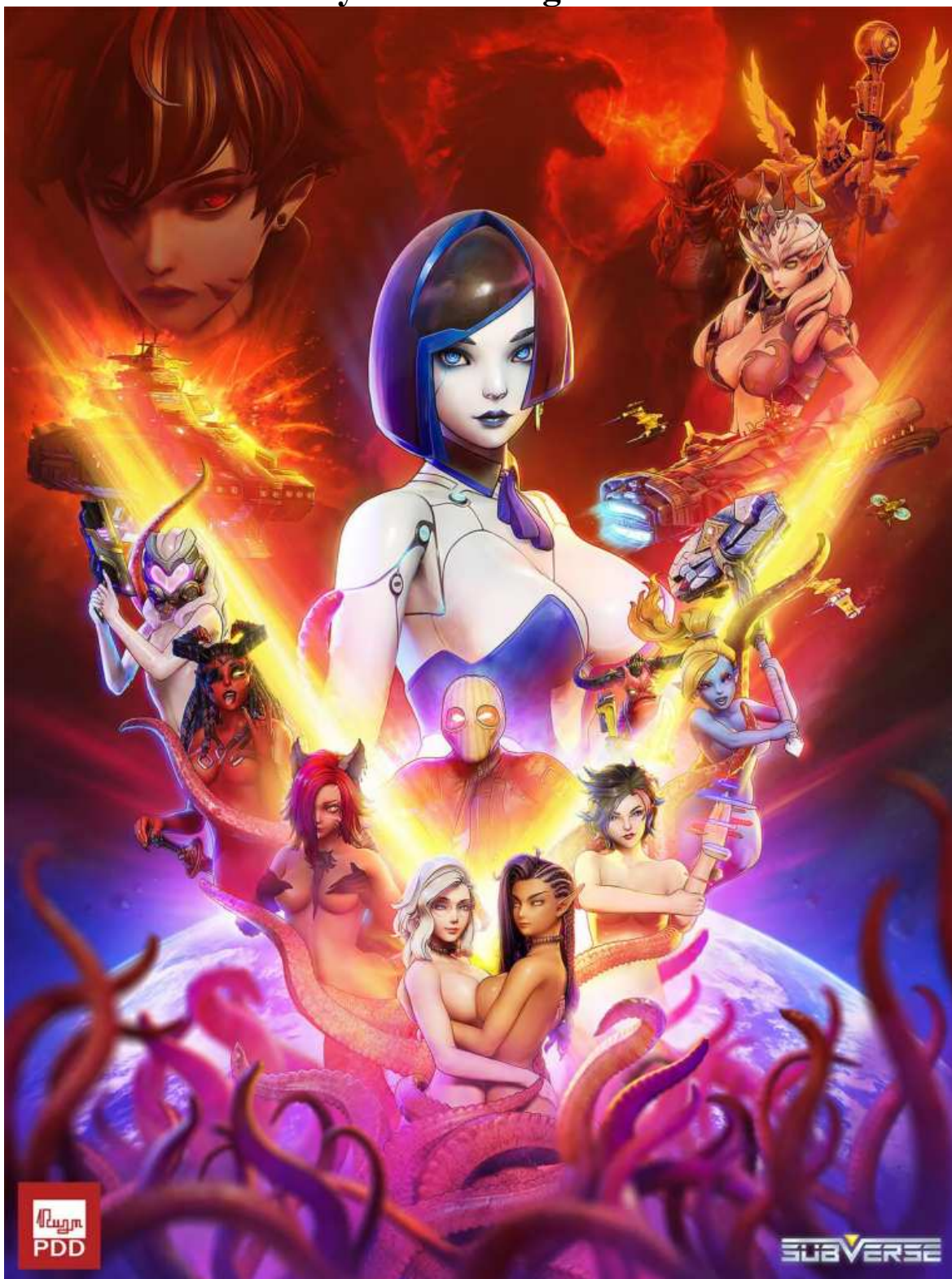


Subverse: A Jumpchain Document

By Doom-Knight009



Hail, Jumper, and welcome to the distant galaxy of Prodigium! Ruled for countless centuries by the illustrious Senu from atop the grand Imperium, Prodigium is a starscape of exponential possibilities. It is also, to its great woe, a galaxy beset by perversion to a mind-blowing degree and, in response, oppression and suppression by the Imperium. These latter acts culminated in the destruction of the planet Vannera, which was a step too far even for the Imperial Senate, whom forced the sitting Empress Kasidora to step down. The galaxy holds its breath as the young Senu Celestina takes the throne, wondering collectively if this will be business as usual, or a new direction under the inexperienced Celestina.

Kasidora's reign, however, has left deep scars that fester in the galaxy, stirring the embers of revolution, rebellion, and even a brewing internal coup that may or may not be spearheaded by Kasidora herself looking to plant her ass back on the throne. And that's putting aside the multiple Large pirate factions plaguing Prodigium, the militaristic Requitall uprising, and the Fuccbots... Yes, the latter is a thing. You'll get used to it, and a wildcard army/navy of glitched out and tech-infecting sex-bots is one of the LEAST odd things you're going to run into out here.

So, Jumper, and I mean nothing lewd by this, strap yourself in for a wild ride. Take your +1000 CP to make your way in this dirty, dirty galaxy.

Origin

-Just a Bloke (or Sheila): Free

Prodigium is a *galaxy*, populated basically from one end to the other. There are innumerable 'nameless' men and women out there of all the various alien species just trying to get by to the next day without getting figuratively fucked over by the Imperium, literally fucked over by Fuccbots, or possibly both by pirates. But from humble standing can emerge the greatest... or at least 'adequate' heroes. Drop-Ins are perfectly applicable here.

-Waifu/Husbando: -200 CP

For all the countless people of Prodigium, there are those who just naturally stand out from the crowd, beautiful/handsome above and beyond the standards of the masses with a similar presence about them. People want you, those of the opposite sex lust for you, those of the same sex want to be you/maybe also lust for you... Prodigium is just that kind of place. Drop-Ins are viable.

Race

-**"Solar"**: Free

AKA, Humans. All humans that exist in Prodigium today are the descendants or original inhabitants of a massive prison ship which was, from Earth, yeeted into a wormhole. That they survived said wormhole was due to the legendary, nameless 'Pilot' of the ship, the man who came to be the leader of the colony that grew to become Nu Vegas. Naturally, with a name like that you can guess exactly what happened: sex, drugs, and gambling. Humans did so well that they built their own navy up to a point where it threatened the Imperium, but the betrayal of a significant portion of that navy allowed Nu Vegas to be sacked, scattering Humanity across Prodigium in the process. Humans being humans, we're thriving regardless, but the loss of Nu Vegas stings still.

-**Kloi**: -100 CP

... Elves. Let's not beat around the bush and just call them what they are, the Kloi are space elves. And, like any good race of snooty elves, they are so racist they literally tried to genocide most of their nebula because the other races didn't match up to the Kloi's impossibly standards for beauty, fashion... basically Everything. Also, there is not a Kloi out there that isn't a bimbo or himbo, by vocal pattern alone. Don't let that mess with the perception though, the Kloi were well on their way to wiping out a lot of races before they ran up against the Senu, the treaty resulting from which the Kloi now overwhelmingly isolate themselves to their home planet, where they make a killing dictating fashion to the rest of Prodigium. As 'Elves,' it should be no surprise to say that Kloi are superb marksmen and agile above the standards of Humans. They also still use bows in infantry combat, as opposed to bullets or lasers.

-**Teelee**: -100 CP

...Goblins. But also dwarves? The Teelee are a confusing people to look at from the outside. Teelee are short, cool-colored (blue, purple, green, etc) people whom are presently best known through the galaxy for T-Pop (which is exactly what you guess it is) and hosting extremely violent gladiatorial combat for the enjoyment of the rest of the galaxy. The rule of the Imperium purity laws, and the price of Teelee neutrality, has outlawed the Teelee, 'mating event,' called the Torgy-Porgy, IE a massive pile of Teelee fucking and getting fucked, which has apparently dramatically increased the suicide rate. On a personal level, Teelee are quite resilient for their size, healing incredibly fast. They are also, hmm, 'stretchy,' if you catch my drift.

-**Nikith**: -100 CP

They're cat-girls/boys, lets just skip the hesitation and say it as it is. Presently a largely primitive society by choice, most Nikith live simple lives consumed by hunting, fighting, and fucking. Young Nikith whom leave their planet in rebellion to this simple life, due to lacking experience and anything related to marketable skills, turn to either

theft, murder-for-hire, or hooking. Despite their mammalian appearance, Nikith have the ability to absorb moisture through their skin, which comes with the curious side-effect of Nikith also producing an abundance of 'fluid' in intimate situations.

-Lanncunian: -300 CP

Pink-skinned, hairless aliens whom evolved from lizards on their home planet, Lanncunians were uplifted into the Imperium ages ago by the Senu, becoming valuable, productive citizens ever since. By virtue of their unique diet on their home planet and beyond, which consists overwhelmingly of psychedelic mushrooms, Lanncunians have a significant resistance to all manner of psychic powers.

-Miscellaneous: -100 CP

There are far too many races in Prodigium to properly catalog here, many upon many that have small, minor perks to their nature: such as Vannerans and their ability to temporarily survive vacuum, Mawsus and their aquatic nature, Sporcs and... being hulking brutes, slime girls from the ass-end of nowhere, "Ice Dryads..." too many to count with minor advantages to each.

-Senu: -800 CP

Oh, willing to shell out for the big guns, are you? Well, congratulations, you are now one of the single-digit numbers of the most politically and personally powerful people in the entire galaxy of Prodigium. The Senu are the uncontested masters of this galaxy at the current time, your 'sister' Celestina sitting upon the throne. Senu all possess powerful psychic powers ranging from mind control to direct psychic blasts. Though you will not be the most powerful of the current Senu, you could easily dominate more or less any non-Lanncunian person across all of Prodigium. Before it goes to your head though, you are no more resistant to bullets or other attacks than anyone else.

Perks

50% Discounts for Perks matching Origin. 100 CP matches are Free.

General Perks

-Smut-verse: Free/400 CP

Getting the obvious out of the way, Prodigium, for all that the Imperium tries to tamp down upon it, is a *depraved* place from practically end to end. The sheer amount of porn, and even without taking shit like the Fuccbots into account, could never be consumed by one person in their entire life. Porn studios are all over the place, ships dedicated to roaming fuck-palaces, planets dedicated to sexual tourism... there is SOOO much boning going on. The people too, are much more on board with it than 'normal' people tend to be, with the amount of 'acceptable' kinks being far, far broader than any reason. As this is the genuine, no alteration required, state of Prodigium, this perk is Free for the

duration of your stay. For 400 CP, you can inflict this pornification on future worlds and galaxies you travel to... God help them all.

-Gamer Goggles: -200 CP

'I think I can see my intestines.' "Well no shit, have you seen your health bar?" As you might infer from the quotes, you can now 'see' the Health, and general status of your enemies and friends alike. How much relative health do they have? Do they have a shield, and how much of one? Do they have armor, and how much? How close are they to winding up a huge 'haymaker?' Information is power, Jumper, and this is a huge advantage.

-Sexy Stunner: -300 CP (Free for Waifu/Husbando)

Oh hey, Jumper, have you been in adult entertainment? No? You could have fooled me. You've got that sort of raw, sexual magnetism like you were drawn into existence by a truly depraved entertainment studio. The effortless way you move, drawing attention to your best attributes, the smolder in your eyes inflaming passions in the opposite sex. To say that you aren't at least an objective 9 out of 10 would be doing you a great disservice. Just be careful, Jumper, being this damn sexy makes you as much a target as a desired partner.

Just a Bloke (Or Sheila) Perks

-'Functional' Alcoholic: -100 CP

Ugh, Jumper, you stink of piss and booze, how are you still standing, let alone having a conversation? Like a certain Aussie layabout, you have the ability to indulge in the innumerable designer drugs, brewed poison that gets passed off as beer, or mind-altering shrooms that Prodigium can disgorge without directly impacting your function. IE, you might have a terrible, terrible headache from the most brutal hangover in your life, but you can still fly a ship fine without crashing it.

-Now That's My Kind of Sheila!: -100 CP

For having a 'type,' Jumper, you seem to be really, really lucky when it happens to running into them. Lets just say for a moment that you're into MILFs, whereas normally you have a 1/100 shot at randomly encountering a MILF that you'd be physically interested in, the RNG of attraction will drive MILFs your way more at a 1/10 rate. IE, 1 out of every ten random women you meet will be a hot MILF.

-It's A Headcase: -200 CP

Let's not say that you have something as prestigious as a psychology degree, but you certainly do notice things in those you happen to be, or get, close to. When it comes to Prodigium, depraved as it is, there is usually a really fucked up reason *why* any particular person is on board with the depravity. Impostor syndrome, mommy/daddy

issues, even just baked-in issues from how their species functions. If nothing else, this will help you keep a wide berth away from the genuine crazies... or at least figure it out before the boning gets you killed.

-Fucking Legend: -200 CP

No, this does not make you a legend in bed. Rather, this instead grants you gratuitous leeway regarding what should be your responsibilities and duties as long as you have a sufficiently convincing, and lewd, story to justify why you blew things off. Example, you could be a senator who missed a critical voting session. Yeah, that's pretty shit of you, but you also were getting laid with 5 Teelee models at the same time the night right before, so, kudos mate!

-Beneath The Veil: -400 CP

As the official faith of the Imperium, The Veil is a doctrine of purity, temperance, modesty, etc. It was originally penned by an ancient Senu who found that thousands of years of celibacy had amplified her latent psychic powers, so the other Senu of course jumped on the bandwagon and spread it for the 'lesser' races to follow. The fact that such a spread of faith also serves as population control for races that reproduce exponentially faster than the Senu, barring those of species that unilaterally reject it, is 'merely' a happy accident. Now, while you may not have psychic powers to augment, you Do happen to have a great wall of willpower to resist temptation, which is more important than you might think in Prodigium when certain temptations overtly lead directly to death. Additionally, taking this Perk grants you a significant resistance to psychic influence. Maybe monks have a point, aye?

-"I am one, Charming, Motherfucker.": -400 CP

My my, how devious you are, Jumper. To be able to smile to someone's face like that while lining up the knife for their back? You have a phenomenal poker face, able to project whatever personality you like to assuage those you work with and/or to maintain the carefully crafted image of yourself. You have a devious mind, able to author and manage at least 3 simultaneous and parallel schemes to topple a galactic government... just make sure that these plans don't overlap and crash into each other, that'd be disastrous.

-Hackerlad/lass: -600 CP

Jumper, do you like inexplicable tech-savvy? Yes? How about crafting a fully functioning computer with an internet (holonet) connection before you could even walk out of a pile of electronics scrap? Stealing millions of credits from banks without getting caught by the time you were a teen? How would you like to assume direct control over ships from afar, sending them into the nearest star if the captain doesn't do as you demand? Fortune, resident 'hackerlass' of Prodigium now has very stiff competition, from you.

-Master Cocksmith: -600 CP

Yes, here it is, the 'you fuck good' Perk. With extras! Did you know that Nikith females have a catnip-like response to the smell of Human men? That's you now, for all species that you find attractive in the sex you desire. These affected men or women are almost, frighteningly eager to jump into your bed at the invitation, and may aggressively fap just to your scent/your proximity. Naturally, you can milk mind-numbing orgasms from these affected people at beyond-normal rates, while lasting yourself however long in bed as you please.

-Madlad: -800 CP

Well, here we are Jumper. With this purchase you are now, bar none, the greatest pilot in the galaxy. You are 'The Captain,' albeit without any of his crippling loser-traits. For perspective, you, by yourself in a fighter-grade ship, could destroy 17 Imperium capital-ships. And that's assuming that you bothered to stop, as The Captain did, when the rest of the battle of Nu Vegas was lost. The sheer numbers it would take to give you trouble in space is practically absurd for any one military to field at any one place at any one time, and that's putting aside the other feats of spaceflight you could pull off. Getting a ship through things it has no right to thread comes to mind. You could easily be the scourge of the stars with this, or save it, basically whatever you want... Just don't piss off Celestina. You can't out-fly a thermonuclear mind-blast.

Waifu/Husbando Perks

-Lethally Sexy: -100 CP

The Imperium does not enforce the peace with nice words and platitudes, they kick an offender's teeth in and throw them in a box. Similarly, violence is how you accomplish anything in Prodigium, and despite how much of this shit you get into it never seems to actually mar or tarnish your looks. Sweat and dirt just slide off of you (along with other fluids), you do not scar, and unless there is deliberate intent behind it you do not receive disfiguring injuries.

-Crotchguard: -100 CP

Let's be perfectly honest, Jumper, with a lot of strange out there in Prodigium, this also means that there is a lot of shit that can go wrong with your downstairs (or upstairs). This Perk allows you to go forth and sample all that Prodigium has to offer without getting seven different forms of super-crabs and everything else that can go wrong down there. If you are a woman, as well, this allows you to take 'large objects' without permanently stretching out.

-Bloodbath: -200 CP

Funnily enough, yes, Prodigium still has melee combat as a commonplace occurrence outside of gladiatorial entertainment. The Imperium directly has *swords* issued to their ground troops and every other faction has at least some way of fucking someone else up face-to-face. Taking this Perk renders you a fantastic duelist, proficient enough with sabers, swords, hammers, etc that single-handedly slaughtering the crew of a large military vessel would be child's play. And you look *hot as hell* while doing it.

-Longshot: -200 CP

As the thematic opposite of the above, actual 'snipers' are something of a rarity in infantry combat. The Imperium does not use them, Pirates are too drugged out and/or drunk to shoot long distance, Fuccbots sure as shit aren't making long-range shots... Only the Kloi and the Solar military put them to use, with the latter being overwhelmingly disbanded and the former self-isolating on their home planet. With this Perk you become well-used to making and hitting shots from at least 500 feet off, all the way out to 2000 feet without too much difficulty.

-Filthiest Whore In The Universe: -400 CP

...Hey, don't look at me like that, this is a direct, overt wish from a certain character in this setting. The long and short of this Perk is that, there is nothing you cannot make seem sexy. You could be literally taking a shower in, overtly, piss, and there would be a 'why boner' from your observers. You could be literally eating a human leg, and there would be a 'fear boner.' It's not the specific thing you are doing, or having done to you, it's just *you*. Go forth, be *disgusting*, and be praised for it.

-Slut Star: -400 CP

Potentially related to the directly above. You can be super nasty all you want, but if you don't have an audience then that doesn't especially mean much. However, this Perk makes you very 'noticeable.' IE, 'adult' content producers will hit you up for 'content' more or less on sight, whilst said content will go viral crazy fast. It almost goes without saying that in short order you could have a legion of fans (IE simps) who are willing to throw away their life savings for your content, or try to zerg rush impossible odds just for a potential glimmer of direct attention.

-Inexorable: -600 CP

How, Jumper, how are you still standing after all that fighting/fucking? Taking this Perk does one, very potent thing. Your stamina is now 'Yes.' The roughest, most energetic sex for hours and hours on end? Yes. Swinging a massive sword bigger than you around for over a day and butchering monstrosities? Yes. Is it rage, revenge, or lust that makes you this way? Who cares!

-Apex Predator: -600 CP

A fun fact about the Mawsus, an aquatic species from a relative backwater planet, they take 'survival of the fittest' to a particular extreme. IE, if you can't fend for yourself from *birth* then it just sucks to be you. Now, while as a species this might be a very, very bad idea when it come to long-term survival, it tends to work out great for the individual Mawsus, and now you can make it work for you too. Let's put it simply for you: every metric by which you are superior to a prospective partner makes you hotter to them, and them more submissive to you. It doesn't need to be physical traits either, being richer than them works, being smarter than them works, having a higher score than them in the niche video game that you both happen to play works. This does function outside of the bedroom, albeit at a slightly lesser degree.

-DEVA Mode: -800 CP

...You can go discount 'Super Saiyan' by pure power of horny. No, really, that's what this is. If you are just that terminally down-bad you can turn translucent white-blue and start lobbing/shooting energy blasts that will vaporize pretty much anything on an infantry level in one hit while simultaneously being just shy of invulnerable to the same grade of enemies. Hell, a careless orgasm from you can instantly gib up to ten or so people that just happen to be nearby (you can control this). It would take a Senu, a Senu with an *army* at their back to have a fair chance at taking you down.

Items

1 Discount per tier of Item, 100 CP Discounts are Free.

-T-Pop Merch: -100 CP

It should come as no surprise that an entertainment sector almost entirely built around cute Teelee girls in scanty outfits singing and dancing on a stage would be wildly popular in Prodigium. *Most* people adore T-Pop though there are varying degrees of openness around such a like. This T-Pop merchandise collection has everything a true T-Pop fan would ever want: discographies, tour tickets and locations, autographed cards with lip impressions, and a single, pure set of panties from one of the T-Pop greats flung into the crowd after the show is over. Guaranteed to only have graced a virgin pussy... and probably a virgin face.

-The Stash: -100 CP

TLDR, probably 99% of the porn produced in Prodigium is illegal, and there is an entire stacking list of crimes for just possessing this contraband smut, watching it, wanking to it, etc. You should be pleased to note then, that the several yottabytes worth of poon you are purchasing here (tailored to your tastes) would land you a prison sentence of several centuries before you've opened or watched a single file. Movies, clips, pictures, you got

it all here. And your Stash will continue to expand with each new Jump you take, with samples taken from the locals to update your library of lewd.

-Little Friend: -100 CP

No, for once this is not a euphemism. This small plush toy in an Earth-animal shape that you choose feels like it's been with you since childhood, eliciting all the feelings of safety and comfort that being 'home' would normally cause. No one will judge you for having a stuffed animal that you carry around, and everyone would think you were completely justified for going berserk on someone for stealing your precious little toy from you.

-Rusty's Cornhole Moonshine: -200 CP

There are as many strains of booze in Prodigium as there are stars in the sky, Jumper, but none of them are quite so legendary as this swill cooked up in the back rooms of Nu Vegas. How intoxicating is it? Yes. We're talking a level of blackout drunk from one stein that humans can literally die of alcohol poisoning from, again, one mug. You get one earthenware gallon jug of this glorious booze per week (it stacks in case you've not chugged it) and on top of just getting you drunk as *fuck*, it also seems to slightly speed up 'charging' abilities of yours.

-Snucklefucker's Treasure Map: -200 CP

...Don't ask how he got the name. What you are buying here is a treasure map, or rather, a treasure map towards a full map which will then lead you to the great wealth that a pirate lord could accumulate over a long career. There are 5 more map pieces which will scatter themselves across terrain you would reasonably be able to search in-Jump (space and multiple planets locally). When you've put them all together it will send you towards the central haul which is typically hidden somewhere with a high amount of volcanic activity.

-Cucko Flannel Custom: -200 CP

Recall the mention that the Kloi export their fashion all over Prodigium. Well, Cucko just so happens to be one of, if not their greatest fashionistas to the point that there is a Kloi week-long holiday held in her honor. Imperium senators and their wives choose Cucko Flannel when they go to parties and events, and now you, yes you, have the honor of having an outfit designed directly by Cucko herself! It's daring, it's bold, it's (insert melodramatic fashion line x999). The point being here, the outfit is classy as fuck and you look like a billion credits in it. It additionally will not tear or stain, and 'fluids' will slide right off.

-Lanncunian Mystic Shrooms: -400 CP

You've already read that Lanncunians developed their psychic resistance from a diet rich in psychedelic mushrooms, well, these particular lemon-green sprouts are a cut above

anything else on the market. Normally only harvested once each 1,000 years, these shrooms have the 'magic' ability to allow you to share a 'trip' down almost literally memory lane, uncovering suppressed memories, sussing out closely guarded secrets, and this particular strain that you are buying also lacks the *horrible* list of possible side effects that the normal version has! Naturally they also get you *high as fuck*. You get a pair of these shrooms each month if you've consumed them. Each trip has a potential 0.1 percent chance of triggering a 'God Mode' trip.

-The Lair': -400 CP

I mean, sure, when you get there the place is going to need a good scrubbing and it smells like desperation and intense body odor, but surely that's worth it for a personal asteroid base far out of the way and not marked down on any navigation charts? The place is initially designed for one lonely occupant, and houses a computer bank powerful enough to reach anywhere in Prodigium that has access to the holonet. It might also be haunted, as having company of the romantic kind within tends to evoke extreme feelings of jealousy from... somewhere.

-Little Black Box: -400 CP

...I think a certain Senator is going to be very upset/embarrassed that you have these. What you have here is a collection of data-disks that contain the plans for doomsday weapons... doomsday weapons that are named as hilariously as they are pointlessly lewd.

-First is 'Operation Tremor Fury.' The plans for an object, verbatim, called the Mk-17 Pussy Pummler. It is the single most advanced vibrator in all the galaxy, bankrolled with billions of credits and incorporating 'planet-cracking explosives' with 'micro-ultima woofer' technology. The result is a 'weapon of ass-destruction,' capable of causing uncontrollable cumming on a planetary scale.

-Second is 'Project Puppetmaster,' and a much more simple-to-understand product. What you have here is the source code for the Fuccbot infestation plaguing Prodigium, a depraved computer virus that can infect and assimilates any computing components that it comes into contact with. It is a self-sustaining menace that will rampage and ravage, obeying only you.

-Lastly, and owner of the most puerile name, is 'Project Bukkake Hurricane.' TLDR, this is a weapon designed to 'destroy' planets from half a galaxy away by smothering them in synthetic jizz (at least for the version you are buying). The weapon is a gargantuan military installation all by itself, covered in point-defense guns and powered traps, apart from being a menace to the galaxy just by existing.

The plans include exactly what you need to build them out of the universe you currently inhabit when you seek to begin construction.

-PANDORA: -600 CP

Do you consider yourself a Porn Baron? Well now you should, because this device by itself turns you into one. Linking to your mind, the PANDORA stores a digital copy, in perfect detail, of every individual with whom you have had sex. And with this copy, you can essentially print porn of that person in perpetuity, along with coupling them with whomever else you have boned in whatever location you have seen with however many disgusting kinks your filthy mind can cook up. You are immune to copyright claims from all featured individuals, and reap 100% of the profits of said porn for yourself.

-'Final Boss': -600 CP

'Behold! My dope-ass custom mech suit!' Exactly what that would imply, this piece of Imperium black-ops hardware is loaded to the tits with armor, drop-turrets, gattling cannons, shockwave stomps, and a truly bitching voice module for you to talk shit at your enemies while you gun them down. Furthermore, it has a chargeable mega-laser built into it that can vaporize pretty much anything on an infantry scale. It's vacuum-sealed, has limited flight capability, and comes with a custom paint job of your choosing. The only thing it doesn't do is suck you off while you drive it.

-F3N1X: -600 CP

This light-frame fighter craft is the product of the Imperium spending years, and quadrillions of credits, designing and building the next generation of space fighter. Naturally, the prototypes were stolen by pirates and the Imperium dropped the project entirely. They damn well got their money's worth though. This two-seater space craft is fast, nimble, and hits far above its weight class in terms of weaponry despite taking far less damage than it should from similar heavy-hitters. To illustrate, the main laser is perfectly capable of chipping down an Imperium battle cruiser, and the adaptive weapons-system *generate* a weapon around whoever is sitting in the gunner's seat, based upon their species/personality/traits. This is the craft that The Captain flies himself, and he *would* 'save the day' with it if you don't intervene.

-Maelstrom: -800 CP (Discount Ineligible)

Hitherto-unknown sister ship to the venerable Turbulence, this leviathan of space is the product of pure Human technical acumen and 'give-no-fucks' attitude. For context, the Imperium designs their ships with an emphasis on speed and agility. So, to them, a behemoth like this was first regarded as a curious novelty, until the Turbulence was deployed to hunt Pirates to an effect similar to using nuclear weapons on a single house fly. Your Maelstrom is a void-faring *city*, near enough, with a staff possibly thousands strong, enough armor to laugh at most opposition, and the armaments to eradicate just about any opposition. You can furthermore fly it entirely by yourself from the bridge, assisted by a sophisticated AI with a personality of your choosing. Naturally for a ship fit to be the pride of a fleet, it has a kingly private suite for you, and room for easily 20 or more 'guests' in that suite.

Companions

-MY Harem: -100/-200 CP

Do you already have some friends you want to 'experience' this galaxy with, Jumper? No? Well either way you are able to Import or Create your 'starting harem' here for 100 CP for 1 or 200 for up to a collection of 4. Your Companions have 600 CP to spend on Perks, Items, and Species. They cannot take Drawbacks, or buy further Companions.

-Local Sexy: -100 CP

Is there someone from Subverse that you just *need* to have on your side, Jumper? Well, for 100 CP you are assured the opportunity to cross paths with them in a favorable fashion. Senu like Kasidora, Azzorian, or the other 6 unnamed Senu require a 300 CP investment. You may not purchase Empress Celestina with this option.

-Hello Nurse!: -100 CP

This mature woman was trained formally by the Solar Military, as-advertised as a medical officer. Combat triage, surgery, the common cold, if it's a known disease, she's treated it, if it's a limb, she's sewn it back on at least once. She's defended herself plenty with her military-issue pistol... And yet, with all of that going on, she never got laid. Now over the hump of 30, and running a dead-end clinic in the middle of nowhere, this lonely woman would really appreciate a bit of excitement in her life, and love, obviously. She's gotten a little soft with age, but she can still squeeze herself into her Solar Military uniform at the ask!

-Red Sister: -100 CP

Vannera was destroyed by the Imperium, obviously. No one is going to argue that. But for this young lady, orphaned by the tragedy and taken in by a pair of Lanncunian parents, she saw the light of the Veil after being sent to a monastery for teaching. Her adoptive parents are so incredibly proud of her status as a vested Lady of the Veil, capable of wielding the 'holy magics' to heal and strike. Her faith in the Veil is true and she would relish the chance to travel the stars with you to spread the good word... but her will is weak, and ill-used to true temptations.

-Diva Supreme: -100 CP

The Kloi consider themselves genetically perfect, and looking at this stunner of their species it's hard to say otherwise. Having been granted an exemption from isolation on Talissan to serve as the only 'fitting' model for Cucko Flannel's fashion off-world this tall, gorgeous blonde is both shocked and low-key frightened by how brazenly she is approached by non-Kloi, whom typically have long, protracted courtships instead of quick hookups. She will initially sign on with you for protection from the 'feral' mass of

thirst that follows her everywhere, initially. She's still going to be extremely smug about Kloi superiority, as her obvious talent with a bow will showcase.

-Star-Crossed Cat: -100 CP

This lady is either the luckiest, or unluckiest Nikith in the entire galaxy. She runs away from her home planet on the promise of freedom and work, her 'rescuer' was planning on selling her into sexual slavery, said chump gets attacked and killed by a rival before the sale can be made or advantage taken. Imperium catches the rival and detains her under suspicion of prostitution, their ship blows up and crashes in Chutt space. Chutts get their hands on her and plan to do things, they get raided and she's stolen away again... She's jumping at the chance to sign on with you just for the chance at *peace*, but will happily accept more if offered. Why yes, Nikith do in fact purr when they're content.

-T-Pop Princess: -100 CP

Not literally a princess, it's just part of her persona for the stage. Granted, she's Really good at it and has her fans enthusiastically calling themselves her 'subjects.' Peppy and energetic even off the stage, she's nonetheless appreciative of the opportunity to just be herself without a teelee manager breathing down her neck. She is an expert tease, as per her T-Pop training, and will use said charms on you.

-Mawwwsus: -100 CP

Recall the fact that Mawsus are expected to survive and fend for themselves from *birth* on their home planet. This one did not get that memo, by virtue of being taken as an egg from said planet and raised elsewhere by other people, people whom had less-than noble intentions for her. While she was fed well and given suspect 'substances' to improve her figure, their intent was always to use this girl for exotic pornography. However, on the eve of the first shoot, these captors were raided by the Imperium. Flummoxed as they were with the shockingly innocent Mawsus, she was released on her own recognizance. Thank goodness you signed her on, she was raised in isolation to the point that she doesn't 'get' the real levels of depravity that Prodigium has to it. For a Mawsus, her proportions are *insanely lewd*.

-'Mom': -100 CP

Not literally your mother, of course. But this mature, strict, almost overbearing woman typically tends to take a 'motherly' role to whatever group that she happens to be in/around. She is a former officer in the Solar navy, back when there was such a thing, only to leave in disgust when her command was part of the Imperium orchestrated betrayal that allowed the Human defeat and following sack of Nu Vegas. Well over a hundred years old by now, cybernetics keep her looking young enough to still turn heads in any establishment, while a nasty double-barrel shotgun warns off lechers. She acts

quite 'mean' on the outside, but she's really just a big softy who can't express it properly. Hell, she still sleeps with a plush toy. She has *huge* titties.

-Apex-Industries Comm-bot: -300 CP

Or, as per their rather derisive nickname 'Cumm-bot.' Gynoids like this are largely the bedrock reason behind the Great AI Purge ordered by the former Empress Kasidora, when far too many Imperium senators got caught fucking these robots instead of their wives. You know, despite that not being what they were designed for. Her intended function is as advertised: managing, directing, and facilitating high-end computer function up to and including running an entire city by herself and she features an Adaptive Language Learning program that allows her to learn language, grammar, dialects, and vocal inflection to be an ever-better communicator. Naturally she is *highly* illegal in all Imperium-controlled space, doubly so since your particular purchase has received the extremely common aftermarket mods that allows her to double as a sex bot. Her orifices have 27 different suction functions, it's unreal!

-Literal Space Dragon: -600 CP

Hailing from an otherwise extremely backwater planet that is all but ignored by the rest of Prodigium this *behemoth* of woman is... well, very literally a Dragon. She can fly in-atmosphere and through space without difficulty, incinerate swaths of threats with intense breath, and her scaly hide is just shy of impervious to anything not designed to kill tanks. Really, the only glaring difference between her and a dragon from a storybook is the fact that she's sporting a set of beautiful tits the literal size of *mountains*. Don't worry about a 'hot dog down a hallway' scenario, she's sensitive enough back there for it to count... but all the same I hope you enjoy spelunking.

-Empress Celestina: -800 CP

Putting aside the fact that she is the sitting Empress of the Imperium, and the massive amount of complications trying to Companion her can entail, Celestina is quite literally the most powerful Senu alive in Prodigium, possibly the strongest ever. Her psychic potency is more than enough to overpower other Senu, and that's on the subtle front. She can also, if you caught it earlier in the menu, drop thermonuclear blasts purely from her mind alone without any particular difficulty to her. There is not a single person in the galaxy that she could not fold into a thimble if she had the motivation to: thankfully for the Imperium, Celestina is a cinnamon roll without a mean bone in her body. She genuinely believes in the virtue of the Veil, that it benefits everyone who follows it, ignorant of how the other Senu use it for control. Her faith however, makes her extremely squeamish about physical intimacy. Granted, it's *adorable* how flustered she gets.

Drawbacks

Take as many as you think you can bear. Drawbacks supersede all Perks and Items, even from other Jumps you've taken.

-Everybody Calm The Fuck Down: +0 CP

Simple and direct, Jumper, this Drawback suppresses the effects of 'Smut-Verse' and tones down the level of depraved all across Prodigium. It won't go away, Fuccbots are still a menace and people are still making superweapons out of sex toys, but certainly people will have higher standards and in general be much less eager and DTF on the first meeting.

-I think we're getting our references crossed here, mate: +100 CP

You been around the block, Jumper? Yes? Well, I hope you like blasts from the past, because by taking this drawback you have added events, characters, and callbacks to your previous travels, all of which have been corrupted to be more depraved. If this is your first Jump, you will instead experience additional events inspired by media from your home world. Example: a potential planet where discount 'Superman' is a turbo-dick warlord who keeps all the women for himself. The specifics are up to you, Jumper.

-Ow my Ass!: +100 CP

Do you like slapstick, Jumper? I hope so, because taking this Drawback makes you functionally the star of one. If there is a metaphorical rake to step on, it'll be you who takes the rod to the face. An explosion sends objects flying? Guess who is taking a hard blow to the groin, let alone active combat where your junk might as well be a glowing target. Flying phallic objects...? I hope you can clench those cheeks really hard. None of these events will genuinely harm you or kill you, they're just painful and humiliating.

-I swear I don't have a problem!: +200 CP

How, exactly, do you function, Jumper? You are now a drunk, with all of the recurring problems that that entails. You *need* booze in you to physically do anything noteworthy, and the amount of times you get blackout drunk is going to be somewhere upwards of at least 3 times a week. You'll be sloppy in combat, in flight, and an impairment to your allies.

-Contempt of the Pirates: +200 CP

The Dread Fleet, the Squeakers, there really are too many disparate factions of these disorganized thieves to put them under one proper banner, but by taking this Drawback, they all hate you, and want your shit. You are to be targeted on-sight in any lawless area where these wastrels hang their hats. Are they especially dangerous? Not really? Nine out of ten of them are probably going to be drunk/high/hungover or any combination of the three whenever you cross paths, but a drunk with a gun can still ruin your day if they get lucky, and you do not.

-Limp Dick Wanker: +400 CP

This is sad, Jumper. For a setting in which sex is incredibly prominent you are extremely bad at it. You have no stamina in bed, no idea what you're doing, and pretty much any partner you end up getting, or attempt to get rather, will wind up extremely disappointed with you. Masturbating will be equally unsatisfying.

-Contempt of the Kloi: +400 CP

The Kloi are bound by Imperium treaty to their home world of Talissen, but they do happen to have a massive navy built up over centuries far and away excessive to defend their planet. There is however, the ever present possibility of 'deniability.' "Hey, these guys went rogue, we have nothing to do with them!" Taking this Drawback puts a target on your head by this rogue segment of the Kloi armada for a whole litany of made-up charges: insulting the Kloi, fashion crimes, being an "Uggo..."

-Ralph: +600 CP

"What?" I'm sure you'll think. "Just one guy?" Well, Ralph might be a whole list of entirely pathetic traits, but he also happens to be one of the greatest hackers in all of Prodigium. For perspective, even Fortune, the queen of inexplicable tech expertise, is *afraid* of Ralph. This scrawny, pasty-faced manchild isn't just out for your blood, he's *petty as fuck*. This means just as much as he's going to snitch your location to anyone who has a hate-boner for you, he'll do the small stuff too, like infecting your ship's/equivalent coffee machine to only produce decaff and spread nasty, disgusting rumors about you that will hold up to practically all scrutiny. Ralph is also extremely good at covering his tracks, so don't expect to ever, ever get a lead on his position until well into your eighth year in Prodigium... and then you have to fight your way through his booby-trapped lair filled with filth and body odor to even take a shot at the guy.

-Contempt of the Imperium: +600 CP

Need I remind you that the greatest military currently in this galaxy is the Imperium? IE they are the leading purveyors of fucking up your shit from one edge of the galaxy to the other? If you take this regardless well, good luck. There is not a law-abiding sector in the galaxy that will deal with you for fear of Imperium retaliation. You're just about on your own.

-Chutt: +600 CP

Ignore your racial selection, by taking this you are a Chutt, a loathsome, hideous, smelly, fucking-ugly spiky turd that pretty much everyone in Prodigium holds in contempt. If that weren't enough, good luck trying to get laid, as you will never escape the assumption that all of your kinks involve shit. Your previous powers, Items, and Perks are all revoked as well, just for good measure in making this experience *SUCK*.

-GOD-MODE: +800 CP

Hmm? Sounds like a Perk or something, doesn't it? Well it would be, if the GOD-MODE was for *You*. The Captain has been munching on some of those special Lannuncian shrooms and hit the jackpot on their long, long list of side effects. Silly as it might seem, this nominal loser is now completely invincible, utterly immortal, and carries a hate-boner for you so intense it really needs to be heard to be believed with the amount of nonsensical cussing he will direct your way. He cannot be dissuaded, believing from his epic shroom trip that you intend to cuck him from "his" waifus and his 'godly' power both assures that he absolutely can kill you if he catches you, and that he is fast enough to do so. Your only saving grace here is that The Captain will not know where you are, but at least once a year this terrifying force will sneak up on you and proceed to fuck everything up.

Scenario: Shield of the Imperium

You know honestly, you have to feel bad for Celestina. She's barely sat on the throne and not one, not two, but four separate forces are conspiring to throw all of Prodigium into chaos, and two of them are from those closest to her that she presently trusts implicitly. The Imperium needs a hero if the stability and order that it creates is to survive the 'revolutionaries' and traitors seeking to snuff out the Imperium's light... preferably one that isn't currently working for one of those disruptive elements.

The terms of this Scenario are simple. Serve the Imperium loyally as Celestina's trusted 'knight,' answering only to her. Defend the Imperium's people and enforce the Veil across Prodigium with the same altruistic intentions that Celestina shares, despite how often it is maligned and flouted by others. This means, of course, that you have to follow the Veil yourself to be a good example. And naturally, temptation is everywhere. Closer to home, Celestina is *gorgeous* even if she herself is unaware of how much her beauty inspires lust in those around her, and this beauty makes her the apple of the eye of a particularly depraved man in the inner circle of the Imperium, a lurking treachery you will need to reveal.

You will be offered power, riches, influence, more ass than you could ever wish for, but, hold true to your oath for five full years while living up to the ideal Celestina wishes to grant the Imperium, and you may count this Scenario complete.

For your virtue and temperance, you gain an additional 600 CP to spend in this document, and the opportunity to take Empress Celestina as a Companion for Free. Given how much work you've put in on her behalf she would be delighted to hold your hand at the asking, after the five years of earned trust... Bear in mind that holding hands is the 'most perverted' thing she can think of. You'll, need to be patient with her.

Scenario: Total Galactic Explorer

Have I mentioned enough that Prodigium is absolutely massive in scale? It's a compound galaxy with 4 different nebula blending into each other, that's a Lot of starscape to explore and get lost in. To ensure that you get the proper tour of all that Prodigium has to offer, you are now both mandated and 'guided' to every, single, habitable planet in the entire galaxy. Every species, every bafflingly lewd coincidence of evolution, you are both blessed and obligated to see everything. Further, this Scenario adds a 'problem' of an involved nature that you will need to deal with on each of these planets for the scenario to count as complete. Assume you will need three days at minimum to resolve each isolated issue, and it could get much, much more time-consuming. Now, you aren't *forced* to go to each new planet, you just get notified and guided towards it, but for the Scenario to complete you are not leaving Prodigium until you've done it all, which could take well-beyond the normal ten-year time span that you may be accustomed to. You may drop the Scenario and forfeit the reward at any time.

Sticking it out to the end though, however long that takes, awards you both with an additional 600 CP to spend as you wish and something far more expansive, Prodigium itself to follow you as a pocket dimension and/or inserting into space where appropriate. Furthermore, as a boon to you for accepting the burdens of solving all of these problems, you are allowed to selectively edit Prodigium to your liking following the Scenario completion: IE do you not like the Chutts (no one else does)? Say the word and they no longer exist in your Prodigium. You've put in the time, Jumper. You deserve it!

Notes:

-Subverse is a farcical and ridiculous setting that should not be taken too seriously in pretty much any way. When you have 'materials' such as 'Duduranium' (I mean, do-do, do I *need* to explain this one?) and 'Adimanticum' on top of the other things, no one is trying that hard.

- "But what about the manti---" No. "But aren't they---" No. "They're kinda---" No. I do not give a fuck. You want to get speared by monster dicks you can go do that on your own time. I will happily consign Lillian's incestuous "children" to the ash heap of oblivion.

-A 'GOD-MODE' trip from the Mystic Shrooms bestows incredible power and nigh-invulnerability, however it also turns you into a complete lunatic and does nothing to augment actual combat skill. Think 'rule of funny,' like The Captain's raving about being 'cucked' by his own father with one of "his" waifus.

-The Fuccbot virus can and has been stopped by robust firewalls. Typically technology will need to be destroyed/inoperable before assimilation can take place. You are free to tweak the virus if you've programming skill, and you likewise get to decide how many, if any, dicks your Fuccbots staple to their bodies.

- All 'OC' Companions come with 'Sexy Stunner' for free.
- There is an incredible amount of text-only information that Subverse provides. IE we never actually see a female example of Many species: Ord, Chutt, Lannuncian, etc. So we do not actually know if, just for example, an Ord female is an animu-esque 'dog girl,' or a literal bipedal dog like Admiral Maeydamo, a male Ord. Use your best discretion/whichever you want to charm more.
- PANDORA: Obviously there are gargantuan ethical problems here, if you care about that. Chalk it up to the PANDORA being a creation of a porn studio for a cast where everyone is DTF each other/their obsession with monster-on-female.
- DEVA Mode: No you do not need the special 'collar' invented by Lillian to use DEVA Mode, just be horny, that shouldn't be too hard. Nudity is also optional for you.
- All mentioned characters are 18 or older, even if only just in Celestina's case. Porn Studio.
- If it matters, 'FOW Chan,' the pet insert of Studio FOW is fully on the table for Companionship by the normal 100 cost recruitment option, even if as of the penning of this document she has not yet been implemented in the game. The 'succubus' has already been promised...however long it takes for Studio FOW to actually put her in. They're probably getting bogged down in making smut slides of her getting plowed by the things-that-will-not-be-named.
- 'Apex Predator:' For context here, understand that the Mawsus were perfectly fine with their Planet getting gradually turned into a toxic piss-hole because the farcical 'CEO' responsible 'was better than them' according to their survival-of-the-fittest ethics. Revolting against that was considered novel and 'wrong' for a Mawsus.
- 'Slut Star:' Context, Elaisha Sorn was able to fund her thousands-of-dudes orgy to the tune of *billions* of credits. This is the kind of "star power" you are purchasing with this perk.