

GENERIC SEX COMEDY

A jump by SpazzWave. Version 1.1

High school and college. The guidance counselors and glossy brochures will tell you that these are the most important years of your life. They say it's the time where people truly discover themselves, prepare for a bright, shining future, and forge lifelong, meaningful bonds.

Yeah, right. What a colossal load of bullshit.

Let's be real. It is the time where people are so blindly, aggressively, mind-numbingly horny that they would happily dry-hump a warm couch cushion if they thought they could get away with it. It's an era defined by cheap keg beer, terrible decisions, catastrophic social anxiety, and trying to figure out how to unhook a bra with one hand while sweating profusely in the backseat of a beat-up sedan.

Welcome to the Generic Sex Comedy.

Throw real-world logic and basic human decency right out the fucking window. In this universe, everyone operates on pure, unapologetic Hollywood movie logic. That means every "awkward freshman" is played by a ridiculously attractive 25-year-old actor, the so-called nerds are just supermodels wearing baggy sweaters and fake glasses, and the jocks look like they've been on a strict steroid regimen since middle school.

For the next ten years, your biggest existential threats aren't life or death. Your biggest threats are graduating a virgin, getting expelled by a tyrannical Dean who has a raging vendetta against you, or getting caught on camera doing something highly illegal to a warm pastry. The stakes have never been lower, but the hormones have never been higher.

To help you survive a decade of slapstick humiliation and unapologetic degeneracy, you have **1000 CP** to spend. Use them to buy some fake IDs, pick up some ride-or-die degenerate friends, and maybe secure a magic condom. Don't blow your load all in one place.

Grab a red Solo cup and a ping-pong ball. Let's get stupid.

Origins

You can freely choose your gender for any of these, meaning "MILF" easily translates to "DILF" if you prefer.)

The Horny Virgin (Age 18)

You are at the absolute bottom of the social food chain. Your sex drive is currently steering your life like a drunk driver behind the wheel of a stolen Ferrari. You are entirely inexperienced, pathetically desperate, and you definitely spend way too much time furiously clearing your browser history. But despite being a total bumbling loser with a brain located entirely below the belt, you've got a heart of gold. The universe inherently loves an underdog, and it's secretly rooting for you to finally get your dick wet (assuming you don't accidentally set the school on fire or get arrested).

The Frat Bro (Age 18-22)

Pop your polo collar, put your backwards cap on, and grab a beer funnel, bro. You are the undisputed apex predator of Greek Row. You're a loudmouthed, aggressively confident meathead who crushes empty beer cans on his forehead, treats every single Tuesday morning like it's Spring Break, and uses the word "bro" as a comma. By all logical metrics, you should be heavily despised by polite society, but thanks to your completely unearned confidence, washboard abs, and sociopathic levels of charisma, hot people absolutely flock to you. You are the undisputed king of the campus, and this next decade is just one long, glorious, liver-destroying bender.

The MILF (Age 35-50)

You are older, wiser, and substantially hotter than anyone your age has any right to be. Whether you are someone's incredibly distracting hot mom, a bored suburban housewife with a heavy pool-boy fixation, or the strict teacher that everyone secretly fantasizes about, you are the ultimate forbidden fruit. You look at the youth of today and just sigh at how tragically, pathetically clueless they are in the bedroom. You are here to take these bumbling, quick-trigger kids under your wing, ruin their innocent little minds, and teach them a thing or two about how real adults get down.

The Foreign Exchange Freak (Age 18-25)

You just got off a plane from some vaguely European or South American country that most Americans couldn't point to on a map if their lives depended on it. You possess a bizarre, hypnotic accent, absolutely zero concept of personal boundaries, and terrifyingly open, aggressive sexual customs. You think absolutely nothing of walking around butt-naked in the living room or suggesting wildly inappropriate group activities at polite dinner parties. People find your wacky cultural misunderstandings weirdly endearing, which magically lets you get away with absolute, unhinged degeneracy just by smiling and blaming it on your homeland.

The Cheerleader (Age 18-21)

Let's get one thing straight, babe. You are the absolute, undisputed apex predator of the cinematic food chain. You are the queen bee, the squad captain, and the starring role in the sweaty, desperate wet dreams of literally every single person with a pulse on this campus. By all logical metrics, you're probably a manipulative, terrifying bitch, but thanks to your gravity-defying flexibility, flawless makeup, and perfect hair, absolutely nobody gives a shit. You rule the hallways, the parties, and the locker rooms with an iron fist and a pair of pom-poms. The entire school is wrapped around your finger, just desperately waiting for you to tell them what to do.

General Perks

Magical Genitals [Free for Everyone]

Look, bro, if we brought real-world biology into this Jump, you'd catch twelve different incurable, burning diseases in the first week and be on the hook for eighteen years of child support. Fuck that noise. You are 100% permanently, magically immune to all STDs, UTIs, yeast infections, crabs, and unwanted pregnancies. You could literally raw-dog the sketchiest, nastiest dive-bar hookup in the absolute grossest, flooded frat-house basement imaginable, and your junk will still come out squeaky clean and perfectly healthy. Furthermore, your equipment always smells and tastes absolutely immaculate. We're talking a fresh summer breeze, or whatever your partner's absolute favorite flavor is, straight out of the box. You also never deal with chafing, you never pull a groin muscle mid-thrust, and you are somehow always perfectly, flawlessly groomed down there even if you haven't picked up a razor or a pair of trimmers in six months. It's pure movie magic for your junk.

Hollywood Casting Agency [Free/100 to Keep]

In the real world, walking through a crowded mall or a college campus means subjecting your eyes to a sea of deeply average, greasy, sleep-deprived people. But this is the cinematic universe, and the cosmic casting director absolutely refuses to hire anyone who isn't drop-dead gorgeous. By taking this perk, your own baseline attractiveness is permanently locked in at a minimum of an 9/10. But the real cinematic magic is that this beauty filter aggressively applies to the entire world around you. Every single person you encounter in this Jump, and any future Jump you visit, is automatically bumped up to at least a 9/10. That exhausted, middle-aged math teacher grading papers at her desk? She suddenly looks like a smoking hot, tightly tailored librarian straight out of a high-budget adult film parody. The random, minimum-wage girl handing you a greasy burger at the 3:00 AM drive-thru? She is literally built like a professional lingerie supermodel. Even if you take this perk to a miserable, muddy medieval fantasy world later on, the dirt-poor peasant farmers and the battered tavern wenches will magically look like perfectly symmetrical Hollywood actors doing a gritty photoshoot. There is no such thing as a genuinely ugly person anymore. Which is a godsend, really. Who knows when your next Jump is going to dump your ass into some irradiated, post-apocalyptic shithole full of ugly freaks? At least now, even the bloodthirsty wasteland mutants will have flawless jawlines and perky D-cups.

He Got Kicked in The Nuts [Free]

This is a comedy, which means people are going to get kicked in the nuts, thrown out of second-story windows by angry boyfriends, and run over by rogue golf carts. Normally, that shit puts you in a wheelchair for the rest of your life. With this perk, you operate on pure, unadulterated Looney Tunes logic. If you fall off a roof into a shallow kiddie pool, you won't shatter your spine; you'll just groan, spit out some water, and make a hilarious one-liner. You are virtually immune to long-term physical trauma as long as the injury is inherently funny. Getting hit in the balls with a baseball? You'll squeak for a minute, cross your eyes, and then walk it off completely fine. No permanent damage, just temporary embarrassment.

The 'Enhance' Button [Free]

Listen, bro. In the real world, getting fucked up has a hard ceiling. You drink too much, you get the spins and feel like garbage. You smoke too much, you get couch-locked, paranoid, and stare at a wall. But with this perk, you completely remove the safety limiters on your brain's dopamine receptors. The sheer, raw physical pleasure of taking any mind-altering substance is dialed up to a goddamn eleven. I'm talking about pure, unadulterated, mind-melting ecstasy. Chugging a warm, shitty Natty Light will suddenly wash over you like a euphoric, full-body massage. Ripping a bong in a dirty basement will send a literal shockwave of orgasmic bliss straight down your spine. Whatever you take, the "high" is infinitely warmer, deeper, and insanely more fun than it has any right to be. There is no such thing as a bad trip, anxiety, or getting "too high" for you. Instead, every single hit or sip just keeps taking you higher up an endless elevator of toe-curling bodily pleasure. You could drink cheap tequila out of a plastic jug and it would feel like you're floating on a cloud of pure, concentrated joy.

Fixing All Of This Before My Parents Get Home? We Can Do It [100]

There is a lot of boring, tedious bullshit you have to do to set up a legendary party or fix a massive fuck-up. Cleaning an absolutely trashed house before the parents get home, driving across three state lines to crash a spring break, or studying for a final exam so you don't get expelled. Instead of doing it in real-time, you can just mentally trigger a montage. Reality suddenly compresses into a highly entertaining, three-minute music video. You and your buddies will speed through hours or days of grueling, tedious labor in a fraction of the time, complete with wacky high-fives and fast-forward effects. When the song ends, the job is perfectly done, and you aren't even tired.

The Grand Romantic Gesture [200]

Look, you are a total degenerate, which means at some point in the third act of your decade, you are going to completely fuck up. You are going to get caught in a massive lie, cheat on the perfect partner, or ruin a relationship over a wildly stupid bet. Normally, you'd be dumped and hated forever. But you possess the ultimate get-out-of-jail-free card for broken hearts. If you stand outside their window in the pouring rain with a boombox, sprint through airport security to stop their plane from taking off, or grab a microphone at the massive prom to loudly confess your feelings, they will instantly drop their panties and forgive you. The crowd will slow-clap, your partner will burst into tears of joy, and all your massive, toxic red flags will be completely wiped from their memory in the name of true cinematic love.

R-Rated Karma [200]

In the real world, if you steal a police cruiser, trash a hotel room, drug a mascot, and throw a massive underage rager that causes a hundred thousand dollars in property damage, you go directly to federal prison. Here? The universe actively bends over backward to protect you from actual, life-ruining legal consequences. As long as your crimes are motivated by getting laid, throwing a legendary party, or helping your bros lose their virginity, the cops will usually just give you a stern warning, the Dean will just put you on double-secret probation, and the angry parents will miraculously forgive you because "kids will be kids." You have a thick layer of plot armor against the justice system, letting you get away with absolute, felony-level degeneracy.

JumpTrip [200]

Let's be honest, going to a grimdark sci-fi warzone or a depressing, muddy fantasy world sounds fucking exhausting. Why deal with horrific PTSD and brutal violence when you can just bring the frat party with you? This perk gives you the ability to force any future Jump you enter to strictly follow the rules of a raunchy, R-rated sex comedy movie. Yeah, I'm talking about making the worst, most terrifying bad guys stop acting like ruthless killers and start acting like over-the-top, deeply uncool authority figures whose only real motivation is stopping you from having fun. Instead of engaging in bloody warfare, massive conflicts are suddenly resolved through high-stakes drinking games, epic prank wars, and getting caught in highly compromising positions.

The entire world becomes relentlessly horny, prioritizing wild hookups and throwing apocalyptic, property-trashing ragers over whatever main quest or galactic war they were supposed to be fighting. And the women? Every single woman you encounter (whether she's a battle-hardened space marine, a ruthless corporate assassin, or a grimdark elven ranger) is suddenly built like a pristine, 10/10 runway model. Gratuitous, completely unprompted nudity becomes a daily occurrence, and their physical standards plummet to absolute zero. They will eagerly prioritize having underwear pillow fights, stripping down for midnight pool parties, and throwing themselves at goofy, average underdog guys over fighting a galactic war. With this, you can turn the most miserable, deadly Jumps into a consequence-free, hormone-drenched sandbox where the absolute worst thing that can happen to you is getting caught with your pants around your ankles.

Horny Virgin Perks

Perks for Horny Virgin are discounted 50%, with the [100] perk being free.

Dick-Driven Determination [100]

When your balls are full and your ultimate goal is getting laid, you suddenly mutate into a tactical, logistical, and mathematical savant. Normally, you might be a solid C-student who can barely tie their own shoes without popping a blood vessel, but the second you get a whiff of potential tang, your brain kicks into hyper-drive. You can formulate elaborate, Ocean's Eleven-style heists just to sneak past a tyrannical RA into a girl's dorm room, perfectly calculate the exact trajectory required to throw a beer can to distract a guard dog, or flawlessly forge government documents just to buy a case of shitty light beer. When you are genuinely horny, your willpower, stealth, and planning skills rival a Navy SEAL. Just be warned: the very microsecond you bust a nut and post-nut clarity hits, all of this superhuman intellect instantly evaporates, usually leaving you standing naked in a highly compromising, illegal situation with zero escape plan.

Weaponized Patheticness [200]

You aren't going to win anyone over by flexing your abs, flashing a black credit card, or revving a sports car, because you don't have any of those things. But what you do have is the supernatural ability to completely weaponize your own pathetic, underdog status. You emit an overwhelming, adorkable aura that triggers a massive, overriding maternal and protective instinct in the hottest, most out-of-your-league people on the planet. When you stutter, awkwardly drop your books, or nervously confess how completely inexperienced and terrified you are, their brains don't register you as a repulsive loser. They register you as a sweet, harmless, desperately cute puppy that absolutely needs to be saved. This completely bypasses normal physical standards and social hierarchies. Instead of laughing at you, they will feel an overwhelming, biological urge to take you under their wing, protect you from bullies, and ultimately, drag you into the bedroom to personally take your virginity just to see you smile.

Ride or Die Wingmen [400]

You possess a supernatural, pathetic aura that compels your friends to help you get your dick wet, absolutely no matter the cost to their own physical safety, human dignity, or permanent criminal record. If you need five crucial minutes alone with your crush, your buddy will willingly wrestle a feral raccoon, steal a police cruiser to distract the neighborhood watch, or take a literal, brass-knuckled punch to the face from an angry, steroid-abusing quarterback just to buy you time. They won't even be mad about it later; they will view your desperate, sweaty quest to lose your virginity as a holy crusade that they are deeply honored to participate in. Furthermore, this aura guarantees you will always have a tight-knit group of four wildly eccentric, foul-mouthed, fiercely loyal loser friends wherever you go in the multiverse, ready to lay down their lives for your balls.

Cinematic Climax [600]

Look, bro, every single teen movie ends with that one massive, apocalyptic night. The legendary beach party, the prom, or the final frat rager where absolutely everything gets resolved. You can now literally force this to happen on command. Once every five years, you can just look at your bros, crack a beer, and declare, "Tonight's the night." When you do this, the universe physically forces every single person relevant to your life - your crushes, your homies, your psycho exes, and the cockblocking Dean - to converge at whatever party you are at. Nobody stays home, nobody misses the text. But here is the concrete bullshit: from the moment you trigger this until sunrise, you have absolute, flawless Plot Armor for any dramatic action. If you attempt a massive romantic grand gesture, it has a 100% guaranteed, mathematically impossible success rate. The music will literally swell from nowhere, and they will drop their pants. If a rival, a bully, or a cop tries to stop you or ruin the vibe, the universe will immediately trigger a catastrophic, slapstick humiliation for them. If they try to grab you, they will violently shit their pants in front of everyone, fall face-first into a pool of vomit, or accidentally expose their own browser history on a projector screen. By the time the sun comes up, you get the girl (or guy), the villain's life is completely ruined, and your legendary status is locked in stone forever.

The Frat Bro Perks

Perks for The Frat Bro are discounted 50%, with the [100] perk being free.

Keg Stand Champion [100]

Let's talk about your liver, bro. It's not human anymore. It is a bio-engineered trash compactor forged in the deepest, stickiest depths of a frat-house basement. You can pound truly fatal, medically terrifying amounts of cheap booze and whatever mystery substances you find at a rave with absolutely zero negative side effects. No hangovers, no blackouts, no beer-bloat, and absolutely no puking your guts out in the bushes (unless it's strategically hilarious to project vomit directly onto the Dean's shoes). But you aren't just durable; you are a competitive drinking god. You can basically unhinge your jaw like a pelican and instantly shotgun a beer, funnel a massive handle of cheap vodka, or dominate a five-minute keg stand in physics-defying time without ever needing to breathe. Absolutely nobody on earth can beat you in a chugging contest, beer pong, or flip cup. You will drink the biggest, baddest senior under the table, wipe your mouth, and wake up at 8:00 AM completely refreshed, horny, and ready to shotgun a breakfast beer.

Toxic Rizz [200]

Let's be real, bro. Nice guys finish last, and you don't have the time or the attention span to buy flowers and talk about feelings. You possess the ability to say the most arrogant, wildly offensive, cancel-worthy shit imaginable, and instead of catching a slap or a harassment charge, it acts like pure, unadulterated verbal aphrodisiac. You can walk right up to a dimepiece at a party, completely insult her outfit, give her an unsolicited rating out of ten, or drop a pickup line so filthy it belongs in a late-night porno script. In the real world, you'd get maced or a drink thrown in your face. But here? Her brain completely short-circuits. She just bites her lip, rolls her eyes, and eagerly hands over her phone number. Your massive, unearned ego, complete lack of a verbal filter, and arrogant smirks are universally interpreted as the ultimate, irresistible alpha-male confidence. People will actively throw themselves at you because you treat them like absolute garbage, desperately jumping through hoops just to win your approval. You turn massive red flags into a goddamn welcome parade.

Party God [400]

Look, bro. In the real world, throwing a legendary party takes stress, logistics, buying thousands of dollars of booze, and begging people to actually show up. Not for you. You are the literal patron saint of ragers. The exact microsecond you step into a totally dead, boring-ass room the party starts happening. Within thirty minutes, hundreds of desperately horny, smoking-hot college kids will swarm your location, completely bypassing locked doors, gated communities, and security guards. And they don't come empty-handed. They magically bring bottomless kegs, a professional DJ setup, laser lights, and maybe a foam machine, spawning a Project X level event out of thin air. It doesn't even matter where the fuck you are. You could be standing in a dusty, abandoned Wendy's or a sterile corporate office building, and it will instantly transform into the most unhinged, property-destroying bender of the decade. You don't pay for shit, you don't plan shit, and you don't set up shit. You just give the word, and the universe provides the freakshow.

Greek God Physique [600]

Listen, bro. Real fitness is for losers who eat unseasoned boiled chicken breast and spend three hours a day sweating on a treadmill. You completely bypass that nerd shit. This perk turns your body into an absolute, walking Greek statue forged in a vat of pure testosterone. We are talking an eight-pack you could grate cheap cheddar cheese on, pecs that aggressively threaten to rip right through your tight polo shirts, and a frankly terrifying, porn-star level endowment in your pants (or massive, gravity-defying tits, if you are a woman who bought this perk). But the real, concrete bullshit here is the upkeep. You don't have to do it. At all. You can violently slam thousands of calories of greasy Domino's pizza, stale keg beer, and late-night Taco Bell down your gullet every single day, never lift anything heavier than a bong, and your body will magically maintain this single-digit body-fat, perfectly shredded physique. Your muscles always have that permanent, vascular post-workout pump, and your sweat just makes you look like you're glistening in a baby-oil commercial. In the sack, this translates to infinite, jackhammer stamina. You can pound away all night long, manhandling your partners and folding them like lawn chairs, and you will never pull a muscle, catch a cramp, or run out of breath.

The Milf Perks

Perks for The MILF are discounted 50%, with the [100] perk being free.

Stifler's Mom [100]

Let's get one thing straight, sweetheart: youth is completely wasted on the young, and you are here to reap the benefits. You possess a predatory, impossibly glamorous aura that turns you into the walking embodiment of an entire generation's wildest, most forbidden fantasy. Anyone even a half-decade younger than you doesn't just want to sleep with you: they view getting you into bed as the absolute crowning achievement of their pathetic little lives. But the real power of this perk isn't just making young men pitch a tent when you walk down the driveway in a silk robe to get the morning paper. It's about weaponizing that sheer, intimidating maturity. Your raw magnetism completely overwrites their rebellious angst, replacing it with a desperate, drooling urge to serve you. Need your pool scrubbed, your car detailed, or your gutters cleaned? Just put on a slightly unbuttoned sundress, pour a glass of iced tea, and watch as your kid's idiot friends literally fight each other for the privilege of doing your manual labor for free. They will completely humiliate themselves, ignore their actual girlfriends, and happily become your personal, unpaid servants just for a sultry wink and a pat on the head.

The Tutor [200]

Most eighteen-year-olds think they're absolute legends in the sack just because they can hammer away for three whole minutes before blowing a load on their own stomach. They don't know shit, but you have the magic touch to fix their pathetic technique. You can grab a sweating, clueless virgin who can't even unhook a bra, lock the bedroom door, and completely rewire his nervous system. Give him one afternoon under your strict, hands-on supervision, and he'll walk out knowing exactly how to use his tongue, pace his thrusts, and actually hit the right spots. They absorb your dirty instructions like a sponge because their brains are totally hijacked by the fantasy of finally banging an older woman. The funniest part is how you can abuse this to teach them literally anything physical. You can teach some dumb kid how to win a cage fight, play varsity football, or rebuild a V8 engine totally through weird, highly sexualized chores. Make him spread thick tanning oil on your ass cheeks, do heavy squats with you sitting on his shoulders, or wash your minivan while you watch from a lawn chair in a sheer robe. His raging hormones instantly translate all that horny tension into permanent muscle memory, turning him into a literal physical prodigy just because he's absolutely desperate to impress a real adult.

Suburban Camouflage [400]

Living in a pristine suburban cul-de-sac is all about keeping up appearances, but while the rest of the neighborhood wives are stressing over their hydrangeas, HOA violations, and who brought store-bought cookies to the bake sale, you are busy getting your back walls absolutely blown out. You can be the biggest, sluttiest freak in the entire gated community, and nobody is ever going to put the pieces together. You can literally have a heavy-duty leather sex swing bolted to the ceiling of your living room, run trains with the entire varsity lacrosse team in your basement, and snort lines of blow off the pool boy's abs every single Tuesday. But the second you throw on a conservative cashmere sweater and roll up to the neighborhood block party or the Sunday PTA meeting? Everyone instantly treats you like the most wholesome, respectable adult in town. The universe actively runs interference for your reputation, making people completely blind to your degeneracy. Nosy neighbor Karen could literally look out her window, see a dozen naked college dudes climbing out of your hot tub at 3:00 AM, and her brain will just magically convince her you're hosting a late-night charity fundraiser for the local church. You can buy industrial tubs of lube and leather riding crops at the local supermarket, and the cashier will just smile and assume it's a gag gift for a bridal shower. You get to be the neighborhood bicycle, getting your guts rearranged seven days a week, without ever taking a single hit to your pristine, upper-middle-class reputation..

Homewrecker [600]

Monogamy is nothing more than a polite, boring suggestion for the rest of the neighborhood, and you are the ultimate, unapologetic wrecking ball swinging straight through their white picket fences. You are the absolute pinnacle of homewrecker material, and people simply cannot resist ruining their entire lives for a taste of what you are offering. You possess a terrifying, concrete knack for completely bypassing a person's moral compass, religious beliefs, preferences and long-term relationship commitments. It doesn't matter if some guy has been happily married to his high school sweetheart for twenty years, if they just signed a thirty-year mortgage on a McMansion, or if he's a deeply religious youth pastor who swore an oath to God. If you corner them in the kitchen during a boring suburban dinner party, flash a wicked, knowing smile, whisper some absolutely filthy shit in their ear, and run your hand up their inner thigh, their brain will instantly short-circuit. They will gladly throw their sacred vows right out the fucking window. They will risk devastating their marriage in a brutal divorce, completely alienating their children, and blowing up their comfortable, respectable existence just for one sloppy, unhinged, degenerate night sweating in your bed. When you turn on the charm, they literally lose the free will to say no, eagerly throwing their entire lives into a woodchipper just for the privilege of being your dirty little secret.

The Foreign Exchange Freak Perks

Perks for The Foreign Exchange Freak are discounted 50%, with the [100] perk being free.

Host Family [100]

Whenever you step off the plane in a new town, you never have to worry about scraping together rent for a shitty dorm room or sleeping on a sticky frat-house couch. Thanks to your status as an international treasure, you are always seamlessly enrolled in an "Exchange Program" that automatically pairs you with a wealthy, blindingly gullible Host Family. We're talking a wholesome, upper-middle-class suburban couple with a pristine finished basement and a massive disposable income they are absolutely dying to spend on their exotic new houseguest. They will feed you, house you, and hand over a generous weekly allowance with zero questions asked. But the absolute best part is their bulletproof, almost supernatural ignorance regarding your lifestyle. You are a walking biohazard of international sin, but to them, you are just a precious cultural ambassador. You could be throwing a massive, fifty-person black-light orgy in their living room, brewing bizarre hallucinogenic liquors in the upstairs bathtub, or hiding three stolen kegs in the garage (if you are that boring). Instead of calling the cops or throwing you out on the street, your host mom will just politely knock on the door, hand you a plate of warm pizza rolls, and cheerfully tell you to have fun with your "traditional folk-dance club." Their brains will actively refuse to process the absolute degeneracy happening right under their own roof.

The Accent [200]

Nobody on this entire campus can pinpoint exactly where the fuck you are actually from. You sound like a bizarre genetic cross between a Spanish soap opera star, a Transylvanian count, and a drunk French sommelier, but holy shit does it work. Your voice is pure, dripping auditory foreplay that completely bypasses the logical processing centers of the human brain. It absolutely does not matter what words are coming out of your mouth. You could dramatically read the warning label on a bottle of bleach, the ingredients list of a cheap shampoo, or the Swedish assembly instructions for a flimsy IKEA nightstand, and the people listening will literally feel their knees buckle. The second you speak, listeners drop a solid forty IQ points, becoming completely mesmerized and overwhelmingly horny. But the absolute funniest part is how you can weaponize the language barrier. Your broken, fumbling English is the greatest wingman in the universe. If you struggle to ask a hot co-ed where the nearest public restroom is, her hormone-addled brain will automatically translate your gibberish into a proposition for a filthy, exotic bathroom quickie. Because they can't actually understand your mangled grammar, they just assume you are offering them some bizarre, legendary European sex act that involves weird pastries and baby oil, and they will enthusiastically nod "yes" to absolutely whatever they think you just suggested.

Weird European Shit [400]

Let's take a peek at your browser history, shall we? Actually, let's not, because it is an absolute goddamn nightmare. Back in your homeland, "vanilla" is just a flavor of gelato, and missionary position is considered a mild insult to your ancestors. You are personally into some incredibly weird, highly specific, and deeply ungodly shit. But your true superpower is the terrifying ability to drag totally normal, boring people right down into the mud with you without them batting an eye. You can introduce the most bizarre, unhinged, nasty kinks to completely prudish, conservative people, and instead of running away screaming, they will eagerly jump right in. Whether you want to incorporate warm baked goods, full-body latex suits, excessive amounts of mayonnaise, or spanking into the bedroom, you can normalize it in seconds just by framing it as a "cherished national pastime." You could walk into a quiet, squeaky-clean study group, casually whip out a leather riding crop and some fuzzy handcuffs, and act like it's just a standard Friday night parlor game from your village. Within five minutes, you'll have the captain of the debate team and the valedictorian writhing around on the floor acting like absolute degenerates, completely convinced that they are just participating in a very hands-on cultural exchange program.

"Mi Scusi" [600]

Foreigners play by a completely different set of rules, and you know exactly how to weaponize your stamped passport to get away with some wildly degenerate shit. In the real world, wandering butt-naked into a crowded hotel lobby, accidentally-on-purpose walking into the girls' locker room, grabbing a waitress's ass, or trying to casually walk out of a fancy country club with a stolen keg under your arm would get you expelled, arrested, or beaten into a coma. But you operate on a thick, impenetrable layer of wacky cultural plot armor. Whenever you get caught red-handed crossing a massive social or legal boundary, all you have to do is put on a goofy, confused smile, give a theatrical shrug, and loudly announce, "Ah! Me scusi! In my country, this is how we make the hello!" The furious victims, the aggressive bouncers, and the campus rent-a-cops will stop dead in their tracks, sigh heavily, and just roll their eyes at your bizarre, backward culture. Instead of slapping handcuffs on you or punching your teeth in, they will just treat you like a stupid, misbehaving puppy. You can seamlessly dodge restraining orders, campus expulsions, and brutal beatdowns purely through the cinematic magic of pretending to be a clueless tourist who doesn't understand basic human decency.

Cheerleader Perks

Perks for Cheerleader are discounted 50%, with the [100] perk being free.

Human Pretzel [100]

Let's be completely real for a second. The absolute main reason everyone in this cinematic universe is desperately trying to bang a cheerleader is the legendary flexibility, and you fucking deliver on that fantasy. Your spine is basically made of heavy-duty rubber bands and pure wet dreams. You possess a completely bullshit, superhuman level of elasticity. You can effortlessly drop into a flawless split on a sticky frat house floor, or put both your ankles firmly behind your head without ever needing to stretch. In the sack, you aren't just laying there like a dead fish. You contort into insane, gravity-defying Kamasutra pretzel-holds that literally break the brains of your partners, leaving them completely obsessed and physically paralyzed. Outside the bedroom, this gymnastics bullshit is a literal superpower. You can seamlessly backflip over chain-link fences to ditch the campus cops, stick a perfect superhero landing after bailing out of a second-story dorm window, and weaponize your high-kicks to knock a rival bitch out cold. You never pull a hamstring, ever.

Thank You For Your Service [200]

Being nice is for ugly girls who have to actually work for their popularity. You already won the genetic lottery, and you know exactly how to weaponize it. In the real world, if you act like a manipulative, toxic, poisonous bitch who ruins lives for sport, people are eventually going to hate you and try to take you down. But in this cinematic universe, your sheer, undeniable, jaw-dropping hotness completely overrides human psychology, basic self-respect, and moral outrage. You can spread vicious rumors, steal boyfriends, publicly humiliate the weak, and act like an absolute sociopath to everyone around you. Instead of turning against you, the student body will literally just excuse your behavior because you look so good doing it. They will completely ignore your massive, screaming red flags, actively justifying your cruelty by saying things like, "Yeah, she's a total psycho, but did you see how good her ass looked in that skirt?" People you have directly wronged will still desperately, pathetically want to sleep with you, completely willing to endure your emotional terrorism just for the microscopic chance that you might toss them a crumb of attention. Your physical attractiveness acts as a universal, bulletproof shield against any social consequences, allowing you to be the absolute worst person on campus while remaining the undisputed, universally adored queen bee.

The Plastics / The Squad [400]

What's a head bitch or an absolute alpha without a totally loyal, brain-dead entourage? You never have to walk into a cafeteria, locker room, or massive frat party alone ever again. You are permanently flanked by a specialized, V-formation hit squad of three smoking hot, fiercely loyal, and completely braindead minions who worship the absolute ground you walk on. They wear matching outfits, mirror your every move, and act as your ultimate meat-shields and wing-women. They will aggressively cock-block any ugly losers who try to talk to you, fetch your drinks, write your midterm papers, and enthusiastically agree with every single terrible, highly illegal idea you have. If some psycho ex tries to throw a drink in your face or swing on you at a party, your squad will literally dive in front of the cup like Secret Service agents taking a bullet for the President. And yeah, if you want to pull a legendary multi-partner stunt in the bedroom, they will happily jump right into the pile and follow your exact choreography without any jealousy or drama. If one of them accidentally gets expelled, gets knocked up, or takes the fall and gets arrested for covering your tracks? Who gives a shit. The universe will magically transfer a brand new hot, flexible idiot into town to seamlessly join the bottom of your pyramid by next Monday morning. You will never, ever be without your backup.

Wrapped Around Your Finger [600]

Let's be completely real here, babe. You don't actually need to write your own midterm papers, pay for your own vodka-cranberries, or take the legal fall for crashing a stolen golf cart into the Dean's office. You are an absolute psychological terrorist with a perfect smile. You possess the supernatural, pinpoint ability to know exactly what to say, exactly how to pout your lips, and exactly where to rest your hand on someone's inner thigh to completely hijack their higher brain functions. You can scan a person for five seconds and instantly figure out their deepest insecurities and their horniest, most desperate desires. Want the school's biggest dork to hack into the mainframe and change your failing grades? Just lean over his desk, accidentally-on-purpose press your cleavage against his shoulder, and whisper a fake promise in his ear. Want the alpha frat bro to absolutely hospitalize a rival for you? Just stroke his fragile meathead ego and bat your eyelashes. You can wrap literally anyone in this universe around your little finger. They will happily empty their bank accounts, ruin their own reputations, and commit actual, federal felonies just because you dangled the microscopic possibility of a hookup in front of their sweaty faces. The absolute best bullshit part? You don't even actually have to put out. You can string an entire army of pathetic simps along for a decade using nothing but winks, giggles, and weaponized teasing.

Items

You have a 300 CP stipend to spend here. You can freely import items. 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.

The Mixtape [50]

It looks like a cracked smartphone, but it has a magical music playlist that cannot be paused or connected to Bluetooth: it just blasts music straight into the air from invisible surround-sound speakers. Whatever song plays will perfectly match and enhance the exact mood you are trying to set. Need to hype up the boys? It blasts early 2000s pop-punk. Need to seal the deal in the bedroom? It switches to baby-making R&B. If you play it loud enough, the people around you basically get hypnotized by the cinematic vibe.

The Endless Box of Rave Glowsticks [50]

A heavy cardboard crate filled with thousands of neon-colored glowsticks, connectors, and snap-lights that endlessly replenishes itself overnight. Cracking a few of these bad boys transforms any pitch-black basement, sketchy garage, or dorm room into an impromptu, high-energy rave cave. The glowing neon light washes out skin blemishes, makes everyone's teeth look blindingly white, and cranks the room's horny energy up by fifty percent. Partygoers will instinctually start cracking them, wrapping them into tiny neon bikinis, and dancing on furniture. It turns any boring dark room into a wild, glow-in-the-dark playground where clothes start coming off the second the main lights go down.

Mesh Wardrobe [100]

A magical, endless walk-in closet stuffed to the brim with the most aggressively garish, skin-tight, brightly colored, vaguely European club-wear imaginable. Neon green banana hammocks, leopard-print thongs, and leather pants so tight you can count your veins. When you wear anything from this cursed wardrobe, your personal confidence skyrockets by 500%. Furthermore, you become totally immune to the elements. You can wear a mesh speedo in a blizzard or a latex gimp suit in the blazing desert, and you will remain perfectly, comfortably at room temperature.

The Bottomless Keg [100]

A shiny, silver beer keg that is surprisingly light and easy to carry with one arm. Once you tap this bad boy, it will pour a literally infinite, never-ending stream of premium, perfectly chilled draft beer. It will never foam up too much, it never goes flat, and it never runs dry. You can use this to single-handedly supply a massive, three-day block party without ever having to make a sweaty, desperate run to the liquor store at 2:00 AM.

The Magic Solo Cup [100]

This is just a standard, red plastic Solo cup, but it defies all laws of physics and common sense. No matter how wildly you gesture, dance, or run from the cops, the liquid inside will never, ever spill over the brim. Even better, it refills automatically with whatever you actually want to drink at that exact moment. Need cheap draft beer to fit in? Done. Need top-shelf vodka to get trashed? Done. If you hand it to someone else, it instantly fills with their absolute favorite alcoholic beverage perfectly mixed.

The 4 AM Greasy Spoon Diner [100]

Nothing cures a massive bender or caps off a legendary night of hooking up quite like cheap, greasy diner food. This item gives you a permanent, VIP booth at a magical, neon-lit diner that will seamlessly spawn right around the corner from wherever you happen to be at 4:00 AM. The waitresses are always sarcastic but love you, the coffee is bottomless, and the food is perfect. Eating a plate of this magical diner's loaded disco-fries and bacon will instantly, completely cure the worst hangover imaginable, completely sober you up, and magically refill your physical and sexual stamina. It is the ultimate save-point for you and your degenerate friends to regroup after a night of absolute chaos.

The Initiation Paddle [100]

A thick, solid oak fraternity paddle with Greek letters burned into the wood. In the real world, this is a fast track to a hazing lawsuit, but in your hands, it's a tool of absolute dominance. This paddle is completely indestructible and possesses cartoonish physics. If you hit a rival frat bro over the head with this, it won't crack his skull; it will just send him flying across the room into a table with a hilarious THWACK sound effect, knocking him out cold with zero permanent brain damage. More importantly, if you use this for "disciplinary" spanking in the bedroom, it magically causes absolutely zero actual pain, instead translating the physical impact into massive, toe-curling waves of sexual pleasure for your partner.

The Strip-Poker Deck [100]

A deck of slick, plastic-coated playing cards featuring trashy pin-up art on the backs. Whenever you pull these cards out to play poker, blackjack, or bullshit at a kickback, subtle card-sharp magic alters the probability of the game. Hands are manipulated so that games resolve quickly, stakes escalate rapidly, and the game inevitably transitions into full-blown Strip Poker within three rounds. The cards bend luck so that the most attractive people at the table lose their hands first, causing jackets, shirts, pants, and underwear to come flying off in rapid succession, all while keeping the vibe fun, competitive, and completely clothes-free.

The Generic Suburban House [200]

This is a completely average, three-bedroom suburban house sitting in a boring cul-de-sac. It's got cheap beige carpet, a cramped kitchen, and a basic backyard patio. What makes it useful, though, is the total lack of adult supervision. The parents who live here are magically hit with an irresistible urge to go out of town for weekend trips every single month, leaving you with the keys. Despite its modest layout, the living room can somehow cram fifty drunk idiots chugging beer, the front lawn is perfect for passed-out partygoers, and the upstairs bedroom lock actually fucking works when you need privacy. It's the classic spot for throwing a wild house party, getting wasted, and sneaking someone upstairs.

The Skeleton Key [200]

A brass key on a greasy keyring that defies every locksmith in existence. This little piece of metal will instantly unlock any residential door, interior bedroom lock, dorm deadbolt, or private drawer you jam it into. Whether you need to duck into an upstairs master bedroom to escape a pissed-off dad, lock a door behind you for a private hookup, or raid a strict principal's desk for confiscated booze and test answers, this key turns locked doors into mere suggestions. Furthermore, locks picked with this key turn completely silent, meaning you can deadbolt a bedroom door mid-party without making a single sound to alert the people hanging out in the hallway.

The Fake ID [200]

The Holy Grail of underage drinking. It probably says your name is "McLovin," claims you are a 45-year-old Hawaiian organ donor, and the picture looks like a cross-eyed potato. But it works flawlessly every single fucking time. Bouncers at exclusive clubs, hardass liquor store clerks, and even federal agents will look at this terrible piece of plastic, nod respectfully, and let you right in. You can use it to buy kegs, get into VIP lounges, or walk past security onto a restricted military base.

MacGyver's Stash Box [200]

A beaten-up old shoebox that functions as a portal to a stoner's paradise. It contains a magically replenishing supply of top-tier, incredibly potent weed, rolling papers, and lighters that actually work. But the real magic is the bottom compartment, which constantly spawns random household objects: apples, toilet paper rolls, duct tape, socket wrenches, and tin foil. Whenever you open this box, you will be instantly struck with the divine, drug-fueled inspiration required to build a fully functional, incredibly smooth-hitting bong out of whatever garbage is inside.

The Golden Binoculars [200]

It is an absolute staple of the raunchy comedy genre that the nerdy losers eventually spy on the hot girls changing. These binoculars take that creepy trope and turn it into a magical, cinematic superpower. Whenever you look through these lenses, you will never see anything boring. The universe will actively manipulate timing and placement so that you always witness the absolute most cinematic, jaw-dropping, perfectly-lit moments of partial nudity or sexual escapades happening in the neighboring houses or dorms. Furthermore, the lenses have a magical anti-glare filter that guarantees you will never, ever be caught peeping. You could be staring right at a window from a tree branch, and anyone looking back will just see a totally normal patch of leaves.

The Stolen Country Club Golf Cart [200]

A custom, souped-up white golf cart "borrowed" from the local rich-guy country club. It features a lifted suspension, chrome rims, a surprisingly loud subwoofer beneath the vinyl bench seat, and a battery that literally never needs to be recharged. This little plastic terror can hit 45 km per hour, smash straight through suburban wooden fences, drift around tight hallway corners, and bounce across golf course sand traps without flipping over. It fits up to six drunk partygoers hanging off the back bumper and serves as the ultimate, nimble getaway ride when cops show up to bust a lawn rager.

The Lucky Wallet Condom [400]

Let's be real, bro. You've had this exact same foil wrapper sitting in your wallet for the last three years. It has a permanent ring permanently pressed into the leather, and it has survived the washing machine twice. In the real world, using this thing would guarantee you catch a disease or have a kid. But here? It is a magical talisman of desperate luck. As long as this battered, faded foil wrapper is in your pocket, the universe will actively try to create scenarios where you actually get to use it. It manipulates probability, causing hot people to randomly get locked in closets with you, or creating bizarre, wacky misunderstandings that end with you and the hottest girl at the party hiding in a bathroom stall together. The universe wants you to finally break the seal on this sad little piece of rubber, and it will keep throwing panty-dropping opportunities at your feet until you finally seal the deal.

The Legendary Black Book [400]

A battered, leather-bound notebook passed down through generations of absolute horn-dogs. This magical tome contains the phone number, home address, relationship status, turn-ons, turn-offs, and deepest, darkest kinks of every single attractive person within a fifty-kilometer radius of you. It magically updates the second you enter a new town or school. You will always know exactly what to say to get someone into bed, who is secretly cheating on who, and who has a weird fetish for feet that you can exploit.

Trust Fund Black Card [400]

A heavy, metal credit card directly linked to the bank account of a completely fictional, wildly wealthy absent father. This card has a completely unlimited spending limit, but there is a massive catch: it only works for purchasing absolute degeneracy. You cannot use it to buy a sensible mutual fund or pay off a mortgage. You can use it to buy a thousand boxes of condoms, completely buy out a nightclub's VIP section, order sixty pizzas, or post a massive cash bail to get your idiot friends out of jail.

The Stolen Mascot Head [400]

A massive, oversized, sweaty mascot head stolen directly from a bitter rival school. It smells like stale beer and triumph. Whenever you put this ridiculous, oversized animal head on, you are granted complete and total anonymity and immunity from the consequences of your actions. You can streak completely naked across a football field on national television, steal a police cruiser, or destroy the Dean's office, and absolutely nobody will ever be able to trace it back to you once the head comes off. Even better, wearing the mascot head makes you weirdly, magnetically attractive to party girls, who will view banging the mystery guy inside the giant mascot head as the ultimate, rebellious college bucket-list achievement.

The Overcompensator [400]

A ridiculously obnoxious, wildly expensive vehicle. You can choose whether it's a cherry-red Italian sports car or a massively lifted, deafeningly loud pickup truck. Either way, it is a certified chick-magnet. Whenever you rev the engine, anyone within earshot instantly gets hot and bothered. The vehicle never requires gas, never breaks down, and is completely immune to getting pulled over by the cops, no matter how many mailboxes you run over or how many shirtless sorority girls are screaming in the back seat.

The Midnight Pizza Boy Uniform [400]

This is a grease-stained polyester polo shirt, a battered visor, and a cardboard pizza box that never gets cold. Putting on this uniform gives you the ultimate, undisputed pass to walk into literally any location under the sun: private mansions, sorority houses, and exclusive VIP suites. Security guards, strict parents, and bouncers will take one look at the pizza box, nod, and let you walk right past them without asking for ID or checking a guest list. Even better, classic sex-comedy tropes take over the second you knock on a bedroom door: occupants will routinely answer the door in skimpy towels, silk robes, or underwear, immediately opening the door to wild flirting, "alternative payment" jokes, and effortless bedroom invites.

The Ultimate Frat House [400]

You get a massive, three-story, Greek-style mega-mansion. This place is the absolute Mecca of degenerate partying. It's got a massive heated pool, a twenty-person hot tub, ten giant bedrooms, and a basement with a professional DJ booth. The absolute best part? The entire structure is physically impossible to destroy. You could drive a stolen tank through the living room or burn the roof off during a rager, and the house will magically fix itself by morning. Furthermore, the commercial fridges automatically restock every midnight with top-tier kegs, liquor, and hot pizza, and the local cops are under a magical compulsion to completely ignore any noise complaints coming from your address.

The Diplomatic Pouch [400]

A slightly worn, heavily zippered duffel bag covered in the stamps of fictional foreign nations. This bag completely bypasses all security checks, bouncers, and authority figures. You can shove literally anything into this bag - twenty kilos of weed, a stolen keg of beer, a rival school's mascot costume, or a small, very confused farm animal(don't ask) - and walk right past a line of TSA agents or a strict Dean. When they look inside, their brains will magically register it as a boring bag of dirty laundry and travel adapters.

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.

Stinky Pete, The Ride-or-Die Goblin [50]

Look, every teen movie protagonist needs that one absolute goblin of a best friend, and Pete is yours. He is a walking biohazard. He has hygiene standards that would make a dumpster rat gag, his diet consists entirely of gas station hot dogs, and he is perpetually horny to a pathetic degree. But here's the thing: Pete is the most loyal bastard in the entire multiverse. He will literally take a bullet for you. He will happily distract the cops by running completely naked through a golf course just so you can sneak your crush out the back window. He is disgusting, loud, and completely shameless, but he will go to war for you without a second thought.

Helga, The Euro-Freak [50]

I don't know what vaguely socialist, made-up European country Helga flew in from, but she is an absolute goddamn menace. She doesn't understand the concept of personal space, clothing, or indoor voices. She will casually strip totally naked in your living room to watch TV because "in her country, clothes restrict the spirit." She is gorgeous, doesn't shave her armpits, smokes cigarettes like a chimney, and is openly into some of the most baffling, bizarre group-sex kinks you've ever heard of. Bringing her to a normal suburban house party is like tossing a live grenade into a petting zoo, but she will confidently back you up in any fight or any wildly illegal scheme.

Mrs. Henderson, The Predator in a Minivan [50]

This woman is an absolute menace to the local youth. She looks like she just stepped out of a high-end MILF porn parody. She's the head of the local PTA, she bakes the best chocolate chip cookies in the tri-state area, and she is aggressively, violently thirsty for anyone under the age of 25. If you bring her along, she will serve as your crew's "cool mom." She will buy you infinite amounts of alcohol, let you use her spotless McMansion to throw absolute bangers while her husband is on "business trips," and she will constantly, shamelessly hit on all of your male friends. Just don't leave her alone with your little brother.

Tech-Support Todd, The Bong-Gyver [50]

Todd looks like he gets shoved into lockers for a living. He wears thick glasses, has a terrible bowl cut, and breathes entirely through his mouth. But Todd is a literal fucking genius when it comes to degeneracy. He can hack into the school mainframe using a modified Gameboy Color to change all your failing grades to A's. He can rewire the security cameras at the girls' dorm so they loop footage. If you hand this kid an avocado, a toilet paper tube, and an ice pick, he will build you a fully functioning bong that hits smoother than a luxury vape. He's your personal Q-Branch, provided all your missions involve getting high and creeping on chicks.

Ashley, The Alpha Bitch [50]

You know exactly who this bitch is. She's the captain of the cheerleading squad, the president of the most exclusive sorority, and she is cruel, shallow, and terrifyingly hot. She genuinely enjoys stepping on people, both metaphorically and physically. But for some weird, twisted reason, she has a massive soft spot for your dumb ass. She will relentlessly bully you in public, but behind closed doors, she will aggressively demand you take her to the back of a Volkswagen. She comes with an army of brain-dead, hot minions who do whatever she says, massive amounts of daddy's money, and the ability to instantly destroy anyone's social life with a single, vicious rumor.

Cheech, The Philosophical Stoner [50]

Nobody actually knows Cheech's real name, his age, or if he even goes to this school. He just kind of spawned in your basement one day. He exhales a permanent, thick cloud of skunk weed and drives a heavily customized van covered in wizard murals. You're gonna need a designated driver (sort of), and paradoxically, Cheech is an incredible getaway driver as long as he's stoned out of his gourd. He constantly drops wildly profound, universe-shattering philosophical wisdom right before eating a ten-year-old Twinkie off the garage floor. He always knows a guy who knows a guy, meaning he can magically source any illegal substance, fake ID, or weird item you could possibly ever need.

Raven, The Goth GF with a Knife [50]

She's got a septum piercing, combat boots, fishnets, and serious, unresolved daddy issues. Raven genuinely hates everyone in this town, the establishment, and probably the sun itself. She hangs out in graveyards, listens to bands you've never heard of, and constantly threatens to castrate anyone who pisses her off. But if you can get past the prickly exterior and the switchblade she keeps in her bra, she is intensely loyal and an absolute demon in the sack. She's perfect for scaring off rival frat bros or intimidating strict teachers, because people take one look at her crazy, dead-eyed stare and decide they do not want to fuck with your crew today.

Penny, The 'Ugly' Best Friend [50]

You've known Penny since kindergarten. Right now, she's wearing paint-covered, baggy overalls, a messy ponytail, and massive, dorky glasses. According to Hollywood logic, this makes her "repulsively ugly," and none of the guys at school will even look at her. But you and I both know the second you take those glasses off and let her hair down, she transforms into an absolute, jaw-dropping supermodel. She has been hopelessly pining for you for the last ten years, and will act as your ultimate, sensible voice of reason. She'll bail you out of jail, help you study, and patiently wait for you to realize that the perfect girl was literally right in front of your stupid face the entire time.

Thad, The Golden Retriever Chad [50]

Thad used to be your biggest bully. He's the captain of the football team, the president of the alpha frat, and is built like a brick shithouse. But after you out-drunk him at a party or saved his life during a prank gone wrong, he completely flipped. Now, he thinks you are the coolest guy on Earth. He is incredibly, dangerously stupid (like, forgets-how-to-breathe stupid) but he is aggressively wholesome and positive. He will happily beat the absolute shit out of anyone who talks bad about you, lend you his sick sports car, and invite you to all the VIP parties. He's basically a massive, steroid-injected golden retriever who loves beer and boobs.

Professor 'Dr. J' Jenkins [50]

You know that one professor who clearly hasn't updated his syllabus since 1998 and always smells like patchouli and cheap whiskey? That's Dr. J. He's a tenured academic who completely gave up on the educational system a decade ago. He gives out straight A's to anyone who brings him good weed, and regularly shows up to student keggers to hit on freshmen. Having him on your side means you basically have complete immunity from academic suspension. He will happily lie to the Dean for you, fake your attendance records, and give you sage, drunken advice about life, love, and avoiding STDs.

Buster, The Mascot [50]

Nobody knows who the fuck is inside the suit. The person inside never takes the head off, never speaks a single word, and communicates entirely through physical comedy and aggressive pelvic thrusting. Despite being completely encased in heavy, sweaty fur, Buster somehow manages to drink more keg beer than anyone else by just pouring it into the suit's eye-holes. He is an absolute menace on the dance floor, completely immune to blunt force trauma, and somehow, inexplicably, gets laid more than anyone else in your friend group. He is a chaotic force of nature who will silently back you up in any bar fight.

Mary-Anne, The Repressed Bible-Thumper [50]

She wears ankle-length denim skirts, thick wool sweaters, and spends her weekends handing out purity-ring pamphlets in the campus quad. She constantly scolds your crew for swearing, drinking, and having premarital thoughts. But this is a sex comedy, which means she is a ticking time bomb of pure, unadulterated degeneracy. The exact microsecond she accidentally ingests half a Mike's Hard Lemonade or gets bumped into a closet during a game of Seven Minutes in Heaven, the dam completely breaks. She instantly transforms into a terrifying, insatiable succubus who knows kinks you haven't even heard of. She will completely drain your soul, break your bedframe, and then wake up the next morning crying, putting her sweater back on, and aggressively praying for forgiveness, only to do it all over again next Friday.

Samantha, The 'One of the Guys' Tomboy [50]

Sam is your ultimate bro. She wears baggy flannel shirts, backwards baseball caps, and completely obscures her figure. She can shotgun a beer faster than the frat president, burps louder than you, and will aggressively roast you when you strike out with a chick. Because she's "one of the guys," you never actually think of her sexually. But according to absolute cinematic law, the second it's time for the massive end-of-the-year prom or a VIP formal party, Sam is going to undergo a reality-breaking transformation. She will walk down a staircase in a slow-motion, jaw-dropping red dress, and reveal that she is actually an objective, 11/10 supermodel. She is the ultimate wing-woman who can seamlessly transition into a totally elite love interest whenever you finally realize what's right in front of you.

Brittany, The Psycho Glinger [50]

They always tell you not to stick your dick in crazy, but you didn't listen, and now you have a heat-seeking missile permanently attached to your life. Brittany is completely, certifiably out of her fucking mind. She has keyed your car, set your lawn on fire, and threatened to stab you in your sleep. But if you actually recruit her as a Companion, you can weaponize her absolute insanity and aim it directly at your enemies. If you point out a rival frat bro or a tyrannical Dean and casually mention that they were "talking shit about us," Brittany will unleash a psychological and physical terror campaign that will ruin their entire life. She will stalk them, destroy their property, and gaslight them into a mental breakdown, acting as your own personal, incredibly hot suicide bomber.

Mr. Henderson, The Oblivious Sugar Daddy [50]

This guy is the ultimate, weaponized cuck. He is a wealthy, middle-aged suburban husband who wears khakis, loves grilling hot dogs, and spends 90% of his life obsessing over his golf handicap. He is absolutely, supernaturally blind to everything happening around him. You can literally be banging his incredibly hot MILF wife right on his living room couch, and he will just walk right past, give you a friendly finger-gun, and tell you to "keep up the good work, sport!" He thinks you are just a swell, hardworking kid, and he will happily write you massive, blank checks to fund your "start-up business" or your "study abroad trips" (which are actually just massive benders). He is a walking ATM who provides perfect legal cover and infinite funding while completely ignoring the roaring circus of degeneracy in his own home.

Miss Riley, The Inappropriate Substitute [50]

She is supposedly here to teach AP History, but she hasn't looked at the syllabus since she got hired. Miss Riley is a smoking hot, heavily divorced trainwreck with absolutely zero concept of personal or professional boundaries. She shows up to class hungover, sits on top of her desk in tight skirts, and openly asks the students for dating advice or tells them wildly inappropriate stories about her sex life. If you recruit her, you essentially have a permanent, highly illegal VIP pass to the faculty lounge. She will change all of your failing grades to A's if you bring her iced coffee or a hidden flask of vodka, and she will gladly cover for your crew by actively lying to the police and the Dean. She is a massive HR violation waiting to happen.

Vlad, The Terrifying Foreign Cousin [50]

You thought the Foreign Exchange Freak was weird? Wait until you meet their cousin from the old country. Vlad is a 6'7", completely silent wall of pure, intimidating muscle wrapped entirely in a knock-off Adidas tracksuit. He doesn't speak a single word of English, he constantly squats in the corner of the room smoking thin cigarettes, and he solves absolutely every social problem with extreme, Eastern European violence. He is your ultimate, terrifying bodyguard. If an angry jock, a psycho ex, or a bouncer tries to give you a hard time, you just point Vlad in their direction. He will effortlessly pick them up by the throat, casually toss them through a plate-glass window, and then go back to aggressively fist-pumping to heavy European techno music like nothing even happened.

Drawbacks

Supplement Mode [Free]

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

The Silver Screen [Free]

You don't have to stick to the generic sandbox. You can choose to drop directly into the canonical plot of any specific raunchy sex comedy movie or franchise (like American Pie, Superbad, Animal House, or EuroTrip).

Canon Replacement [Free]

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

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 **+200 CP** total from it.

Hair-Trigger Hose [+200]

Look, bro, there is no easy way to say this: you are a pathetic, two-pump chump. Your stamina is absolutely shot to shit. The exact microsecond things start getting heavy - hell, before the pants are even fully off - you absolutely blow your payload. You are a walking hair-trigger, leaving your partners staring at the ceiling in crushing disappointment while you desperately apologize, wipe yourself off, and swear to God that "this totally never happens to me." But here is the silver lining to this humiliating curse: it's not a permanent life sentence, it's just a massive skill issue. You can actually fix this bullshit through sheer, sweaty repetition. Every single time you get laid, fail miserably, and try again, you earn valuable bedroom XP. The more actual, physical sexual experience you grind out, the better your stamina gets. If you put in the reps, endure the initial mockery, and figure out how to pace yourself, you will slowly level up. You can evolve from a thirty-second disappointment into an absolute, marathon-running maestro, but you are going to have to survive an incredibly embarrassing, messy tutorial phase first.

The N.A.R.B. (No Apparent Reason Boner) [+200]

Your body has absolutely zero respect for your social standing or current environment. At least once a day, at the most incredibly inappropriate time imaginable, you will get a massive, diamond-hard, totally uncontrollable erection (or, if female, you will become visibly, embarrassingly soaked). You could be giving a PowerPoint presentation to the Dean, standing up in front of the entire congregation at church, or crying at your beloved grandmother's funeral, and suddenly your junk is standing at full attention. You will have to spend a massive amount of your time doing the awkward hunched-over waddle, desperately trying to tuck it into the waistband of your sweatpants before someone notices and reports you to human resources or the police.

Stifler's Mom Syndrome [+200]

Your absolute best friend in this Jump is a completely unhinged degenerate who has a terrifying, obsessive sexual fixation on your mom (or your dad, or whatever parental figure you live with). They won't shut the fuck up about it. You'll be trying to play Halo or smoke a bowl, and they'll just start casually talking about how huge your mom's tits are. They will constantly try to steal her underwear, sneak into her bedroom, or aggressively flirt with her right in front of your face. But the absolute worst, most soul-crushing part? Your parent is definitely into it. You will live in constant, paralyzing fear of walking into the kitchen at 2:00 AM for a glass of water and catching your best bro absolutely going to town on the woman who birthed you.

The Tagalong Turd [+200]

You are cursed with an annoying younger sibling, a nerdy neighbor kid, or a total loser sidekick who absolutely refuses to leave you alone. They are like a socially awkward barnacle attached to your ass. Worse, they always have some iron-clad blackmail material on you, meaning you are forced to bring them along to the wildest, most exclusive frat parties and dates. They will constantly kill the vibe by asking stupid questions, accidentally breaking expensive shit, or drinking a single Smirnoff Ice and projectile vomiting directly into the DJ booth. They are a walking, talking cockblock, and if you ditch them, they will immediately run to your parents or the cops and spill all your deepest, darkest, highly illegal secrets.

Toilet Humor [+400]

You have a deeply cursed gastrointestinal tract straight out of a comedy movie. At least once a month, right at the absolute worst possible moment, you will urgently need to unleash an apocalyptic, earth-shattering bowel movement. We're talking sweating, clenching your cheeks, praying to God for mercy type of diarrhea. This will always happen when you're doing something high-stakes, like meeting your hot girlfriend's terrifying ex-military dad for dinner, or taking a massive final exam. You will be forced into extreme, slapstick comedy situations just trying to find a bathroom, only to discover the toilet is broken, there is no toilet paper, and the door won't lock. You will destroy plumbing and your own dignity on a regular basis.

The Psycho Ex [+400]

You have an ex-partner who is completely, certifiably out of their fucking mind, and they are obsessed with ruining your life. They will stalk you everywhere you go. If they see you talking to another attractive person, they will completely fly off the handle. They will key your car, slash your tires, throw a brick through your bedroom window, and text you four hundred times in a row at 3:00 AM threatening to kill themselves, you, or your new fling. They are terrifyingly good at tracking you down, and they will show up at every single party you attend, screaming, throwing drinks, and completely scaring off anyone who even thinks about sleeping with you. Getting a restraining order will only make them hornier and more aggressive.

The Tyrannical Dean [+400]

You have a dedicated, lifelong nemesis. They are a bitter, middle-aged authority figure (like a college Dean, a Camp Director, or the local Police Chief) who absolutely despises you and your entire crew of degenerate friends. They literally have a throbbing vein in their forehead that pops out whenever they say your name. This asshole has dedicated their entire waking existence to catching you breaking the rules so they can expel you, arrest you, or shut down your fraternity for good. They will employ wildly illegal tactics to get you, including wiretaps, sending in undercover nerds to spy on you, and hiding in the bushes outside your window with high-powered binoculars. You will constantly have to outsmart this boomer just to survive the school year.

The Pie Fucker [+600]

Oh, bro. You fucked up. Hard. In the very first week of this Jump, you were caught doing something so incomprehensibly embarrassing, sad, and perverted that it defies human logic. Maybe you were caught literally fucking a warm apple pie in your kitchen, or humping a couch cushion, or doing something unspeakable with a vacuum cleaner. The worst part? You were caught on camera by the biggest, loudest gossip in town. The video is on Snapchat, TikTok, and Twitter. The rumor spreads like absolute wildfire. Your professors know. The hot girls know. Your grandma knows. For the next ten years, no matter where you go, you will be instantly recognized as "that sick freak." You will have to work your ass off to get anyone to look past your reputation and actually date you.

The Wager [+600]

You let your ego write a check your ass can't cash. At a massive, crowded party on your first night here, you got drunk and made a very loud, very public, legally binding bet with the biggest douchebag in town. You bet that you could bed a specific, totally unattainable person (the celibate head cheerleader, the fiercely strict hot teacher, or the Dean's daughter) by the end of the school year (or your first year here). The stakes are absolute. If you fail to seal the deal before the clock runs out, you will suffer a humiliation so total and complete that you will instantly fail the Jump and be sent home with absolutely nothing. You've got a ticking clock, a furious rival trying to sabotage you, and a target who currently hates your guts. Good luck, idiot.

Sober Reality [+600]

You are stuck in a wacky, unhinged sex comedy, but unfortunately, your body is suddenly governed by real-world physics and biology. You lose all cartoonish durability and party-immunity. When you do a keg stand, you get alcohol poisoning and throw up until you dry-heave. Your hangovers feel like a tiny man with a jackhammer is trying to escape through your eyeballs, leaving you bedridden for two days. If you fall off a roof into a pool, you don't walk it off with a funny quip; you shatter your femur and spend six months in physical therapy. You don't get montage-skips to clean up a trashed house; you have to spend ten grueling hours scrubbing vomit out of the carpet by hand. You have to survive a world of absolute, dangerous chaos while trapped in a fragile, highly sensitive human meat-sack.

Ending

Well, bro, the clock has finally run out. You've survived ten solid years of aggressive blue balls, massive frat ragers, tyrannical Deans, and catastrophic, slapstick social humiliation. The kegs are empty, the sun is coming up, and the cinematic credits are getting ready to roll. It's time to make your final choice.

Graduate (Go Back to Old Earth)

Wait... seriously? You want to go home? Why the absolute hell would you do that? You just spent a decade living in a cinematic utopia where you have magical, disease-proof genitals, hangovers don't exist, and you can solve major life problems just by throwing a massive party with a pop-punk soundtrack. And you want to trade all that in to go back to your boring original Earth? Where do you have to pay taxes, get fat, and work a miserable 9-to-5 desk job? You are a certified idiot. But hey, it's your funeral.

The Super Senior (Stay Here)

I respect it. You peaked, and you are totally self-aware enough to admit it. Why the fuck would you ever leave a universe where the beer is always cold, the cheerleaders are always flexible, and authority figures are incredibly easy to outsmart? You tear up your diploma, refuse to move on, and stay right here. You can just keep taking easy elective classes, dominating the social hierarchy, or terrorizing the local PTA until the end of time. You become the ultimate Van Wilder of this universe, and the party literally never stops.

Road Trip! (Move On)

Ten years is a long time to dominate one single campus, and honestly, the local cops are probably starting to catch on to your bullshit. It's time to take this show on the road. Pack up your magical condoms, grab your loyal squad of degenerates, load a fresh keg into the back of your kart, and slam your foot down on the gas pedal straight to your next destination. It's time to show some high-fantasy elves, brooding anime edge-lords, or sci-fi space marines how to throw a real fucking party.

Changelog and Notes

V 1.0 - First Edition

v 1.1 - Small fixes, added the JumpTrip and Hollywood Casting Agency perk.