreads across an area like the breath of a guilty conscience. Within this fog, all secrets are laid bare—you can perceive the sins, regrets, and hidden histories of anyone it touches. Once you name someone's wrongdoing aloud, they are overcome with unbearable guilt, often collapsing into despair—or even taking their own life under the weight of their shame. The mist doesn't judge; it simply reveals. You, however... oh, you definitely judge. And in the cruelest, most satisfying way possible.

Hero Killer [600 CP]

Oh, congratulations, you've officially graduated to a General of the Demon Lord's Army. Through merciless training and gruesome research led by Lady Aprilly, the Demon Lord's brilliant yet deranged second-in-command, you've achieved what few demons even dream of—the ability to slay heroes.

You see, the so-called “heroes” blessed by the goddess are nothing more than divine puppets, their cheat skills tethered to celestial power. But your body and soul have been trained to counter such things. Divine energy—the kind that fuels miracles, blessings, or “heroic destinies”—no longer works properly against you. Holy light burns less, sacred weapons dull upon your armor, and even “one-hit kill” cheat skills sputter into harmless sparks when used on you.

Even better? Your own attacks now cut through divine protections like a heated knife through sanctimonious butter. Your tactics are amplified specifically against beings empowered by gods or similar entities, making you a walking divine countermeasure.

And that's not all. The tactical mastery you've honed from centuries of infernal warfare allows you to predict and dismantle “heroic” battle strategies—from righteous monologues to predictable teamwork patterns. You've seen it all before, and you've written counters for every one of them.

In future worlds, this ability evolves further: it automatically adapts to recognize any being whose powers are divine in nature—angels, saints, blessed champions, or anyone claiming “holy authority.” Against them, your resistance and lethality increase exponentially.

Chimera Creator [600 CP]

you've reached the same level of genius as Lady Aprilly herself, the infamous mad scientist of the Demon Lord's army! Your understanding of genetic alchemy and demonic bio-engineering now borders on the divine in the most blasphemous way possible.

You can create super-chimeras—living weapons crafted from any genetic material you can scavenge: monster blood, dragon scales, human DNA, divine essence, or even scraps of ancient relics if you're feeling particularly reckless. The resulting creature's appearance is entirely up to you.

But regardless of its form, every chimera you create will have power on par with a Demon General, since you only incorporate the most useful genetic traits. Your creations regenerate at terrifying speed. Now, inside their core—right where the heart should be—beats a special gift from you: the Slot Engine. It spins at random intervals, granting temporary buffs or powers like a demonic roulette wheel! No one knows why this exists... oh wait, yes we do—because without it, your chimeras would be too strong, silly~! As these buffs are actually its true abilities before a seal has been put on them. Here's what the slot machine can roll:

Power Boost

Multiplies your chimera's strength tenfold. You might want to stand back when this hits.

Defense Up

Hardens their body and spirit, making them immune to all elemental and magical damage

.

Jackpot

Fires off an ultra-finisher attack with devastating results—zero mana cost, maximum destruction.

Speed Boost

Multiplies speed tenfold, turning your monster into a blur of claws and violence.

Death Core

Smashes the creature's limiters, unleashing 100x its base power for three glorious, apocalyptic days... before the chimera self-destructs in a final death frenzy.

Of course, you wouldn't want your masterpiece rampaging through your living room, right? So you also possess a Containment Sphere—a handy pokeball that safely stores your chimera when not in use.

At present, you can only maintain one chimera at a time. Crafting additional ones requires ten years of meticulous research and experimentation per creature—perfection takes time. When your current chimera dies, however, its essence and blueprints return to you, allowing it to be recreated anew in mere days.



Scary B-Rank Movie Familiar

B-Rank Movie Star [Free for Scary B-Rank Movie Familiar / 600 CP for Others]

You are now a walking, roaring, screaming tribute to the glorious world of B-rank horror cinema! You are a creature pulled straight from the reels of schlocky midnight movies: maybe a mutant shark, a haunted doll, a murderous tire, or even a sentient blob that eats people and feelings alike. Whatever your form, your power is nothing to laugh at—your strength already matches that of a Demon General!

Once upon a time, you managed to consume a fragment of the Goddess herself, and now her divine energy festers inside your monstrous heart. Because of this, you've inherited the same "cheat potential" as those pampered outworlders—but flavored by pure horror movie madness. You can survive in any environment—burning deserts, the depths of space, even inside volcanoes! You don't need air, food, or reason. You move in eerie silence, a master of stealth whose sudden attacks leave only screams and regret behind.

Your special ability, fittingly called "B-Rank Movie Star," allows you to harness powers from the films that birthed your kind. That's why you gain access to the Horror Movie Star section. Where you can start getting your needed abilities their.

And, of course, as a familiar, you technically have a "summoner." They're weak, awkward, and honestly lucky to have you—you're absolutely the dominant force in this little partnership. Feel free to import a follower, pet, or companion to fill that role

Normie Hunter [100 CP]

You now possess an uncanny third sense that smells the one thing that makes your blood boil: normies enjoying their mundane, blissful lives. Whenever someone is indulging in those innocent little pleasures—especially lewd or scandalous ones—your instinct flares and points them out like a flashing target. You can locate and dispatch them with eerie efficiency, and because society here is delightfully rotten, their disappearances raise little more than a shrug.

Cute Form [100 CP]

For when you want people to underestimate you—or just crave adorable merchandising opportunities—you can shift into an irresistibly cute chibi form on command. Big eyes, tiny limbs, and the kind of smile that makes villagers go “awww” before they regret everything. In this form, you’re far less likely to be attacked on sight; perfect for infiltration, cuddles, or bait.

Life Drain [200 CP]

Murder is nourishment. Whenever you slay a victim, you siphon their life force into yourself, instantly restoring stamina, mending wounds, and replenishing mana or eldritch energy. The more grisly the kill, the juicier the recovery. Yum.

Size Changer [200 CP]

At will, you can scale your body from tiny nightmare to full-blown kaiju—up to megalodon proportions the movie size not the real version—without caring about gravity, bone physics, or the square–cube law. It’s dramatic, stupidly effective, and perfectly calibrated for B-rank cinematic destruction.

Yes I Am Scary [400 CP]

When you unleash your truly terrifying side—whether by visage, noise, or an ability specifically meant to horrify—your victims are imprinted with dread to their very core. They’ll cry, soil themselves, or tremble until they can’t face you again. Even if they survive, they won’t be the same: your name becomes a ghost in their memory. Terrifying presence = battlefield control.

No, You Are Not Alone [400 CP]

You can choose one method to reach your victims from the uncanny places B-movie monsters love: either any body of water becomes a portal you can erupt from, or any shadow becomes a doorway you can crawl through. Pick one. Striking from the place the victim feels safest their bathtub, the toilet, their dark hallway makes the jumpscare more effective—and much bloodier. Perfect for making scenes that haunt dreams.

Undead Form [600 CP]

You may enter one of two undead states once per 24 hours. Each form lasts until you choose to end it or until its resource the infection pool or collected souls is exhausted.

Zombie Form

You become a rotting, relentless horror. Flesh peels, eyes cloud, and every bite, claw wound, or exchange of bodily fluids becomes a vector for your necrotic contagion. Victims struck by your attacks will begin to transform into shambling humanoid versions of you—mindless, hungry, and intent on spreading the plague further. The outbreak's momentum is terrifying: a single uncontrolled night of rampage can topple a city the size of New York if left unchecked.

Ghost Form

You shed flesh and become an incorporeal specter so does your summoner: immune to physical attacks, able to glide through walls, and terrifying to the living. In this state you absorb nearby souls—from recent corpses, dying foes, or sorrow-filled spirits—and condense that spiritual energy into a devastating ranged manifestation (a Genki-Dama-style Soul Lance / Soul Sphere). The more souls you gather, the larger and stranger the resulting attack becomes: from a screaming beam that shreds armor to a horrific burst that unravels enemy morale.

Mecha Form [600 CP]

Beep-boop, baby—you've hit the big leagues of overkill! You've awakened a transformation that lets you become a full-blown mecha, complete with absurd firepower, transformable modes, and a soundtrack that screams "Saturday morning anime opening." When you activate this form, your body unfolds, shifts, and reforges into an advanced war machine forged from demonic alloys and god-slaying tech.

In this state, you're a walking (and flying) arsenal: missile pods line your shoulders, chain guns spin on your arms, bombs drop from hidden bays, and twin flamethrowers can melt through fortress walls. Your armor is so tough that even Demon Generals struggle to scratch the paint.

You also come with three modes for maximum style and flexibility:

Land Mode

A towering bipedal titan, armed for siege and close combat with heavy weapons and a punch that can crater the earth.

Sky Mode

Jet-powered transformation for high-speed dogfights, air superiority, and missile barrages that rain from the heavens.

Aqua Mode

A sleek amphibious configuration that glides through the ocean depths or across surfaces like a cybernetic leviathan.

And when all else fails—when your ammo's spent, systems are fried, or you just want to make a statement—you have a self-destruction sequence. Upon activation, your core overloads and unleashes a colossal nuclear-scale explosion minus the radiation that wipes out everything in a wide radius. When it ends, you revert safely back to your original form, drained but alive, ready to do it all again after a day's cooldown.

Horror Movie Star:

This section is reserved for those who possess the B-Rank Movie Star perk—true cinematic nightmares given flesh. By claiming this legacy, you unlock a special bonus: 1000 CP that can only be spent on abilities and powers drawn from the twisted imaginations of horror movies.

Acid Blood [200 CP]

Yikes! Your veins now pump liquid death. Your blood has become so corrosive that even a single drop can melt through steel, armor, or flesh like hot butter through paper. Anyone foolish enough to wound you will quickly regret it when their weapons—and possibly their hands—start dissolving in sizzling agony.

Disfiguring Form [200 CP]

Your body can now shift into something so grotesque, so mind-twistingly wrong, that anyone in your presence either vomits, faints, or screams themselves hoarse. You can decide whether it's your actual appearance that causes this horrific reaction—or your smell, if you really want to traumatize an area without lifting a finger.

Bladed Form [200 CP]

Your body sprouts razor-sharp blades from every conceivable angle—arms, legs, even your back—and each one glistens with malice. You can use these organic weapons to shred through enemies like paper dolls, and even drain their blood through your cutting edges. Alternatively, you may choose to gain the ability to summon an infinite number of blades from the ground, sky, or even thin air.

Monster Fusion [200 CP]

Science and horror shake hands! You can now fuse the traits of two beasts into one monstrous, chimeric body. Want a three-headed shark? Done. A tentacled wolf-dragon hybrid? Sure, why not! This alter form grants the strength of both chosen creatures. For an additional 100 CP, you can add another beast to the mix.

It's Alive! [200 CP]

Half machine, half corpse, all nightmare. Your body is a patchwork of mechanical and organic parts, stitched together by mad science or forbidden rituals. You can drain electricity from any source and fire it back out as concentrated bolts or arcs of lightning.

Tornado Summoner [200 CP]

You command the wrath of the wind itself! You can now summon and control devastating tornadoes, bending them to your will like obedient pets. You can even ride within the storm, using it to soar through the skies or tear apart cities in cinematic fashion. Bonus points if you combine this with a shark form—because, well, Sharknado.

Rapid Progenition [400 CP]

You gain the unnerving ability to spawn offspring endlessly. You can lay eggs, bud clones, or sprout small body-spawn at will; these progeny are cheap, loyal minions that obey simple commands. They're fragile individually but terrifying in numbers—perfect for swarming, overwhelming choke points, or turning an enemy's orderly formation into a frantic mess. You may also sell or trade surplus spawn if your conscience and local laws allow.

Super Stealth [400 CP]

You become effectively undetectable to anyone you choose to hide from. Radar blips, mundane sight, scrying magic, and most divinations simply fail to notice you while you opt into stealth. You can move through guarded fortresses, slip past paladins, and stalk prey without triggering alarms—ideal for assassinations, infiltration, or dramatic jumpscare entrances.

Capture Master [400 CP]

You have perfected the art of taking prisoners. Your traps, bindings, and immobilization techniques leave targets unconscious, restrained, and impossible to escape from until you choose otherwise. Captured victims can be transported and stashed anywhere—cells, containment spheres, other dimensions—and will remain asleep or docile unless you decide to release them.

The First One [400 CP]

You become the progenitor of a new kin: a living curse or template that transforms others into your brood. Those turned gain free will but inherit your traits, loyalties, and biological signature; they won't automatically rebel against you and will often form a society or pack around your influence. Your "first" bloodline becomes the cultural root of a monstrous nation, and you are both ancestor and monarch of their myths—terrifying, useful, and extremely dramatic.

Hive Mind [400 CP]

You are no longer a single organism but a collective of tiny lifeforms coordinated as one consciousness. You can contract or expand: be a massive body comparable to an elephant, or fragment into millions of scouts, swarms, or workers that you control individually. Your hivemind allows perfect coordination between units, instant relays of sensory data across your collective, and the ability to puppet small monsters as scouts or shock troops.

Maze Room Creation [400 CP]

You gain access to a personal extradimensional hunting ground—a labyrinthine pocket dimension you can draw victims into at will. Inside, corridors shift, traps reset, and escape routes collapse unless a complex series of checks or ritual steps usually involving six precise actions are followed. Use it as a trap, torture chamber, or prey-rich arena: inmates are isolated from the outside world.

Spirit of the Children of Halloween [600 CP]

You are reborn as a sacred, mischievous spirit of Halloween. On Halloween night (or any equivalent "trick-or-treat" day in future worlds), your authority becomes law: you enforce the old, silly, and sacred rules of the holiday, and you have divine license to punish those who break them. While your power slumbers the rest of the year, when the jack-o'-lanterns glow your presence thickens—candies taste sweeter, shadows giggle, and every porchlight is judged.

Mandatory Holiday Laws:

Decorations Must Be Up: Houses and public spaces must display Halloween decorations that are obvious and sincere.

Pumpkin on Display: A pumpkin (carved or plain) must be placed where trick-or-treaters can see it..

No Vandalizing Pumpkins: Desecrating jack-o'-lanterns or smashing pumpkins is strictly forbidden. Vandals will discover immediate consequences.

One-Bowl Rule: If a household places out a single communal candy bowl, the “one candy per treat-er” rule must be honored. Greed is a minor sin—until it isn't.

Trick-or-Treat Obligation: If someone rings a doorbell for a treat, the occupant must either provide candy, perform a light trick, or accept the consequences.

When someone flagrantly breaks these rules on the sacred night, you may summon a mythic monster—drawn from folktales, urban legends, or B-rank horrors—to personally torment the offender until they repent or perish. These visitations are theatrically tailored: terrifying, memorable, and always recorded in the world's local legend. You may choose the creature and the scale of haunting appropriate to the offense; the monster will make the breaker's life a living hell before the final judgment. The monster's ultimate fate is up to you—it may be banished, bound into story, or allowed to finish the job. Every punishment becomes folklore: fireside tales, cautionary nursery rhymes, and oddly specific warnings about pumpkins and candy etiquette.

Twist Monster [600 CP]

You are the perfect red herring: whenever a killing spree happens, evidence inexplicably points away from you—blood stains, weapon fingerprints, torn clothing, and suspicious eyewitness accounts all line up to build a convincing alibi. Authorities, allies, and bystanders will instinctively assume you're innocent, and you can use that trust to move freely while chaos unfolds. But here's the final, delicious kicker: the truth is only revealed when all other victims are dead—at that moment, the single surviving witness (or the final scene's observer)

will finally see you for what you are: the monster. Until that ultimate reveal, you remain untouchable, a master of misdirection and narrative cruelty.

Titans [600 CP]

Your body now towers on the same monumental scale as Godzilla himself. Cities crumble beneath your steps, mountains tremble when you roar, and the skies darken at your presence. Your power doesn't stop at sheer size either—you possess the signature weapon of the Kaiju King: an atomic breath, a devastating beam of concentrated destruction capable of melting steel, splitting landscapes, and erasing armies in an instant.

Extreme Life Cycles [600 CP]

Your life is a cruel little ladder of resurrection. When your current (first) life is ended, your corpse doesn't stay dead—instead it births three velociraptor-like spawn, each roughly one-third your original size. These Tier-II offspring are cunning, coordinated hunters capable of hunting through buildings, ambushing squads, and finishing what their parent began. If any Tier-II spawn is destroyed, that corpse tears itself open to release three flying Tier-III forms (each about the same size as the second-tier raptors), turning a single casualty into an aerial swarm of vengeance. This cascading replication continues only through those two secondary tiers—the cycle's design makes you extremely hard to remove from the board: you do not truly die until all of the Tier-II and their resulting Tier-III forms have been annihilated.

Parasitic [600 CP]

With this power you can implant eggs inside victims—little biological time-bombs that hatch into your offspring, turning the host into an unwilling incubator. When the young emerge, they devour the host from the inside out (or consume specific organs as you design), and the resulting offspring are bonded to you: they obey your commands, carry your scent, and act as extensions of your will. Even before hatching, your larvae grant you a sinister influence over the victim: subtle compulsion, weakening will, and the ability to nudge their behavior to places that benefit your brood.

Items:

In this section, you'll select the personal tools, equipment, or treasures that will accompany you. You receive +300 CP exclusively for this section, and may freely import any items of similar form to replace or upgrade them. Items originating from the origins are also discounted.

General

Plain Clothes [Free]

You now possess a wardrobe centered around a single, well-fitted uniform and street clothes, and assortment of stylish, comfortable swimwear . Your clothes adapts seamlessly to the customs and aesthetics of whatever world you travel to, always maintaining a perfect balance between functionality and flair. Whether it's a sleek academy outfit, a regal military ensemble, or something more casual for modern settings, it will always suit your role and environment flawlessly.

Profession Cleaning Team [Free]

No matter how grisly the aftermath, no matter how many limbs or suspicious puddles of ichor are left in your wake, within twenty-four hours it will all be spotless. Why? Because somewhere, unseen yet ever-present, an elite cleaning crew follows you—always just out of sight. They don't speak, they don't question, and they certainly don't judge. They simply appear once the chaos is done, and scrub, mop, sanitize, and dispose of every trace as if it never happened. Blood, bone, broken buildings—it's all gone by morning.

Party Supplies [Free]

Whether it's a lakeside barbecue, a midnight beach rave, or a post-apocalypse pool party, you will never run out of snacks. You possess an unlimited supply of all the essentials for a truly sinful gathering: grilled meats, chips, beer, soda, party cups, and even those weird little cocktail sausages nobody admits to liking. The food seems to replenish itself whenever you turn your back, perfectly seasoned and ready to serve. If there's water nearby—be it ocean, river, or pool—the quality skyrockets, as if the universe itself wanted to make your festivities legendary.

Pathetic Summoner

Summoner Rod [Free for Pathetic Summoner / 600 CP for Other Origins]

In your hands lies the Summoner's Rod that can be summoned or dismissed at will. Through it, you can view your familiars' stats, moods, needs, and even those nasty little thoughts they'd rather you not know about. The rod links to a private pocket dimension where all your familiars, from this world and beyond, can be stored safely until called forth again. It's part summoning tool, part management system, and part emotional support stick. Just... don't let your familiars figure out that you can literally read their minds.

Summoner Uniform [100 CP]

Tailored and imbued with faint traces of magical thread, this uniform marks you unmistakably as a professional summoner. Wherever you go, people instantly recognize your calling—sometimes with respect, other times with fear or mockery (depending on how dramatic your last summoning went). Beyond fashion, it grants you an innate resistance against your familiars' attacks, reducing collateral damage from "affectionate" tail whips, plasma blasts, or demonic tantrums.

Handkerchief [200 CP]

An enchanted handkerchief woven from a mix of silk and faint healing magic. It cleanses anything tears, blood, ichor, slime, or even semen you name it. Its fabric never stains, and it carries a faint scent of calm lavender, depending on the mess it's cleaning. Perfect for those who wish to maintain dignity after a summoning explosion or emotional breakdown.

Sealed Familiar Dungeon Pass [400 CP]

This ornate pass grants you access to a dungeon sealed since time immemorial. Within lies a mighty familiar one so powerful it rivals a demon general. To claim it, you must brave 100 grueling floors of traps, monsters, and horrors that test your worth as a summoner. Should you succeed and make the creature submit, it becomes yours its loyalty bound by conquest and admiration. The pass then fades, reactivating only after a year or when you go to another jump.

Summoner School [600 CP]

You now own a full-fledged Summoner Academy. Housing thousands of eager students and equipped with training arenas, dormitories, magical libraries, and laboratories, this institution is your legacy. It teaches the noble arts of summoning, contract magic, and arcane theory, all adapted to match not just this world's knowledge—but every future one you'll visit. You can introduce alien techniques, cyber-sorcery, or even eldritch science into the curriculum.



Shitty Otherworlder

Overpowered Equipment [Free for Shitty Otherworlder / 600 CP for Other Origins]

The divine starter kit for every arrogant hero wannabe! The goddess, in her infinite lack of care, has bestowed upon you a full set of legendary gear. You can choose the form from a gleaming full plate, a gothic trench coat, or the infamous bikini armor. Your weapon can be anything from a mighty greatsword to a yo-yo of divine smiting, while your accessories can take the form of crowns, chokers, or friendship bracelets each equally ridiculous in power. Together, they grant 45% resistance to all physical and magical attacks, while your weapon radiates holy energy that boosts your attack strength to god-bothering levels. You look like an overdesigned MMO protagonist, but you can absolutely back it up.

Bag of Money [100 CP]

Because no chosen hero would ever work for a living, the goddess also hands you a magic bag that refills weekly with the equivalent of \$5,000 in local currency. It's enough to fund your daily nonsense, feed your harem, and keep up your aesthetic lifestyle of irresponsibility.

Map of the World [200 CP]

You now have a magical atlas that constantly updates itself. It holds maps of continents, cities, dungeons, and even the weather forecast! It also includes notes on monsters, travel hazards, and probably embarrassing footnotes about every place you visit. Think of it as Google Maps meets Monster Hunter Codex.

Harem Hotel [400 CP]

You now own a luxurious five-star hotel exclusively for your companions and harem members. It features suites, game rooms, spas, and a suspiciously large heart-shaped pool. The staff—either enchanted or deeply underpaid—take care of your guests' every whim. It's fully self-sustaining and adapts to each world you visit, always reappearing when summoned.

Royalty [600 CP]

You now rule over a magnificent domain. Your capital city stands as a testament to your power and extravagance: a bustling, fortified metropolis crowned by a grand castle at its center. The streets are alive with merchants, artisans, and citizens singing songs of your totally-not-questionable benevolence. Commerce flows like wine, and the treasury jingles with endless wealth—partly from trade, partly from taxes, and maybe a touch of divine nepotism.

Surrounding your capital are numerous fiefs, each ruled by loyal nobles who govern in your name. These vassals are unwavering in their devotion or at least, very good at pretending. They maintain order, prosperity, and the occasional festival to remind everyone how wonderful you are.

And because the gods clearly adore enabling your fantasies, you have full authority to determine the demographics of your realm. Want an all-catgirl kingdom? A nation of orc craftsmen and elven scholars? A land ruled by women, men, slimes, or some bizarre combination of all three? Done. The people will adore you regardless—either by loyalty, fear, or the dazzling power of your royal charisma.

Of course, with all this grandeur comes one delightful perk: diplomatic immunity for any crime not committed against other nobles. Your “oops, I vaporized a village” moments? Swept under the silk rug.



Demon Lord Army

Demon Lord Infantry Unit [Free for Demon Lord Army / 600 CP for Others]

As a Vice General in the mighty Demon Lord's army, you command an elite force of 10,000 lizard demons. Their scales glimmer like black steel under the blood-red sky, and their discipline is second only to their savagery. Of these soldiers, a quarter form a cavalry corps, mounted atop demonic steeds.

Your army never suffers the indignity of shortage or disorganization—its logistics are perfect. Weapons are always sharp, armor always polished, and rations eternally stocked. Through your command authority, you can reshape the army's composition at will—replacing infantry with archers, cavalry with siege beasts, or mixing in exotic monsters if it pleases you.

Beautiful Manor [100 CP]

When you're not busy burning villages or commanding armies, you deserve a touch of class! This grand manor estate serves as your personal residence—a sprawling gothic structure surrounded by a lush garden and private forest. Its marble halls echo with eerie elegance, complete with hidden corridors, a study for plotting schemes, and a grand dining hall fit for royal banquets or sinister negotiations. Perfect for hosting your allies... or intimidating your rivals.

Enslaving Camp [200 CP]

War leaves survivors, and the Demon Lord's army wastes nothing. This "reeducation camp" stands as your grim domain of discipline and efficiency. Here, human prisoners and defeated foes are gathered, trained, and repurposed into useful assets for the war machine—meat shields, laborers, attendants, or servants to the demon nobility.

Yet despite the brutality of their fate, your captives are kept alive and functional—fed regularly, clothed in protective rags that ward against cold and heat, and given just enough dignity to endure. After all, even demons understand that a broken tool is useless.

Demonic Weapon [400 CP]

Forged in the infernal forges under the supervision of Lady Aprilly, one of the Demon Lord's greatest researchers, this blade is a masterpiece of wicked craftsmanship. Known as an Anti-Hero Weapon, it cuts through divine barriers and sanctified armor as though they were paper.

The weapon's form adapts to your will—it may be a sword, scythe, spear, or even a living weapon that hums with malevolent energy. Its hunger for battle mirrors your own, growing stronger with every holy being it fells.

Sea Armada [600 CP]

Under your command sail 500 warships, each bristling with artillery and enchanted steel plating, their flags snapping in the storm winds. And above them? An equal number of 500 airborne vessels, majestic and terrifying.

Your fleet is perfectly equipped for amphibious assaults and coastal domination. Mines, torpedoes, and heavy naval shells are produced in endless supply by your logistics corps, ensuring your fleet never runs out of ammunition. Each ship is manned by trained sailors, gunners, and engineers utterly loyal to your flag, their discipline matched only by their ferocity in battle. The world will soon learn that no land, no kingdom, and no ocean current is beyond the reach of your fleet's shadow.



Scary B-Rank Movie Familiar

Lair [Free for Scary B-Rank Movie Familiar / 600 CP for Others]

Welcome to your Lair, a personal pocket dimension molded entirely by your monstrous essence. This eerie realm is accessible only to you and those you grant permission to enter. Its design reflects the true nature of your horror—if you are a shark-like beast, your lair manifests as a black abyss beneath the ocean; if a ghost, a creaking, haunted manor bathed in spectral moonlight; if a demon, a realm of molten brimstone and screaming winds.

Normy Trap [100 CP]

You now possess a devilishly simple but disturbingly effective three-minute setup trap designed to lure unsuspecting “normies” straight into your territory. Whether it’s a conveniently placed tent, a half-broken car, or a “forbidden” door slightly ajar, this trap exploits the victim’s curiosity or lust—whatever drives them to walk right into your grasp. Once triggered, they are irresistibly drawn to perform their questionable activities in your area, blissfully unaware of the doom lurking just beyond the shadows.

Bucket of Chum [200 CP]

you now own a Bucket of Chum, filled with foul, blood-reeking bait that summons nearby bloodthirsty creatures when spread. Sharks, mutants, feral beasts, even abominations from beyond the veil—whatever hungers for flesh will come that fits that world lore. You can’t control them, but they instinctively prioritize attacking humans in your vicinity over anything else.

Night Aura [400 CP]

Behold your Night Aura that allows you to press a button and instantly plunge the world around you into unnatural darkness. The sun vanishes, shadows stretch, and the air chills with the promise of fear. During these ten minutes of eternal night, all your monster and horror-based powers are amplified, and you are rendered unkillable for the duration. This aura may only be invoked once per day... but oh, what glorious carnage those ten minutes bring

Monster Laboratory [600 CP]

Deep beneath the earth you now possess the Monster Laboratory, a sprawling facility once used to create, study, and imprison creatures like yourself. Its sterile halls are lined with flickering lights, humming machinery, and glass tanks filled with unspeakable shapes floating in viscous green fluid. Here, you can design and birth new horrors inspired by classic body-horror nightmares: grotesque abominations sewn from corpses, bio-engineered zombies, feral werewolves, twisted mockeries of humanity, and things so warped they defy classification.

Within the lower levels lies the Containment Crypt, an underground vault built to imprison or preserve the monsters you encounter across worlds. Each cell is reinforced by magical and scientific safeguards—runes etched into titanium, chains that whisper prayers, even temporal locks that halt time itself. Whenever a new creature is created or captured, a detailed Containment Report automatically manifests. It neatly lists the monster's name, abilities, origin story, weaknesses, and required containment procedures.

Companions:

My Old Team 50

You may import companions you have brought with you, or create them for 50 CP each, or 8 for 300CP. Each one gains a free background. and 600 CP to spend. They may not take drawbacks, but you may give them CP, spending 100 each time to give them each an additional 200.

My New Team 100

Sometimes having friends would be nice. Buying this once will allow you to add any allies you've made here as companions. You may buy this multiple times.



Drawbacks:

Supplement [+0]:

Not exactly the most in-depth of places, so you can use this jump as a supplement for other jumps. The CP here can only be used in this jump, and vice versa; this includes extra CP from drawbacks.

Time Extender [+100]:

Want to stay longer for more sexy Warriors? Or just continue your adventure ? Or maybe even fight against Heaven and Hell. No matter the reason, you stay for an extra 10 years each time you choose this. You can stay as long as you like, but are still going to gain a maximum of 800 CP.

Eighth Grade syndrome [+100CP]:

You now have the tendency to speak and act like a chuunibyou, complete with exaggerated poses and long-winded explanations. This often annoys everyone around you, but it also adds a unique flair to your character.

Low On Magical Energy . [+100CP]:

In a world where magic reigns supreme, you've been struck by an incurable ailment that compromises your mana capacity, reducing your spellcasting efficiency to just 70%. Despite your innate magical abilities, this affliction weighs heavily on you, forcing you to adapt and find alternative ways to navigate through the challenges that lie ahead.

Covered in Blood [+100 CP]

Once a week, you mysteriously find yourself drenched in gore from some nearby horrific scene. It looks dramatic, it smells worse, and it takes you the entire day to clean yourself properly. If you don't wash it off completely you feel growing physical discomfort and social stigma nausea, headaches, people avoid you.

Cry Baby [+100 CP]

You're emotionally fragile: whenever you're scolded, bullied, or publicly humiliated, you break down into tears easily. This gives enemies chances to manipulate you, reduces your combat focus for a short period, and makes social intimidation tactics more effective against you. It's painfully relatable—and strategically inconvenient.

Memory Lost [+200CP]

You awaken in this world with no memory of your past life, your skills, or even your name. The void in your mind is as much a puzzle as it is a vulnerability, leaving you unsure of your alliances, motivations, or personal history.

Innocent [+200CP]

You possess an almost childlike naivety that makes you easy to manipulate or deceive. Despite your best efforts, you often fail to notice hidden agendas, double meanings, or subtle threats, leaving you at the mercy of others' schemes.

Phobia [+200 CP]

Pick a creature type and fear it permanently. When you encounter variants of that beast that you will meet constantly you automatically suffer panic reactions—fight-or-flight chaos, penalties to aim/skill checks, and a strong urge to flee. This draw-back can be purchased multiple times to stack different phobias each +200 CP up to four times to a maximum +800 CP.

No Composure [+200 CP]

You lose your cool easily. When things go sideways—ambushes, insults, tactical setbacks—you crumble emotionally and make rash choices. Mechanically, this is represented by sudden impulsive actions.

Lies [+200 CP]

Rumors and false accusations cling to you like a second skin. People assume the worst: bounty hunters, vigilantes, or opportunists may try to cash in on your "guilt." Social checks are harder, travel is less safe, and strangers sometimes try to exploit you. The world believes the lie more often than it believes your denials—fun for drama, terrible for diplomacy.

No Outside Powers [+400CP]

All powers, abilities, or items from other jumps are locked away for the duration of your time here. You must rely solely on the resources, talents, and perks granted within this world to navigate its challenges. Your previous advantages are completely sealed, forcing you to adapt to this world's limitations and making even simple tasks feel far more difficult.

No Downtime [+400CP]

Rest becomes a distant dream as you find yourself perpetually overwhelmed by a never-ending stream of work, requests, and quests. Whether it's your duties, the expectations of others, or the constant demands of this world, you're always busy, leaving you no time for leisure or personal growth. Every moment is a battle against exhaustion as you struggle to meet the relentless expectations placed on you.

Cringe Stalker [+400 CP]

You have one obsessively devoted stalker who insists they love you—except their love is a walking catastrophe of cringe. They appear every day, create social problems, sabotage your plans, and escalate until they physically capture you. If they ever succeed in capturing you, your jump ends immediately.

Part of a Harem [+400 CP]

Congratulations—your life is now a cheesy rom-com subplot with lethal stakes. You are fated to be the love interest of a popular “senpai” and will inevitably attract rivals. If your heart is truly broken you will die of narrative heartbreak. The only guaranteed survival path is eliminating romantic rivals—who are always nearby, capable fighters on equal footing, and who will draw your beloved's ire if you fight publicly. If your senpai witnesses you in combat against a rival, they'll hate you—and that hatred can trigger your death.

Trapped in a B-Rank Horror Movie [+600 CP]

Oh nooo, looks like you've wandered straight into the world's worst cinematic curse~! You are now permanently stuck inside a B-rank horror movie, complete with grainy camera filters, bad lighting, and ominous music cues that always start right before something awful happens. Every day, one monster of your choice drawn from any horror film you know will appear somewhere nearby and immediately begin hunting you. It will always find you within twenty-four hours—no matter how far you run, hide, or teleport—and is unkillable for the duration of your stay in this jump.

Worse still, you now possess the classic horror-movie protagonist curse: whenever you do something stupid, curious, or horny , the monster draws closer, dramatically increasing your risk. If it manages to kill you even once, your jump ends immediately and the monster consumes your soul to power its sequel. You may purchase this drawback multiple times, each adding a new unkillable horror to your world up to a maximum of +2200 CP

Ten Years Later:

Go Home: What, you finished? Here? Well, we won't ask. Whatever it is you gained here, we hope you enjoy it. You return home with all that you have accrued over your chain, and time resumes in all the worlds you visited.

Stay Here: This world does have a certain... allure, hmm? Don't worry, we won't judge. Add 1000CP as a bonus.

Move On: Ah, but of course. The journey never ends, does it? Go forth and have fun. Make some new friends.

