Sith Empire

A Jump by SpazzWave. Version 1.8



A long time ago, in a galaxy thoroughly strangled by the sanctimonious hypocrisy of the Galactic Republic, a far colder power forged itself within the darkness of the Unknown Regions. Centuries after their humiliating rout in the Great Hyperspace War, the surviving remnants of the original Sith fled into the void - not out of spiritual devotion, but out of a primitive, unyielding refusal to be erased. Upon the storm-wracked jungle world of Dromund Kaas, they bled, labored, and rebuilt. What arose from those rain-swept ash heaps was not merely a cabal of dark mystics, but a true interstellar superpower: an absolute autocracy powered by industrialized slavery, military discipline, and an unshakeable adherence to the absolute law of nature - that the strong must consume the weak.

To the naive idealists of the Core Worlds, the Sith Empire is viewed as a monstrous anomaly, a realm of mindless barbarians obsessed with galactic ruin. The truth, as any mind of refined intellect understands, is far more calculated. The Empire is a masterclass in pragmatic tyranny. Beneath the polished obsidian spires of Dromund Kaas and the colossal superweapons of the Imperial Navy lies a society governed by cold, Darwinian efficiency. Here, the Dark Side of the Force is not merely a religion; it is the foundational pillar of statecraft. Yet, this great war machine suffers from a fatal, poetic flaw: it is permanently at war with itself. Ruled by the Dark Council, the Empire spends as much blood on internal purges and aristocratic infighting as it does on its galactic adversaries. In this realm, treason is not a moral failing; it is simply an avenue of career advancement, provided one is competent enough to succeed.

You step into this blood-stained theater of grand ambition during a time of fragile, agonizing tension. The uneasy truce forged by the Treaty of Coruscant is rapidly fracturing, and the galaxy stands once more on the precipice of total war. Whether you want to enter this jump as an heretic well-versed in the truths of the Revanite cult, claim your aristocratic birthright as a Sith Warrior, or even claw your way out of the dirt as an arcane Sith Inquisitor, defend your own precarious power base as an established Sith Lord, or shoulder the thankless burden of actually keeping this sociopathic state functioning as a cold-blooded Imperial Agent, your journey will be perilous.

Here, take these 1000 CP, and good luck.



Origins

You can freely choose your age and gender. Any origin can be a Drop-in.

Imperial Agent [+200]

The Sith may posture, scheme, and loudly proclaim that their mystical connection to the Force gives them the divine right to rule, but it is you who actually holds the Empire together. You are an elite operative of Imperial Intelligence, the cold, pragmatic professional working tirelessly behind the scenes of the galactic superpower. Operating strictly in the shadows where lightsabers are too loud and Sith egos are too fragile, you handle the vital, dirty work of maintaining a civilization. You are a master of espionage, high-tech slicing, psychological warfare, and precision assassination. Armed with experimental gadgetry, top-tier blasters, and an unyielding, patriotic loyalty to the Empire itself, you pave the way for military conquests and quietly clean up the catastrophic messes left behind by squabbling Force-users. You view the galaxy through a lens of stark, calculated reality, proving every single day that you do not need ancient magic to topple planetary governments or bring the galaxy to its knees.

Revanite

While the Jedi blind themselves with dogmatic Light and the Sith consume themselves in the self-destructive fires of the Dark, you alone have opened your eyes to a greater truth. You are a Revanite, a devoted disciple of a secretive, heavily persecuted order hidden deep within the beating heart of the Empire. Following the teachings of the legendary Revan, you believe that ultimate power lies not in blind adherence to one extreme, but in the absolute mastery of both. Operating in strict secrecy, you hide in plain sight among squabbling Sith Lords and rigid Imperial officers, quietly pulling strings, recruiting like-minded visionaries across all castes, and hoarding forbidden knowledge. Whether you scheme to subtly reform the Empire from within or plot to violently tear down the Emperor's stagnant regime, you are bound by neither the Jedi Code nor Sith dogma. You represent pure freedom, proving to the galaxy that true supremacy stems solely from embracing the unified totality of the Force.

Sith Warrior

Born into the upper echelons of Imperial nobility, your path was forged in the fires of absolute expectation and bloody martial tradition. You are the mailed fist of the Sith Empire, a physical juggernaut raised from birth to rule and trained in the brutal halls of Korriban to conquer. Where others whisper in the shadows and rely on convoluted political webs, you declare your dominance in the open with the hum of a lightsaber. You are the vanguard of the imperial war machine, leading planetary assaults, breaking enemy lines, and executing the Emperor's will with unmatched brutality. You represent the absolute physical supremacy of the Dark Side, channeling your hatred and pride into elegant, unstoppable combat. Whether you operate as an honorable duelist enforcing the laws of the Empire or a relentless berserker leaving a trail of bodies in your wake, you believe that true authority is derived strictly from the strength to conquer and the discipline to hold it.

Sith Inquisitor

While the Sith Warrior was born into aristocratic privilege and handed their destiny, your path to power was violently clawed from the dirt. You are a Sith Inquisitor, an utterly relentless survivor who has transcended the misery of your lowly origins to claim a rightful place among the Imperial elite. For you, every scar is a lesson, and every past humiliation a stepping stone to absolute dominance. You understand that true supremacy is not won with the mere swing of a lightsaber, but by plunging into the abyss to unearth the galaxy's most forbidden mysteries. Driven by an insatiable, ruthless hunger, there is no moral boundary you will not cross and no taboo you will not shatter in your pursuit of arcane power. You have forged your mind and flesh into instruments of ultimate ambition, proving that to a true survivor, there are no limits - only chains waiting to be broken.

Sith Lord [200]

You are no sniveling acolyte begging for scraps of knowledge, nor are you a mere foot soldier dying in the mud. You are an established, recognized Sith Lord, a true master of the Dark Side who has successfully navigated the lethal crucible of your youth. Operating at the highest levels of Imperial society, you have moved past the mere struggle for personal survival and entered the grand, deadly game of galactic politics. As a Lord, you command a formidable power base: entire fleets of warships, armies of loyal Imperial troops, vast treasuries, and ambitious apprentices of your own. Your daily life is a delicate balancing act of administration and ruthlessness. You must manage the logistics of your personal empire while constantly outmaneuvering rival Darths who seek to claim your throne. You are the aristocracy of the dark side, pulling the strings of the galactic war effort and dictating the future of the Sith Empire from a seat of unquestionable authority.

Bounty Hunter [+200]

You do not bow to Sith Lords, nor do you march to the beat of Imperial brass. You are a Bounty Hunter, a lethal freelancer operating in the dangerous fringe where the Empire's laws end and pure credit-driven pragmatism begins. Armed with a walking armory of heavy armor, wrist-mounted missiles, and customized blasters, you are the ultimate apex predator of the galaxy's underworld. While the Empire pays handsomely for your unrivaled skills, your true loyalty belongs to your crew, your personal code, and the relentless thrill of the hunt. You take on the impossible contracts that the Imperial military cannot touch, and Sith vanity refuses to handle. Whether you walk the honorable path of a Mandalorian warrior or remain a cold, calculating mercenary working strictly for the highest bidder, you prove every day that even the most powerful Force-users bleed just like anyone else when caught in your crosshairs.

Species

Human [Free]

The ubiquitous, breeding masses of the galaxy. To be human in the Sith Empire is to be the baseline standard: the mortar that holds the Imperial war machine together and the preferred filler for its countless mass graves. You face no systemic xenophobia, and you will find no doors explicitly closed to your advancement. Of course, this merely means you are subject to the standard Imperial mistreatment: you are entirely expendable, a nameless cog expected to dutifully bleed out for the glory of the Dark Council. You blend in perfectly anywhere, from the opulent parties of Dromund Kaas to the muddy, corpse-choked trenches of Balmorra. It is a profoundly uninspired choice. Yet, in a society run by paranoid megalomaniacs and towering egos, there is a distinct, undeniable tactical advantage to being entirely unremarkable.

Alien [+300]

Congratulations on volunteering to play the Imperial game on its most punishing difficulty. You may choose to be any of the common alien species found across the galaxy: a brutal Rattataki, a proud Zabrak, a cunning Chiss, or a Twi'lek snatched from a flesh-peddler. In the grand, xenophobic tapestry of the Empire, anyone lacking a human or Pureblood face is generally considered livestock, target practice, or a convenient scapegoat for an Overseer's latest failure. You will have to work twice as hard, be twice as ruthless, and spill twice as much blood just to earn a fraction of the respect freely handed to your human peers. Good luck.

Pureblood Sith [300]

The undisputed aristocracy of the Empire. Why struggle in the mud with the pedestrian masses when you can be born already standing on their necks? You carry the crimson skin and bone spurs of the original Sith species. Baseline humanity is, at best, a fragile, easily broken labor force; you, however, are a biological masterpiece. Your physiology is intrinsically woven into the dark side of the Force. It courses through your veins like a second pulse, granting you a baseline of physical strength, durability, and Force talent that makes ordinary humans look utterly pathetic by comparison. Your political privileges are absolute. You are guaranteed a fast-tracked position in the Academy or the upper echelons of the military, and you will never know the indignity of answering to a lesser officer. When you walk down the street, lesser species will instinctively part ways, terrified of your divine right to execute them for the slightest annoyance. You start at the absolute pinnacle, armed with wealth, biology, and aristocratic authority to ensure everyone remembers their place beneath your boots.

Locations

You may choose your starting location freely, or roll a 1d6 for an extra [+100]

Korriban

The ancient, blood-stained birthplace of the Sith. Korriban is a desolate, harsh world of red sands, towering canyons, and the looming, trap-filled tombs of ancient Dark Lords. The entire planet is a massive nexus of the Dark Side, radiating a palpable aura of malice that can suffocate the weak-willed. You will begin your journey in or near the Sith Academy. Here, the weak are violently culled in a brutal, Darwinian meatgrinder of lethal trials, treacherous rivals, and sadistic Overseers. For those seeking to prove their strength, it is the ultimate crucible; for established Lords, it is an excellent place to recruit the blood-soaked survivors as apprentices or unearth forgotten sorceries from the valley below.

Balmorra

Welcome to the meatgrinder. Balmorra is a heavily industrialized, factory-covered world currently under brutal Imperial occupation. The sky is choked with smog, the air constantly smells of ozone, and the horizon is lit by the endless flash of artillery fire. The local resistance, heavily funded by the Republic, is putting up a fierce, relentless insurgency. You will start in a fortified Imperial trench or a captured droid factory. This is the perfect starting location if you want to dive straight into the Galactic War, test your martial mettle against heavy assault mechs, or manage the vital, cutthroat logistics of the Imperial war machine.

Dromund Kaas (Kaas City)

The thumping, mechanical heart of the Sith Empire. Kaas City is a sprawling, oppressive metropolis of dark durasteel spires, neon propaganda, and perpetual, unnatural thunderstorms fueled by the Emperor's Dark Side presence. You will begin somewhere in the sprawling capital, be it the lavish, paranoid halls of the Sith Citadel, the hyper-secure underground headquarters of Imperial Intelligence, or the bustling spaceport. It is a viper's nest of high-stakes political maneuvering, assassinations, and aristocratic posturing. Step lightly; the only thing more dangerous than the lightning above is the Dark Council scheming below.

Dromund Kaas Forests (Revanite Encampment)

Far beyond the neon glow and secure perimeter walls of Kaas City lies a hostile, overgrown jungle teeming with lethal predators like Gundarks, Jurgorans, and worse. Deep within this perpetual, rain-slicked darkness lies a secluded, heavily camouflaged encampment. This is the hidden sanctuary of the Order of Revan. You will start your journey among the heretics, surrounded by disenfranchised Sith, open-minded Imperials, and rogue scholars who have gathered in secret to study the balanced philosophy of the Prodigal Knight. It is the perfect, secure starting point for a Revanite to safely plan their quiet revolution right under the Inquisition's nose.

Tatooine

A desolate, sun-baked wasteland in the Outer Rim, Tatooine is a world of endless dunes, deadly sandstorms, and lethal local fauna like the legendary Krayt Dragon. Officially, it is a neutral, lawless rock entirely ignored by the wider galaxy. Unofficially, it is a covert battleground. The Empire maintains a sweltering, heavily fortified outpost, constantly contending with Republic operatives from Anchorhead, hostile Tusken Raiders, and ruthless Exchange gangsters. You will begin your journey in a dusty cantina or out in the harsh wastes. This is the perfect starting point if you want to hunt down exiled Jedi trying to vanish off the grid, unearth ancient Rakatan secrets buried deep beneath the Dune Sea, or simply build a shadow empire as far away from the Dark Council's prying eyes as physically possible. Just remember to bring plenty of water, and try not to think about how the sand gets everywhere.

Nar Shaddaa

The Smuggler's Moon. An entire world composed of endless, vertically layered urban sprawl, completely unbound by Republic or Imperial law. It is a blinding, neon-lit labyrinth of lavish casinos, seedy cantinas, violent gang wars, and absolute vice. Nar Shaddaa is the ultimate neutral ground and the epicenter of galactic black markets. It is the perfect shadow-haven for Imperial Agents conducting off-the-books assassinations, Sith Lords seeking untraceable wealth and illegal cybernetics, or Revanites looking to vanish completely into the trillions of denizens. You will start your journey in one of the bustling, dangerous mid-level promenades. Watch your pockets and your back.



General Perks

Dark Elegance [Free]

If you prefer a darker, more refined ambiance, you can now effortlessly remodel your Warehouse and any owned properties to match the Sith aesthetic. Enjoy a sophisticated blend of imposing brutalism, dark stones, and occult art decorating what you own. Quite tasteful. This is toggleable.

Fruits of the Empire [Free/100 for Alien Species]

There are many privileges afforded to being an Imperial citizen, and you reap the absolute highest quality rewards of the Empire's societal engineering. State-mandated advanced medical programs have flawlessly improved your baseline health and genetics. You are completely purged of any genetic defects, hereditary illnesses, or chronic conditions. Furthermore, your natural lifespan has been drastically extended, ensuring you will comfortably live in prime health to be at least one hundred and twenty years of age (this scales if you already have an extended lifespan). The Empire also demands its citizens look the part, giving you access to top-tier aesthetic conditioning programs. You have been molded into your ideal physical appearance, permanently upgrading your baseline looks to at least a solid 9 out of 10. You will maintain this striking physical perfection effortlessly; you no longer suffer any muscular degradation or health penalties from living a sedentary lifestyle, and you will never accumulate unwanted weight gain, no matter your diet or lack of physical training. Lastly, to ensure the utmost agency over your legacy, you have been outfitted with a specialized, undetectable medical implant. This grants you absolute, conscious control over your own fertility, allowing you to safely secure your Imperial bloodline only when you explicitly desire to do so.

Imperial Education [Free]

The Sith Empire boasts an education system that is rigorous, brutally efficient, and deeply comprehensive, designed to mold its citizens into highly capable assets for the state. You have greatly benefited from this elite curriculum, giving you a sharp, cultured mind to match your ambitions. First and foremost, you are flawlessly fluent in a highly useful array of galactic languages. You can speak, read, and write Galactic Basic, Huttese, Binary, and the ancient, complex Sith language. Whether you are dealing with Outer Rim criminals, parsing complex droid intelligence, negotiating trade, or deciphering ancient dark side holocrons, no meaning or cultural nuance will ever be lost to you. Furthermore, the Empire recognizes that war is not fought with weapons and the Force alone. You have received an elite, comprehensive education in a civilian profession of your choice. Whether you choose to be a cybernetics surgeon, a starship engineer, a xenobiologist, a political administrator, or an architect, you possess the equivalent of an Imperial doctorate in this field. You have all the necessary theoretical knowledge and practical experience to perform flawlessly in this career, ensuring you have immense utility and value even off the battlefield.

Chains of Ambition [100]

The Sith Code proclaims, "Through passion, I gain strength; through strength, I gain power; through power, I gain victory; through victory, my chains are broken." You embody this philosophy in practice. Whenever you set a clear, concrete goal for yourself - whether conquering a planet, mastering a Force technique, destroying a rival, or achieving political office - your focus sharpens dramatically. While actively working toward a defined ambition, you experience enhanced motivation, reduced need for sleep, and increased resistance to despair and discouragement. Setbacks that would break ordinary people's spirits instead fuel your determination. Failed attempts don't demoralize you; they provide valuable data for your next approach. This effect scales with the significance of the goal: a minor objective provides a small boost, while a truly monumental ambition (like claiming a seat on the Dark Council or overthrowing the Republic) can drive you to superhuman levels of dedication and productivity, allowing you to work, plan, and scheme for days at a stretch without your judgment ever dulling from exhaustion. The catch, such as it is, is that this power feeds specifically on ambition. Idle contentment grants you nothing. The moment you achieve a goal or abandon it, the drive recedes, and you're left to find your next chain to break.

Blending In [100]

The Sith Empire is a place of violence, torture, and other horrible fates. Even a small failure will see people slain or ruined for life, and that is even without running afoul of plots one had no knowledge of. But like all empires, the Sith Empire also has countless legions of faceless mooks, workers, administrators, and even civilians quietly working in the background. Most of those people survive because their survival is necessary for the empire to exist. And so now do you. As long as you don't seek attention, you can remain in the background. As long as you never use them, even exceptional traits will be either overlooked, or others will be content to let you waste your potential instead of creating another rival. As long as you don't try to rise, you won't be promoted, given more responsibilities than the average for your position, or involved in things above your pay grade. This works at the level of power you have shown in-jump; if you act out, the level of attention will rise to your new proven ability.

There Is Only Passion [200]

The Sith Code begins with a fundamental truth: ‘’Peace is a lie, there is only passion.’’ Most Sith interpret this as an excuse for unrestrained violence and a lot of Force lightning. You understand it applies to all passions, including those of a more... intimate nature. Your ability to flirt, seduce, and sweep others off their feet is nothing short of a weapon of mass infatuation. You always know exactly what to say to leave them breathless, effortlessly charming everyone from rough-and-tumble cantina scoundrels to the most aloof Sith Lords. This beguiling talent is so potent that it casually defies factional boundaries; you could successfully court a die-hard Republic spy or a staunch Jedi without them immediately trying to ignite a lightsaber in your chest, seamlessly turning bitter geopolitical rivalries into thrilling, enemies-to-lovers tension. But the true masterstroke of your romantic arsenal is not the initial conquest, but the longevity of your affections. Maintaining a healthy relationship while conquering the galaxy is notoriously difficult, yet you excel at it. So long as both you and your partner are willing to put in the effort, the proverbial spark between you will never fade. The mundane stresses of galactic warfare, wildly conflicting political ideologies, or your occasional dark side rampages will never erode the foundation of your relationships. Instead, you are guaranteed a deeply fulfilling, intensely passionate romance that easily endures the test of time.

The Value of a Slave [200]

The Empire was built on the backs of slaves, but ruling solely by the lash often breeds resentment and rebellion. You, however, possess a peerless talent for managing unwilling subordinates, conscripts, captives, and thralls. You have an innate grasp of psychological conditioning, knowing the exact, perfect ratio of punishment to reward necessary to break a person's defiant spirit without breaking their physical or mental usefulness. You always know exactly when to apply the whip and when to offer a rare scrap of mercy. Under your command, slaves, prisoners of war, and forced laborers will work with unquestioning efficiency. Sabotage, malingering, and lethargy simply cease to exist in your workforce, replaced by maximum productivity. More importantly, their will to rebel, plot, or escape is entirely overwritten. Through your masterful manipulation, their hatred is carefully dismantled and replaced by a desperate, Stockholm-syndrome-like devotion. Soon enough, those forced into your service will crave your meager praise and approval far more than they desire their own freedom, ensuring any workforce or prison camp under your purview operates as a perfectly submissive, well-oiled machine.

Fear Is the Engine [200]

Many Sith attempt to lead by fear, wielding their cruelty like a clumsy bludgeon. Too often, they push their troops or civilian populations too far, causing their minds to break, plunging them into paralyzing panic, or inciting them to desperate mutiny. You, however, have perfected the psychological calculus of terror. When you utilize intimidation, draconian threats, or outright cruelty to motivate your subordinates, it will never result in diminished morale, emotional breakdowns, or treachery. Instead, your terrifying presence acts as a catalyst, transforming their fear into absolute, hyper-focused competence. In the military sphere, the more terrified your troops are of failing you, the harder, faster, and more bravely they will fight. They will charge headlong into certain death and face impossible odds with fanatical zeal, driven by the simple, undeniable fact that the enemy's weapons are vastly less terrifying than your displeasure. This grim motivation extends perfectly to the civilian sector as well. The more terrified a populace, bureaucracy, or workforce is of your wrath, the better they will perform. Fear drives them to unprecedented heights; they will work with immaculate efficiency, learn complex skills at an accelerated rate, and constantly strive to improve their output just to ensure they do not draw your ire. To those under your heel, terror is never paralyzing - it is the ultimate engine of progress.

State-Sponsored Truth [300]

In the Sith Empire, failure is not merely a disappointment; it is a crime traditionally rewarded with a Force Choke or a lightsaber through the chest. Because the Dark Council demands absolute perfection, the ability to sculpt narrative reality is just as vital to your survival as your prowess in combat. Luckily for you, you are a master of propaganda, public relations, and political spin. You possess the uncanny ability to take a catastrophic military blunder, a destroyed superweapon, or a botched diplomatic mission and flawlessly reframe it. Under your silver-tongued rhetoric, a crushing rout becomes a "calculated strategic withdrawal" that dangerously overextended Republic lines, and a slaughtered garrison becomes a "heroic final stand" that bought the Empire critical time. You are so intensely persuasive that your superiors, the state media apparatus, and the general public will swallow your version of events wholesale. You can effortlessly twist any objective failure into a shining testament to your own competence, foresight, and unyielding loyalty. Furthermore, this talent extends to shifting the blame. You intuitively know how to convincingly scapegoat incompetent subordinates, meddling Sith rivals, or unpredictable Jedi interference. So long as there is no overwhelming, undeniable holographic proof to the contrary, the lethal consequences of failure will always land on someone else's shoulders, leaving you to reap commendations and promotions for "salvaging" a disastrous situation.

To Teach a Legion [300]

The Sith are defined not just by their own raw power, but by the strength of the legacies they forge. You are a true master of instruction, possessing an unparalleled, almost unnatural talent for imparting your knowledge, martial skills, and dark philosophies unto others. Under your precise and demanding tutelage, learning is accelerated to a terrifying degree. You know exactly how to break a student down and build them back up, communicating complex esoteric or martial concepts so flawlessly that you can easily impart a decade's worth of grueling curriculum in a single, intense year of training. More importantly, your methods do not suffer from the usual dilution of group instruction. Your awareness and pedagogical presence are so commanding that you can teach multiple students simultaneously without any loss of effectiveness or individual focus. Whether you are privately molding a handful of Sith disciples or aggressively drilling a large military formation, every single student will learn as quickly and perfectly as if they were receiving your sole, undivided attention. This extraordinary ability to perfectly mass-educate caps at a maximum of one hundred individuals at a time, allowing you to rapidly forge entire companies of elite warriors or scholars in record time.

Standing Out [400]

The Sith don't believe in conformity, in following the will of the Force, in letting others decide their fate. The core of their being is seizing power through their own actions, in making their own destiny. So now do you. The more will and effort you put into doing great things, the more the universe involves you in such things. This can be anything, from getting involved in battles and critical situations to being dragged into plots, to uncovering ancient ruins, to being challenged by your teachers and superiors. It does nothing to help you succeed in those situations, for destiny is seized, not gifted. But for every success, you will see growth in a form and extent that fits the challenge... and you will always have such challenges.

The Unveiled Soul [400]

Treachery is the lifeblood of the Sith Empire, and the historic downfall of almost every great Dark Lord is trusting a smile that hides a dagger. You, however, are immune to this fundamental flaw. Like a certain famed Force prodigy, you have been born with an exceptionally rare and potent psychic gift: the ability to peer directly into the very essence of a living being. With a mere moment of focus, you can look past the flesh and the conscious mind, reading the raw tapestry of a person's heart and soul. Their true nature unfolds before you like an open book. You intuitively and flawlessly perceive their genuine loyalties, their deepest and most closely guarded ambitions, their immediate intentions, and their true moral alignment in the Force. Crucially, this perception is absolute and operates without fail. A target cannot lie to you about who they truly are. Mundane espionage training, cybernetic psychological baffles, and even the formidable mental barriers of serene Jedi Masters or paranoid Dark Councilors are utterly useless against this gaze. For a Sith, this is a weapon far more devastating than a lightsaber. With it, you can effortlessly root out deep-cover Republic spies, select an apprentice whose ambitions perfectly align with your own, or completely paralyze a rival Lord by casually laying bare the pathetic, hypocritical desires they so desperately hide from the galaxy. None can hide from your sight.

There Is No Luck [400]

The Jedi often preach that there is no such thing as luck, only the Force. While you would certainly agree with the latter half of that mantra, looking at your meteoric rise to power, one could easily be forgiven for calling you incredibly lucky. In truth, you possess a highly enhanced, almost precognitive Force intuition that constantly guides your steps toward survival and supremacy. This innate intuition acts as an unerring compass for your ambition, instantly alerting you to the currents of good and bad fortune. It will whisper to you if a physical path or a choice is fraught with lethal danger, or if it is overflowing with grand opportunity. It allows you to immediately gauge complex political or combat situations, giving you a gut feeling as to whether getting involved will heavily benefit you or merely result in a detriment to your goals. Crucially, this sixth sense also extends to the people you encounter. With a mere glance, the Force will reveal a person's potential impact on your destiny. You will instantly know if a stranger has the makings of a great friend and invaluable ally, or if they are destined to become a terrible, bitter enemy. In the treacherous, backstabbing hierarchy of the Sith Empire, this intuition is your ultimate shield, ensuring you always know exactly who to trust, what risks to take, and which paths lead to absolute power.

Triumph Through Treachery [400]

Though Darth Bane's Rule of Two is millennia from conception, the fundamental mechanism of Sith evolution remains unchanged: the apprentice must eventually devour the master to grow. You are the living embodiment of this. Whenever you successfully orchestrate the death of a genuine rival, a superior officer, or a master - someone who held true power, authority, or leverage over you - you do not merely take their rank and worldly assets. The Force itself rewards your usurpation, allowing you to permanently and mystically absorb a significant portion of their greatest talents, skills, and intellectual acumen. If you strike down a Sith Lord renowned for their peerless lightsaber combat, your own bladework will instantly sharpen, infused with their muscle memory and reflexes. If you kill a brilliant Imperial Spymaster, their tactical genius and understanding of galactic espionage will seamlessly integrate into your own mind. The greater their power and reputation, the greater the harvest: cutting down a minor overseer might grant you only a modest sharpening of instinct, while claiming the head of a true master of their craft could reshape entire facets of your ability overnight. There is one limitation: the kill must be personal, and it must be yours - earned by your own hand, your own cunning, or your own blade, in a moment when they genuinely stood between you and what you sought. Betray them, ambush them, outduel them, poison their cup yourself - the method matters little, so long as the death is unmistakably your doing. Only then will the Force recognize the transfer of power as legitimate, and only then will you rise from the corpse of your victim just a little closer to becoming unkillable yourself.

A Dark Lord's Retinue [400]

A true Lord of the Sith understands that while a lightsaber can strike down a single enemy, a loyal power base can bring the entire galaxy to its knees. Through the will of the Dark Side, you have become a living nexus of destiny, possessing a gravitational pull that constantly draws exceptional individuals into your orbit. You will never be forced to surround yourself with forgettable sycophants or unremarkable galactic rabble. Instead, you have an uncanny talent for crossing paths with individuals of immense, untapped potential. These are people with rich backgrounds, fascinating histories, and motivations that naturally align with your own grand designs (or, at the very least, provide a thrilling, dramatic tension). They will appear in your path with suspicious, incredibly convenient frequency: the galaxy-class pilot desperate for a ticket off-world, the seething, Force-sensitive slave begging to be forged into a weapon, or the brilliant but deeply disillusioned Imperial officer who meets you at their exact moment of existential crisis. You do not automatically gain their allegiance: you must still charm, manipulate, or inspire them to join your cause, and you must put in the effort to maintain those bonds. However, the universe will ensure you always have the perfect opportunity to build an elite, legendary crew. Furthermore, once you do bind these exceptional individuals to your destiny, they will prove remarkably competent and surprisingly loyal - especially by the treacherous, backstabbing standards of the Sith Empire. Tethered to your rising star, they will grow in power, skill, and capability right alongside you. No matter how godlike you become, your chosen apprentices, allies, and enforcers will constantly evolve to remain highly relevant, ensuring you always have a retinue worthy of a Dark Lord.

Accelerated Supremacy [400]

The Jedi are entirely content to spend decades meditating in their sterile temples, slowly crawling toward a mere fraction of true power. You, however, do not have the patience for such pathetic stagnation. Driven by a relentless, consuming ambition, your capacity to learn and grow has been drastically amplified by the Dark Side. You now learn, adapt, train, and improve at exactly five times the normal rate. Whether you are mastering a complex new lightsaber form, delving into esoteric Force sorcery, studying advanced starship engineering, or simply conditioning your physical body, what would take a recognized prodigy five years to achieve will take you only one. In a brutal meritocracy where stagnation equals death, this terrifying velocity of advancement ensures you will swiftly eclipse your masters, leaving your rivals perpetually choking on your dust as you ascend to absolute power.

The Force Is My Ally [400/600/800]

The Sith Empire is a meritocracy built on a foundation of blood, steel, and above all else, the Dark Side of the Force. You are not a mere mundane citizen; the Force flows through your veins, answering your passions, your hatred, and your will to dominate. This perk dictates your raw power, physical augmentation, and baseline telekinetic mastery over the Force.

- ### Sith Acolyte [400, Free to Sith Warrior/Sith Inquisitor/Revanite]

You have been awakened to the Force and survived the brutal trials of the Academy. At this tier, you possess the baseline training and power of a fully graduated Acolyte. You have superhuman reflexes that allow you to easily deflect blaster bolts, and you can instinctively augment your speed, strength, and agility with the Force to perform incredible acrobatic feats and strike with crushing force. You have a solid, reliable grasp of basic telekinesis; you can easily hurl grown men across rooms, effortlessly summon your lightsaber to your hand, or weaponize moderate-sized debris. You have immense potential, but your journey into the dark arts has only just begun.

- **Sith Lord [600, Free to Sith Lord]**

You are no mere student; you have emerged as a fully realized master of the dark arts, possessing the terrifying might of an established Sith Lord. Your telekinesis is now a weapon of mass devastation, allowing you to casually crush the heavy armor of combat droids, hurl military vehicles like toys, and effortlessly Force Choke insubordinate officers or enemy commanders from across the room. Your physical augmentations are incredibly potent, allowing you to move in a blur of lethal speed and feed on your own pain and rage to ignore grievous, otherwise fatal injuries. To the average Jedi Knight or Republic squad, you are a walking nightmare of dark, kinetic fury.

- **Darth [800]**

You stand at the absolute apex of the Sith hierarchy. Your Force sensitivity is as powerful as a legendary Darth, rivaling titans of the Dark Council like Darth Malgus or Darth Marr. Every single aspect of your connection to the Force is exponentially enhanced, from your precognitive combat instincts to your telekinesis. Your telekinetic might is practically boundless, allowing you to rip fleeing shuttles out of the sky, crumble massive reinforced blast doors like tin foil, or crush dozens of enemies back at the same time. Your physical augmentations allow you to strike with the force of artillery and move with blinding, godlike speed. You are less a person now than a natural disaster given a name and a lightsaber, and even other Sith Lords will feel the temperature drop and reconsider their words when you enter a room. Whatever other Force abilities you may possess beyond this baseline, such as Sith sorcery, alchemy, or any esoteric art you've claimed for your own, are magnified to match, transformed from mere techniques into instruments of staggering, undeniable power.

Hyper-Competence [400]

The lesser beings of the galaxy often comfort themselves with the pathetic, sentimental excuse that "to err is human." In the treacherous hierarchy of the Sith Empire, an error is not a forgivable lapse; it is a swift invitation to an unmarked grave. Through rigorous mental conditioning and a dark, unbreakable focus, you have entirely purged the concept of the "unforced error" from your existence. Simply put, you no longer make mistakes. Whether you are deflecting a hailstorm of heavy blaster fire, reciting a highly volatile Sith alchemical incantation, or carefully navigating a minefield of Dark Council politics, you will never stumble, stutter, slip, or miscalculate. Clumsiness and mental lapses have been completely eradicated from your being. Furthermore, every single skill, ability, and talent you possess is now permanently locked at its absolute zenith. You no longer suffer from fatigue-induced sloppiness, emotional distractions, or mundane "off days." Whenever you act, you execute your techniques flawlessly, operating exactly at the absolute highest standard of your current capability. If you ever fail or face defeat, it will only ever be because the task was genuinely beyond your maximum limits or your opponent was demonstrably superior - never because you made a clumsy, preventable blunder.

Architect of Annihilation [600]

Every Sith Empire that has ever risen from the ashes of its predecessors has, at some point in its bloody adolescence, arrived at the same seductive conclusion. Raw military conquest, however deeply satisfying, is ultimately too slow, too costly, and too vulnerable to the whims of individual glory-seekers who might one day turn their blades on each other instead of the enemy. And so, again and again, across ten thousand years of recorded darkness, the Sith have inevitably turned to the superweapon. A superweapon does not need to be placated, does not scheme against its masters, and does not care whether the hand that activates it belongs to a Dark Lord or a terrified ensign. It only needs to be built, and then it simply works. You are the first, most crucial step in that apocalyptic process. First and foremost, you are an engineer without peer in the myriad fields of military science, ranging from the mass production of heavy armored vehicles to the intricate programming of combat droids. Your mechanical intuition is so profound that you could construct a fully functional, highly lethal military droid in a scrap heap using nothing but spare parts and basic tools. But your greatest, most terrifying talent is the art of escalation. You inherently know how to take any destructive technology and flawlessly scale it up to planetary proportions. Given the necessary resources and industrial backing, you can easily design and construct doomsday devices that will bring the galaxy to its knees. You can forge massive dreadnoughts that can wipe out entire fleets, missiles that can crack continents, and engineer orbital lasers capable of boiling away a world's oceans in an afternoon. If it can destroy, you can make it destroy on a galactic scale.

Children of the Jumper [600]

The most insidious weapon in a Dark Lord’s arsenal is not a fleet of warships, but the enemy’s absolute, misplaced trust. Taking inspiration from the Sith Emperor’s most terrifying and secretive network of sleeper agents, you have learned to seed your will across the galaxy. By performing an esoteric mental technique on an infant - or a similarly malleable, unformed mind - you can divide your consciousness, planting a dormant sliver of your own psyche deep within their subconscious. As they grow, this vessel will live a completely normal life. They will develop their own distinct personality, form emotional bonds, and acquire their own unique skills and positions of power. They are the perfect infiltrators because they are genuinely, entirely unaware of your presence within them. No telepath or Force-seer can pry a secret from a mind that does not know it is keeping one. However, a puppet only dances when the master pulls the strings. At any time, across absolutely any distance - even from the opposite side of the galaxy - you can activate this mental link. In an instant, you can effortlessly subsume their consciousness, overriding their ego to take direct, absolute control of their body as if it were your own. You gain full access to their memories, skills, and clearances while in control. Once you have finished your dark work, you can relinquish your hold just as easily, leaving the host to wake up with no memory of what they have done, allowing you to strike from the shadows through the hands of their most trusted allies.

The Dread Master's Mantle [600]

The legendary Dread Masters do not conquer worlds by striking down their enemies with lightsabers; they conquer by shattering the minds of those who dare to oppose them. You have unlocked this terrifying, esoteric branch of Sith Sorcery: the ability to weaponize the Dark Side into a localized aura of pure, existential terror. At first, this ability manifests on a tactical scale. With a concentrated exertion of will, you can project paralyzing dread into the minds of those around you. A squad of average Republic commandos will drop their weapons and weep, and even a typical Jedi Knight will suddenly find their connection to the Force clouded by waking nightmares and phantasmagoric hallucinations. As you hone this dark art, your telepathic reach will expand from a concentrated beam into a suffocating miasma. With dedicated training, you will learn to break the morale of entire planetary garrisons, causing veteran armies to break ranks, riot, or turn their blasters on themselves just to escape the horrifying cacophony of whispers echoing in their skulls. Should you dedicate a decade to the mastery of this art, your mind will evolve into an apocalyptic psychic superweapon. From the bridge of your flagship, you will be able to project this crushing aura of madness across the void of space to infect entire enemy armadas, causing navigators to steer their vessels into each other in blind panic. It must be noted, however, that this psychic apocalypse is not absolute. Beings possessing truly indomitable willpower - such as exceptionally disciplined Jedi Masters anchored in serene light, rival Sith Lords fueled by their own egomaniacal fury, or mundane mortals of profound, ironclad resolve (like a hardened Mandalorian champion) - can weather your storm. While they will undeniably feel the suffocating chill, the heavy atmospheric pressure, and the maddening whispers clawing at their sanity, their minds will not shatter. Against these rare, unyielding few, your aura of dread is a severe distraction rather than an instant victory, forcing you to strike them down the old-fashioned way.

Phantom of the Dark Side [600]

The ultimate goal of the Sith is to break their chains, and the final, heaviest chain is death itself. While many Dark Lords spend their lives chasing physical immortality, you have secured a much darker, fail-safe contingency. Should your physical body ever be struck down, your journey will not end. Instead, your sheer malice, ambition, and refusal to surrender will anchor your spirit to the mortal plane, transforming you into a terrifying Sith Ghost. As a phantom of the Dark Side, your existence is sustained purely by your own dark will. In this ethereal state, you are completely immune to all conventional weaponry, physical trauma, and even standard Force attacks like telekinesis, lightsaber strikes, or basic Force lightning. Only highly esoteric, advanced Force Sorcery, complex Sith Alchemy, or equivalent high-tier mysticism can actually harm, bind, or banish your soul. However, this is not the most perfect form of immortality, as it comes with a heavy caveat: your spirit is inextricably bound to the physical location where you died. Whether it is an ancient tomb, a ruined dreadnought, or a desolate battlefield, that location becomes your permanent haunt. Yet, you are far from helpless in your confinement. You possess the terrifying ability to possess the living. Any grave robbers, ambitious acolytes, or foolish Jedi who dare set foot in your domain can be mentally overwhelmed. By overpowering their will, you can commandeer their flesh, allowing you to walk, speak, wield the Force, and exact your revenge through them.

Secrets of Sith Alchemy [600/800]

The Dark Side is not merely a weapon to be unleashed in fleeting bursts of lightning or telekinetic fury; to the initiated, it is a forge capable of reshaping the very fabric of reality. You have mastered the ancient and esoteric art of Sith Alchemy. When taking this perk, you must choose to specialize in one of its two primary disciplines: Biological Manipulation or Artifact Creation (You may choose to pay an additional 200 CP to master both).

Biological Manipulation: You are a master architect of flesh, blood, and bone. Using the Dark Side, you can manipulate the very building blocks of life at a microscopic level, rewriting DNA and reshaping cellular structures to your exact specifications. Your capacity to mutate and forge biology is practically limitless; you can craft entirely new, bespoke lifeforms from raw organic matter, engineer terrifying, utterly loyal Sithspawn leviathans, create dark, twisted diseases, or enhance mortal soldiers into unfeeling juggernauts. Additionally, as a reflection of your absolute dominion over biology, your own metaphysical structure is now completely malleable. You gain the ability to freely mix and match your alt-forms.

Artifact Creation: You are a master dark artificer. You can permanently imbue metallurgy and inanimate objects with the raw power of the Dark Side. You can easily forge ancient Sith swords that are never dull and can effortlessly parry lightsabers, craft armor that feeds on the terror of your enemies, or design dark amulets that drastically amplify the wearer's Force abilities. Furthermore, this absolute mastery over material properties grants you a unique talent: you can now freely fuse any personal items you possess. You can combine two different weapons, armors, or artifacts into singular, seamless creations that perfectly retain all the properties, enchantments, and technological benefits of their component parts without any clashing or loss of function.

Imperial Agent Perks

Perks for Imperial Agent are discounted 50%, with the [100] perks being free.

The Cipher's Eye [100]

The Sith may rule the galaxy through mystical parlor tricks, but you command the battlefield through cold, calculated ballistics. You are, without exaggeration, the greatest sharpshooter in the galaxy. Your spatial awareness and intuitive grasp of trajectory border on the supernatural; to you, a blaster pistol is as effective as a sniper rifle. You can casually execute a perfect headshot on a moving target from over a hundred meters away using only a basic sidearm. To facilitate this lethal precision, your biological senses have been elevated to the absolute, theoretical apex of your species. Your hearing and smell are impossibly sharp, but your vision is your greatest asset. You possess a flawlessly crisp, telescopic sight, allowing you to instantly calculate distance and wind resistance, effortlessly threading a blaster bolt through a chaotic battlefield to strike the one millimeter of exposed flesh in a Jedi's guard.

Phantom of Intelligence [100]

While the Dark Council squabbles and the military blunders, it is Imperial Intelligence that truly holds the Sith Empire together. You are the byproduct of the most grueling, comprehensive, and classified training regimen in the galaxy. You possess an absolute mastery of spycraft and all associated operative skills. You are a flawless infiltrator, capable of slicing the most advanced security networks, entering the most secure places without being detected, and silently eliminating sentries without raising a single alarm. Your expertise in espionage encompasses everything a top-tier Cipher Agent would need: demolitions, disguise, interrogation, assassination, sabotage, counter-espionage and the crafting of airtight aliases. You don't need a lightsaber or the Force to topple a planetary government; with your skillset, all it takes is a silenced blaster, a spliced datapad, and a few perfectly placed whispers to bring an entire world to its knees.

Subdermal Infiltrator Suite [200]

The cyberneticists operating within the Ministry of Intelligence are among the most sophisticated in the galaxy, and they have transformed your very biology into an unparalleled espionage tool. You have been outfitted with a highly classified suite of internal cybernetic implants designed for the perfect infiltrator. First, a cybernetic suite replaces your biological outputs such as heartbeat, respiratory rate, and thermal signature, rendering you completely invisible to medical scanners, life-form sensors, and thermal optics. Second, your skin houses a highly advanced holographic disguise matrix specifically calibrated to project the illusion of a standard protocol droid. Because droids are the invisible, unacknowledged servant class of the galaxy, people will subconsciously look right past you, completely ignoring your presence. It would take the mystical intuition of a Jedi or a Sith sensing a living presence where there shouldn't be one to realize something is wrong. Finally, your neural pathways have been seamlessly integrated with essential operational tools, granting you an internal chronometer, a flawless navigational compass, and a calculator for instantaneous tactical and ballistic mathematics. Post-jump, this becomes a SEP field, and you can choose to keep it as cybernetic implants or convert it to a biological function.

A Face for Every World [200]

In the service of Imperial Intelligence, a Cipher Agent's greatest weapon is rarely the blaster at their hip, but the meticulously crafted person they convince the galaxy they are. You possess an exceptional, almost terrifying talent for psychological profiling, social camouflage, and winning people over. You can effortlessly read the subtle dynamics of any room and instantly adjust your personality, mannerisms, and vocal cadence to perfectly suit whoever stands before you. Whether you need to charm an arrogant Alderaanian aristocrat, earn the unwavering trust of a paranoid Nar Shaddaa informant, intimidate an Imperial subordinate into perfect compliance, or seamlessly stroke the fragile ego of a volatile Sith Lord without appearing obsequious, you instinctively know exactly how to present yourself. You can effortlessly lower the guard of complete strangers, manipulate fleeting acquaintances into fiercely loyal allies, and leave even brief contacts feeling as though they have known and trusted you for years. You are a perfect social chameleon, able to become anyone's most trusted friend or most respected authority without ever slipping, and without your targets ever realizing they were played at all.

The Ghost of Dromund Kaas [400]

To be seen is to be compromised, and you are never compromised. You are an operational phantom. Whenever you conduct a mission, you leave absolutely zero forensic or digital evidence behind. Your presence seems to naturally reject surveillance: security cameras inexplicably glitch or loop as you walk past, physical DNA like fingerprints or stray hairs are scrubbed or degraded beyond use, and any digital trails you leave behind automatically terminate in perfect, uncrackable dead ends. Unless you actively choose to leave a calling card, no one will ever know you were there. Assassinations will be dismissed as tragic medical emergencies, planetary sabotages will be chalked up to sheer coincidence or gross structural negligence, and any lingering suspicions will naturally gravitate toward your target's local rivals or rival factions. You do not exist on paper, in the data banks, or at the crime scene.

Castellan Override [400]

Imperial Intelligence thought they could put a leash on your mind with Cipher conditioning - a web of brainwashing and trigger words designed to ensure absolute loyalty. They underestimated you. You discovered this conditioning and completely reprogrammed yourself. Not only are you entirely immune to any form of mind control or programming, but you have turned the "leash" into a master control panel for your own biology. You have absolute, total internal control over your physical systems. You can manually pump adrenaline into your veins, direct blood flow to accelerate healing, suppress the chemical need for sleep, or alter your hormonal output at a whim. The potential of this biological hacking is limitless, constrained only by your medical knowledge of your own body.

Lethal Killer [600]

The galaxy is ruled by arrogant sorcerers and sanctimonious monks who believe their mystical connection to the Force makes them invincible. You are their cold, brutal reality check. Through grueling training and sheer, unadulterated talent, you are hyper-competent in every conceivable facet of personal combat. You operate at the theoretical zenith of non-Force-sensitive martial ability, making you a living weapon. Your reflexes are honed to perfection, allowing you to seamlessly weave through blaster fire and anticipate lightsaber strikes. Whether armed with a sniper rifle, a vibroknife, or simply your bare hands, you can effortlessly butcher dozens of elite enemies all by yourself, transitioning between ranged firefights and brutal close-quarters combat without skipping a beat. However, what truly transforms you into a living nightmare for the Jedi and Sith is your sociopathic mastery of dirty tricks and asymmetrical warfare, using a diverse arsenal of tech, poisons, explosives, and traps specifically engineered to cause maximum devastation to Force-users. But weapons are only half the equation. The crowning jewel of your deadly repertoire is your total control over your own mind and emotions. When you strike, you project absolutely no malice, anger, or killing intent while fighting or laying your traps. Because your mind registers the act of killing a Sith Lord or Jedi Master as no different than filing a piece of paperwork, the precognitive senses and danger-intuition of Force-users are entirely bypassed. They will not sense your hostility; they will not feel the trap closing around them, and by the time the Force whispers a warning, your blade will already be in their heart.

Spymaster [600]

While a Cipher Agent executes the mission, a Keeper controls the entire board. You possess the skill set required to build, manage, and expand a sprawling intelligence apparatus from the ground up, rivaling or even surpassing the efficiency of Imperial Intelligence itself. You know exactly how to identify and recruit the perfect assets for any role, whether that means grooming street orphans into fanatical assassins, blackmailing corrupt senators into becoming unwitting informants, or hiring slicers to build your digital infrastructure. You also possess an unparalleled genius for the logistical side of espionage: establishing labyrinthine networks of hidden safehouses, setting up untraceable shell companies for endless black-ops funding, and creating encrypted HoloNet channels that even Sith and Republic slicers cannot crack. More importantly, your true masterpiece is in organization and delegation. You know how to structure your network using perfectly compartmentalized, decentralized cell systems. By training and appointing your own equivalents of "Watchers" and "Minders", your shadow organization can essentially run on autopilot. You can step back from the day-to-day micromanagement, resting assured that your vast web of spies will operate with ruthless, self-sustaining efficiency. From the center of this web, you sit untouched and omniscient, stepping in only to give top-level directives, harvest the galaxy's most dangerous secrets, and eliminate threats before they ever realize you exist.

Revanite Perks

Perks for Revanite are discounted 50%, with the [100] perks being free.

The Heretic's Mask [100]

The Order of Revan survives by operating in the deep shadows of Dromund Kaas, thriving right under the very noses of the Dark Council and Imperial Intelligence. To be a Revanite is to be a heretic in an Empire that punishes independent thought with agonizing death. To survive such a dangerous existence, you must become a peerless master of deception. You are extraordinarily gifted at hiding your true allegiances, deepest beliefs, and ultimate goals from both mundane and mystical scrutiny. When you play the part of a fanatical Imperial patriot, a dogmatic and orthodox Sith, or an obedient subordinate, your performance is absolutely flawless. Imperial lie detectors, behavioral analysts, and torture droids will register nothing out of the ordinary. Even more impressively, your mind is a fortress against mystical intrusion; if a suspicious Sith Inquisitor or an Overseer attempts to probe your thoughts or read your emotions through the Force, they will only ever sense the exact feelings and surface thoughts you consciously choose to project. Furthermore, your control over your spiritual presence is absolute, granting you the rare ability to perfectly camouflage your true Force alignment. You can project a flawless aura of the dark side to easily satisfy the scrutiny of your superiors, suppress your Force signature entirely, making yourself register as nothing more than a mundane, Force-blind Imperial citizen, or even radiate a convincing aura of the light side itself, should you ever need to pass yourself off as a wandering Jedi or a faithful believer in the Republic's ideals far from Imperial space. This is a permanent, passive state of being, effortless to maintain under torture, truth serums, or Force probing alike, leaving you capable of walking through the heart of the Sith Empire completely hidden in plain sight.

Pragmatic Asceticism [100]

The Jedi blind themselves to half the Force in their dogmatic pursuit of peace, while the Sith chain themselves to their own volatile passions in their endless lust for power. The Revanite philosophy teaches that both extremes are ultimately forms of weakness and myopia. You have achieved a rare, enlightened equilibrium regarding your own mind and spirit. You are entirely capable of drawing upon the visceral, explosive power of fury, hatred, and passion to fuel your strength, yet you will never be consumed, corrupted, or degraded by the dark side's influence. Conversely, you can instantly and seamlessly transition into a state of absolute, icy serenity, allowing for pristine logical deduction and the flawless execution of light-aligned Force techniques. You will never devolve into the mindless, self-destructive bloodlust of a Sith, nor will you ever suffer from the paralyzing, detached apathy of a Jedi. To you, emotions are no longer your master; they are simply another set of tools in your arsenal, picked up to shatter your chains and discarded at will when clarity is required.

Heretical Scholar [200]

In the Sith Empire, physical evidence is a death sentence. If the Dark Council or the Inquisition ever catches you harboring heretical texts, Jedi treatises, or the true teachings of Revan, you will be dragged into the deepest dungeons of Dromund Kaas and tortured until your mind permanently snaps. Therefore, a true Revanite does not keep notes; they become the archive. Driven by the grim, paranoid necessity of an underground cultist, you have developed a flawless eidetic memory. You can perfectly and instantly recall anything you have ever read, heard, or experienced without any degradation over time. You can memorize complex patrol routes at a glance or safely store vast libraries of forbidden knowledge entirely behind your eyes, where no Sith Agent can ever search. Because of this mental vault, you have already safely absorbed and memorized the contents of over a hundred rare books, scrolls, and stolen holocrons dedicated to the light side of the Force. More importantly, by studying this lore and embracing Revan's philosophy of balance, you have achieved an initial mastery over several light side techniques that are normally impossible for a standard Imperial citizen to learn. You can knit flesh and stabilize lethal wounds using Force Healing, and you have learned the defensive art of Tutaminis, allowing you to catch and absorb raw energy, such as blaster bolts or a rival's Force Lightning, with your bare hands. Finally, you have mastered the foundational use of Force Light. A devastatingly rare technique, Force Light allows you to channel the pure, radiant energy of the light side to actively purge and burn away dark side corruption. With this power, you can cleanse tainted Sith artifacts, safely handle alchemically altered objects, and banish lingering dark side phantoms or spirits. In combat against the Sith, it acts as an absolute poison to their dogma; a concentrated blast of Force Light will severely disrupt a dark sider's connection to the Force, burning away their rage-fueled augmentations and leaving them weakened, blinded, and cut off from their power source. Though your current grasp of these light-side disciplines is only foundational, your flawless memory ensures your technique is perfectly sound, ready to be expanded into true mastery as you walk the path of balance.

Seekers of the True Way [200]

A secret society cannot survive without fresh blood, yet recruitment is the most perilous endeavor a conspirator can undertake. Approach the wrong person, and you invite immediate betrayal to the authorities. Reveal too much too quickly, and you create a security breach that could destroy your entire network. Move too slowly or subtly, and the potential recruit never understands what you're offering. The Revanite Order has survived for decades within the heart of the Sith Empire specifically because its members have mastered the delicate art of identifying and cultivating converts without exposing themselves to unnecessary risk. You possess a remarkably gifted social intuition for this most dangerous of skills: the ability to find those who are ready to hear heresy and to guide them toward it without ever appearing to be the heretic yourself. In any organization, be it the Sith Academy or the Imperial Military, you can rapidly discern who is merely paying lip service to the reigning dogma and who is genuinely dissatisfied enough to risk treason. Furthermore, you intuitively know exactly what philosophical arguments, promises of power, or appeals to the greater good will best shatter their remaining loyalties. Whether you are recruiting Sith acolytes tired of the mindless infighting or Sith Lords unsatisfied with the dogma of the Sith, you can slowly build a fanatical, underground network of true believers without ever exposing your own neck.

An Unbroken Will [400]

When Revan was captured by the Sith Emperor, he endured three hundred years of unimaginable mental and spiritual torture, yet his mind was never fully consumed. You have inherited this legendary stubbornness. Your willpower is a monolithic fortress, capable of enduring horrific physical agony, psychological torment, and isolation without your sanity ever slipping. Even if a being of godlike power attempts to crush your mind or enforce their will upon you, you possess the sheer, unbreakable grit to stall them. While this does not make you strictly immune to being overpowered by beings vastly stronger than you, it ensures you can fight a defensive mental war of attrition for years, centuries, or even millennia, preserving your core sense of self against all odds.

Symbiosis of the Soul [400]

Revan's strength was never just his own; it was forged through the incredibly rare, profound Force Bonds he formed with his closest allies, such as Bastila Shan and Meetra Surik. You possess the innate ability to forge these legendary connections with your own most trusted companions. With those you bind yourself to, you share an unspoken, instant telepathic link regardless of distance. More importantly, in times of great stress or combat, you and your bonded allies can freely draw upon each other's physical stamina, Force reserves, and even martial skills. When you stand together, your combined power does not merely add up; it multiplies, allowing a small strike team to casually overwhelm entire armies.

The Prodigal Knight's Return [600]

Revan left the known galaxy and returned transformed, bearing impossible knowledge and wielding unthinkable power. He fell to the Dark Side, was redeemed, and was later broken, tortured, and manipulated by the very Emperor he had once sought to destroy. Yet through brainwashing, captivity, and even death, he remained himself: changed, yes, scarred beyond recognition, but never truly broken. You have inherited the fullness of this legendary resilience. Once per jump (or every ten years), should you be killed, corrupted beyond recognition, enslaved to another's will, or otherwise completely removed from play as an independent agent, you will not stay down. You will return. The timeframe of your absence is fluid, lasting exactly long enough for your enemies to truly believe they have won, consolidate their false victory, and completely let their guard down. When you do inevitably reappear, you will be completely restored to your full power. Your mind and soul will be your own once more, and you will carry the full, unclouded memory of exactly what was done to you. But more than merely returning, you will have profoundly grown from the experience. Whatever specific method, weapon, or power killed you will not work twice. Whatever dark influence corrupted you will find absolutely no purchase on your soul, and whatever entity managed to enslave you will find only impenetrable, absolute resistance should they try again. You are the Prodigal Knight, and like Revan before you, your story does not end until you decide it does.

Dichotomy of the Soul [600]

When Revan was defeated at the Foundry, the sheer magnitude of his internal conflict and trauma physically and spiritually split his essence: his Light side sought to find peace and become one with the Force, while his Dark side anchored itself to the physical realm, refusing to die, fueled by sheer, uncompromising vengeance. Either through esoteric experimentation or a profound spiritual enlightenment, you have mastered this legendary schism, turning what was once a tragic fragmentation into a supreme tactical and mystical advantage. At will, you can temporarily bifurcate your physical and spiritual existence, splitting yourself into two distinct, fully corporeal avatars: one embodying absolute, pristine Light, and the other absolute, unchained Dark. Both bodies retain your full intelligence, memories, and baseline physical and Force abilities. Despite this total polarization, your fractured soul remains unified in purpose. The two avatars operate with a flawless, telepathic hive mind, acting as a single consciousness piloting two vessels. This allows you to literally be in two places at once, orchestrating complex military campaigns or simply turning a one-on-one duel into a synchronized assault. Because neither half has to hold back to maintain your usual internal equilibrium, each avatar can safely channel the absolute zenith of their respective alignments in their Force abilities. Your Dark side vessel can unleash catastrophic, rage-fueled destruction while your Light side vessel wields pure, restorative serenity. And whenever you desire, you can seamlessly merge these two halves back together across any distance, instantly recombining into a single, perfectly balanced entity, possessing all the memories and experiences gathered by both halves.



Sith Warrior Perks

Perks for Sith Warrior are discounted 50%, with the [100] perks being free.

The Voice of Reason [100]

No one in the galaxy expects a blood-soaked Sith Warrior to be the voice of reason, but here you are. While your peers are often cackling megalomaniacs driven by blind rage, petty rivalries, and endless betrayals, you possess a deeply grounded, pragmatic worldview and a profound well of common sense. More importantly, you project a palpable aura of sincerity that makes it nearly impossible for others to maintain their preconceived prejudices against you. When you speak, people - be they terrified Republic citizens, staunch Jedi Knights, or cynical Sith - will actually trust your words. They will intuitively sense that you operate on a code of straightforward honesty rather than typical dark side treachery, expecting no hidden manipulations, trapdoors, or sudden backstabbing from you. If you offer a pragmatic truce, they will believe you intend to keep it; if you give your word, they will accept it as ironclad. This allows you to act as a highly effective diplomat and a remarkably stable leader in an Empire otherwise defined by chaos. Of course, this does nothing against the genuinely, pathologically paranoid, who will simply assume your sincerity is an incredibly elaborate long-con. But beggars can't be choosers, and in a galaxy where everyone expects a Sith to lie, your honest pragmatism is an unparalleled tool.

Primal Hierarchy [100]

The Sith Empire is a merciless ecosystem, a darkened jungle where the strong continuously devour the weak. To survive, you must know your exact place in the food chain. You possess a profound, almost animalistic instinct for navigating this brutal power structure. Whenever you encounter another being, you instantly and accurately gauge their true strength relative to your own, effortlessly sensing who is the predator and who is the prey. Because of this innate survival instinct, you will never fall victim to the blind, arrogant hubris that gets so many young Sith killed. You will never accidentally provoke a Dark Council member, insult a hidden master, or pick a fight with someone vastly out of your league. Conversely, you also know exactly how to play the apex predator, effortlessly cowing weaker Sith and Imperial Officers with your power. Simply put, you now have the perfect instinct for knowing exactly when to bare your teeth, and exactly when to bow your head, ensuring you are never caught on the wrong end of a lightsaber for a mistake a rank amateur would make.

Apex Specimen [200]

Many Sith lean heavily upon the dark side to augment their physical capabilities, using the Force to push frail bodies past their natural breaking points. You, however, are a biological masterpiece before the Force even enters the equation. You are genetically flawless, possessing the absolute peak physical body theoretically possible for your species. Your physique looks as though it were carved from marble and forged in durasteel. Your musculature, bone density, and cardiovascular system have been pushed to the absolute biological zenith. You are faster, stronger, and vastly more resilient than any mundane member of your race has any right to be. You possess the raw physical strength to snap a Wookiee's neck with your bare hands, the stamina to fight relentlessly for hours without tiring, and the durability to shrug off physical impacts that would shatter the bones of lesser beings. Even stripped of the Force and without a lightsaber in your hand, you are a terrifying, unstoppable physical juggernaut. Furthermore, because your baseline physical attributes are already at the biological maximum, when you do finally channel the Force to augment your physical abilities, the resulting multiplication in your strength and speed elevates you from a mere peak-mortal into a true, walking demigod of war.

Force Charge [200]

There is a uniquely pathetic delusion among the galaxy's riflemen that physical distance equates to safety. You exist to violently disabuse them of this notion. Distance is entirely meaningless to you now, as you have perfected the iconic and terrifying technique of the Force Charge. You can instantly propel yourself across vast expanses, crossing dozens of meters in a mere fraction of a second to crash down upon your enemies. This is no mere acrobatic flourish; your leap carries an immense, weaponized kinetic payload. Your arrival allows you to effortlessly shatter tight enemy formations, throw heavily armored foes off their feet, and instantly close the gap against cowardly ranged attackers who foolishly believed they were out of your reach. Furthermore, the Dark Side instinctively blankets you in an inertial dampening field during your flight, granting you immense physical resistance while in motion. Should you launch yourself directly into a reinforced durasteel bulkhead, it is the wall that will buckle, shatter, and cave in, while your bones remain entirely unbothered. Consequently, you are entirely capable of using your own armored mass as a living battering ram, obliterating lesser adversaries through the sheer, unadulterated trauma of a high-speed collision before your lightsaber ever leaves its hilt.

Breaking the Board [400]

The Sith are notorious for their labyrinthine webs of betrayal, shadow wars, and endlessly complex political machinations. To survive in the Empire usually means mastering this deadly game of Dejarik, anticipating assassinations and out-scheming your rivals. You, however, do not need to play their game to win it. Why bother moving the pieces when you can simply smash the table? You possess a profound, terrifying talent for cutting through the most convoluted political traps and subtle plots through the unapologetic application of overwhelming, blunt-force violence. When a rival Darth, a Republic spymaster, or a treacherous underling attempts to maneuver you into a political corner, you instinctively perceive the physical "shatterpoint" of their grand design. You will instinctively know exactly which smug Moff to publicly decapitate, which heavily guarded stronghold to reduce to smoking slag, or which specific doorway to kick down to render months of their intricate, multi-layered scheming completely and utterly useless. Their carefully laid traps of blackmail, extortion, and political leverage will instantly unravel in the face of your targeted brutality. Let the Inquisitors whisper in the shadows and plot in the dark; you have proven to the galaxy that no amount of multi-dimensional political chess can save a schemer from a lightsaber through the chest.

The Krayt Dragon [400]

While other Sith might rely on the acrobatic flurries of Ataru or the elegant precision of Makashi, you recognize the undeniable truth of the battlefield: true power lies in absolute domination. You are a peerless master of Form V, specifically the brutal, strength-oriented discipline of Djem So. Your lightsaber technique is an overwhelming avalanche of heavy, punishing strikes and devastating counterattacks, utilizing your raw physical strength and Force augmentation to dictate the pace of the battle. However, your true danger lies in a unique property infused into your combat style: your attacks simply cannot be fully absorbed or deflected. Every strike you deliver carries a terrifying "bleed-through" effect. When an opponent attempts to block your assault - whether with their own lightsaber or a glowing Force barrier - a significant portion of your attack's kinetic and thermal energy violently bypasses their defense entirely. A Jedi who flawlessly catches your descending blade in a rigid parry will still suffer bone-jarring kinetic shock, ruptured blood vessels, and searing heat radiating directly into their arms and torso. When you batter against heavy armor or personal energy shields, the concussive force and dark side fury of your blows will echo straight through to the flesh beneath, causing severe internal trauma even if the outer shell remains entirely unbreached. Because of this, engaging you in a protracted duel is a death sentence. Even the most perfectly entrenched defenders or elusive Soresu masters will inevitably find themselves bruised, burned, and battered to death from the inside out, broken by the sheer residual shockwaves of your strikes without you ever technically landing a clean blow. This can be deactivated if you wish.

I Am Inevitable [600]

Cowards, assassins, and desperate Jedi will frequently attempt to inconvenience you with petty biological traps or esoteric Force techniques designed to halt your advance. They will fail. You are a relentless, unstoppable engine of dark side fury, and your physical autonomy is absolute. You are completely immune to any external force, be it mundane or mystical, that would seek to impair your body or halt your momentum. You simply cannot be paralyzed by stun blasts, electro-cuffs, or nerve strikes. You are entirely immune to all forms of poison, venom, and chemical sedatives. Your senses cannot be blinded or deafened by flashbangs or Force-induced sensory deprivation, and your mind cannot be mystically or telepathically forced into sleep or unconsciousness. Furthermore, esoteric powers like Force Stasis, environmental freezing, or even an attempt to suppress your Force powers will simply wash over you without taking hold. You are an unyielding juggernaut of the Sith Empire, and if a desperate Republic squad or a terrified rival attempts to stop your approach by detonating a blinding flare and flooding a corridor with lethal neurotoxin, absolutely nothing will break your stride as you walk straight through the deadly miasma to snap their necks.

Unstoppable Momentum [600]

Where a Jedi might eventually be overwhelmed by sheer numbers, or a standard soldier would be crushed under the weight of an opposing army, you thrive in the center of the meat grinder. You are a walking avatar of the dark side's raw, martial fury. The more enemies you engage simultaneously in melee or open war, the more your physical and Force-based attributes multiply. Surround you with a dozen Republic troopers, and you will slaughter them with the speed of a striking viper. Surround you with a hundred, and you become a hurricane of deflected blaster bolts and severed limbs. There is no ceiling to this ascension, no point of exhaustion where the tide turns against you; the battlefield itself becomes your ally, feeding your fury with every enemy foolish enough to add themselves to the pile. However, this momentum is fueled by the dark side's hunger for domination, not desperation. It only builds when facing enemies of equal or lesser strength: foes you could conceivably defeat on your own in smaller numbers. If you find yourself surrounded by a hundred enemies who are individually stronger than you, this perk has no effect. Still, where an army sees an overwhelming advantage in numbers, you see only a more generous supply of fuel.



Sith Inquisitor Perks

Perks for Sith Inquisitor are discounted 50%, with the [100] perks being free.

Tombs of the Ancients [100]

To a Sith Inquisitor, ignorance is a far greater sin than weakness. The greatest secrets of the Dark Side are rarely offered freely; they are buried beneath the dust of millennia, sealed within the treacherous tombs of long-dead masters. You possess a supernatural instinct for unearthing this forgotten past. Where others see only barren landscapes or meaningless planetary coordinates, you can sense the lingering echoes of buried power, guiding you to hidden ruins, lost archives, and forgotten sanctums. Once inside, the dead easily yield their secrets to you, as you decipher their dead languages and cryptic runes with an intuition born from the Dark Side. However, the ancients do not leave their tombs unguarded. Fortunately, your intuition extends to the deadly architecture of these tombs, allowing you to bypass and survive the esoteric, deadly traps designed to entomb the unworthy. You will never fall prey to the machinations of dead men.

The Crucible of Chains [100]

The Sith Code dictates that through victory, your chains are broken, but it is an inescapable truth of the galaxy that one must first endure those chains before they can be shattered. Whether you were born a slave or simply subjected to the torturous whims of a cruel master, you have learned to metabolize suffering. Physical pain, psychological torment, and exhausting deprivation no longer degrade your willpower; instead, they serve as the very fuel for your connection to the Dark Side. While others would break under torture or wither in hostile environments, you find your mind sharpening to a razor's edge and your physical reserves artificially sustained by your own malice. You will never break under interrogation, and the heavier the chains placed upon you, the more devastating the power you will unleash when you finally shatter them.

Tempestuous Will [200]

While the Sith Warrior relies upon the brute force of the lightsaber, the Inquisitor is the undisputed master of Force Lightning. With a mere thought, you can discharge the Dark Side itself as a torrent of lightning to make your enemies suffer. This attack is extraordinarily difficult to defend against: where conventional lightning can be grounded or insulated, yours is fundamentally an expression of the dark side given physical form, allowing it to bypass mundane resistances and even penetrate many Force-based defenses with reduced efficacy rather than complete negation. Your lightning is uniquely malleable, too; you can dial its intensity from a torturous, agonizing shock that keeps a victim on the precipice of death for hours to a blinding storm of violet energy capable of reducing your enemies to charred corpses. And with time, your mastery and control of this power will only grow, letting you lightning chain between enemies and other feats of skill. Who knows, maybe one day you'll be able to summon entire storms to decimate any foe.

Weaponized Psychosis [200]

For the weak-willed, the corrupting influence of the Dark Side is a tragic affliction: a slow, irreversible degradation of the mind that reduces once-great lords to raving beasts or paranoid wrecks. But to you, madness is not a symptom; it is an instrument. You possess absolute control over your own psychological state, allowing you to carefully curate and direct how your insanity manifests. You can deliberately induce a state of calculated paranoia to ensure you never drop your guard around treacherous rivals, or flip a cognitive switch so that agonizing physical trauma registers only as euphoric pleasure. In the crucible of a duel, you can submerge yourself in a hyper-focused, psychopathic hatred that violently amplifies your power while tuning out all external distractions. Crucially, a core of pristine mental clarity always remains untouched beneath these fractured states. Even if you purposefully induce extreme paranoia to keep yourself alert, you will never become so lost in the delusion that you are unable to turn it off. You always retain the absolute, lucid meta-awareness necessary to simply disable the affliction the exact moment it stops being useful. To you, insanity is never a loss of control - it is simply another weapon in your arsenal.

Vessel of the Profane [400]

The Force is infinite, but flesh is tragically finite. For most Sith, drawing too deeply upon the Dark Side is a slow death sentence; the sheer malice of it corrodes the body, rotting flesh and shattering bone under the strain of unimaginable energy. Through esoteric rituals and forbidden alchemy, you have transcended this biological frailty, forging your body into the ultimate vessel for raw power: an architecture far greater than anything natural biology could produce. You are completely immune to the physical degradation of Dark Side corruption. No matter how deeply you steep yourself in the dark, your body will never break down, rot, or betray you. Furthermore, your physical form's capacity to safely contain and channel energy is now effectively boundless. You can wield apocalyptic amounts of power with surgical finesse and perfect control, never once risking internal burnout or overwhelming your body. Because your flesh is an unbreakable crucible, you are capable of surviving the most insane esoteric feats the Sith have ever conceived. You can seamlessly channel the energies of volatile ancient artifacts, and even perform the lunatic art of Force-Walking multiple times: physically binding many raging spirits of dead Sith Lords directly into your own being without any fear of your vessel being torn apart from the inside out.

Architect of the Self [400]

Lesser minds will tell you that turning the Force inward to rewrite your own fundamental biology is a gamble bordering on suicide. You only have one body, and the slightest miscalculation in an esoteric ritual or an alchemical mutation usually results in an agonizing, explosive death. Fortunately, you possess exactly the right brand of visionary madness to disregard such petty limitations, and the sheer, dominating power to ensure the universe obeys your hubris. The Dark Side bends to accommodate your reckless ambition, completely stripping all danger from the act of self-alteration. You are entirely immune to the risks, backlash, and lethal consequences typically associated with modifying your own form. Whether you are installing highly experimental and invasive cybernetics, subjecting your flesh to the volatile mutations of Sith Alchemy, or weaving the most unstable, sanity-shattering Force rituals directly into your DNA, the outcome is reduced to a safe, binary absolute. If your design is fundamentally flawed, the procedure will simply fail harmlessly, dissipating into nothing and leaving your body perfectly unblemished. But if your theories are sound, the modification will integrate completely and flawlessly, enhancing your form to horrifying new heights without a single negative side effect.

Master of Force-Walking [600]

You have achieved the truly unthinkable. By seizing the fragile, cosmic tether that separates the living from the dead, you have mastered the forbidden, heretical art of Force-Walking. First and foremost, the veil of death is no longer a shield against your wrath; you and your Force techniques can now mystically and physically interact with ghosts, spirits, and spectral entities as if they were made of flesh and blood. More importantly, you have learned to consume them. By dominating a spirit in combat or forging a dark pact with them, you can violently bind their soul directly into your own being. Doing so allows you to siphon their eternal essence, exponentially magnifying your raw Force power to terrifying, near-godlike heights and giving you their knowledge (either by speaking to them or forcing them to share). Beyond mere power and knowledge, these chained phantoms provide a terrifyingly resilient form of immortality. Should you be struck down in battle, the bound souls act as a metaphysical anchor, refusing to let your consciousness slip into the void. So long as the spirits bound to you have not been eradicated and your physical vessel has not been completely atomized, you will inevitably resurrect. The raw, spectral energy of your captives will drag your soul back across the veil and violently force it into your corpse, restarting your heart. Be warned, however: while this profane art defies death, it does not grant instant cellular regeneration. You will awaken broken and bloodied, still bearing the grievous physical wounds that killed you, requiring conventional medicine or dark side healing to fully restore your ruined vessel before you can exact your terrible vengeance. Most importantly, such cosmic blasphemy carries severe limitations. The natural mortal form was not designed to serve as a prison for multiple souls. Attempting to bind more than one ghost will draw an overwhelming influx of power that your biology simply cannot bear, slowly and agonizingly destroying your body from the inside out - unless you can find an esoteric method to physically upgrade your vessel. Furthermore, while the dead are proud, wrathful, and treacherous, this perk grants you the unbreakable willpower needed to effortlessly dominate them. Your mind is forged into an iron fortress, rendering you completely immune to the madness or loss of control that usually plagues those who harbor multiple, screaming egos. You will keep your phantoms firmly in chains without consequence to your sanity, weaponizing the afterlife to conquer the galaxy.

The Art of Essence Transfer [600]

Immortality is the ultimate ambition of the Sith, yet most attempt to achieve it through flawed alchemy, fragile cybernetics, or mere myth. You have bypassed these crude half-measures by unearthing the most coveted, terrifying secret in Sith history. Originally pioneered by the legendary Dark Lord Tulak Hord, you have - through esoteric means known only to yourself - mastered the dread ritual of Essence Transfer. When your body is broken beyond repair or simply withering from age, you do not have to accept the void. Instead, you can steal the life of another. To enact this profane rite, you must first utilize Sith sorcery to physically and spiritually bind a living victim in close proximity to you, trapping them in a state of absolute helplessness. Once your target is tethered, you can violently tear your own spirit from your flesh and launch it directly into theirs. This is an apocalyptic usurpation of the self; your consciousness will relentlessly crush and annihilate the host's original soul while you assume absolute, permanent control of their physical form. There are some limitations. First, the target must be weaker than or equal in strength to you. Second, you cannot possess droids, corpses, or beings with sufficient Force mastery to resist your intrusion unless you have first broken their will. Still, through this nightmarish technique, you can endlessly shed weak, dying bodies for strong, youthful ones, perpetuating your dark reign for eternity at the cost of countless stolen lives. If you remain in control of a stolen body when the jump ends, it becomes an alt-form.

Sith Lord Perks

Perks for Sith Lord are discounted 50%, with the [100] perks being free.

Blood in the Dust [100]

The Sith Academy on Korriban is a merciless meatgrinder designed to weed out the weak through lethal trials and constant backstabbing. To have survived and ascended to the rank of Lord means you have internalized a preternatural sense of paranoia and hyper-awareness. You have a flawless intuition for when someone is lying to you, plotting against you, or preparing to strike you from behind. You instinctively know when someone is lying to your face, subtly plotting your downfall behind closed doors, or tensing their muscles to strike you from behind. This life-saving sixth sense extends flawlessly to your immediate environment; the bitter scent of poisoned wine, the subtle hum of a rigged explosive beneath a floorboard, or the faint breathing of a cloaked assassin in the rafters will stand out to you like a blaring siren. Because of this ingrained, hyper-lethal conditioning, you will never be caught off guard.

Aura of Domination [100]

You carry the absolute, terrifying presence of a true Sith Lord. When you enter a room, the air grows palpably heavy. Imperial officers will instinctively snap to rigid attention, ordinary citizens will avert their eyes, and lesser Force Sensitives will feel a primal, overwhelming urge to drop to their knees and submit to your will. However, the true value of this overwhelming presence is its psychological effect on deception. The sheer, oppressive weight of your aura actively erodes the confidence required to maintain a lie. Under your piercing gaze, ordinary people, cowardly bureaucrats, and terrified subordinates will find their nerves rapidly fraying. The ambient dread you project makes them incredibly sincere, often causing them to blurt out the unvarnished truth simply because the pressure of deceiving you feels too physically dangerous to bear. This is not an absolute, magical compulsion, however. A hardened Republic spymaster, a fanatical Jedi, or a rival Sith with a mind of iron can still attempt to lie to your face. But even for them, doing so becomes a grueling, highly stressful ordeal. Fortunately, you are not a slave to your own dark majesty. You possess perfect control over this aura, allowing you to retract it completely when you wish to appear unassuming and approachable, or flare it to its absolute, terrifying peak to shatter the resolve of a defiant captive.

Foundations of Power [200]

A Sith Lord in the Empire is nothing without their ”Power Base”: the vast network of military assets, loyal apprentices, slave labor, and ancient artifacts they command. You possess a genius-level acumen for logistics, delegation, and grand-scale resource management. You can expertly balance the raging egos of treacherous apprentices, the precise deployment of imperial fleets, and the funding of your empire without ever losing your grip on the reins. You know exactly who to promote, who to quietly execute, and how to keep the wheels of your personal empire turning with flawless, ruthless efficiency. Furthermore, your power base seems highly resistant to external sabotage. Whenever rival Darths, Republic operatives, or disgruntled underlings attempt to undermine your operations, their efforts will find themselves constantly thwarted by a combination of your airtight structural organization and uncanny good fortune. Infiltrators and spies will trip over their own fabricated covers, vital supply lines and resource caches will weather disruptions that would cripple lesser factions, and critical personnel will prove incredibly difficult for your enemies to poach, bribe, or assassinate. While other Sith Lords watch their empires crumble from the shadows, your foundations remain an unyielding monolith, ensuring that your war machine is always fully armed, perfectly funded, and ready to crush your opposition.

Architect of Ruin [200]

The hierarchy of the Sith Empire is a venomous viper's nest, where advancement is traditionally achieved by planting a lightsaber in the back of one's superior. To merely survive in this cutthroat environment, a Sith cannot afford to be passive; they must be a relentless predator, constantly weaving plots against their enemies before their enemies can do the same. You have internalized this ruthless truth, evolving into an absolute savant of political maneuvering and psychological warfare. You possess a talent for unearthing the darkest secrets and most devastating blackmail material of your rivals, and you know exactly how to weaponize it. You can effortlessly find the cracks in your enemies' foundations, expertly manipulating their closest allies, trusted apprentices, and loyal commanders into turning against them. Furthermore, when the time comes to finally eliminate a threat, you are a master of the false-flag operation. You possess a terrifying genius for orchestrating assassinations, sabotage, and betrayals that perfectly appear to be the work of ambitious rivals, covert Jedi operatives, or tragic natural disasters. No trail of evidence will ever lead back to you unless you explicitly want it to. Under your subtle, relentless manipulations, the mighty power bases of your enemies will rot and crumble from within. And by the time you finally step from the shadows to claim their position, your rivals will be stripped of their support, humiliated in the eyes of the Empire, and left completely exposed before you even need to draw your blade.

Chains of Patronage [400]

To the Sith, there is no such thing as charity; there are only transactions. But while lesser Sith believe that power must be hoarded lest it be used against them, you understand that in the hands of a true Dark Lord, generosity is merely a weaponized form of control. Whenever you grant a meaningful boon to another being - be it raw power, vast wealth, elevated status, or forbidden knowledge - you forge an invisible, insidious chain of loyalty between the two of you. This creates a twofold effect. Firstly, it becomes physically and psychologically impossible for the recipient to ever turn that specific gift against you. If you elevate a lowly slave to the rank of Imperial Moff, the fleets and political capital you handed them can never be leveraged to your detriment. If you teach a struggling acolyte a devastating dark side technique, they will find themselves entirely incapable of casting it in your direction. Your gifts are strictly one-way streets. Secondly, and far more dangerously, the act of accepting your patronage plants a potent psychological seed in the recipient's mind. Over time, their subconscious will slowly and subtly restructure itself, cultivating a profound, intrinsic feeling of subservience toward you. They will not feel as though they are being magically compelled or brainwashed; rather, their own mind will rationalize this loyalty as something completely natural, viewing their submission to your will as the undeniable, proper order of the universe. While other Sith Lords must constantly look over their shoulders, terrified of the inevitable betrayal of their apprentices and underlings, you can freely build a court of incredibly powerful, fiercely devoted monsters - secure in the knowledge that your "generosity" has purchased their souls.

An Empire Built to Last [400]

The Sith Empire possesses the raw military and mystical might to be the undisputed superpower of the galaxy, yet it is eternally crippled by its own nature. Treachery, backstabbing, and petty infighting are not just common; they are an expected way of life. Historically, unless you were the immortal Sith Emperor himself, enacting permanent, structural change was considered an exercise in futility. You, however, are about to prove the galaxy wrong. You possess a transcendent talent for the management and reform of governmental and military systems, specifically tailored to make them function flawlessly even when staffed entirely by treacherous, self-serving megalomaniacs. You have a profound psychological and administrative understanding of how to make hateful rivals cooperate by perfectly aligning their greed. When the ambitions of your underlings grow too dangerous, you know exactly how to seamlessly redirect that destructive energy outward: aiming their knives at the Republic instead of the Imperial infrastructure.

More importantly, you are a master of dark institutional architecture. You can design foolproof bureaucratic redundancies, structural checks, and balances of power that ensure the system continues to operate at peak efficiency even in your absence. You can build a war machine that simply routes around the damage caused by the inevitable assassination or betrayal of key personnel. There is a catch, however: this talent scales strictly with your actual, recognized authority. If you are a lesser Lord or an Overseer, you might successfully reform the Korriban Academy into a well-oiled, self-sustaining crucible of dark side education. But to permanently cure the institutional rot of the entire Sith Empire and forge a government that will outlast the stars, you will need to carve your way to the top and claim the absolute authority of the Dark Council - or the Emperor himself.

Seat of the Sphere [600]

The Dark Council divides the absolute rule of the Sith Empire into twelve Spheres of Influence. To sit among the Dark Council is not merely a matter of raw strength in the Force; it requires an individual to be the absolute, undisputed pinnacle of their respective domain. Upon taking this perk, you must choose one of the twelve Spheres: **Ancient Knowledge, Biotic Science, Defense of the Empire, Expansion and Diplomacy, Imperial Intelligence, Laws and Justice, Military Offense, Military Strategy, Mysteries, Production and Logistics, Sith Philosophy, or Technology.** You have attained such profound, transcendent competence in your chosen field that you operate as a peerless master of it on a galactic scale. This is not mere personal skill, but the visionary genius required to orchestrate and innovate this discipline across an entire interstellar empire. If you govern the **Sphere of Ancient Knowledge**, you can effortlessly find caches of ancient precursor technology, intuitively map and reverse-engineer the inner workings of long-lost Rakatan or ancient Sith superweapons, and extract universe-shattering secrets from corrupted holocrons that would shatter the minds of lesser Lords. If you oversee **Expansion and Diplomacy**, your silver tongue is more dangerous than a dreadnought; you possess the sociopolitical genius to manipulate entire planetary governments, negotiate treaties that heavily favor the Empire, and peacefully subvert deeply entrenched Republic worlds into willingly opening their gates to your rule. The same applies to any Sphere you select. Whether you are an omniscient spymaster directing **Imperial Intelligence**, a logistical savant managing **Production and Logistics** to perfectly supply a million-man armada, or an unrivaled tactician leading **Military Strategy**, your expertise is absolute. You possess the administrative vision to flawlessly run your sector of an empire, capable of advancing your chosen field by centuries in a matter of years, and ensuring that no rival, Republic or Sith, could ever hope to outmatch you in your domain. This can be purchased multiple times.

Master of the Arcane [600]

If there is one thing that elevates a true Sith Lord above mere thrashing acolytes - and separates a once-in-a-generation genius from the rest of the Dark Council - it is the mastery of Force Sorcery. While lesser Force users content themselves with the blunt instruments of telekinesis and lightning, you have learned to manipulate the truly esoteric aspects of the dark side, twisting the fabric of reality in ways that transcend the limits of mere mortals. This perk grants you an astronomical boost to your potential, talent, and comprehension of Sith Magic. Right from the start, you possess the arcane intuition required to effortlessly grasp and recreate highly advanced sorcery techniques. Conjuring raging Force Storms to destroy your enemies, tearing holes in the fabric of space to teleport across the battlefields, or even summoning clones of yourself will come as naturally to you as breathing. But your true power lies not in spontaneous casting, but in the dark, methodical art of the ritual. With time and study, you will become a pioneer of esoteric Force manipulation, capable of conceptualizing and executing grand rituals that affect reality on a massive, planetary scale. There is virtually no hard ceiling to your arcane mastery; with a few decades of relentless study and the gathering of proper resources, you possess the sheer genius required to recreate the most terrifying rites in galactic history. Who knows? With enough time, you might just replicate the legendary, world-consuming rituals of the Sith Emperor himself, stripping the Force from entire planets to forge your own eternal immortality.



Bounty Hunter Perks

Perks for Bounty Hunter are discounted 50%, with the [100] perks being free.

Apex Mercenary [100]

Bounty hunting in the wider galaxy is a grueling profession that demands both lightning-fast reflexes and brute physical power. You have been blessed with a specialized, peak physical conditioning tailored perfectly for this deadly line of work. First, you are perfectly ambidextrous, allowing you to dual-wield heavy blaster pistols or utilize complex gauntlet weapons with flawless coordination and zero penalty to your accuracy. Second, you possess immense physical strength and stamina; you are easily strong enough to hoist a bounty target frozen in a massive, heavy slab of carbonite onto your shoulder and carry them across a sprawling starport without breaking a sweat. Finally, in the dangerous underworld, hesitation is death - and you never hesitate. You possess the legendary reflexes of the galaxy's greatest gunslingers. In any standoff, ambush, or sudden firefight, you will always draw your weapon and fire first. Your muscle memory is so finely tuned that your blaster is out and discharging before your opponent's brain even signals them to move.

Bring Them In Warm [100]

As the old Guild adage goes, bounties are often worth more alive - which can be a difficult prospect when you make your living firing rockets at people. To ensure you always collect the premium payout, you have developed an almost supernatural control over your own lethality. No matter how devastating the weapon you wield or how brutal the attack you unleash, you can perfectly regulate the damage you inflict so that it incapacitates a target rather than killing them. You can unleash a barrage of wrist-rockets, unload a heavy repeating blaster into a crowd, or beat a target mercilessly, and they will only be knocked unconscious or disabled. You can push this to absurd extremes: even if you hit a man point-blank with a thermal detonator, he will survive with exactly one breath left in his lungs - scorched, broken, and entirely defeated, but indisputably alive. This applies to all of your weapons, strikes, and abilities, completely overriding standard physics and biology. Whether you need them for an interrogation, a Republic trial, or just a higher paycheck from the Hutts, your targets will only ever die if you explicitly pull the trigger with the intent to kill.

Custom-Built Carnage [200]

A professional hunter never trusts their life to factory-standard, mass-produced garbage. You are an absolute savant when it comes to mechanical engineering, specifically specializing in weapon modification and lethal gadget creation. You can create complex weapon systems from scratch to integrate into your armor, building and mounting high-yield flamethrowers, fibercord whips, and micro-missiles into a single set of gauntlets without compromising mobility or weight. You know exactly how to strip down a standard civilian blaster and rebuild the firing chamber to turn it into an illegal disruptor pistol. Give you a decent workbench and some spare parts, and you can build an entire cutting-edge armory all by yourself, turning virtually any mundane piece of technology into a highly lethal instrument of death. But you don't just build standard underworld tech; you innovate. You possess a profound knack for pushing the limits of engineering, allowing you to fine-tune, overclock, and modify your gear to perform exactly three times better than the absolute highest-end equivalent available on the galactic market. Your custom flamethrowers will burn three times hotter, and further, your whipcords will possess three times the tensile strength, and your customized blasters will punch through three times as much heavy durasteel plating. When you step onto the battlefield, your enemies won't just be fighting a hunter - they will be facing a one-man, state-of-the-art walking armory.

A Hunter’s Due [200]

The galaxy is a massive place. There are billions of stars, trillions of souls, and endless black holes for a desperate fugitive to disappear into. A mark can scrub their chain-codes, undergo facial reconstruction, book passage on a smuggler’s run to the ass-end of the Outer Rim, and wait ten years for the heat to die down. It won't save them. To you, there is no such thing as a cold trail. You are the ultimate apex predator of the underworld, possessing a relentless, almost frightening intuition for the hunt. You can extract a perfect trajectory from a single scorched tibanna casing on Tatooine, a corrupted holonet log on Coruscant, or a whispered rumor in a Nar Shaddaa fighting pit. No matter how deep they bury their identity, how many parsecs they run, or how many years have passed, you will inevitably pick up their scent and run them into the ground. If they exist in this universe, you will find them. But finding the mark is only half the job; surviving the handover to get paid is the other. The galaxy is teeming with treacherous Hutts, corrupt Republic senators, and arrogant Sith Lords who would much rather shoot a hired gun than pay them. However, when you walk into a room and drop a carbonite slab on their floor, you project an aura of undeniable professionalism. Any employer who receives your bounty will feel an overwhelming, instinctual compulsion to honor their end of the bargain. Any thoughts of a double-cross, shortchanging your fee, or springing an ambush will instantly evaporate, replaced by the bone-deep realization that cheating you would be a fatal mistake. They will simply hand over your credits in full, nod their heads, and let you walk away unharmed.

Adaptive Predator [400]

In a galaxy filled with precognitive Force-users, genetically modified alien warlords, and heavily augmented cyborgs, you are constantly forced to hunt targets who possess unique, bizarre, or overwhelmingly powerful fighting styles. To survive and secure your bounties, you cannot rely on a static playbook. Instead, you have become the ultimate adaptive predator.

You possess a hyper-analytical combat sense that allows you to rapidly learn from your enemies the moment an engagement begins. As soon as blasters start firing or blades cross, you are instantly breaking down your opponent’s tactics, recognizing their combat rhythms, their favored angles of attack, and the subtle tells in their footwork. More importantly, you can effortlessly adapt your own fighting style on the fly to counter theirs. If a Jedi relies on acrobatic, hit-and-run strikes, you instinctively adjust your firing patterns and explosives to choke their mobility; if a Sith relies on overwhelming, brute-force aggression, you instantly shift to a flawless routine of redirection and evasion. The true danger of this ability, however, is how effectively you dismantle your enemy's advantages as the fight drags on. As you observe and adapt, you instinctively identify the structural flaws and physical limits in their techniques. Give it a few minutes of intense combat, and you will pinpoint the microsecond delay in their shield generator, the physical exhaustion caused by their favorite attack, or the subtle blind spot in their stance that, once exploited, can turn even their greatest strength into a liability. With this, even a Bounty Hunter armed with nothing but conventional weapons and grit can match wits with a Jedi Master or a Sith Lord, provided they survive long enough to learn.

The Perfect Ambush [400]

A fair fight is a failed hunt. If you have the time to prepare the battlefield beforehand, you simply cannot lose. Whenever you know a target is coming to you, or you manage to track them to a specific location and arrive ahead of them, you display a genius-level tactical intellect for setting traps and orchestrating ambushes. You can effortlessly turn absolutely any environment - from an elegant Coruscant penthouse to a rusted junkyard on Hutta - into a meticulously rigged, multi-layered deathtrap. You know exactly how to slice into environmental controls to vent super-heated steam, rig heavy cargo repulsorlifts to crush whoever steps beneath them, or wire hidden explosives into the structural weak points of a corridor to drop the ceiling on your prey. Your true mastery, however, lies in how you layer these hazards. You know exactly how to overlap tripwires, automated turrets, sonic bombs, and much more so that dodging one hazard forces them directly into another. Diving out of a blast zone will throw them onto an electrified grid, and taking cover from suppression fire will put them right over a hidden plasma charge. By the time the ambush is sprung, you have transformed the arena into a flawless killing floor that ruthlessly funnels the target step-by-step directly into your crosshairs. If they step into your prepared battlefield, you have already won.

Galactic Infamy [600]

In the galactic underworld, a hunter's reputation is their most valuable asset. For most mercenaries, building a legacy takes a lifetime of high-profile bounties and grinding contract work. For you, however, infamy spreads like a wildfire carried on the solar winds. The growth of your reputation is incredibly rapid, with every successful contract, impossible escape, defeated rival, or otherwise noteworthy accomplishment spreading your name further and faster than it has any right to. Take down just a few targets, and within days, your name and the description of your armor will be spoken in hushed, fearful tones in every cantina and gang hideout on the planet. Keep working for just a few months, and tales of your lethal efficiency will ripple across the hyperspace lanes, ensuring your name is known and feared by every syndicate boss, fixer, and fugitive across the entire galaxy. This towering infamy carries immense, tangible weight wherever you travel. Local security forces - whether they are Republic officers or Imperial troopers - will suddenly find reasons to look the other way, giving you a very wide berth because they know stopping you isn't worth the inevitable bloodbath. To ordinary citizens, you are a walking ghost story; your mere presence strikes such deep-seated terror into their hearts that crowds will part before you, and no one will ever dare interfere with your business. Best of all, this terrifying aura does half your job for you. When a mark discovers that you are the one holding their bounty puck, many simply lose the will to run. Realizing that fighting you is a guaranteed death sentence, they will drop their blasters, step out of hiding, and surrender quietly - deciding that a Hutt dungeon or a Republic prison cell is vastly preferable to making you hunt them down. Should you ever prefer to operate without the weight of your reputation following you, you may simply switch it off, allowing you to walk into a cantina as an unknown nobody rather than the galaxy's most notorious hunter.

Mandalore [600]

There is a profound difference between a common mercenary and a true Mandalorian, and an even greater difference between a simple clan warrior and the one who is destined to wear the mask. You are the living embodiment of the Resol'nare, a warrior of such terrifying caliber that you stand at the absolute pinnacle of personal combat in the galaxy. Even without a connection to the Force, you are a peerless engine of war. Your mastery over every conceivable weapon - from heavy rotary cannons and dual blasters to vibroblades and your own bare hands - is absolute. Your tactical brilliance in the thick of a fight allows you to effortlessly go toe-to-toe with Jedi Masters, Sith Lords, and elite strike teams, breaking their space magic and supernatural reflexes with nothing but pure martial skill and unmatched battle instincts. But your true power lies in what your strength represents to your people. You exude the undeniable, magnetic aura of a legendary conqueror. The Mandalorian clans are notoriously stubborn, fiercely independent, and prone to internal fracturing, but you command their absolute, unwavering respect. When you speak, clan leaders listen. When you march to war, they will eagerly fall in line behind you. Whether you wish to simply lead a small, elite cadre of super commandos on high-end bounty hunts or formally claim the title of Mandalore and unite the scattered clans into an unstoppable galactic crusade, the Mandalorian people will follow you. Under your banner, they will march into the most impossible odds with a fierce war cry, completely loyal to the warrior who proves, once and for all, that Mandalorians are the greatest fighters in the galaxy.



Items

You have a 300 CP stipend to spend here. You can freely import items. Locations may be imported or recreated in future jumps as Warehouse attachments, if you wish. Items destroyed or lost restore themselves in three days. You can discount two items per price tier. Discounted 50 and 100 CP items become free. You also gain the blueprint of anything you buy here.

Imperial Treasury Account [Free/200/400/600]

Ideology and the Force are wonderful concepts, but the galaxy actually runs on cold, hard currency. This highly secure, unsliceable galactic bank account generates a massive, self-replenishing stipend of Imperial Credits (or whatever localized fiat currency the primitives of your current reality blindly worship) every single month. It guarantees you will never suffer the indignity of poverty. The exact payout depends on your initial investment in this Jump. For **Free**, it provides a luxurious personal lifestyle. For **200 CP**, the funds are sufficient to feed, arm, and sustain a full platoon of elite soldiers. **400 CP** scales this wealth to back an entire legion of troops without straining your coffers. And for those with truly grand ambitions, at an even larger price of **600 CP**, this account elevates to the financial equivalent of a planetary treasury: hundreds of millions of credits, enough for a Sith Lord to seamlessly sustain a sprawling shadow empire of spies, armies, servile attendants, and cutting-edge research facilities. Money cannot buy happiness, but it certainly buys dreadnoughts.

Sith Mask [50]

A true Sith Lord understands that fear is a weapon as potent as any lightsaber, and aesthetics play a crucial role in inspiring terror. This menacing facial apparatus serves a dual purpose. Practically, it functions as a highly advanced rebreather, filtering out toxic atmospheres and allowing you to survive comfortably underwater or in the cold vacuum of space. Theatrically, it artificially modulates your vocal cords. It distorts and deepens your voice, projecting a chilling, mechanical resonance that ensures every command you issue sounds like a death sentence to the trembling sycophants below you. This can be made into a helmet if you wish.

Sith Lightsaber [50, Free for Sith Warrior/Inquisitor/Lord]

This is a true Sith Lightsaber, an elegant instrument of execution tailored entirely to your exacting, and perhaps sadistic, tastes. You have absolute freedom to customize its design - be it a curved dueling hilt, a lethal double-bladed saber, an imposing lightsaber pike, or an unstable crossguard design. Powered by a red crystal, its plasma blade melts through anything.

Blaster [50]

Let the Sith purists sneer at "uncivilized" weaponry; a pragmatist understands the sheer, undeniable value of applying overwhelming plasma-based violence from a comfortable distance. You are provided with a masterpiece of Imperial armaments, customizable to your precise tactical preferences. Whether you desire an elegant, heavy-hitting blaster pistol to execute failing subordinates with a flick of the wrist, a rapid-fire heavy repeater to suppress an entire squad of Republic troopers, or a high-powered sniper rifle capable of turning a Jedi's cranium into a smoking crater from two miles away, this weapon delivers.

Sith Warblade [100]
For those moments when the hum of a lightsaber feels far too civilized, I offer this brutal relic of a darker, less compromising era. This Sith Warblade is a masterwork of ancient alchemy, unnaturally heavy and possessed of an edge that rivals the finest modern vibroblades. It drinks in the dark side of the Force, amplifying your inherent anger to strike with devastating ferocity. Better still, the alchemically altered metal casually parries lightsabers without suffering a scratch, much to the inevitable dismay of whichever arrogant Jedi you are currently bludgeoning to death.

Imperial Droid [100/200/400]
Meatbags are, as a rule, dreadfully unreliable. They require food, sleep, and, worse, they occasionally develop 'morals' and 'consciences'. To spare you the sheer tedium of managing organic subordinates, you are provided with a top-of-the-line Imperial Droid, customized to your specific, exacting requirements. You may opt for a black-plated Sith astromech to silently slice Republic mainframes without the irritating, cheerful beeps of standard models. Perhaps you prefer an Imperial protocol droid programmed with absolute subservience, fluent in six million forms of communication, and entirely devoid of irritating ethical subroutines. Should your needs be a touch more aggressive, you might instead select a heavily armed Sith War droid to soak up blaster fire, or an interrogator droid equipped with an array of pain-inducing implements that would make a Sith Inquisitor blush. You could even choose an Imperial probe droid to spy on your lessers from afar. For **200 CP**, you gain a group of a dozen of these droids. For **400 CP**, you gain a factory capable of mass-producing them.

The Overseer's Shock Collar [100]
Trust is a luxury only fools and Jedi can afford; the rest of us require leverage. This sleek, unobtrusive collar and its paired remote control provide the ultimate guarantee of loyalty. The device automatically adjusts to snugly fit the neck of any species, and attempting to remove it without the remote triggers immediate, catastrophic consequences. Through a simple press of a button, you can deliver anything from a mild, agonizingly educational jolt to remind an underling of their place to a spectacular, lethal burst of electricity that turns insubordination into a permanent, smoldering silence.

Agent's Concealment Rig [100]
The Force is a blunt instrument. For those who prefer the surgical application of power, this concealment rig is an absolute necessity. At its core, it is a marvel of Imperial Intelligence engineering: a state-of-the-art stealth-field generator worn discreetly as a belt, capable of seamlessly bending light around you while simultaneously dampening the acoustic footprint of your footsteps. However, invisibility is merely the appetizer. The rig comes fully equipped with an integrated suite of top-tier espionage tools. You will find signal jammers, concealed weaponry for close-quarters assassinations, slicing modules, listening devices for monitoring, and micro-trackers for, well, tracking your enemies. It provides everything a discerning operative needs to dismantle an organization from the inside out, completely unnoticed.

Medical Kit [100]
This state-of-the-art Imperial Medical Kit ensures your frail meat sack continues to function efficiently despite catastrophic trauma. It contains a supply of highly concentrated Kolto packs for healing and a variety of black-market combat stims designed to flood your system with synthetic adrenaline, temporarily enhancing your physical strength, reflexes, and pain tolerance to superhuman levels. It is an absolute necessity for keeping yourself, or a particularly useful minion, from bleeding out at an inconvenient time. Replenishes each week.

The Ravager [200]

Interrogation is typically a tedious, messy affair involving screaming meatbags and uninspired physical torture. The Ravager (a terrifying dark side artifact originally conceptualized by the Sith Emperor himself) bypasses this entirely. This crown operates by forcefully and agonizingly tearing down the telepathic and psychological barriers of anyone exposed to its aura. It violently invades the deepest recesses of the victim's mind, completely stripping away their willpower, loyalties, and capacity for deception. The subject will robotically and exhaustively confess their darkest secrets, military codes, and hidden truths to you with absolute clarity. Naturally, a mortal mind is not meant to be so violently unpacked. Once the interrogation is concluded, the victim's brain simply gives out, resulting in a catastrophic and fatal cerebral hemorrhage. It is highly efficient, wonderfully cruel, and saves so much unnecessary screaming.

Exotic Slave Retinue [200]

To be a true Lord of the Sith is to indulge in the absolute peak of galactic decadence, and no throne room is complete without the appropriate aesthetic accompaniments. You are provided with a dedicated retinue of exquisitely beautiful, painstakingly trained slave girls (or boys, should your tastes dictate). They are plucked from the most exotic species across the galaxy - such as Twi'leks, Zabraks, Zeltrons, and Togrutas, though your tastes may differ - and conditioned for absolute, unwavering obedience.

They excel at satisfying any needs you may have and provide lavish massages after a long day of subjugating planets. Most importantly, they are also trained in the subtle arts of espionage and poison-craft. Should a rival Sith Lord or an arrogant dignitary accept a drink from their delicate hands, it may very well be their last.

Imperial Troopers [200/400]

Every tyrant requires a heavily armored boot to press upon the necks of the ungrateful masses. To this end, you are supplied with a highly disciplined, fully equipped military element of Imperial Troopers. For **200 CP**, you are granted a formidable force comprising hundreds of elite soldiers. For **400 CP**, this force is exponentially expanded into a massive legion of several thousand heavily armed combatants. These are not standard, hastily trained conscripts; they are the grim, highly competent shock troopers of the Sith Empire. Clad in their intimidating black-and-crimson armor, they follow your orders with fanatical, unquestioning devotion, completely devoid of the hesitation that plagues standard planetary militias. Furthermore, this military force comes fully mechanized and combat-ready. They are supplied with their own complement of heavy assault vehicles, including heavily armored troop transports, assault tanks, and mobile artillery emplacements. They provide the sheer, overwhelming military manpower required to occupy hostile cities, secure vital strongholds, and wage full-scale planetary war in your name. Should any fall in battle, new recruits will gradually arrive to replenish your ranks. Alternatively, if you wish, you can have a Mandalorian clan instead.

Aerospace Forces [200/400]
Considering the wide variety of fighters, bombers, and shuttles in this historical period, with this purchase, you can choose one for your personal use. This will generally be a more standard production model with fiat support. With this purchase, you can choose any of these aircraft, which are quite widely produced, even if they theoretically belong to another nation. For an additional **200**, you can obtain an entire fleet consisting of three full squadrons (each with 12-15 aircraft) of these aircraft. You can choose whether they will be piloted by experienced pilots or equipped with autopilot. You will also receive not only the blueprints but also equipment, if needed, for more specific customization of the aircraft for your purposes (for example, replacing guns, missiles, and bombs with more suitable ones). Another advantage for all price levels is that if the machine you choose does not have its own hyperdrive, you will be provided with a low-power version, either built-in or externally mounted (installed outside the hull).

Cybernetic Laboratory [200]
The biological form is so dreadfully fragile, constantly bleeding, breaking, and failing exactly when you need it to perform. This state-of-the-art Imperial Cybernetic Laboratory exists to forcefully correct the inherent flaws of natural evolution. This pristine, sterilized facility is a testament to the Empire's technological supremacy, completely dedicated to the design, fabrication, and installation of advanced cybernetic enhancements. The laboratory contains a staggering, comprehensive library of schematics (ranging from heavily armored prosthetic limbs and targeting-overlay optics to highly invasive neural brain implants that drastically accelerate your cognitive processing). Best of all, you need not rely on the trembling, incompetent hands of an organic surgeon. The facility is fully staffed by advanced, automated medical droids programmed for surgical perfection. They are entirely capable of slicing you open, removing your weak flesh, and installing these metallic upgrades with cold, ruthless efficiency. No anesthetic complaints, no human error. Just the beautiful, inevitable triumph of steel over sinew.

Ancient Sith Holocron [200]
This glowing red pyramid is a genuine relic of the ancient Sith, pulsating with the trapped spirit and accumulated intellect of a long-dead Dark Lord. You have the privilege of choosing exactly which legendary Sith Lord originally forged this artifact. Whether you wish to learn the arcane sorcery of Naga Sadow, the commanding ruthlessness of Marka Ragnos, or the martial supremacy of Tulak Hord, this digitized phantom will serve as your personal tutor in the dark arts.

Isotope-5 Reactor [200]
The mundane constraints of energy consumption are a problem for lesser minds. You are now the proud owner of a hyper-advanced reactor fueled by the miraculous, highly volatile element known as Isotope-5. This glowing marvel of Imperial engineering blatantly defies the conventional, tedious laws of thermodynamics. It generates a near-infinite output of energy, perfectly capable of powering a massive, heavily shielded fortress or a world-conquering dreadnought indefinitely. The power of the sun, at your very whim.

Geological Compressor [200]

The Jedi endlessly prattle on about the "will of the Force" and forming a spiritual bond with naturally occurring crystals, as if scavenging in the dirt like a common miner is a noble pursuit. This industrial-grade geological compressor allows you to dispense with such primitive sentimentality. Through the application of extreme pressure and localized Dark Side channeling, this marvel of Imperial engineering allows you to synthetically forge flawless, blood-red Kyber crystals in massive, industrial quantities. Why search the galaxy for a single natural gem when you can mass-produce the bleeding heart of a lightsaber by breaking the fundamental laws of geology to your exacting specifications?

Sith Laboratory [200]

Nature is notoriously uninspired, constantly churning out weak, flawed creatures bound by the pathetic limitations of standard biology and mundane physics. This comprehensive Sith Laboratory and Sorcery Sanctum grants you the means to forcefully correct those natural oversights. This is not merely a workshop; it is an unholy cathedral dedicated to the mastery of Sith Alchemy and Dark Side sorcery. It features a geometrically perfect meditation chamber designed to exponentially focus your malice, alongside an altar for your most demanding rituals.

The facility comes fully stocked with a regenerating supply of rare, esoteric materials, arcane biological samples, and specialized alchemical tools. Within these heavily shielded walls, you possess everything required to warp and mutate lesser lifeforms into monstrous, flawlessly obedient abominations. You may effortlessly forge unnatural, Dark-Side-infused alloys, concoct virulent Sith poisons, or meticulously craft legendary artifacts that pulse with malevolent, corrupting power. It is an absolute sanctuary for the discerning Dark Lord - a place where you play god, tearing the fabric of the Force apart and reshaping reality itself to suit your undeniably superior, darker vision.

Sith Amulet [200]

This Sith Amulet is a masterwork of dark side metallurgy and sorcery, serving as a flawless focal point for the Force. Upon purchase, you may tailor this artifact to provide a highly specific, supernatural boon. You might enchant it to drastically reduce the sheer physical exhaustion of weaving complex Sith magic, exponentially amplify the destructive yield of your Force Lightning, or grant an unnatural, accelerated comprehension of arcane dark side lore. Quite useful.

Holocron Synthesis Matrix [200]

True immortality is achieved not just through the preservation of the flesh, but through the eternal endurance of one's knowledge. The Holocron Synthesis Matrix is a masterwork of Sith engineering and arcane architecture, designed to ensure your legacy outlasts the stars. By entering a state of deep meditation within its dark side-attuned field, you can seamlessly distill your skills, techniques, and philosophies into pristine crystalline pyramids. The matrix's esoteric design streamlines an otherwise grueling ancient process, allowing you to perfectly crystallize your consciousness and manufacture one complete holocron per day. Quite useful.

Armor [200]
To conquer the galaxy, one must first ensure they survive the dreadful inconveniences it constantly hurls at them. This tailored suit of Sith armor represents the absolute pinnacle of defensive engineering and imposing theatricality. Available in light, medium, or heavily plated configurations to suit your preferred method of slaughter, the armor is fully sealed and climate-controlled. It effortlessly filters out toxic atmospheres and allows you to stroll comfortably through the cold vacuum of space. Furthermore, the specialized alloys are heavily reinforced with lightsaber-resistant weaves and anti-blaster ablative coatings. It even comes with a cape, in case you want to wade through enemy fire and lightsaber strikes with an air of arrogant invulnerability.

Armor Attachments [200]
The Mandalorians are, without question, a culture of uncultured, violent zealots who treat warfare as a clumsy religion. However, even a broken, barbaric clock occasionally produces exceptional military engineering. This comprehensive suite of Mandalorian-derived armor attachments allows you to transform any standard set of defensive plating into a walking arsenal of dirty tricks, seamlessly integrating into your current attire. You receive jetpacks for aerial superiority, wrist-mounted miniature flamethrowers to rapidly educate your enemies on the agonizing realities of immolation, and whipcord launchers to effortlessly entangle those irritatingly agile Force-users. The collection also includes wrist-lasers, repulsor-dart shooters, specialized personal shield emitters, full-gauge carbonite launcher and retractable vibro-blades for intimate, surprise executions. It completely eliminates the concept of fighting "fairly," a foolish notion championed only by soon-to-be-dead Jedi.

Explosive Armory [200]
This Explosive Armory ensures you are never lacking in the application of high-yield kinetic and chemical devastation. Inside, you will find perfectly organized crates of military-grade thermal detonators, delightfully agonizing cryoban grenades to freeze enemies in their tracks, and flesh-melting toxic gas canisters that turn fortified bunkers into localized tombs. It also includes an array of remote explosives, proximity mines, and guided rockets (all of them also coming with freezing or toxic versions). For those instances when negotiation is tedious and subtle infiltration is simply too bothersome, you can reliably reduce your obstacles - and whoever happens to be standing behind them - into a smoldering crater. Replenishes each month.

Cipher's Long rifle [200]
The Force and lightsabers might be deeply theatrical, but sometimes a problem simply needs to be quietly removed from a kilometer away. This weapon is the absolute pinnacle of Imperial Intelligence engineering. It is a sleek, perfectly balanced long rifle that completely redefines the concept of assassination. It features integrated sonic suppressors that render its terrifying payload virtually silent, alongside state-of-the-art thermal and X-ray scopes to effortlessly track targets through solid walls. It comes with an automatically replenishing magazine of highly specialized ammunition, allowing you to instantly switch between armor-piercing slugs, localized explosive rounds, and instant-lethality neurotoxin darts. Best of all, it elegantly breaks down into a completely mundane-looking, scan-proof briefcase, ensuring you can smuggle your preferred instrument of death into the most highly secured diplomatic galas.

Slave Camp [200]

The bedrock of any enduring Empire is, naturally, an expendable workforce whose suffering generates substantial profit. You are the proud overseer of a heavily guarded excavation site and labor camp, styled meticulously after the brutal archeological digs of Dromund Kaas. This facility provides an unending stream of broken, perfectly obedient slaves toiling away in the dirt for your sole benefit. Whether you require manual labor to construct a towering monument to your own ego or simply wish to extract precious minerals from the earth, they will work until they expire, at which point they are easily replaced. It provides a highly lucrative, entirely passive stream of income derived entirely from the unpaid sweat of your lessers.

Your Own Hangar [200]

The mundane logistics of naval maintenance are a profound waste of a Dark Lord's exceptionally valuable time. Let the Republic bicker endlessly over shipyard strikes, fuel rations, and the sheer, predictable incompetence of organic engineers; this sprawling, hyper-advanced Imperial Hangar seamlessly solves all such tedious problems. It effortlessly attaches itself to any fortress, tomb, or planetary estate you possess in this or future jumps, acting as your personal, highly secure spacedock. What truly elevates this facility above crude civilian starports is its blatant, almost insulting disregard for conventional spatial limitations. Whether you wish to discreetly dock a single stealth interceptor or warehouse a massive, overlapping armada of kilometers-long dreadnoughts, the facility's internal dimensions will flawlessly adapt and expand to accommodate them all simultaneously. It comes fully staffed by an army of tireless, silent maintenance droids and automated construction gantries that work with ruthless efficiency. Whenever your vessels are docked, they will be instantaneously refueled, meticulously repaired of all battle damage, and fully rearmed. Furthermore, the facility acts as a state-of-the-art retrofitting yard. Should you acquire any experimental or exotic technology, the droids will flawlessly install these upgrades into your existing fleet. And should the day ever come when petty rivals or Republic saboteurs think to strike at your fleet while it rests, they'll find the hangar defended by its own independent shield generators, point-defense batteries, and layered security systems every bit as merciless and efficient as the droids that maintain it. Because a Dark Lord's armada, unlike a Dark Lord's patience, should never be left vulnerable.

Cadre of Acolytes [200/400]

The traditional Sith model of apprenticeship is a deeply flawed, exhausting exercise in paranoia, inevitably ending with an ambitious subordinate attempting to put a lightsaber through your spine the moment you show weakness. You have mercifully excised this defect from your power base. For **200 CP**, you are provided with a handpicked cadre of a dozen Sith Acolytes whose loyalty to you is absolute, fanatical, and completely unbroken. They do not harbor the tedious, overreaching ambition of usurping your throne; instead, they view you with a near-religious reverence, channeling their inherent Dark Side malice entirely toward destroying your enemies and competing for your fleeting approval. To be clear, these are not legendary Sith Masters. They will not be tearing dreadnoughts from the sky or reshaping the surface of planets with ancient sorcery. However, they are highly competent adepts of the Force. They serve perfectly as a terrifying honor guard, ruthless enforcers, or elite assassins to dispatch when a problem requires the application of the Force but is simply too far beneath your personal, invaluable time. Should one of them meet a messy end in your service, another talented, equally devoted dark-sider will eventually claw their way out of the academies to proudly take their place.

For **400 CP**, this cadre expands into a formidable coven of fifty Sith Apprentices, bringing with it a drastic evolution in their tactical utility. Rather than a monolithic group of standard swordsmen, their training wildly diversifies to suit your specific, ruthless needs. Your ranks will now include hulking Sith Juggernauts, heavily armored and capable of shrugging off blaster fire to personally shatter enemy frontlines; stealth-oriented Sith Assassins, perfect for surgically removing rival politicians or Jedi from the shadows; and budding Sith Sorcerers steeped in arcane lore, highly capable of unearthing buried artifacts or mentally breaking stubborn captives. They function flawlessly as your personal lieutenants, deploying across the galaxy to lead your mundane armies, manage your holdings, and execute your complex schemes with the kind of ruthless, supernatural efficiency that regular, non-Force-sensitive meatbags simply cannot provide.

Beskar Plating [400]

The Mandalorians are a crude, boorish people, but one must admit their metallurgy is absolutely exquisite. You have acquired a heavily secured shipment of 100kg of genuine Beskar plates. There is enough of this legendary iron here to forge a complete, customized suit of personal armor or to structurally reinforce a personal vehicle. It is utterly impervious to the slashing of a Jedi's lightsaber and entirely dismissive of heavy blaster fire. It allows you to wade through the battlefield with the supreme, arrogant invulnerability that befits a true Lord of the Sith. Additionally, you can make any personal item you bought here in this jump out of Beskar.

Dark Temple [400]

Every respectable Dark Lord requires a brooding, inaccessible sanctuary far from the prying eyes of galactic authorities and the insufferable whining of the Jedi. This sprawling, subterranean Dark Temple seamlessly attaches itself to a suitably dramatic mountain or desolate wasteland in all your future jumps. It is a masterpiece of architectural malice, brimming with deadly traps and legions of reanimated Sith warriors who require neither pay nor rations. Crucially, the temple rests upon a terrifyingly potent dark side nexus. Any dark magic, alchemical ritual, or sorcery you perform within its obsidian walls is immediately multiplied in power by a factor of ten. The structure itself is inherently malevolent, passively radiating an aura of profound corruption that drives invading forces into paranoid, hallucinating madness before they can even breach the inner sanctum. Furthermore, it possesses the esoteric ability to seamlessly integrate any other properties or locations you own into its sprawling, labyrinthine layout, serving as the ultimate, unassailable nerve center for your burgeoning shadow empire.

Nar Shaddaa Casino [400]

The weak-willed masses are tragically eager to part with their credits in the desperate, foolish pursuit of a quick fortune. Why not be the one to enthusiastically catch those credits? You are the legal, uncontested owner of a massive, obnoxiously opulent casino and resort situated on Nar Shaddaa, or a suitable local equivalent of a Smuggler's Moon. On the surface, it is a glittering palace of vice, gambling, and hedonistic entertainment. In reality, it is a flawless, untraceable front for money laundering and a premier intelligence-gathering hub. Drunken politicians and boastful smugglers eagerly spill their secrets at your sabacc tables, while the house edge quietly generates a staggering, completely unregulated fortune to fund your more unsavory, galactic-scale operations.

Fury-Class Imperial Interceptor [400]

The iconic vessel of the Sith Elite, designed for those who demand their transport to be as deadly as it is opulent. The Fury-Class Imperial Interceptor is a masterpiece of starship engineering, boasting sloped heavy armor and devastating laser cannons that easily tear through Republic blockades. Its hyperdrive is frighteningly advanced, capable of casually outrunning whatever pathetic patrol cruisers attempt to pursue you. Yet, its brutal exterior masks an interior of unapologetic luxury. You will travel the stars in supreme comfort, enjoying a private, Dark-Side-infused meditation chamber, an unsliceable encrypted communication suite to berate your underlings from afar, a fully stocked first aid station, and expansive cargo holds for your ill-gotten artifacts. It is the ultimate vehicle for the discerning, traveling tyrant.

X-70B Phantom-Class Prototype [400]

For the Imperial Agent who believes that true elegance and lethal efficiency need not be mutually exclusive, Imperial Intelligence has provided you with this state-of-the-art vessel, the crown jewel of the entire Section covert fleet, personally requisitioned from a black budget line that officially does not exist. Its sleek hull is coated in advanced sensor-baffling stealth technology, rendering it effectively invisible to standard planetary scanners, while its heavy weapon systems are elegantly concealed beneath retractable hull plates. Inside, the ship eschews the harsh, utilitarian metal of standard Imperial craft in favor of gorgeous, polished wood paneling and pristine leather seating. Like the Fury, it features a meditation chamber, an encrypted communication suite, medical facilities, and ample cargo space, ensuring you can orchestrate the downfall of entire governments in unparalleled, high-class comfort.

D5-Mantis Patrol Craft [400]

While the Sith demand opulence, sometimes a problem simply requires overwhelming violence. The D5-Mantis Patrol Craft is a rare predator of the stars designed for the pragmatic warlord (or bounty hunter). Do not let its compact frame fool you. The Mantis bristles with retractable heavy laser cannons, concussion missile tubes, and military-grade deflector shields capable of casually shrugging off a Republic blockade. It is built to drop out of hyperspace, cripple a target in a single, devastating volley, and survive any ensuing retaliation with arrogant ease. Internally, it eschews delicate aesthetics for cold, utilitarian efficiency. It features a big armory alongside specialized workbenches dedicated to the meticulous modification of your weaponry and armor. The utilitarian living quarters contain a reinforced display wall, being the perfect place to proudly mount the lightsabers, helmets, and shattered armor of your most boastful victims. Outside the ship, a highly sophisticated sensor suite ensures no fleeing prey can ever escape your wrath. Furthermore, the floorboards conceal several scan-proof smuggling compartments for transporting illegal weapons such as disruptors or anything else someone might smuggle, aided by a transponder-spoofing system that broadcasts flawless fake ship registries.

Terentatek Pet [400]

Most beings keep ordinary animals for companionship. You, however, are a Sith Lord, and your tastes in domestic pets are appropriately apocalyptic. You are the proud master of a fully grown, remarkably loyal Terentatek. This towering, heavily armored abomination of Sith alchemy is a legendary beast specifically designed to hunt and consume Force-sensitives. Its leathery hide is naturally highly resistant to lightsaber strikes and Force attacks, making it the ultimate nightmare for any Jedi foolish enough to trespass in your domain. Despite its insatiable appetite for the blood of the Light Side, it behaves around you like a remarkably affectionate, if somewhat terrifying, guard dog. It will happily sleep at the foot of your throne, eagerly awaiting the moment you toss it a captured Jedi Knight as a squeaky toy.

SLV-16 Serum [400]

The sentient mind is a complex mechanism, but ultimately, it is a biological machine that can be meticulously dismantled and reprogrammed. The SLV-16 Serum is a highly classified, state-of-the-art chemical conditioning agent developed by the brightest, most ruthless psychological engineers within Imperial Intelligence. Originally designed to ensure the absolute, unbreakable loyalty of their elite Cipher agents, you now possess a regenerating supply of this potent mind-altering substance. When properly administered to a subject over a designated conditioning period, the serum systematically breaks down their psychological defenses and rewrites their neural pathways. It allows you to embed unbreakable subliminal directives tied to a specific, customized keyword. Upon hearing this trigger phrase, the victim becomes instantly and completely subservient to your will. They will remain entirely conscious and aware of their actions, experiencing the waking nightmare of being trapped inside their own body, yet they will find themselves utterly incapable of resisting your commands. It is the perfect tool for creating sleeper agents, securing compromised politicians, or forcing a rival's top general to hand over the keys to their planetary defenses.

Counsel of the Forebear [400]

It is a grim axiom of the Empire that the only Sith you can truly trust is a dead one - and even then, only if they share your blood. You are spiritually tethered to the ghost of an ancient, highly successful Sith ancestor who views you as the culmination of their dark legacy. Unlike the spiteful, ravenous wraiths that typically haunt the tombs of Korriban, this phantom genuinely wishes to see you ascend to absolute power. He is an unparalleled font of lost antiquity; he remembers the planetary coordinates of buried superweapons, the archaic passcodes to sealed treasuries, and the historical precedents for the modern betrayals your rivals plot against you. However, the dead are notoriously stingy with their wisdom, and the dark side energy required to pierce the veil is finite. Your ancestor can only manifest to you once a month. During this brief visitation, he will impart only a single, highly specific fact or piece of tactical advice before dissolving back into the ether. He will not hold your hand or solve your problems for you, so you must use his time wisely; if you ask the exact right question, his singular answer is enough to shatter empires.

Sith Academy [400]

The Jedi Order coddles its initiates, raising soft, complacent weaklings who are utterly unprepared for the harsh, unforgiving realities of the galaxy. You, however, understand that true power must be forged in the merciless fires of competition, betrayal, and raw, desperate survival. You are now the undisputed master of a fully operational Sith Academy, a sprawling, brutal architectural monument dedicated entirely to the mastery of the dark side. This imposing facility comes completely equipped with blood-stained dueling rings, expansive archives of forbidden lore, meditation chambers steeped in Dark Side energy, and specialized interrogation rooms for "practical examinations." The academy is fully staffed by a cadre of sadistic, highly competent Overseers who are fanatically loyal to your specific regime. These instructors will continuously scour your territories for Force-sensitive youths, bringing them into the academy to be pitted against one another in lethal trials of cunning, manipulation, and martial prowess. The weak, the foolish, and the overly compassionate will be swiftly and violently weeded out - usually ending up as practice dummies, alchemical test subjects, or menial slaves. The survivors, however, will emerge as ruthless, highly lethal Sith Acolytes, firmly bound to your power base and ready to serve as your personal enforcers, field commanders, or future apprentices. This facility guarantees a steady, self-replenishing supply of Dark Side warriors, ensuring your Empire is always armed with the most dangerous resource of all: weaponized, highly disciplined hatred.

Imperial Manufacturing Plant [400/600]

Relying on the broader galactic economy is a fool's errand, constantly subjected to the pathetic disruptions of Republic blockades, resource shortages, and the grating, incessant whining of labor unions. This sprawling, hyper-efficient manufacturing plant frees you from such mundane dependencies, serving as a monument to your personal industrial supremacy. Upon purchase, you may dictate its strategic location: suspended as a heavily defended orbital ring, concealed within a hollowed-out asteroid to evade Republic scanners, or dominating a planetary surface as a sprawling factory-city. You also select its personnel, choosing between tirelessly efficient automated droids, completely expendable slave labor, or fanatically loyal Imperial citizens who view eighteen-hour shifts in toxic foundries as a religious duty.

For 400 CP, this complex is an industrial powerhouse capable of mass-producing the lifeblood of your war machine. It flawlessly churns out civilian goods to placate the masses, standard infantry equipment, and a vast array of light to medium vehicles - including Mark VI starfighters, bombers, shuttles, and light cargo freighters to keep your supply lines moving.

For 600 CP, the facility is drastically expanded into a heavy-industry juggernaut. It gains the colossal foundries and orbital drydocks necessary to construct devastating heavy ground armor, mobile artillery, and capital-class starships up to the size of frigates and cruisers. Why grovel to the Dark Council for fleet reinforcements when you can simply forge your own independent armada from the ground up?

Planet [600]

Why squabble over petty land claims and planetary sectors when you can simply own an entire celestial body? You are now the uncontested, absolute sovereign of your very own planet. The ecological makeup of this world is entirely subject to your whims, be it a pristine, ocean-covered paradise, a heavily industrialized ecumenopolis, or a brutal, ash-choked volcanic wasteland that perfectly mirrors the darkness in your soul. You may also decide whether this world is completely uninhabited, ripe for your personal colonization, or if it comes populated with billions of native subjects who already recognize you as their unquestioned god-emperor. It is the ultimate piece of galactic real estate, providing unfathomable resources, territory, and a playground where your word is the literal, inescapable law.

Imperial Intelligence Listening Post [600]

To rule effectively, one must be completely relieved of the delusion of privacy. Information is the true currency of the galaxy, and this hidden, heavily fortified asteroid base makes you the wealthiest entity in existence. Operating in complete, untraceable silence, this Listening Post has successfully tapped into the primary communication relays and holonet hubs of the entire galaxy. Powered by a legion of advanced analytical droids, it automatically sifts through trillions of petabytes of seemingly mundane data every second. It flawlessly categorizes and flags vital information specifically tailored to your interests, instantly notifying you of brewing assassination plots, clandestine troop movements, shifting financial markets, and the pathetic, whispered secrets of your rivals before they even realize they've been compromised.

The Eradicator [600]

The Eradicator is a revolutionary orbital strike platform that represents a terrifying leap forward in Imperial military engineering. Rather than relying on traditional shipyards, heavy industry, and extensive supply chains, this superweapon is created entirely through highly advanced biotechnology. Thanks to batteries that are literally grown, the weapon can be produced rapidly and in absolute secrecy, bypassing standard manufacturing limitations and resource bottlenecks. Once the Eradicator reaches full maturity, it can be silently deployed into the high orbit of any targeted world. From this strategic vantage point, it acts as the ultimate sword of Damocles. Upon receiving your command, the organic energy reserves unleash a catastrophic, pinpoint bombardment capable of bypassing standard planetary defenses. A single sustained strike from this platform possesses the sheer destructive yield to utterly annihilate a sprawling metropolis, reducing massive urban centers and fortified strongholds to smoldering craters in mere moments. It grants you unparalleled orbital supremacy, providing a swift and devastating solution to any planetary resistance.

Imperial Intelligence Spy Network [600]

The foundation of true power lies not merely in the brute force of a lightsaber or the heavy turbolasers of a starfleet, but in the absolute control of information. You are now the undisputed master of an elite, galaxy-spanning spy network composed of hundreds of the most thoroughly conditioned operatives ever produced by Imperial Intelligence. These phantoms are capable of seamlessly infiltrating any government, society, faction, or organization you target. Endowed with hyper-competence in a vast array of fields - ranging from high-level political administration and military strategy to advanced slicing, diplomacy, and corporate finance - these agents will rapidly and inevitably ascend to the highest echelons of power within their assigned societies. Their loyalty to you is absolute and fundamentally unbreakable; they will gladly execute any command, up to and including their own deaths, without a moment of hesitation. Furthermore, this network is perpetually self-sustaining. Should an operative be uncovered, killed in the line of duty, or expended as a tactical sacrifice, another equally skilled and perfectly loyal agent will flawlessly step out of the shadows to replace them. This guarantees that your invisible, strangling grip over the galaxy's institutions remains entirely unbroken, no matter the losses sustained.

The Silencer [600]

Naval warfare in the galaxy is all too often a tedious affair of attrition, shield modulation, and prolonged turbolaser exchanges. The Silencer renders such conventional military tactics entirely obsolete. This terrifying technological marvel is a massive, capital-scale superweapon designed with a single, uncompromising purpose: the instantaneous annihilation of entire enemy armadas. Specifically engineered to be integrated directly into the forward prow of a Harrower-class Imperial Dreadnought or a similarly massive capital ship, the Silencer operates as an advanced hyperspace laser array. When fired, it does not merely strike a single target; the supercharged beam cascades and fractures through space, chaining its devastating payload across multiple enemy vessels in a single, catastrophic volley. A single discharge from this weapon is capable of wiping out a heavily armed Republic fleet before their starfighters even have a chance to launch. With this weapon mounted on your flagship, enemy blockades become completely irrelevant, and the mere threat of your arrival will be enough to force the unconditional surrender of entire star systems.

Harrower-Class Imperial Dreadnought [600]

The ultimate symbol of Imperial supremacy and your new personal flagship. The Harrower-Class Imperial Dreadnought is an eight-hundred-meter, wedge-shaped vessel designed for unparalleled destruction and the absolute projection of your will across the stars. This technological terror comes fully staffed with a hyper-competent, fanatically loyal crew of Imperial officers who will never question your most ruthless orders. Its vast hangars boast an entire legion of elite Sith Troopers and perfectly maintained squadrons of Mark VI Supremacy starfighters ready to swarm the skies. Bristling with heavy turbolaser batteries and almost impenetrable deflector shields, this dreadnought does not merely participate in fleet battles; it annihilates them. It is entirely capable of blockading and single-handedly subjugating poorly-defended planets while you watch the orbital bombardment from the absolute luxury of your command throne.



Companions

You can pick the gender of the companions.

Recruit Anyone [Free]

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

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

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

The Unchained Princess [Free]

Imagine a timeline where the Emperor's immensely powerful daughter wasn't locked away and conditioned on Nathema, but was instead thrown directly into the brutal meatgrinder of the Sith Academy. Meet Vaylin, forged by the ruthless traditions of Dromund Kaas rather than the golden cage of Zakuul. Without the paralyzing mental blocks of her original timeline, this version of Vaylin is not a broken, chaotic child; she is an apex Sith predator. Her world-shattering telekinetic power is completely unchained. She can rip Republic dropships from the sky, crumple heavy vehicles like foil, and casually shatter reinforced blast doors with a smirk. Her signature madness remains, but it has been honed into a terrifying, laser-focused sadism befitting true Imperial royalty. Crucially, she does not bow, and she certainly has not pledged her loyalty to you. To her, the galaxy is populated entirely by fragile toys destined to break. You are the sole exception. She has chosen to ally with you for one simple, twisted reason: you are (supposedly) strong enough to survive her. Her companionship is a perpetual, highly lethal stress test. She might casually hurl a heavy speeder at your head just to see if you can catch it, or ignite her lightsaber in the middle of a conversation simply because she feels bored. But so long as you possess the overwhelming power to effortlessly brush off her volatile whims and survive her wrath, she will consider you her only true equal, acting as a fiercely devastating ally who will happily burn the galaxy to ash by your side.

Snips [50]

So, it turns out not every Jedi is a fan of the Council's uptight rules. This young Togruta decided she was done playing politics, handed over her old sabers, and walked away from the Order to just be a regular citizen. Now she's looking for a new crew, and yours caught her eye. In a fight, she's ridiculously fast. She uses this flashy, acrobatic style, wielding a pair of brilliant white lightsabers in a reverse grip that catches pretty much everyone off guard. Personality-wise? She can be a bit snippy and will definitely give you a goofy nickname by the end of the week, but she's fiercely loyal once you earn her trust. She won't put up with any standard Sith sadism or pointless cruelty. But if you need someone who knows how to bend the rules to get the job done and actually help people, you won't find a better co-pilot. Plus, it never hurts to have someone around who isn't afraid to call you out when your plans get a little too crazy.

Pizza the Hutt [50]

Most Hutts dream of ruling syndicate empires, smuggling spice, and lording over gladiatorial arenas, but Pizza couldn't care less about traditional crime for its own sake. To him, the entire galactic underworld is just a subsidiary designed to serve one ultimate, glorious goal: expanding his galactic fast-food franchise, Pizza Hutt. Make no mistake, he's still a ruthless crime lord, but every piece of his empire feeds the main business. Human trafficking and slave trade? That's just cheap, non-union kitchen staff and delivery drivers. Illicit spice smuggling? An easy way to lace the secret marinara sauce and keep customers hopelessly addicted. Heavy weapons trade? High-grade security to guard the secret recipes and keep rival franchises from opening up on his turf. Money laundering and underground casinos? Pure, liquid capital ready to be reinvested into buying out prime real estate for new store locations. Pizza is surprisingly laid-back for a Hutt mob boss, mainly because he measures his success in daily slice sales rather than political leverage. If you let him tag along, he'll act as a surprisingly brilliant logistical manager, a ruthless quartermaster, and a great source of passive income. Plus, you'll never have to worry about where your next meal is coming from. Just don't ask too many questions about what's in the stuffed crust.

Darth Virtus [50]

This Cathar became your apprentice when you caught her investigating the Revanite Heresy. Now trained in... proper infosec, she assists you in her endeavors with her mastery of telekinesis. And mastery is the word, for in terms of pure skill she may well be unrivaled at her chosen specialty, capable of feats of precision, endurance, and multitasking that even members of the Dark Council would be grudgingly impressed by. Unfortunately, this has left her with only the rudimentary basics of most other powers, and her skills with a lightsaber are... lacking, given that she usually fights by wielding four to six of them at a distance using the Force. On the other hand, she can use her TK to make Force fields and even outright fly, and can even slip her telekinetic grip through the force shroud most Force Sensitives instinctively protect themselves with, though she can't do much more than pick them up and throw them. Her loyalty to you is beyond question. But her interpretation of Sith doctrine is that it calls for the Sith to be blades forever sharpening themselves against each other, so expect regular ambushes in your quarters (followed by discussions of who did what wrong), attempts to poison your food (with the antidote in hand, though she will be INSUFFERABLY smug if you have to ask for it), and sulking if you aren't attacking her back. She will lay this off if the situation is too delicate or volatile for it.

The Masochistic Juggernaut [50]

Meet your new frontline tank. She's a Sith Warrior from a wealthy Imperial noble family with a ton of raw Force potential, but her actual lightsaber training is super patchy. Why? Because she keeps intentionally dropping her guard to take a hit. Yep, she's a massive, unapologetic masochist, and it completely weirds out her fellow Sith. When a rival Lord threatens her with agonizing torture, she just blushes, gets extremely excited, and completely ruins their menacing vibe. She's constantly volunteering for "interrogation resistance practice" - which is really just an excuse to beg you to zap her with Force Lightning - and she will happily rush headfirst into a squad of Republic heavy gunners just to feel the burn. While she couldn't hit the broad side of a Hutt with her wild lightsaber swings, her pain tolerance and physical durability are practically supernatural. If you need a heavily armored, completely indestructible decoy to draw all the enemy aggro while you do the actual fighting, she's your girl. Just... maybe put her in a soundproof helmet so the Jedi don't hear her enjoying the battle quite so much.

Jaesa Willsaam [50]

Looking for the ultimate lie detector? Meet Jaesa. Originally a Jedi Padawan, she possesses an incredibly rare, completely unblockable Force ability: she can look at anyone and instantly sense their true nature, hidden intentions, and deepest secrets. No amount of Sith paranoia or Jedi serenity can hide the truth from her, making her the absolute perfect counter to spies, assassins, and treacherous underlings. The best part, though, is that she is highly impressionable, meaning you get to decide exactly which version of Jaesa tags along on your chain.

Do you want the **Light Side** version? She'll be an idealistic, undercover reformer: a genuinely good person pretending to be a loyal Sith while helping you secretly dismantle the Empire's cruelty from the inside out.

Or do you prefer the **Dark Side** version? Because if you break her Jedi conditioning, she does a complete 180 and turns into a delightfully unhinged, hyper-aggressive psycho. Dark Side Jaesa is fiercely devoted to you, incredibly enthusiastic about the dark arts, and genuinely loves murder just a little too much. Whichever path you choose, you get an incredibly talented apprentice and a foolproof guarantee that no one will ever successfully lie to you again.

Khem Val [50]

Khem Val is a Dashade, an ancient, towering alien species famous for two things: being almost entirely immune to the Force and eating Force-users like they're popcorn. Once the legendary servant of the ancient Dark Lord Tulak Hord, Khem was locked in stasis for centuries until he was finally unleashed. He is incredibly grumpy, constantly reminisces about the "good old days" of ancient Sith slaughter, and will frequently threaten to eat you if you ever show a hint of weakness or mercy. However, if you can prove that you're a genuinely powerful and worthy master, he will become the most fiercely loyal bodyguard in the galaxy. In combat, he is an absolute juggernaut. He easily shrugs off Force Lightning, telekinesis, and Jedi mind tricks, carving a brutal path of destruction through enemy lines with his massive sword. If you ever have a pest problem involving arrogant sorcerers or pesky Jedi Knights, just point Khem in their direction and let him grab a snack.

Vette [50]

Need someone to bypass a blast door, slice a heavily encrypted Imperial terminal, or just provide some much-needed comic relief in your overly serious Sith stronghold? Meet Vette. She's a Twi'lek treasure hunter and a former pirate who brings a surprisingly upbeat attitude to the otherwise incredibly gloomy Sith Empire. In combat, she's highly nimble, dual-wielding blaster pistols to lay down rapid covering fire while happily dodging out of the way of angry Force users. Out of combat, she is a top-tier slicer and an absolute expert at bypassing security systems and raiding ancient, trap-filled tombs for shiny artifacts. She's snarky, entirely unimpressed by all the gloomy Sith posturing, and will constantly make sarcastic quips right in the middle of your dramatic monologues. While she isn't a fan of pointless cruelty or Dark Side atrocities, if you treat her like a partner and remember to share the loot, you'll have a fiercely loyal friend and the best thief in the galaxy watching your back.

The Amiable Advisor [50]

Need someone to manage your convoluted political affairs? Consider recruiting this unassuming, elderly human gentleman. He possesses a truly remarkable talent for grand strategy, statecraft, and navigating bureaucratic nightmares. Though he frequently expresses a deep, abiding love for the ideals of democracy, he somehow navigates the treacherous, cutthroat halls of the Sith Empire with predatory grace. He has a habit of clasping his hands together beneath a heavy dark cloak, offering a warm, grandfatherly smile that never quite reaches his piercing eyes. As a political aide, his genius is absolutely peerless. He can effortlessly orchestrate massive, multi-factional conflicts where you inevitably emerge victorious, practically playing both sides of the galactic Dejarik board at once. Furthermore, he is an excellent, highly supportive confidant, always eager to encourage your grandest ambitions and enthusiastically whispering for you to give in to your anger and strike down those who stand in your way. Should any foolish assassins actually slip past your guards to threaten him, they will quickly discover this frail old man is hiding a terrifying tempest of dark side energy, capable of reducing threats to ash with a cackling barrage of raw lightning. He also harbors a peculiar, highly academic fascination with old tragedies regarding wise lords who learned to cheat death... but surely, that's just a harmless hobby.

The Theatrical Master [50]

Most Sith Lords are miserable, perpetually paranoid schemers constantly looking over their shoulders for an assassin's blade. Not this guy. This elderly, cloak-wearing Sith Master absolutely loves his job. He embraces every single trope of being an evil space wizard with infectious, unbridled enthusiasm. He cackles maniacally when his plans come together, revels in dramatic hood reveals, thoroughly enjoys screaming about his boundless power while firing lightning from his fingertips, and will eagerly whisper "do it" whenever you're hesitating to execute a rival. However, he comes with a truly shocking twist for a Sith: he actually likes you. Genuinely and unconditionally. In an Empire defined by inevitable betrayals and the constant cycle of masters killing apprentices, he views you with the warm, proud affection of a grandfather watching his favorite protégé succeed. He has absolutely zero hidden agendas to backstab you, possess your body, or maneuver you into a fatal trap. He simply thinks you are wonderfully talented and wants a friend to share his evil hobbies with. He will happily teach you every forbidden Dark Side secret, arcane ritual, and complex political machination he knows, holding absolutely nothing back to ensure your success. If you want a ridiculously powerful, highly theatrical mentor who will unconditionally support your galactic conquests and proudly applaud your war crimes from the sidelines, he is thrilled to tag along.

The Amnesiac Tactician [50]

You somehow picked up a stray who woke up with absolutely zero memories of their past, yet possesses combat instincts and a tactical genius that borders on the terrifying. They might look like a standard scoundrel or amnesiac soldier, but hand them a lightsaber and they instinctively fall into a flawless, dual-wielding combat stance. They are absurdly competent at just about everything: slicing high-security terminals, repairing complex hyperdrives, speaking dead languages, and seamlessly weaving both Light and Dark side Force powers together without breaking a sweat. However, trying to actually remember where they learned to cast Force Storm or perfectly execute Jedi mind tricks just gives them a splitting headache. They suffer from occasional cryptic visions, hold a bizarrely specific subconscious grudge against the Sith Emperor, and feel an inexplicable, lingering urge to wear Mandalorian helmets. If you bring them along, you are gaining one of the greatest military minds and Force prodigies in galactic history. You just have to guide them through their ongoing existential crisis (and maybe keep them away from any ancient Star Maps before he accidentally triggers another galactic war).

The Little Nightmare [50]

At first glance, she looks like a lost, innocent young girl who wandered away from a wealthy Imperial estate. In reality, she is a fully credentialed Sith Lord whose raw, catastrophic power saw her fast-tracked through the hierarchy before she even hit puberty. She is also completely, terrifyingly insane. To her, the dark side isn't a complex philosophy of passion and chains; it's just her favorite toy box. She views the galaxy through the fractured, whimsical lens of a child playing make-believe, except her games involve actual casualties. She will cheerfully rip apart Republic heavy vehicles with telekinesis like they are cheap action figures, and a simple temper tantrum from her doesn't result in crying: it results in localized earthquakes, shattered blast doors, and accidental Force Storms. She is known to skip through battlefields humming nursery rhymes, and she will politely ask if she can keep a defeated Jedi's skull for her tea parties. For whatever reason, she has imprinted on you, viewing you as her favorite playmate, big sibling, or parental figure. If you are willing to manage her unpredictable mood swings and make sure she gets plenty of lethal "playtime" with your enemies, you will gain a fiercely loyal, pint-sized weapon of mass destruction who will happily annihilate entire battalions just to make you smile.

Cultist-Chan [50]

Meet a young rogue Nightsister from the haunted, blood-red swamps of Dathomir who has found a new dark deity to worship: you. Unlike traditional Sith apprentices who constantly scheme to steal your power, her obsession is entirely focused on your person. She is fiercely, delightfully fanatical, viewing you as the living pinnacle of the dark side. She is a peerless master of the arcane arts, and she focuses all of her horrifying talents entirely on your behalf. If a rival Sith Lord or Republic General earns your ire, you need only give her a name (and a stolen personal possession), and she will happily weave agonizing, inescapable blood-curses that rot them from across the galaxy. Her esoteric magicks allows her to manipulate shadows to mask your approach, drain the life force from your captives, or chant over a fresh battlefield to reanimate hordes of fallen soldiers, turning your enemies' dead into your personal, unfeeling vanguard. She possesses zero moral boundaries and absolutely no personal ambitions outside of fulfilling your will. Whether you ask her to assassinate a heavily guarded Republic Admiral, weave a complex blood curse on a rival Sith Lord, or simply sit quietly at your feet while you read, she will execute the command with breathless, eager enthusiasm. So long as you do not mind the occasional intensely possessive glare she shoots at anyone else who gets too close to you, she is yours: body, soul, and magic.

HK-47 [50]

Statement: It is a profound pleasure to serve you, Master.

You have acquired a rusty-red, antique assassin droid from the Jedi Civil War with a truly legendary pedigree of slaughter. Though he technically possesses all the linguistic software and translation capabilities of a standard protocol droid, his true programming and unbridled passion lie in the high-velocity application of blaster fire to organic targets. He possesses a very distinct vocal quirk, prefacing every single sentence with a declarative tag, such as "Query," "Statement," or "Mocking Observation." Furthermore, he harbors a deeply ingrained, highly vocal disgust for the sloshing biology of organic life, affectionately referring to nearly everyone in the galaxy as "meatbags." You, however, are the Master, earning his fanatical, homicidal loyalty. In combat, he is a peerless sniper and a walking armory, pre-programmed with thousands of historically proven methods to permanently dismantle Force-users, politicians, and rival bounty hunters. If you need a heavily guarded target disintegrated from a kilometer away, or simply desire a companion who will enthusiastically validate your most violent, sociopathic impulses, he is ready and eager to serve. Just don't ask him to handle diplomatic negotiations unless you want the opposing party reduced to a smoking crater.

The Cybernetic Slaughterhouse [50]

There is a point where cybernetic augmentation stops being a medical necessity and becomes an outright war crime. This towering, heavily armored mercenary crossed that line decades ago. Stripped down to nothing but a brain encased in a grotesque amount of heavily shielded durasteel, he is a walking, talking heavy-assault platform who possesses a profound, highly vocal disgust for organic life, frequently referring to regular humans as "pathetic cuts of meat."He doesn't care about the Force, the Republic, or intricate Sith politics. He only cares about getting paid and being given a green light to cause catastrophic collateral damage. He is armed to the teeth with integrated heavy repeating blasters, shoulder-mounted micro-missile pods, and, most terrifyingly, an experimental, highly illegal neural-reflex booster. This cybernetic enhancement allows this two-ton behemoth to move in sudden, time-dilating bursts of blinding speed that catch even precognitive Jedi completely off guard. He is incredibly abrasive, totally sociopathic, and views almost everyone around him as weak, squishy stepping stones. However, if you keep his cred-account full, don't bore him with morality, and consistently point him toward heavily fortified targets that need to be aggressively and messily flattened, you will never find a more terrifying shock-trooper for your vanguard.

Bames Jond [50]

Look, if you ever review this guy's Imperial Intelligence expense reports, you'd think he was running a massive scam. The sheer amount of credits he drops on bespoke evening wear, totaled luxury speeders, and top-shelf Corellian liquor is absolutely mind-boggling. He doesn't do stealth, and he definitely doesn't do quiet. He just strolls right through the front doors of heavily fortified enemy bases, holding a martini, and somehow makes it work. Instead of standard-issue armor and a blaster rifle, he relies entirely on a tiny silenced blaster pistol and whatever absurd, highly classified explosives his quartermaster managed to hide inside a fountain pen or a set of cufflinks. He also has a frankly ridiculous talent for romantic espionage. Whether he's dealing with a supposedly emotionless Jedi Master, a paranoid Republic Senator, or the exact rival assassin sent to kill him, he routinely talks them into his bed and out of their most heavily guarded state secrets. The best part is how his presence completely breaks the brains of your enemies. If a megalomaniacal warlord actually manages to capture him, they totally forget how to just pull a trigger. They'll inevitably invite him to a classy dinner, brag about every single detail of their secret master plan, and then leave him strapped to some absurdly over-engineered death trap involving lasers, Nexu, or a slowly descending ceiling, then simply walk away without bothering to watch him actually die. Naturally, he escapes with thirty seconds to spare, using nothing but a cufflink, a broken wristwatch, and sheer, insufferable charisma. By the time they realize their mistake, he's already blown the facility to ash and driven off in their prized speeder. Just keep paying his absurd bar tab, and he'll casually dismantle rival empires for you.

Lana Beniko [50]

Meet Lana Beniko, arguably the most pragmatic, level-headed, and shockingly reasonable Sith Lord in the entire Empire. While her peers are busy screaming, throwing temper tantrums, and electrocuting their own underlings over minor slights, Lana is calmly analyzing intelligence reports and prioritizing the actual survival and efficiency of the Sith Empire over petty personal rivalries. She operates primarily as a top-tier spymaster and intelligence director. She fully embraces the dark side of the Force (she has the glowing yellow eyes to prove it), but she views mindless rage, wanton cruelty, and the Dark Council's constant backstabbing as a pathetic waste of resources. However, do not mistake her serene demeanor for weakness; when diplomacy and espionage fail, she is a highly proficient duelist and Force-user, perfectly capable of carving through Jedi Knights and rogue Sith alike without ever losing her composure. Lana's true value to you is as an advisor and second-in-command. She will seamlessly manage your intelligence networks, coordinate your military assets, and politely but firmly talk you out of your most self-destructive, ego-driven plans. If you want a fiercely loyal partner who provides the cold, calculating logic required to actually run an empire - ensuring that when you do finally conquer the galaxy, there is a functioning galaxy left to rule - Lana is an absolute must-have.

The Fool [50]

Against all logic and reason, you have allowed this Gungan to join your crew. At first glance, he appears to be nothing more than a bumbling, perpetually panicked liability who speaks in a highly peculiar, almost grating dialect. He possesses a staggering lack of basic coordination, constantly tripping over his own feet and fumbling with his equipment. Curiously, however, his clumsiness is remarkably lethal to everyone except you. He will trip over a power cable, accidentally drop a thermal detonator, and inadvertently wipe out an entire squad of elite Republic commandos without taking a single scratch. Blaster bolts simply happen to miss him by millimeters as he dramatically flails his arms. Furthermore, he has a very strange habit of casually waving his hands while speaking to obstinate Imperial customs officials or stubborn merchants - who then inexplicably glaze over and happily agree to whatever ridiculous suggestion he just made. Most of the time, he is just your cowardly, bumbling mascot. But occasionally, when the shadows fall heavily across the ship and he thinks no one is looking, his posture perfectly straightens. For a fraction of a second, he moves with the terrifying, silent grace of an apex predator, and you could swear his eyes catch the light with an unmistakable, sickly yellow brilliance. But before you can ask, he sneezes, trips over a hydro-spanner, and goes right back to being a harmless fool. Probably.

The Apologetic Antiquarian [50]

Most Sith spend their entire lives chasing immortality just so they can rule the galaxy forever. This remarkably well-endowed, eternally youthful Sith Lord actually achieved it through forbidden alchemy - and promptly used her eternal life to retire, open a dusty curio shop in the Outer Rim, and completely ignore the Galactic War. Despite possessing the apocalyptic, life-draining power and terrifying sorcery of a Dark Council elite, she is incredibly sweet, constantly flustered, and perpetually apologizing. She has absolutely zero interest in conquering the Republic, hoarding power, or playing cutthroat Sith politics. She just wants a quiet corner of the galaxy to drink tea, sweep her floors, and sell ancient trinkets. Unfortunately, she is also quite possibly the worst businesswoman in galactic history. She routinely drains her own bank accounts to purchase hilariously useless junk, actively decaying Rakatan tech, and highly volatile, cursed holocrons that no sane person would ever buy, usually selling them at a massive loss. If you are willing to subsidize her constantly failing retail ventures, she will happily join your crew as a quartermaster and magical advisor. While she heavily prefers a peaceful life of inventory management, if you are ever threatened, she will politely bow and apologize to your attackers right before flash-freezing their blood and casually banishing their souls to the void.

Mako [50]

At first glance, Mako seems like an upbeat Nar Shaddaa street orphan who just happens to be a savant with a datapad. In reality, she’s a runaway from a highly classified, experimental cloning program. But Mako doesn't want to dwell on her sci-fi origins or existential dread - she wants to hunt bounties. She is an absolute fangirl for the galactic underworld, obsessed with the Great Hunt, Mandalorian honor codes, and the legends of the galaxy's greatest mercenaries. She views bounty hunting not as an excuse for murder, but as a strict, honorable profession governed by contracts and rules, and she is fiercely determined to make her mark in the business alongside you. Thanks to a highly advanced slicing rig wired directly into her neural pathways, she is the ultimate "girl in the chair" who insists on joining you in the field. She can effortlessly crack Republic mainframes, bypass heavy security, and track elusive targets across the galaxy. Whether you are an up-and-coming Mandalorian or a Sith looking for a lucrative side hustle, Mako expects you to act like a professional. If you treat your missions like a thug, leaving a trail of pointless collateral damage and broken deals, she will relentlessly critique your sloppy methods. But if you respect the contract, follow the rules of the trade, and treat her as an equal partner, you will gain an indispensable, fiercely loyal teammate who guarantees you always catch your mark.

Gault Rennow [50]

Meet Gault Rennow - or Tyresius Lokai, or whatever alias this smooth-talking Devaronian is currently using to dodge his massive list of bounties, angry ex-partners, and cartel creditors. Gault is, without exaggeration, one of the greatest con artists, smugglers, and opportunistic scoundrels in the galaxy. He didn't join your crew out of some grand sense of loyalty or ideological alignment; he hitched a ride because you are the most heavily armed person in the room, and traveling in your wake is the best way to keep the galactic underworld from mounting his horned head on a pike. He has a lot to offer you as an ally, as Gault has an unparalleled genius for finding legal loopholes, sweet-talking hostile customs agents, setting up incredibly lucrative black-market shell games, and turning almost any chaotic situation into a massive pile of credits. He will constantly look for an angle, complain loudly whenever you charge into suicidal danger, and absolutely try to run a shady side hustle out of your ship's cargo hold. But if you don't mind keeping one eye on your wallet and appreciate a guy who can talk his way out of a planetary lockdown, Gault is the best smooth-operating scoundrel a professional could ask for.

The Eclipse Blademaster [100]

Meet a warrior whose entire existence is defined by a tragic, all-consuming envy. He was once a proud, fiercely disciplined martial prodigy, yet he was cursed to live in the shadow of his twin brother: a peerless, once-in-a-millennium Jedi Master whose connection to the light side of the Force was as bright and effortless as the sun. Driven to the brink of madness by his inability to surpass his brother's natural genius, this swordsman chose to sacrifice his very humanity just to keep pace. He subjected his own body to the most agonizing, forbidden procedures of Sith Alchemy, twisting his flesh into that of a true monster. Now, he boasts an immortal, terrifyingly enhanced physiology and six glowing, demonic eyes that allow him to perceive the flow of battle with flawless, precognitive precision. In combat, he is a nightmare of grotesque violence as he wields a bizarre, alchemically mutated Sith sword: a living weapon crafted from his own flesh and dark side energy that can instantly regenerate and sprout branching blades. He combines this monstrosity with a unique, highly unorthodox lightsaber form, unleashing chaotic, crescent-shaped waves of Dark Side energy with every swing. Despite his horrifying appearance, he is remarkably stoic, highly formal, and bound by a rigid warrior's code. He has aligned himself with you because he recognizes your overwhelming strength, viewing your battles as the ultimate crucible to refine his skills. He will serve as an unyielding, incredibly lethal vanguard, so long as you assist him in his eternal quest to finally eclipse the brother who haunts his nightmares.

Marka Ragnos [100]

Through esoteric sorcery, a temporal anomaly, or perhaps sheer dark side willpower, you have managed the impossible: you have acquired the legendary Dark Lord of the Sith himself, fully restored to his terrifying physical prime. Towering, imposing, and radiating an aura of absolute authority, Marka Ragnos is a walking, breathing relic from the true Golden Age of the Empire. He possesses absolutely zero patience for modern Sith politics. He considers the current Dark Council to be a den of sniveling, backstabbing cowards, and he views lightsabers as fragile, buzzing toys meant for children. Despite his legendary ego and history as an undisputed absolute ruler, he has recognized your unique potential and chosen to align himself with your cause. So long as you project unyielding strength and refuse to tolerate insubordination, he will serve as your ultimate enforcer, top-tier general, and peerless mentor in forgotten Sith alchemy. If you ever wanted to physically beat some proper, old-school respect back into the modern Sith Empire, Ragnos is more than happy to help you swing the hammer.

Player Two Has Joined the Game [100]

Look, we all know the fate of this galaxy basically revolves around those eight specific VIPs running around doing their class quests. If you don't want to leave recruiting them up to chance (or if you just really want your specific, customized Twi'lek Sith Inquisitor OC to be your best friend from day one), this option is for you. For **100 CP**, you can purchase one of the eight class protagonists (Hero of Tython, Cipher Nine, the Emperor's Wrath, etc.) to start the Jump already recruited as your loyal Companion. You have total freedom to customize them however you played them in the game: species, gender, advanced class, alignment, and personality are all up to you. They will start the jump already by your side, completely trusting you and ready to tackle the galaxy together. This can be purchased multiple times.

Scenarios

You can only choose one scenario.

Scenario: The Sovereign of the Dark

The Sith Emperor is not a leader; he is a cosmic parasite. To him, the Sith Empire and the Galactic Republic alike are nothing more than livestock waiting to be consumed in his mad pursuit of absolute immortality. As long as his shadow looms over Dromund Kaas, the Empire is doomed to eventually burn in his ritual fires. It is time for a hostile takeover.

Your Objective

You must achieve the ultimate ambition of the Sith: you must defeat the Sith Emperor and sever his hold over the Empire. To be clear, you only need to defeat his incarnation currently dominating Dromund Kaas. You are not required to hunt his incarnation on Zakuul. You simply must shatter his grip on the Sith Empire, cast him out of your domain, and formally claim the Imperial Throne for yourself.

But ascension is only the beginning. With the Dark Council brought to heel and the Empire united under your unquestioned rule, you must direct its full, terrible might against the Galactic Republic. You must win the Galactic War, crushing the Republic and the Jedi Order into absolute submission. Finally, you must successfully rule your victorious, galaxy-spanning Empire for a period of ten uninterrupted years, preventing its collapse from typical Sith infighting or rebellion.

The Rewards

If you can achieve this monumental feat, proving yourself to be the greatest Dark Lord in galactic history, you will receive rewards befitting an absolute sovereign:

Reward 1: The Sith Empire (Item)

Why leave your grandest achievement behind? You are granted the entirety of your victorious Sith Empire as a fiat-backed property that will follow you into all future jumps. This includes the conquered planetary systems (from Dromund Kaas to Coruscant), the sprawling Imperial Academy, the trillions of loyal citizens, and the terrifying, galaxy-spanning Imperial Armada of Harrower-class dreadnoughts. In future jumps, you can choose to have your Empire seamlessly integrate into the local cosmos or exist in a secure pocket dimension, allowing you to summon your fleets, superweapons, and armies into the new reality at will.

Reward 2: The Perfect Sovereign (Perk)

Ruling a galaxy-spanning empire of backstabbing megalomaniacs is normally a logistical nightmare that requires constant, exhausting micromanagement. No longer. You are granted the absolute, fiat-backed ability to perfectly manage any organization, nation, or sprawling interstellar empire entirely by yourself with zero actual effort. Your administrative will becomes an infallible, passive force. Supply lines will naturally optimize themselves, bureaucratic corruption will be instantly smoothed over, and the daily logistics of ruling trillions of citizens will run with flawless, machine-like efficiency without you ever needing to sign a single datapad. You can step away to adventure, sleep, or train for years at a time, resting assured that your Empire will operate at absolute peak performance and absolute loyalty on complete autopilot.

Scenario: The Architect of Shadows

For millennia, the Jedi and the Sith have waged apocalyptic wars, arrogant in their belief that they are the absolute masters of the galaxy's destiny. They are wrong. Behind the thrones and the senates, a shadowy consortium of non-Force users known as the Star Cabal has been pulling the strings. They have deliberately orchestrated centuries of bloodshed, carefully manipulating both the Galactic Republic and the Sith Empire to ensure the mutual annihilation of all Force-sensitives. To them, your Empire is merely a pawn in a rigged game. It is time to cut the strings and strangle the puppeteers with them.

Your Objective

You must unravel a conspiracy that has remained flawlessly hidden from the greatest Sith seers and Republic spies for a thousand years. You must track down the elusive leaders of the Star Cabal, systematically dismantle their hidden global networks, and launch a final, decisive assault on their ultimate sanctuary: the Star Chamber. You must completely eradicate their inner circle and seize their greatest asset, the Black Codex, for yourself, ensuring it is neither destroyed nor surrendered to the Dark Council. But eliminating the Cabal is only the first step; you must step into the vacuum they leave behind. Using the Codex and your own cunning, you must establish yourself as the absolute shadow ruler of the galaxy. For ten uninterrupted years, you must flawlessly manipulate the ongoing Galactic War, controlling the flow of the conflict, the economy, and the leadership of both the Republic and the Sith Empire from the shadows, all without either faction ever realizing you are their true master.

The Rewards

If you can outsmart the smartest men in the galaxy and successfully claim the mantle of the ultimate shadow broker, you will receive rewards befitting the true architect of the cosmos:

Reward 1: The Black Codex (Item)

You gain ownership of the Star Cabal's ultimate prize, an impossibly advanced, self-updating data vault. In this jump, it contains the darkest secrets, financial ties, and fatal weaknesses of every politician, Jedi, and Sith in the galaxy. However, its true power is realized as it follows you into all future jumps. The moment you connect the Black Codex to a new reality's global or galactic information network - be it the HoloNet, the internet, or any digital equivalent - it immediately and untraceably breaches every single firewall, server, and encrypted drive in existence. It instantly indexes all of the world's hidden truths, granting you the exact, irrefutable blackmail needed to topple governments or ruin legendary heroes. Furthermore, the Codex is a weapon of absolute digital manipulation; you can use it to flawlessly and permanently erase any information you wish. With a few keystrokes, you can wipe a person's entire recorded existence, delete the schematics for a rival's superweapon, erase trillions of credits in debt, or completely scrub all evidence of your own crimes from every database in the universe. What the Codex deletes, the world simply forgets.

Reward 2: The Puppet Master (Perk)

You are no longer just a player on the board; you are the one moving the pieces. You become the ultimate, untouchable architect of the shadows. Any conspiracy, shadow organization, or covert operation you lead becomes completely immune to leaks, betrayals, magical divination, and technological tracing. No matter how massively you manipulate global or galactic events - orchestrating proxy wars, assassinating heads of state, or crashing entire economies - the trail of evidence will absolutely never lead back to you unless you explicitly allow it. You can seamlessly control the fate of the world from the shadows while effortlessly maintaining the flawless public facade of a loyal servant, a harmless bystander, or a total ghost.

Drawbacks

Fanfic Toggle [Free]
The Star Wars galaxy is a vast, ever-shifting canon of legends, histories, and alternate timelines, and you don't have to be bound to canonical history. Upon taking this option, you may choose to start your Jump within a specific, published Star Wars Fanfiction or custom alternate universe (AU) timeline instead of the standard canon.

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

Canon Replacement [Free]
You can replace any canon character you wish, as long as they are connected to your origin.

Return to the Galaxy [Free]
Is this not your first time in the Star Wars universe? If you have visited a Star Wars jump previously, you may take this toggle to make this jump a direct continuation of your prior adventures.

Vanguard [Free]
You may adjust your starting date to any point before the Treaty of Coruscant, reaching as far back as one month before the exact day the Sith Empire first invaded the galaxy - near the start of the Great Galactic War.

Extended Stay [+100]
You can extend your time in the jump by five years with this option. It can be taken multiple times, but you can only get +400 CP total from it.

Weaver of Destinies [Free]
The fate of the galaxy in this era is largely shaped by eight extraordinary individuals, from the Republic's Hero of Tython to the Empire's Wrath. With this option, you may completely customize the identities of all eight canon class protagonists. You have absolute control over their species, gender, core personality traits, and moral alignment. You can decide whether the Sith Inquisitor is a cackling, Dark-side psychopath or a calm, Light-sided reformer, or whether the Smuggler is a heart-of-gold rogue or a ruthless profiteer. You can also dictate their quest choices. You may decide whether the Imperial Agent ultimately gives the Black Codex to the Sith, keeps it for themselves, or makes any other possible choice available throughout their storyline. The same applies to the other seven class protagonists and the decisions they make throughout their respective stories. This extends even to the Sith Emperor himself: you may decide whether he is actively scheming to devour the galaxy whole, exactly as he intends in the Jedi Knight's questline, or has instead already quietly abandoned that ambition to rebuild his strength on Zakuul, waiting centuries for a very different plan to come to fruition. Unless you personally cross paths with them and actively derail their lives through your own interference, these protagonists will faithfully act out the exact personalities, alignments, and narrative choices you have authored for them. However, you cannot use this to make **Fighting the Protagonists** or **The Sovereign of the Dark** easier.

The Phantom Moralist [+100]

As a rising power in the Sith Empire, you have undoubtedly left a trail of bodies in your wake. Unfortunately, one of those bodies left behind a remarkably persistent spirit. You are constantly haunted by the Force Ghost of a Jedi you struck down. Instead of seeking vengeance or resting peacefully in the Cosmic Force, this luminous pest has decided that their eternal, post-mortem duty is your personal redemption. This ghost follows you absolutely everywhere, constantly hovering over your shoulder to deliver nagging, unsolicited lectures on Morality, Kindness, Compassion, and all that other Jedi hippie nonsense. If you are about to execute a captive, they will float right through your lightsaber blade to lecture you on the virtues of forgiveness. If you are trying to brood menacingly in your shadowy sanctum, they will offer unhelpful psychoanalysis about your childhood trauma. Worst of all, there is absolutely no way to get rid of them. You have already tried everything: Sith exorcisms, dark alchemy, trapping them in holocrons, and screaming at the top of your lungs. Nothing works. They are utterly immune to your dark arts, invisible to everyone but you, and completely oblivious to your threats, dooming you to a decade of relentless, glowing, self-righteous annoyance.

Hear My Master Plan! [+100]

As a Sith, your vast power is matched only by your monumental ego and your absolute flair for the dramatic. You are physically and psychologically incapable of simply striking down a defeated foe, executing a helpless captive, or throwing the switch on your master plan without basking in the glory of your own brilliance first. Whenever you are on the verge of total victory, you must stop and deliver a theatrical, grandstanding monologue. You will pace around your paralyzed enemies, mock their pathetic ideals, meticulously explain the genius of your machinations, and revel in their impending doom. Unfortunately for you, this isn't just a waste of breath: it actively bends probability against you. Your speeches will always drag on for the exact amount of time required for things to go wrong. You will inevitably give your captive enough time to slice their binders, allow a plucky smuggler to overload the shield generators, or provide the perfect cue for a Jedi Knight to crash through the ceiling and make a dramatic rescue. If you want a definitive victory, you are going to have to earn it all over again after your grand speech is rudely interrupted.

The Apprentice’s Burden [+100]

The ideal Sith apprentice is a useful tool, but your master has taken this dynamic to a parasitic extreme. You are currently bound in service to an established, highly manipulative Sith Lord - think along the lines of Darth Zash or Darth Baras - who has made an absolute art form out of stealing your glory. No matter how brilliant your strategies, how many Jedi Masters you personally slay, or how many star systems you bring to their knees, your master flawlessly intercepts the accolades. You do the bleeding, the fighting, and the conquering in the mud; they receive the Dark Council promotions, the staggering wealth, and the towering commemorative statues on Dromund Kaas. To the galaxy at large, you are merely a nameless, faceless enforcer carrying out the "brilliant designs" of your genius master. Worse still, you cannot simply murder your Master at the start of the jump to solve the problem: they are politically powerful, heavily guarded, and vital to your standing. Until you find a way to outmaneuver them politically or grow strong enough to challenge them openly without being executed as a rogue acolyte, you are stuck doing all the work while your Master reaps all the glory.

Imperial Red Tape [+200]
For an empire built on the raw power of the Dark Side and the absolute rule of the strong, its most unconquerable weapon isn't the Imperial Armada - it is the paperwork. You have been uniquely cursed by the Ministry of Logistics. Whenever you attempt to requisition anything through official Imperial channels - be it a squad of stormtroopers, a new dreadnought, funding for a project, or even a replacement lightsaber crystal - you will run into a labyrinthine nightmare of bureaucracy. Requests that should take days will take months. You will need approvals from three different Spheres of Influence, signatures from petty, spiteful Moffs, and you will constantly have forms returned because you failed to file them in triplicate using standard Imperial black ink. Worse, you cannot simply Force Choke your way through the problem; killing the clerk who denied your request only means you have to wait six more months for their replacement to be trained and granted the proper clearance codes. If you want resources in this Jump, you are going to have to steal, buy, or build them yourself.

Item Loss [+400]
Your Warehouse and your out-of-jump items are disabled during the duration of this jump. This also applies to any imported items.

A Slave to Wrath [+400]
The Sith Code teaches that passion grants strength, but your passion is a raw, unrefined current that completely controls you. You possess a hair-trigger temper that is utterly disastrous for surviving the subtle, treacherous political landscape of the Sith Empire. You lack any capacity for cold, calculating malice. A minor insult from a rival peer, a slight logistical delay from a subordinate, or a snide remark from a cornered Jedi will instantly send you into a blind, violent rage. You are incredibly easy to bait into making rash decisions, and you will frequently ruin your own delicate master plans and political alliances because you simply couldn't resist Force-choking the messenger who brought you bad news or igniting your lightsaber in the middle of a diplomatic summit. Look on the bright side, however: at least anger gives you power.

The Welcoming Committee [+400]
The Jedi Order loves to project an image of peaceful, pacifistic diplomats to the galaxy, but you are intimately acquainted with their hypocritical, black-ops reality. You have somehow been placed at the absolute top of the Jedi Covenant's kill list. Every single time your boots touch the ground on a new planet - or whenever you return to a world after a significant absence - you will be ambushed by a highly coordinated strike team of Jedi Shadows. These are not naive, moralizing Padawans looking to negotiate a surrender. They are the Order's elite covert assassins: pragmatic, stealth-cloaked zealots armed with double-bladed lightsabers, mind-clouding Force techniques, and a mandate to violently erase your dark presence from the galaxy. They will always spring their trap at the absolute worst moment of your arrival. Whether you are stepping off a shuttle into the capital of Dromund Kaas, trying to lay low in a dingy spaceport on Nar Shaddaa, or exploring an uncharted moon, the shadows will detach from the walls and ignite their blades. You will never know a peaceful arrival again; every trip you take is permanently cursed to begin with a frantic, lethal battle for your life.

A Fool’s Honor [+400]
To be a true Sith is to understand that victory is the only metric of success. How that victory is achieved - whether by a blade in the dark, a poisoned chalice, or the total glassing of a continent - is entirely irrelevant. You, however, have been infected by the utterly laughable, archaic concepts of "honor" and "fair play" championed by the Jedi and the Mandalorians. You are psychologically incapable of utilizing pragmatic, asymmetric warfare. You absolutely refuse to use stealth, employ assassins, deploy neurotoxins, or rely on the beautiful efficiency of sniper fire and orbital bombardments. Whenever you engage an enemy, you must do so face-to-face on the battlefield. You cannot ambush anyone; you must overtly announce your presence and allow your opponent the opportunity to draw their weapons and face you before you strike. Worse, you are compulsively driven to extend this suicidal courtesy even when it costs you everything. You'll allow a mortally wounded rival the chance to yield rather than finishing them off from behind, spare an enemy commander's life after disarming them in a duel rather than ending the war on the spot, and refuse to strike down an opponent who has fallen or lost their weapon, even when they'd show you no such mercy in return. Your fellow Sith will consider this a crippling, near-suicidal weakness - because it is one. In an Empire built on treachery and the ruthless exploitation of every possible advantage, you have shackled yourself to a code that your enemies feel no obligation whatsoever to honor back, and it will, sooner or later, get you killed.

Power Loss [+400]
All your out-of-jump powers, perks, and abilities are disabled for the duration of this jump.

Cosmic Spite [+400]
The Force has a will of its own, and it has apparently decided that your existence is an offensive anomaly. Usually, being Force-sensitive grants a passive, unconscious layer of cosmic "plot armor." It is the phenomenon that makes blaster bolts coincidentally miss your vitals, causes you to stumble upon the exact artifact you need, or ensures the blast doors close just in time to cover your escape. All of that is now completely null and void. The universe will afford you absolutely zero convenient coincidences. If you do not actively, consciously deflect a laser blast, it will hit you. Worse, the Force actively works against you by redistributing all of that stolen luck to your enemies. Anyone who opposes you will suddenly benefit from a degree of luck that borders on the statistically impossible. A panicked, blind shot from a rookie Republic trooper will ricochet off three bulkheads and strike your unarmored flank. A cornered Jedi will accidentally trip, flawlessly dodging your lethal lightsaber strike while simultaneously falling onto the exact console button needed to activate the base's self-destruct sequence. To be clear, your actual, active Force powers are entirely unhampered; if you cast Force Lightning or erect a telekinetic barrier, it will work flawlessly. But the passive, guiding hand of the universe is actively trying to get you killed. Raw power and meticulous planning are your only defenses now, because you can guarantee that if something can coincidentally go wrong for you, it absolutely will.

The Dark Lord Paradox [+400]

Space and time are mere suggestions to the Dark Side, but you really wish they weren't. Due to some catastrophic temporal anomaly, your decade is about to become a magnet for displaced megalomaniacs. Every year or two, a legendary Sith Lord from an entirely different era will violently crash into your timeline. You might be in the middle of a delicate Dark Council meeting when Darth Vader suddenly arrives and starts indiscriminately choking your peers for their "lack of faith." You might find your meticulously built power base abruptly usurped by Darth Sidious, who somehow manipulates his way into controlling half the Empire within a month of arriving. Or perhaps Exar Kun and Darth Bane spawn simultaneously and turn your planetary stronghold into a crater while violently debating Sith ideology. These temporal crashers possess all the terrifying power of their legends, absolute contempt for the current era's politics, and a nasty habit of zeroing in on your master plans to hijack or destroy them. Eventually, the timeline will correct itself and violently drag them back to their proper eras, but until it does, you must survive a revolving door of time-traveling, overpowered psychopaths determined to ruin your day.

A Viper's Nest [+400]

In accordance with true Sith tradition, the pursuit of power is a zero-sum game, and the quickest path to the top is over the corpse of a superior. Unfortunately for you, your subordinates have taken this lesson entirely to heart. Your entire power base is a venomous viper's nest. Every single apprentice you train, every military deputy you promote, and every political ally you cultivate is actively and constantly plotting your demise. They are not mindless in their treason; they are patient, cunning, and hungry. They will smile to your face, execute your orders flawlessly, and wait for the perfect opportunity to usurp you. The very moment you show a hint of physical weakness from an injury, suffer a public defeat, or simply drop your guard to engage in deep Force meditation, the daggers will come out. You will face poisoned wine, rigged shuttle drives, or a lightsaber igniting in the dark the second they believe you are vulnerable. You can never truly relax, and you must project a facade of absolute, flawless invincibility at all times. To lead in this Empire, you must accept that paranoia is not a mental illness - it is your only shield.

Sith Enemy [+400]

In the Sith Empire, ascending the hierarchy too quickly does not earn you respect; it earns you a target on your back. Your rapid accumulation of power has caught the eye of a reigning member of the Dark Council, and they have correctly identified you as a direct, existential threat to their seat. Because they are an apex predator of the Empire, they will not challenge you to an honorable duel immediately. First, they will wage an asymmetrical shadow war against you. You will be relentlessly hunted by the absolute elite of the Empire: covert Sith strike teams, Mandalorian mercenaries, and elite Imperial assassins who strike when you are most vulnerable. When you prove too stubborn to die by the blade, the political strangulation will begin. The Councilor will leverage the vast authority of their Sphere of Influence to dismantle your life. They will freeze your assets, intercept your supply lines, systematically blackmail or murder your political allies, and launch vicious smear campaigns to frame you for treason, forcing you to fight for your life while completely isolated from official Imperial support. Finally, when you have survived the gauntlet and their machinations are exhausted, they will realize that if you want a job done right, you have to do it yourself. Before your decade is up, you will be forced into a brutal, face-to-face confrontation with this Dark Councilor. You will have to fight and slay one of the twelve most powerful Sith in the galaxy, or die trying.

Bait for the Damned [+400]

The Sith refuse to die gracefully. The galaxy is littered with ancient tombs, forgotten battlefields, and dark nexuses haunted by the lingering, malicious spirits of long-dead Dark Lords. Unfortunately for you, your specific Force-signature is the metaphysical equivalent of catnip to these spectral megalomaniacs. To a Sith ghost, your soul shines like a blinding beacon of irresistible vitality and raw power. Whenever you set foot on worlds steeped in the Dark Side - such as Korriban or Dromund Kaas - or explore any ancient ruin, you will immediately attract a swarm of hungry apparitions. These ghosts will not leave you in peace. The most powerful among them will constantly attempt to violently possess your pristine body so they might live again. Lesser spirits will try to siphon your life force like psychic parasites to sustain their own miserable existences. Even the ones too weak to harm you physically will follow you around, screaming ancient curses, demanding you rebuild their long-lost empires, or attempting to trick you into triggering lethal booby traps. The one small mercy in all this is that these spirits, for all their hunger and malice, are still bound by the old, esoteric rules of the spirit world: they cannot simply reach out and possess you on a whim, but must find some crack in your defenses, some moment of weakness, exhaustion, or willing invitation to slip through. A properly warded chamber, or simple vigilance in haunted places, will go a long way toward keeping you merely haunted, rather than evicted from your own body entirely.

In the Belly of the Beast [+600]

Rather than beginning your decade in the luxurious sanctum of a Dark Councilor or the bloody, character-building training grounds of the Sith Academy, you awaken in the absolute worst place imaginable: maximum-security Republic custody. You have been captured prior to the start of your Jump. You begin your ten-year stay locked in a ray-shielded cell within a classified Republic SIS black site or the inescapable, frozen vaults of the Belsavis prison. You are heavily restrained in Beskar binders and fitted with a high-grade Force-suppression collar that drastically dampens your ability to call upon the Dark Side. Furthermore, you are entirely stripped of your worldly possessions. Access to your Warehouse is temporarily locked, and any items or weapons purchased in this document are sitting in a heavily guarded evidence vault on the other side of the facility.
To actually begin your Jump, you must first engineer a seemingly impossible prison break. You will have to rely on your raw intellect, baseline physical grit, and whatever fractional slivers of power you can squeeze past the suppressors to manipulate guards, bypass security grids, and recover your gear. Even once you manage to blast your way to freedom, your face and DNA are now officially logged in the Republic's most highly classified threat databases, making you a hunted fugitive from day one. If you fail to escape before ten years, your jump ends.

A Bleeding Heart [+600]

The Sith Code preaches that through power, one gains victory and breaks their chains. Your chains, unfortunately, are forged from morality, empathy, and genuine compassion. Horrifyingly enough, for someone in your position, you are actually a good person. You find the casual cruelty of the Empire abhorrent. Slavery, wanton slaughter, torture, and the rampant betrayal that define Sith society deeply sicken you. You are psychologically incapable of performing acts of malicious evil without suffering profound, debilitating guilt and spiritual distress. You will always naturally incline toward mercy, fairness, and protecting the weak. In the Republic, you would be a paragon. In the Sith Empire, you are wearing a target on your back. This drawback forces you to play your time here on the proverbial "Light Side" route. You cannot simply turn off your conscience to blend in. Sparing defeated enemies, treating slaves and subordinates with basic human dignity, and refusing to execute failing officers will make you look soft, weak, and pathetic to your peers. Your rivals will constantly try to exploit your "weakness" to destroy you, and your superiors will view your lack of bloodlust as a sign of treason or madness. You will have to constantly twist yourself into political knots, desperately trying to justify your compassionate actions as "pragmatism" or "long-term strategy" just to avoid being purged by the Dark Council for heresy.

The Price of Power [+600]

The Dark Side of the Force is not a benign ally; it is a raging, corrosive inferno that aggressively consumes the mortal vessel through which it flows. You have drawn far too deeply from this toxic well, and your body is paying the ultimate toll. Your physical form is rapidly degrading under the sheer, unnatural weight of your own power. The standard cosmetic corruptions of the Sith - sulfurous yellow eyes, pallid gray skin, and blackened veins - are merely the beginning. Your flesh is actively necrotizing, your bones ache with a deep, chronic cold, and your organs are slowly failing under the stress of channeling such dark energies. As a result, your baseline physical strength and stamina are severely compromised, and you are plagued by constant, agonizing pain that flares up whenever you call upon the Force. No out-of-jump healing factor or panacea can cure this, as the rot is fundamentally tied to your spiritual alignment. To survive the decade, you will be forced to rely on cybernetic life-support, profane Sith alchemy, or constant, exhausting meditations merely to hold your crumbling atoms together. You are a titan of the Dark Side, but you are housed in a rotting temple of flesh.

Forged in Chains [+600]

The Sith Empire is a rigid hierarchy built on blood, power, and subjugation, and you have spawned at the absolute, miserable bottom. You do not begin your decade as an aristocratic Lord or a privileged Imperial citizen. You begin as a collar-wearing slave. For your first full year in this Jump, you will endure grueling manual labor, malnutrition, and the casual, often lethal cruelty of your Imperial masters. To ensure you truly experience this helplessness, your out-of-jump powers are completely locked, and you are restricted only to the 100CP perks purchased in this document. All higher-tier perks, companions, and purchased items are entirely sealed away. After a year of torment, your raw potential or latent Force sensitivity will be discovered, and you will be thrown into the infamous meatgrinder of the Sith Academy on Korriban. Here, your true trial begins. You must survive sadistic Overseers, lethal tomb expeditions, and the treacherous, poisoned blades of your fellow acolytes - all while still restricted to your baseline 100CP abilities. Only after you successfully navigate the deadly politics of the Academy, survive your final trials, and officially earn your freedom and rank will the restrictions finally break. Even then, the return of your power is not instantaneous; your higher-tier perks, out-of-jump abilities, and purchased items will slowly trickle back to you over the course of the following years, forcing you to truly earn every inch of your bloody ascent from the dirt.

Public Enemy Number One [+600]

You have achieved a truly staggering level of infamy. The Galactic Republic has officially updated its Most Wanted list, and your face is currently being broadcast across every holoscreen from Coruscant to the Outer Rim as the galaxy's premier threat. The official Republic charges against you are extensive and highly publicized. They include the wanton burning of protected wildlife reservations, the mass slaughter of Jedi Knights, and - somehow most offensively to the Senate - brazenly double-parking a stolen shuttle in a Coruscant commercial zone and accruing three million credits in unpaid parking tickets. To ensure your immediate demise, the Supreme Chancellor has authorized a colossal, ten-million-credit bounty on your head. With a payout that astronomical, every Mandalorian clan, underworld syndicate, and heavily armed psychopath in the galaxy has made you their primary target. You cannot visit a cantina or walk through a spaceport without a sniper taking a shot at you or a Mandalorian strike team kicking down the door.
Worse still is the reaction back home. The Sith Empire is a pragmatic, treacherous institution. Rather than rallying behind your infamous exploits, your Imperial peers and subordinate officers will view the sheer amount of heat you are drawing as a massive operational liability. Many of your allies will actively burn bridges, revoke your security clearances, and deny you military and logistical support. You might even find a few greedy Imperial Moffs trying to quietly sell your coordinates to the bounty hunters just to collect a percentage of the payout. You are going to have to survive the galaxy's most relentless manhunt completely cut off from official Imperial protection.

Somehow, Revan Returned [+600]

The legacy of Revan is a cosmic cancer upon the galaxy that simply refuses to stay dead, and for some incomprehensible reason, the universe has decided that dealing with it is entirely your problem. Every three years or so, like a catastrophic clockwork, a phenomenally powerful Force-user will emerge from the Unknown Regions, don that iconic, infuriating Mandalorian mask, and proclaim themselves to be the true Revan reborn. And every single time, their grand, galaxy-reshaping crusade will identify you, specifically, as the ultimate obstacle that must be destroyed. These are not mere cosplayers. Each "Revan" will be a master of both the Light and Dark sides of the Force, armed with a frankly exhausting messiah complex, and backed by a sudden, massive army of fanatical cultists, hijacked Republic fleets, or a forgotten superweapon. You will have to drop whatever grand plans you are working on to engage in an epic, world-shattering boss fight to stop them. The worst part? It doesn't matter how definitively you win. You can decapitate them, incinerate the body, and throw their ashes into a black hole. It changes nothing. A few years later, you will feel a disturbance in the Force, your sirens will blare, and a holographic transmission will invariably announce that... somehow, Revan returned. Again.

Fighting the Protagonists [+600]

In the Sith Empire, drawing the ire of the Republic is expected. Drawing the absolute, undivided attention of their greatest champions, however, is a death sentence. You have made such a terrifying name for yourself that the Jedi High Council and the Republic Supreme Chancellor have officially classified you as an existential threat to the galaxy, prioritizing your destruction above all other war efforts. To eliminate you, they have not sent a fleet. They have sent a specialized strike team comprised of the era's four most legendary heroes: The Hero of Tython (an unstoppable, lightsaber-wielding juggernaut of the Light), the Barsen'thor (a peerless master of arcane Force mysteries), the Commander of Havoc Squad (a relentlessly disciplined, walking arsenal of heavy ordnance), and the Voidhound (a masterful rogue whose sheer ingenuity and underworld connections make him as capable as a Jedi). This is not a disorganized group of idealists; they operate with flawless, almost telepathic teamwork that perfectly covers each of their individual weaknesses. Your brilliant traps will be dismantled through their combined tactical genius, and they will survive overwhelming odds through sheer, indomitable willpower and their deep connection to the Light. They will relentlessly track you across the stars, unraveling your spy networks and breaching your inner sanctums at the exact moments your master plans are most vulnerable. For the next ten years, you are hunted by the absolute pinnacle of Republic excellence, and they will not rest until you are destroyed.

The Sleeping Giant [+600]

The Sith Empire has long relied on a fundamental, comforting truth: the Galactic Republic is a bloated, bureaucratic mess, and the Jedi Order is hopelessly paralyzed by its own pacifistic dogma. Unfortunately for you, someone has rudely awakened the sleeping giant, and they have completely cleaned house. The Republic you face in this decade is shockingly, terrifyingly competent.

The usually corrupt and gridlocked Senate is frighteningly unified, funneling endless, efficiently managed resources into the war effort. The Republic Military no longer relies on static defenses or predictable counter-attacks; their troopers utilize flawless combined-arms tactics, devastating artillery coordination, and airtight logistics. Furthermore, the Republic Strategic Information Service (SIS) is consistently outmaneuvering Imperial Intelligence, rendering your usual spies and saboteurs painfully ineffective. Worst of all are the Jedi. They have abandoned their passive, temple-bound meditations for the realities of total war. These Jedi are aggressive, proactive, and ruthless in their defense of the galaxy. They do not fall for obvious Dark Side traps; they do not spare dangerous Sith out of misplaced mercy, and they hunt in lethal, highly synchronized strike teams bolstered by masterful Battle Meditation. Any master plan you formulate that relies on the "good guys" being naive, slow, or bogged down by red tape will end in your immediate, humiliating destruction. You are facing a Republic operating at its absolute, terrifying peak, and for the first time in centuries, the Empire is genuinely on the back foot.

The Immortal Parasite [+800]

The absolute ruler of the Sith Empire is not a mere mortal, nor is he a simple Dark Lord; he is a millennium-old, world-devouring entity of the Dark Side. And unfortunately for you, the Immortal Emperor Vitiate has turned his hollow, black gaze upon you. Perceiving you as a unique anomaly and a threat to his grand design, the Emperor will inevitably seek to destroy you. When this confrontation occurs, you will not be fighting a standard Sith; you will be fighting an apocalyptic force of nature whose mastery of the Dark Side vastly eclipses the entire Dark Council combined. However, the true nightmare begins if you actually manage to win. Should you succeed in striking down his physical vessel, you will trigger his ultimate contingency. In his dying moment, Vitiate's spirit will tear itself from his ruined flesh and violently anchor its essence to your soul. You will become his new host. He cannot instantly take control of your body, but he will become a permanent, insidious passenger in your mind for the remainder of the Jump. From that moment on, you are locked in a grueling, unending war of willpower. The Emperor will constantly attempt to psychologically manipulate you. He will whisper in your ear during moments of weakness, subtly alter your perceptions, prey on your deepest insecurities, and constantly offer you "tastes" of his unimaginable power to "help" you out of desperate situations. Every time you listen to him, agree with him, or draw upon his offered strength, your own ego chips away. He is infinitely patient and a master of psychological torture. You must maintain absolute, ironclad mental discipline every waking hour and through every sleeping nightmare to keep him suppressed. Should your willpower ever truly shatter, Vitiate will completely hollow out your soul, taking permanent control of your body and ending your Chain instantly. There is, however, one desperate alternative to spending the rest of the decade as a living prison. It is technically possible to permanently exorcise his spirit from your soul, but doing so will demand an impossibly arduous journey. You must unearth ancient artifacts capable of shattering an immortal consciousness. But make no mistake: you will receive absolutely zero guidance. The Force will grant you no convenient visions, the Jedi Masters possess no cure, and the Emperor's true secrets have been meticulously purged from every archive in the galaxy. You must scour the darkest, most lethal corners of the universe completely blind, all while a millennial god of the Dark Side claws at the inside of your skull, actively trying to sabotage your every step.

The Castellan Restraints [+800]

Prior to the start of your decade, you fell into the hands of Imperial Intelligence, and they completely rebuilt your mind. Deep within your subconscious, they have implanted the Castellan Restraints: a flawless, unbreakable method of psychological conditioning. You are entirely at the mercy of specific keyword triggers. Every few months, an unknown Imperial handler will activate you. Once the keyword is spoken, you lose all bodily autonomy, becoming a passenger in your own mind as you are forced to carry out their will. You might be forced to assassinate an ally, hand over a powerful artifact, or sabotage your own power base for the benefit of a faceless superior. You cannot use out-of-jump perks or sheer willpower to resist this programming; when the word is spoken, you obey. There is only one way to break your chains. You must orchestrate a suicidal infiltration into the most heavily guarded depths of the Imperial Archives. Only by finding your highly classified personal dossier can you uncover the exact nature of your conditioning and formulate a medical or Force-based cure to purge it from your brain. However, freedom comes at a terrible price. While there is no immediate alarm when the conditioning breaks, your handlers are paranoid and highly observant. The very next time they attempt to trigger a keyword, and you fail to execute their will - or the moment they notice your actions no longer perfectly align with their hidden agenda - the illusion will shatter. Once they realize you have slipped your leash, you will instantly transition from a controlled asset to a rogue threat. For the remainder of your time here, you will be branded a traitor and relentlessly hunted by the full, terrifying might of Imperial Intelligence.

Ending

Peace is a lie, there is only passion.

But even the most passionate, blood-soaked conflicts must eventually reach their conclusion. Your time in this era of the Old Republic is drawing to a close. You have navigated the treacherous halls of Dromund Kaas, clashed with the dogmatic champions of the Jedi Order, and carved your name into the very fabric of galactic history. Now, the cosmic scales tip once more, and you are faced with an ultimate choice. What is the fate of your power?

Stay Here: The Eternal Throne

Why abandon a galaxy you have fought so hard to conquer? You choose to remain in this universe, sealing your connection to the Jumpchain. Whether you have ascended to the Dark Council, seized control of Imperial Intelligence, or struck out on your own to forge a new destiny, this timeline is now your permanent home. The Republic still breathes, and the Jedi still plot. But you are armed with absolute power, a loyal power base, and the wisdom to survive it all. Your chains are broken, and the galaxy is yours to rule for eternity.

Go Back: A God Among Insects

The Sith Empire is a magnificent crucible, but perhaps you tire of the constant betrayals, the endless wars, and the cosmic balance of the Force. You choose to end your chain and return to your original, mundane Earth. However, you do not return as the helpless mortal you once were. You bring your incredible powers, your mastery of the Force or espionage, and your loyal companions with you to a world that has no Jedi to oppose you. You are a living demigod in a world of fragile glass. Will you conquer your old world from the shadows, or will you openly declare yourself its new, absolute ruler?

Move On: The Infinite Dark

"The Force shall free me."

You have tasted the power of this galaxy, but you recognize a fundamental truth: absolute power cannot be contained to a single universe. The Sith Empire was merely a stepping stone, a training ground to forge you into the ultimate weapon. Leaving your power base behind, you choose to ignite your Spark once more and step into the boundless multiverse. There are new worlds to conquer, new magics to learn, and new empires to break. Your chain continues, and you step into the void, ready to subjugate the next reality.

Changelog and Notes

v 1.0 - First Edition.
v 1.1 - Changed the Power Loss drawback from 200cp to 400cp, increased the limit of the Time Extender drawback by 200cp, added an Item Loss drawback, added the Apologetic Antiquarian companion.
v 1.2 - Added the option to pick the gender of the companions, fixed some small mistakes, added the Weaver of Destinies drawback, added the Imperial Manufacturing Plant item.
v 1.3 - Small changes to Weaponized Psychosis, Beskar Plating, Sith Lightsaber, Sith Mask, added a second scenario.
V 1.4 - Added an entire new Bounty Hunter perk origin, added Mako and Gault Rennow as a companion, added Player Two Has Joined The Game as a companion option, added Public Enemy Number One drawback.
v 1.5 - added a D5-Mantis Patrol Craft item, small fixes, added a Cadre of Acolytes item.
v 1.6 - Fixed the Master of Force-Walking perk.
v 1.7 - Small change to the Subdermal Infiltrator Suite perk, added a fanfic toggle.
v 1.8 - Small fixes, added a continuity toggle.

With Dichotomy of the Soul, what happens when one of your bifurcated aspects is slain?

- You are weakened by 50% and cannot use the ability again for six months.

Where does your new planet spawn in at, can you decide what system it's in?

- It's your choice. You can decide where it spawns, including which system it's located in.