

Exalted

Vs

Chronicles of Darkness

They've been hounding her for half a mile. Fangs glisten in the dim gloaming. They can make the shadows come to life and shatter minds, become flowing fog, run up a waterfall and put a fist through concrete. But this time, something's different. Her blood draws them like moths to a flame, and like that flame there's a dangerous aftertaste. Almost like her veins run with...sunlight?

Welcome to a New World of Darkness. One not unlike the modern world you know so well, but for it being populated what supernatural beings some might call the Night People. Werewolves that hunt predatory spirits out of ancient, guilty tradition. Patchwork corpses that spread desolation wherever they go, that some call Prometheans. Mechanical Demons living to fearfully sabotage a night-omnipresent God-Machine while evading its robotic angels. Geists that prance between this world and one closer to the grave.

They jump her right as she's about to make it home. One grabs her wrist, the other goes straight for her neck. "Sorry, little girl. This isn't a horror story" one of them says, "This is real. I am real. I'm a god-predator ordained by a hungry mother of monsters older than your world. And it's my privilege to cull your ilk". She's lying. She doesn't know anything about the truth of her elders and betters. But it's a good story that she was taught as sacred scripture.

Yet they are not alone. From an age that was old when Irem's bricks were not yet laid, in a past so far away that its legacy is hardly real, come **the Exalted**: Human champions touched by the power of celestial gods and dragons. Though their power is a flickering cinder in a world this bleak, even that much can slay immortals, create wonders and scorch reality bare in a blinding instant.

"Real enough, yeah" says the girl, as one of them spits out her blood, screaming as its throat melts. "But did you guys really think you were the predators here?" A column of radiant sunlight turns midnight to noon, and the monsters howl in terror at the Dawn.

Take 1000 CP. Rock this world with forces it has long forgotten.

Location, Origins, Gender, Age, and other things of interest

There was once a time, perhaps, when each Celestial Exaltation (the shard of a god's power, the indestructible soul, the numinous blessing meant to make a human being more than just the sum of divine and mortal) flitted swiftly from hosts as they died in some long ago war. That time is long gone, if it ever existed. Each slumbers from months to decades now, depending on the accumulated corruption it has taken upon itself in the furnace of its holy Essence, before searching for a new hero to empower. As for the Terrestrial Exaltation, the gift of the Dragonblooded, whatever process once distinguished it within the bloodlines that remember its' might is long lost.

The quantified units of energy that the Exalted use to fuel their miracles are called **motes**, inherited fragments of divine power inherited from long-lost mighty deities and manifested from the indestructible core of their Exaltation. This energy, called **Essence**, is very difficult for less enduring forces (meaning all non-Exalted beings in this world) to prevail against, causing effects like a Charm that make the Exalt impossible to track intrinsically hold a certain metaphysical momentum over effects like a werewolf's spirit magic that tracks prey.

All Exalts also emanate an **anima** whenever they use their powers, an aura of spiritual power that begins as a merely invisible force of godlike spiritual pressure, with greater use becomes visible to spirits, and with even greater use erupts into divine splendour visible for miles. Once, it might have been a display of inspiration and spiritual allegiance to their divine patrons. That was then, and nowadays your only allegiance is to yourself.

Fundamentally, the Essence of the Exalted is the same sort of ephemeral energy shed by spirits in this world. But its character is that of one of the mightiest beings to ever exist, undiluted and undiminished since the dawn of time, a small but true piece of a god so mighty it exceeds that of ghosts, angels and werewolves in scope and intensity. Functionally operating on different rules.

An Exalt receives 3 motes of Essence at sunrise, and 3 at sundown. Certain Charms let them gain motes in various circumstances. By default, Exalts begin at Essence 1 where they have 10 motes in total, can use up to 1 mote every "turn" in combat (generally a short enough time period to throw a punch) and have other Charms that let them recover more motes in battle-generally by obtaining decisive advantage against their foes in combat. As the Exalted hone

their abilities, succeed in their endeavours, and advance in their mastery of spiritual forces, their mote capacity increases up to a maximum of 100 motes at Essence 10, where they may use up to 15 motes every turn.

So powerful is the primordial god-stuff of Exaltation, and so diminished the world relative to them, that when their anima flares enough to be visible there is a chance that it can spread a **Burn**: A caustic scar on the very fabric of reality. Minor burns are localised to a few rooms or a small clearing in a forest-though some large examples may cover a whole floor of a hotel, several connected back alleys and similar scopes of environment. Major Burns can consume an entire building, farm, stretches of highway, or at the most extreme an entire city block. All Burns have different characteristics that will be discussed below for each Exalt. Significant supernatural activity within a Burn can **Sear** it, making it disappear in an eruption of supernatural forces; this too will be discussed later. *Some* Exalts' Burns can also transform nearby humans *or* other organisms, spiritually lobotomising and mutating them to emulate the nature of the Exaltation responsible. Suffice to say such individuals, while not threats to most Exalts, are often compelled to do strange and terrible things to those around them much like a predatory spirit.

After this jump, your Exaltation will rejuvenate from its longstanding corruption with your interdimensional nature enough to make unleashing Burns completely voluntary for you.

There is only one commonality between the Exalted: That the Chosen have faced the supernatural, for good or ill, and remained fundamentally human. You can thus start anywhere on the planet Earth, and whatever age you were, you are now restored to the youthful prime of a young adult or may be even younger-down to 15 years old. You may also be whatever gender you please.

Dragonblooded: *Long ago, the terrified gods fled the Earth for Heaven, fleeing five mighty dragons that forged, and hoarded, and slumbered. Without guidance from above, heroes tracked the dragons to their lair, and crushed them with jagged spears and rough sorceries. They were heroes. They were given crowns. But they inherited the pride as well as the might of the dragons, and made war upon each other. So did all they build crumble to rubble, and their blazing glory fade to ash. And so too, do the gods continue to hide in fear of even the diluted line of kings*

Or, perhaps,

The world was cold in the older days. By the banks of rivers and in the forests, there were differing hosts of humanity-Neanderthals, and those greater or smaller. And across one great rider, jealous dragons claimed a forgotten subspecies of mankind-making them obedient, and scaley, and workers of miracles. But the age of spirits ended with a dying wolf's howl, and the reptile folk died with them. But not before a few mingled with Homo Sapiens. That is why to you, child of dragons, vampires are merely prey.

Or even

The dragon is an allegory. But its power is real. It is the power of great shaman-chiefs: Mighty magicians who negotiated with the primal forces of the Earth, and bound themselves by pact and oath to the cardinal elements as well as the hunger of trees. Every draconic idol is in truth, a paeon to their own glory. But their descendants forgot their pacts, and failed to honour the ancient bargains. So the flame and the woods and all other great forces tried to take back their gifts. But a shadow of that power endures. You remain a prince, or princess, even disguised as a pauper.

Born into weird privilege tracing its lineage across human history, or simply to backwoods settlers, the Dragonblooded teach through their inherited traditions that they are here for one reason: To kill monsters. One or more of your parents had the ancient elemental power in their blood, and you were lucky enough to bring it to fruition where many of your peers can only let out a sad gust of wind. Yours is a primal connection to the collision of elements, to thrive, to harness your core of primal power. To wake the dragon slumbering within every drop of power within you. When that power is wielded in earnest, an anima of lethal elemental forces surrounds them like a sovereign's mantle-harshly scouring anything other than another Dragonblooded of the same element nearby.

They are divided into five castes sorted by the fundamental forces:

Air Aspects are driven by manic bursts of activity followed by quietude. The wind itself uplifts them to higher heights, letting them jump tremendous distance even without using their costlier powers and to always fall safely from any height.

Earth Aspects have an intimidating confidence from their introspection, and straightforwardly practical approach to life. Supernaturally tough, they can

shrug off blows great enough to break bones and are almost impossible to topple over on firm ground.

Fire Aspects thrive amidst impulse, activity and motivation. They enjoy violence and destruction as much as chasing their goals. They are immune to mundane flame, and their anima banners are the most destructive.

Water Aspects are flexible in every sense. Goal oriented and utilitarian, they also *enjoy* the beguilement and trickery they use to get what they want. They can swim and breathe underwater as well as any fish, and walk on the surface of water with a bit of effort.

Wood Aspects are drawn to others, intrigued by their sorrows and at home with cultivating their dreams. The scent and motion of plants always tilts near them. They are immune to all mundane poisons, and venomous themselves.

Terrestrial Burns represent a drastic imbalance of natural elements. Air Burns release freezing cold and powerful gusts of wind. Earth Burns slow all things unnaturally, making others feel objects *should* stay still and also requiring greater effort to move at all. Fire Burns unleash the heat of Death Valley's temperatures, easily catching and spreading fires. Water Burns cause humidity to skyrocket, eventually resulting in a flood. Wood Burns make plants and symbiotic animals such as insects or birds rapidly appear, the hunting, killing, breeding and reproducing organisms not just immobilising others but thinning access to spiritual planes of existence.

Searing a Burn unleashes a firestorm, a pulse of emerald light producing a brief but intense earthquake, an explosion of plant life or another elemental cataclysm. Fire Sears always leave everything aflame. Those unfortunate enough to survive such eruptions risk either becoming what is known as a Coactive Deviant to some scholars, or even worse-being reduced to one of the Scoured: A subhuman, ghost-like wretch with power over the element that reduced them to this state yearning for an impossible completion through their element.

Lunar: There have always been eyes in the woods, gleaming like the **moon** and embodying its hatred of injustice.

The knight cursed his lord even as he drove his lance through the Queen of the Woods' heart. As the trees wailed and the knight's horse abandoned him and everywhere the Queen's blood fell, paths twisted like spiteful roots, he mourned that duty led him to unforgivable sin. He was hunted by wolves, day and night, until they stripped his flesh from his bones, then devoured each other. From the burst carcass of the final wolf stepped the Knight of the Woods, resurrected to perform eternal penance in defence of that which he had defiled.

Amahan Iduth. The Argent Madonna. Luna. She has many names, whether or not she is less than she once was.

There is a girl on a path into the woods to bring her grandmother a basket of goodies. There is a wolf that waits to devour her. There is a woodsman who slays the wolf. Here the tale diverges, as the woodsman stops and thinks about what kind of a world forces an innocent girl into predator-haunted woods to tend to a lonely old woman. The woodsman inverts as the tale twists. A hungry, wolf-eyed girl takes her axe and carves in the skull of the magistrate that foreclosed her grandmother's home, and tears out the throat of the peddler that impoverished the girl for her goodies, and at the capital she devours the wicked king who left his people starving while he feasted in front of his court.

Is this story true? You'll leave that open to interpretation.

There was a rage in you that screamed for justice to be rent from the world, raw and bloody as a torn throat. A fury to survive that comingled hatred and righteousness. Thus you became a stalker, a killer, a shapeshifter and a communicant with subtle forces. Protection and retribution have been your callings ever since you wandered into the Woods: A lost place, a frightening and alien space between spaces that you survived until you saw the **moon** brighter than ever before. Now your soul is pale as silver, and shaped like a beast: A Feral Heart that savages you in dreams to mark you with the tattoos of molten silver which designate your caste. You can see through the dark. Rip through steel like butter with your claws. Trap your enemies in a twisted space of freezing darkness. And from the stolen skins you take from your prey to shapeshift, disgorge hounds fit to hunt in Heaven.

They are divided into 3 castes based on how they enact their predatory yet protective instincts:

The Full Moons are nature's fury red in tooth and claw. They defend the world itself tearing out the throats of dubiously legal property developers and bringing death to violent spirits. They are nigh impossible to track or evade in the woods, and none can surprise one in a fight.

The Changing Moons make their natural habitats in communities, and social systems. They slay exploiters, and decorate elevators with the entrails white collar criminals who get away with passing bills that poison drinking water. Their divine gift is to get close to any target without seeming suspicious or out of place, until its too late.

The No Moons make vengeance utterly personal. At home in the predations and conflicts of the supernatural world, the subtle ephemera of spirits is just another pound of flesh on their plate. They are natural sorcerers, and easily find paths into otherworlds or similar strange, liminal boundaries.

Lunar Burns cause reality to get thin and slippery. People get lost and wander into other worlds, or things from other worlds wander over-potentially things like the Gentry. The world darkens but for moonbeams from nowhere, and howls resound from the borders of reality. Searing Lunar Burns risks blasting others into these different planes of existence (its not clear what happens in settings without them. Perhaps they simply get sent to faraway random places?) and even risks transforming them into Chimerae: Monstrous shapeshifters that must feed on living flesh lest their own forms collapse into roiling, mindless blobs. Uniquely, animals can also become Chimeras.

Lunars and Solars have no particular bond as far as anyone knows.

Siderear: *Once, there was a maiden...*

*...on a long **journey**, to a land farther than the first star past the horizon, and outwards from eternity. She packed her bags, said her goodbyes and after a long journey eventually arrived. This didn't make anyone happy, especially not herself but once...*

*...there was a maiden, whose **serenity** was famous in the courts of gods and devils, and who was much acclaimed by kings. She was more hated and desired than any other, and handed a thousand poisoned gifts that she accepted gracefully. There they remained, until once...*

*...there was a maiden, who stood upon an emptied **battlefield**. She had slain her greatest foe, and stood triumphant over the land that hunted her as a heretic. But far away in her homeland, things fell apart and the centre good not hold. So, casting an eclipse on the world as she held up her hand to the sun, she put down her weapon and thought about how once...*

*...there was a maiden who knew the **secrets** to the universe, and was at last ready to tell them to everyone. But all the doors were barred, and every book was chained shut, and everyone had swallowed lotuses and no one cared about the truth anymore. The only people left to tell were all monsters. So she leaned down to one and whispered how, once...*

*...there was a maiden who stood on the threshold of life and death, and whispered at the door. "There's always an **ending**, after all" she said. "Yes, but there's always a beginning, too" said the Void.*

The Arisen may call it Fate, those touched by higher truths who dub themselves Mages may call it by a different name. But there is a structure to the universe, a fundamental Master Plan in the dance of **stars**. And from the empty shelves of the Shattered Annex, that compulsion to make *that which must come to pass* resonates deep into your bones. Instead of elemental eruptions or otherworldly strength, your power is founded on forgotten divine structures and mysteries deeper than mere causality. Your Exaltation was heralded by strange omens heralding some brush with the supernatural or other, omens that in hindsight always make you feel that it was inevitable you would be chosen. A pale web-like structure of possibilities unfurls before you: Letting you relocate neighbourhoods by running near them, reshape landscapes by slotting in different possibilities, duck past fate itself to avoid any and all adverse effects,

and bring the judgement of a forgotten Heaven to impose death on immortal spirits. Five castes dictate which set of causal outcomes rule the nature of these Chosen most of all.

The Chosen of Journeys are concerned with departures, arrivals and what will happen along the way. They are skilled in travelling over road, sea and sky as well as the midnight roads into spirit courts. They can grant themselves and others a gift of greatly enhanced speed.

The Chosen of Serenity know that life is pleasure. There is a key to every yearning, desire and heart, and there is no nobler nor more terrible work than turning them all. They can make themselves and others welcome in all circumstances, hopefully to make the world worth fighting for.

The Chosen of Battles are enlightened to every facet and necessity of conflict. They know when it's vital to fight, how to tilt the scales of a battle to its best outcome, and when to start conflict that will lead to wisdom or end it decisively. They can protect themselves and others from casual harm in battles where they are not fated to fall.

The Chosen of Secrets are drawn to both every secret in the mundane and hidden worlds, as well as to the act of tidying it up for the benefit of those around them. Peaceful ignorance is their trade. They can make themselves and others supernaturally obscure, protecting their thoughts from theft or alteration.

The Chosen of Endings are solemnly aware that there is a proper span for all things. They are empowered to enforce conclusions on enterprises, suffering, stalemates, and often lives. They can wreath themselves and others in finality, making blows unerringly deadly.

In a Sidereal Burn, the world cracks like a broken mirror. Past, future and present snarl like a spiderweb. As time and causality reset or stuttered, deceased loved ones return to life only in a certain room, and some people are simultaneously employed *and* unemployed (without being in an internship), the will of all within is sorely tested; uniquely, the consequences of such Burns can be long-lasting even if they escape the area as long as the Burn exist. Searing the Burn causes it to flare with intolerably kaleidoscopic light, lashing everyone with threads of broken destiny. Those within feel their will whittled away, and if they lose all resolve against confronting the unknowable become what's known as a Cephalist Deviant to some scholars of the occult.

Solar: *This has always been a world of darkness. But there has also always been light*

*There was a time when ancient horrors left drool between the stars, and lesser terrors spawned from their loins or their tainted touch or the nightmares they provoked. But the **Sun** waxed wroth against these wicked things. Some say the first heroes were his children, others that they were merely granted his strength. All agree they wrought wonders, brought such grandiose slaughter and devastation upon the horrors of the ancient world that they were reduced to writhing vermin, and set themselves up as sage-emperors. Then some say that dying gasps of the old ones tainted all the works of humanity until they were mad and wicked enough for the surviving monsters to drag them down, one by one. And others, that the war exhausted the heroes so much they slept through the eons. But sometimes, the sun crowns another seeker of thrones.*

Or,

Long ago, the Sun God grew jealous of the great powers that presided over Death, Hell and all that was beyond the knowledge of mankind. Wishing to rule over the Heavens, take the stars and moons as his harem, and rule supreme over all other powers in the universe, he gave primitive humanity scraps from his table that made them sovereign over all monstrous things. But when the Sun God demanded they return to their caves, they refused. They struck him down at spearpoint, and drank his fiery blood, and raised up empires as glorious and terrible as the Sun God's own vision of his supremacy. And in time, they too had their throats slit by those they made great in their own image.

But so long as the immortal blood of the sun circulates, death's vastness holds no rest for them.

And just, maybe,

In your dreams, you hold command over four other shining heroes. Together, you face an incomprehensibility you can only understand as "The Dragon Beyond The World" or perhaps, its shadow. Its wings are the wind, and sky, and sea. And the interstices where they meet. It brings down rains of demons and far worse things from the pyroclastic chaos of its breath, which consumes reality and replaces it with its fantasies. It is older than the world, and it helped midwife its creation.

This avails it naught.

When the battle is over, the dragon is bound within its own wings, and all the demons have been shackled, humbled, and irrevocably maimed into grovelling prisoners of war. That is when the arguments break out, about whether they should be banished beyond the breadth of the world, or enslaved as your pets, or utterly annihilated. You look for a sibling who could sell ice to glaciers. For you know some battles cannot be won with your immortal-slaying sword.

The mightiest among the chosen, the Solars' path is as unceasing and glorious as the sun's own gaze upon the Earth. It leads them against the cruelty of spirits, the appetite of vampires, the esoteric mystery plays of mages and the uncaring machinations of machines. Burning with virtuous focus, each and every monster practically exhilarates as Solar contemplating how to set them among the things that no longer are. Each and every one is but kindling to be crushed beneath the Solar's thunderbolt-like fists, blindingly majestic commands and the inferno of intellect they forge miracles from. In battle they are light and flame made into sacrosanct divine judgement for a few fleeting moments, and for the rest "simply" stronger, faster and tougher than anything they face dares hope. The complex problems of the world are seared into simple solutions to their luminous gazes. When their anima unfurls, none can doubt that the heroes of old have returned-ready to shake the world with their tread once more.

Fivefold are the Solar castes, each depicting their specialties. Perhaps they were once meant to work together. Certainly there's a *rightness* in that modality that feels natural. Correct.

The Chosen of the Dawn light fires that make the darkness curse their name. They squash monsters to pulp beneath their heels, and annihilate deathless wraiths with blades of sunlit flame. Such is their intrinsic violence that they can always find a way to break or kill something when they really need to, and their inherent gift for combat inspires primal terror in foes.

The Chosen of the Zenith banish shadows as they create a world where monsters have nowhere left to hide. They rally communities and raise up those around them into a kingdom where no one can ever be hurt, again. Their touch purifies what lies in their grasp, denying any monster of the night the right to make use of it.

The Chosen of Twilight see the fangs of the night, and seek to understand their contours. Fearlessly, they seek more knowledge-perhaps in the name of control, or obsession, or simply for closure-even as their insight and command of subtle forces reshapes reality. Natural sorcerers, they bear an instinctive understanding of spirits and their ways.

The Chosen of Night demand justice. Not just vengeance, but to balance the scales against every craven thing that lurks in dim crevices, and to exact precise judgement against their transgressions. They can measure hearts, and make themselves almost untraceable.

The Chosen of the Eclipse seek reconciliation. They reach out to the monsters, to the unseen and unimaginable itself, and offer support to those harmed by them with skill, speech and subterfuge. They can sanctify pacts they witness, bringing an ancient curse against oathbreakers.

In a Solar Burn, light that the world long ago grew too thin and fragile to comfortably hold expands without restraint or mercy. All illumination becomes brighter, even painfully so. Bare bulbs stab the eye, the sky becomes a screaming white expanse, and switched off lights retain their glow for a few moments. Gravity feels heavier, and all objects, structures and surfaces grow oddly brittle. Touching bare metal shocks the hand, and Solar Animas appear everywhere as subtle omens. Above all else, all forces in the Burn are significantly empowered. Fires burn hotter and brighter, sounds grow louder, anger swells to rage. Even effects powered by a werewolf's Gnosis, a vampire's Blood Potency or a Promethean's Azoth hit harder and more precisely-though those who attempt to channel such power are overstimulated for days (experience their emotions swing out of control) just like mortals within the Burn, and vampires in particular are deeply unnerved by exposure to a force that is yet is not the sun they fear. Even the Gauntlet, the barrier to the vibrational wavelength spirits exist on, is strengthened. Searing such a burn causes it to erupt into a fleeting but all-consuming flare of light. Electric lights burn out or explode. All objects are made permanently more fragile. Mortals risk being transformed into Thrones: Individuals with limited sensitivity to the supernatural with a tendency to flock together, a tendency to attract that same supernatural threat towards themselves, and unfortunately a great deal of spiritual nourishment to other beings touched by Solar Essence. Or in the worst case, Ophanim: Unerringly symmetrical, often monocolour entities with lethal but localised abilities such as warping the area into a maze, immunity to flame,

rapid regeneration or firing a laser out to 30 yards. Such beings have an intense fixated on circumstances or people echoing the selection of the Solar Exalted. Though not spirits, they dematerialise at sunrise every day and can only manifest involuntarily at night. They are constantly unravelling from the stress of carrying Solar Essence, its hazy sense of self utterly overridden by its instinctive hunger.

Abyssal: *It always begins in blood, and ends in **death**.*

There are no reinforcements. Nobody rode to their rescue, there was never any second wind. Baptised with Heaven's blessing, the heroes fought on even as they were stabbed in the back and poisoned and crippled and had their very souls ripped from their broken bodies. At last, their charnel lay still on the battlefield.

You weren't supposed to be this cold, hungry thing. You were supposed to be golden. Bright. Better. Now, annihilation is all that's left for you.

The wicked birds came then, all smoke and shadow. They pecked open their bones, and bathed in their marrow. They supped on their blood, and sliced up their flesh. Devouring their names, each bold bird started to waddle into the corpses they had infested, seeking to parade their meals up and down the land, and perhaps be feted on their bloodstained thrones.

But there was power yet in the dark heroes.

Sometimes hope dies, but power endures. Sometimes corpses digest shadow, and bind smoke into their blood. And timeless evil dies, screaming in silence, so that limp lungs draw air and empty eyes see the world anew.

Nobody cares what cold, dark hell awaits wicked birds.

Your Exaltation was once that of a Solar, but infused with a mandate to kill, the leaden horror of the grave and a terrible curse cast by unspeakable ancient horrors should you rail against your fate. Baptised in the dark waters of the Underworld, some of your kind bear all the ravages of death. Others take on an unearthly beauty. Either way, black fire immerses you in a show of entropic glory. Your name from *this* world is gone, replaced by a title suited for your ordained purpose as the world's executioner. As a terrible channel for the hunger of death to grind all things down to nothingness, should you embrace your purpose you will become a living weapon fit to murder gods and topple them from their thrones.

But even whatever ancient Underworld, surely older than the one some in this world know of (or perhaps its deepest layer), has long since consigned most of its laws to oblivion. Only four are left:

1. You are a nameless thing. Do not speak, use or acknowledge the name you have from this world even though you remember it.
2. You must not create life. Not by siring a child, nor through science or sorcery. Oddly, horticulture and animal husbandry don't violate this law, even though otherwise it incurs the greatest punishments. Perhaps cows are beneath death's notice. Perhaps it simply views those as merely prolonging death in the long run.
3. You must not preserve life. If you perceive a sentient being is about to die, and take steps to immediately avert that, and succeed, you have violated this law. Preserving more lives is obviously far worse than just one. Once again, saving the lives of plants and animals does not count. Nor does preserving the existence of the undead such as ghosts or vampires, and creatures that exist nebulously between life and death like Prometheans. It is not known if Demons, rogue machines, count.
4. The grave demands its due. You must kill a sentient being or one possessed of supernatural power once every 28 days, lest you incur a violation.
5. No one knows who wrote the laws. But whatever did is long gone. After this jump, at long last even these laws cease to have any hold on you. Somewhere, something long dead howls in misery as its pitiful existence loses all meaning

Violating the laws calls up a malevolent, abstract force known as the Maw of the Abyss. The Abyssal has the choice to stand in its' way, accepting the depletion of their own vitality until the Maw is fed by destroying beings with supernatural abilities, or stand aside and let the Maw commit cold, pitiless death and destruction in the world as if it were a spiritual being with 3-dot Influence over "whoever and whatever is around a target that is inconvenient, but not intimately precious, to an Abyssal".

For those onerous prices, the Abyssal Exaltation wield deathly mirrors of the Solars' powers. Instead of unleashing holy sunlight, their bullets and blades are wreathed in the all-consuming darkness of final entropy. Instead of superhuman eloquence, they may speak such slander as to bring catastrophe on their foes' social lives. Instead of immortality, once in a long while the world simply refuses to kill what is already dead, and the Abyssal arises from any destruction. Certain annihilation surrounds them, preventing wounds they inflict from healing and letting them erase localised concepts and nearby objects from reality.

Also for some reason, some of their powers are very, very similar to those of vampires.

Abyssals remain sorted into 5 castes defining their aptitudes as enemies of all life.

The Chosen of Dusk are simply monsters that want to kill other monsters-and anything in their way. They see blows coming as contrails of blood, and deflect bullets with blades that flicker faster than sight. No barrier or doorway can stand between a target they focus on killing, and their opponents face an unnatural terror inspired by a premonition of certain demise.

The Chosen of Midnight yearn for the fear of all other monsters. They will ascend to the palaces of the supernatural, and reign in terrible glory so nothing can ever challenge them again. They can inflict a sacrificial brand on persons, places or objects, marking them as their own.

The Chosen of Daybreak revel in the nightmares and impossibilities of the supernatural world. There is nothing left to fear for them, but lacking time to fully vivisect every occult mystery. They are natural sorcerers, and talented at walking between worlds.

The Chosen of Day live in denial. They are starkly aware that they are monsters. They refuse, spiritually, to accept this. So they hide their nature, becoming able to intrinsically suppress their Exaltation, and sense the gathering places of other monsters. But sooner or later, they return to bloodshed.

The Chosen of Moonshadow hunger for control. With their life ended, they fight back against a world that hates and fears them with rules, structure, laws. As arbiters or tyrants, they will have *order* enforced through oaths they oversee-

which when broken, bring bindings, weakness and deathly curses upon the oathbreaker.

In an Abyssal Burn, death hath dominion. Light barely radiates, fluorescents reduced to candlelight. Shadows hang thick and heavy, and vermin of all sorts gather. Avernian Gates (portals to the Underworld) appear with great frequency, and often with no clear reason except the actions of the living. Worst of all, any and all ghosts are drawn to it like flies to honey-and at midnight, all ghosts within are nourished as if the living remembered them. Searing such a Burn results in an explosion of blinding darkness that destroys light sources and even briefly erases view of the sun for a few seconds. It scours away the vitality of the living, and risks reducing them to soulless husks driven more by vice than virtue-and very open to possession.

Infernal: *Monster? Hero? In **Hell**, there is no difference between them.*

You weren't chosen. You were abducted by a rotting mass of brass and flame, that ripped a hole through the world to get at you. Tore you away from the world, and engulfed by a pulsating tower of stone, metal and flesh made of wings folded upon wings folded upon eyes and fangs. Taller than a skyscraper. The only thing that moved, in that Empty City.

The Lawmaker Princess screamed as they tore her laws to shreds, for her laws were her flesh. The Silver Forest clutched his broken branches and roots as they were ripped off him, but they cut through him like shards of glass. The Principle of Hierarchy tried to save one, just one, precious law from the boots of the mighty. But her very thoughts were trampled underfoot. The Twisted Boar Who Blackens The Skies was drowning in the blood from his carcass, as his butchers cut up his flesh for their dining table. The Great Mother wailed as she was castrated even more thoroughly, the All-Hunger Blossom frantically ate the entrails being ripped out of him, and the Dragon That Was wept tears of burning light. Cornered in a circle of sunlight even as he'd tried to escape from his predecessor's death throes. Even the Silent Wind stopped laughing, first in fury at her siblings' cacophony, then from the horror of being forced to swallow her own substance a second time. And as his brothers and sister howled, and roared, and eventually screamed for someone. Anyone. To save them.

All the Demon Emperor could do was lie there.

Broken and crippled beyond all healing.

As the hateful champions of the gods violated them all.

You don't exist to purify this world. To make *anything* right. In a corrosive prison of divine flesh, you pulled yourself free like a maggot. As your very fate was bent and disfigured even as your body and mind were made mighty like all the other Exalted, as you intuited the secret path across the silver sands that led back to the world of your birth, you understood two things: You are a herald of the end of days, and yet as long as you remain free your existence forestalls a night of total annihilation. The Chrysalis Grotesque, the hateful tower, will not hatch until each and every Infernal Exaltation is snugly embedded back into it.

They should have never come back. The sages and the kings, the heroes and the shamans, they knew that this place had been banished away from all other places for a good reason. But they were hungry, and greedy, and drunk on pride, lust and wrath. And perhaps, just perhaps, in their secret heart of hearts they were envious of that which was greater than humanity would ever will be.

There would be consequences. But by then, they just didn't care.

So back into Hell they crept. To butcher the enemies of the gods, crack open their marrow and sup on their sundered natures. To drink their wisdom from their broken minds, and roll around in their principle-ribcages. To execute their heart-suns, and drink their tears of song and dance, and slay every demon in the streets for an extra iota of diabolical power.

And when they rose again from an orgy of genocide and desecration, Hell was empty. They were the greatest devils there ever were, and they walked on Earth among us.

There is an imminent eschaton sleeping in the flesh and soul of each among the Infernal Exalted. In times of great need, with a great effort of will and two motes of Essence, it augments the Infernal's mortal form at the cost of great destruction to the world. Some such forms roughly mirror those of humanity, though with tattered yet functional wings, blades from their bones, horned skulls and so on. Others are explicitly monstrous: An orbit of wings and eyes evoking the hellish prison the Infernal escaped, a beast of raging phenomena and minerals, a blind dragon whose screams shatter steel. And some are abstract and malleable: A swarm of demonic scorpions, a storm of green hellfire, a cloud full of ephemeral yet mighty tentacles. It only lasts a minute, and cannot be

assumed until the sun next crosses the horizon. But that time will lengthen as the Infernal rises in Essence.

Sometimes, a scream winds its way back from the dismal end of the universe, returning to the birthplace of reality, its discarded shell, the shattered husk that reality cast away when time was born. And it calls, in a voice that knows only the anguish of eternal rulership forever lost, for others to be devoured by the First Throat-or else spat out, as its unceasing malediction upon an unjust cosmos. For now, that is all the First Throat does. Curse the world, for all that it has lost.

But one night, that maw will open. It will bite through the layers of reality, chew upwards through worlds without death, or matter, or spirit, or energy, or even time and fate. One night, the Empty City will be set ablaze with dances once performed to the music of the spheres, and songs that erode the gracious laws given to the universe, and its streets will be filled with dancers that are both more than god and less than man. One night, the sky will be set aflame by a long-dead sun.

That night will be the last night on Earth.

And it will never end.

Heirs to the apocalypse, living vessels of corruption, the Infernal Exalted as undeniably similar to the other Chosen in nature as they are differentiated by their monstrous purpose to pollute and violate the world. Others cast bolts of power. Their gunshots and punches are seeded with the cold and terrible fire, which began the world and hopes to someday end it. Others bolster themselves with spiritual forces. They banish harm and effort to the Empty City, where it suffers on their behalf. Somewhere, a footprint thumps on an abandoned street, or a bit of mortar crumbles. But even reduced from itself, the Empty City is as infinite as the beings it once embodied. The Infernals keep themselves awake by embracing their nightmares, slip into the liminal space between Earth and Hell to evade bullets, shape whatever tools they need with their minds, and poison memories with their words until they are infested with doubt and self-hatred that only ends with submission to the Infernal.

So corrosive is their power that even their *castes* were dissolved after hundreds of immersions in the Chrysalis Grotesque, and journeys back and forth across a lifeless desert of silver sands. Instead, each Infernal freely benefits from three

divine gifts freely chosen among a list of five Keys of power. One is the weakest, the Lesser Key, one is Great, and the Imperial Key is the strongest of all.

The exact nature of Keys is not known. Are they remnants of the Empty City's former prisoners and components? Or their dying dreams, pressed into service?

The Keys of Emptiness manifest gifts of nullification. The Imperial Key reduces grievous damage, even supernaturally harmful damage, to mere bruising. The Greater Key makes Infernals effective at purifying supernatural forces, seemingly allowing them to do so in contradiction of their nature. The lesser key makes their empty hearts nearly impossible for others to sense their motivations.

The Keys of the Wasteland preside over boundaries and laws. The Imperial Key can bind an oath, deal or promise witnessed by the Infernal; those who break the letter of it are instantly dragged to the Empty City. The Greater Key can sense the rough direction and distance to the nearest Burn; in future worlds you may sense similar concentrations of raw supernatural energy. The Lesser Key ensures you are never lost on where you want to go.

The Keys of Stillness concern otherworldly things. The Imperial Key grants knowledge of Ancient Sorcery, whether through ominous dreams or serendipitous encounters with an old spirit or an ancient scroll. The Greater Key allows you to detect the nearest natural passage between the Earth and some other realm of existence. The Lesser Key allows you to speak and comprehend the First Tongue (the language of spirits) and High Speech (the sacred supernal language of Atlantis used by Mages as an enhancer for their magic. It can also traumatise mortals that have not been Awakened to the same truths as they, enhance attempts to intimidate or charm spirits of the Supernal, and perhaps holds other mystical uses).

The Keys of Silence are relatively self-explanatory. The Imperial Key makes you aware whenever someone speaks your name, letting you see and hear the speaker and their surroundings for a few minutes if you wish. The Greater Key lets you exert your Exalted miracles without making your Anima erupt, obfuscating your monstrous nature. The Lesser Key makes your words and will ring in the empty space between thoughts of others, making you supernaturally persuasive.

The Keys of Darkness are attuned to Hell's forsaken state. The Imperial Key lets you immolate yourself to ash with your anima for a single Mote, causing your ashes to drift away on a demon wind, reforming in a random district of the Empty City; in future worlds this (and other Infernal Charms with similar effects) either provides transportation to a local Hell-like world of your choice, or to a reasonably Hell-like physical location in worlds without one. Detroit or Death Valley are both valid examples; spiritual or physical similarity are both sufficient. The Greater Key of Darkness attunes your monstrous heart to your Burns, letting them intensify or peacefully dissipate faster as you see fit. The Lesser Key of Darkness makes you aware whenever you're amongst monsters and other supernatural beings, even when they're disguised.

The Keys of Loneliness seek to remedy that same isolation. The Imperial Key of Loneliness lets you open any barred portal, no matter how supernaturally sealed, by simply knocking on it. The Greater Key of Loneliness lets you instantly draw a grotesque melee weapon, seizing a drooling jaw-like axe or a blade covered in writhing talons from nothingness. The Lesser Key of Loneliness forges your spirit into a cruel fortress, granting you great willpower.

An Infernal Burn is a gift of lingering sickness and death, almost entirely identical to radiation poisoning save for its speed. Without the pretence of life-giving warmth, the lie of righteous justice or the illusion of perfection, all relentless atomic fusion embodies is the primordial power that once began the world and now seeks to end it. Plants grow rapidly, but disfigured and subject to calamitous aberration. Life too simple to suffer the usual symptoms of leukaemia mutates to death; to the extent it matters, they taste awful and are poisonous. Mercifully, most are safe within one for brief jaunts, but every four hours inflicts one interval of radiation poisoning which accumulates and 48 hours away from the Burn is required to reset exposure. In a twisted sort of mercy, Searing such a Burn creates only death, not monsters. In a flash of blue-green light, everything suffers a blast of hard radiation that can be poisonous even if they endure-but even supernatural beings with insufficient resilience can suffer prolonged damage and contamination, functionally being a mobile Infernal Burn with the range of a hospital room in the worst case scenario.

Drop-In: You come as you are from the previous jump. The Exaltation pauses before you, wobbles uncertainly, violently vomits corruption everywhere (conveniently in every direction except yours) and then flies drunkenly away. It bumps into several streetlights, crashes through a window and careens through the sky in a way that somehow manages to seem disappointed. It seems that you aren't a legendary reborn hero after all. What *are* you?

Perks

Perks are discounted by 50% under the relevant background header. Discounted 100 CP perks are free.

Perks that refer to Burns also apply to other supernatural effects that saturate an area with your spiritual or mystical energies in a raw state.

General

The Essence of Things (50-450 CP, **cannot be purchased by Drop-Ins without Tarnished Shard**): By default it's assumed you Exalted very recently, at Essence 1. But in a world so dark and dangerous, why settle for less? Few of the Chosen are confirmed to have reached the pinnacle of their power, and rumours of elder Exalts that have lived since the pyramids remain just that-rumours. The power core within your soul yearns to wield ancient strength that you can grant it. For every 50 CP you pay here, you may raise your Essence level by 1 rank. Your age is similarly raised to an appropriate level, though never to your physical detriment and not *necessarily* extending it by centuries; those who lives active and challenging lives may excel faster than those who stick to the shadows. Each time you do this, you may either assume you know 5 more Charms that you began with, or less than that if you decided your history in this world prioritised mastering sorcery, honing attributes or skills beyond human measure, or obtaining other unique advantages over innate Exalted powers. The two columns on the right in the chart below depict how many motes of Essence the Exalt has and recovers each round, as well as how many it takes to raise their Anima to a new level. As shown below, the power of Exaltation rapidly accelerates after Essence 7-at the cost of exposing its nature.

Essence Ratings

Rating	Trait Max	Motes/turn	Anima (Shining/Radiant/Burning)
1	5	10/1	3/5/8
2	5	11/2	3/4/8
3	5	12/3	2/4/7
4	5	13/4	2/3/7
5	5	15/5	2/3/6
6	6	20/6	1/3/5
7	7	30/7	1/2/5
8	8	50/8	1/2/4
9	9	75/10	0/2/4
10	10	100/15	0/1/3

Maximum Trait Ratings

At early Essence levels, the Chosen must live within human limits when not expressing their divine powers. Later, as their Essence rating rises, they gain the ability to raise their Attributes and Skills to intrinsically supernatural levels.

Take a Beat (100 CP): What is strength, really? Is it the scraps of wisdom we wring from the universe, the power we drill into our muscles, or the connections we make among men and monsters? Fortunately, you in particular no longer have to choose. As long as you're actively pursuing a relatively short term ambitious goal or at least one involving the supernatural, you'll find that significant milestones both good and bad will help you master both supernatural and mundane powers just a little faster. Resolving your problems will grant insight into improving yourself, and the first blow you take in a fight will teach you how to better remain on guard. Purifying manifestations of supernatural power will teach you more about them, and simply persisting at overcoming adversity is more liable to yield breakthroughs. Even getting thrown a sufficiently splendid birthday party can provide just the lucky break or gift you need to do better next time.

Warrior of a Lost Era (200 CP): You hit like a 12 gauge shotgun. In your hands, blades flicker like candlelight and deflect bullets like raindrops. To dodge, to toughen your intercostals with Essence and might, to perform feats of athletics like jumping over a roof, running continuously for many miles without tiring or breaking down a steel wall comes naturally to you relative to other Exalted. Your baseline traits in those things are far more easily developed, and you not just learn the known Charms for them faster but innovate new ones more easily.

Heritor of Ancient Crafts (200 CP): This is a fallen world. The Exalted no longer build artifacts of *true* power, though they may turn their genius to reshaping the fragile tools of the modern era. Abyssals perform surgery in nightmarishly slick flashes of competence. Solars hybridise objects in a frenzy of inspiration, building a cement truck that can also wash clothes or a shotgun that shoots homing shells. Infernals shape whatever tools they need from the wellspring of their own Essence. You are extremely gifted in all these things, and in mastering the skills they rest upon or understanding the knowledge that devised the. Studies in general are something you take to much more easily.

Majesty to Mend All Woes (200 CP): Your voice and appearance are your surest weapons. When you speak or strum an instrument, rooms full of people feel compelled to get down on their knees-whether in respect or terror. Your beauty or handsomeness could pass as a supermodel, one with an undeniably athletic bent to your contours. Many Exalted feel like characters on metal album covers, but you have the privilege of looking and comporting like one too effortlessly-which naturally means mastering the skills and Charms that enable you to do so much better than your peers.

By buying this perk, you also gain an ability normally limited to Abyssals: You can make the wind blow your hair around dramatically. Even if there's no air.

Mythical Poise (200 CP): Delivering a beating to you is like striking solid iron with a hammer: Liable to break mortal fists or send weapons bouncing away than inflicting any meaningful harm. Your mind is similarly fortified against all manner of unwanted intrusion, intuitively finding techniques of concentration or mindfulness that build up stamina in your body. When you don't want to be hurt, you're very hard to-and apart from making you very tough and wilful, this helps greatly with learning Charms to enhance your resilience or tenacity.

Your dedication to wellness and inner discipline also makes you an absolute fiend in the sack.

Eyes of the Gods (200 CP): An ambush is a terrible thing to never see coming, which is why you've learned to home in on that which would mean you harm-or preset an opportunity. You can track a single man across a crowd with sight alone, and identify ghastly spirits on sight. Naturally, your familiarity with the spirit world makes efforts to ward, bind or otherwise interfere with it all the easier for you. As before, you are much better at feats of observation or esoteric spiritual practices than most Exalts of your age.

Modern Day Demigod (200 CP): A golden sword? It's the 21st century, who would just stab someone when you can end their life with a mean message over the internet? Yours is a grab bag of tricks and aptitudes useful in a variety of situations, but seldom together. Among other things you can drive like an action movie hero, sail a ship up a river flowing downhill and hack the government (not as impressive as it sounds). Naturally, Charms and skills related to these feats come easier to you.

Purified Within and Without (200 CP): The Celestial Exalted enjoy a blessing that has no mortal analogue: The ability to draw the corruption and influence of monsters into the ancient furnace of their Essence, and vaporise it into nothingness. It demands concentration and struggle (some sort of victory or triumph over the source of the corruption) but far less from you than others. It can never be used on what the Exalt suffers themselves. Otherwise the applications are endless: Cleanse the taint from a Promethean's Wasteland, destroy the link between the physical and spiritual worlds, ripping out the reality edits that give a Demon's Gadget its powers, cure the taint of a vampire's venom or negating the Numina of a spiritual being among other examples. Your gift for this is especially strong, as if your Essence yearns to prevail over petty horrors.

Dragonblooded normally cannot purify supernatural forces as other Exalts can, nor are their souls similarly sacrosanct as those of other Exalts, but once upon a time the Exalted were meant to contest the impossible. This perk provides an exception to that role. Feel free to fluff the phenomena aesthetically in accordance to your elemental caste, the aesthetics of a dragon, or something else suitably thematic.

Infernals likewise *normally* cannot perform this act for they exist for a different purpose, although the Key of Emptiness seemingly bypasses that limitation.

Ancient Sorcery (200 CP): Long before the breaking of the world, the Chosen either inherited, stole, or won by trickery (depending on who you asked) the power of those before the gods that shaped the cosmos with words of command. In this broken age, the distinctions between whatever rankings of power separated these spells as well as which are immanent in the universe and which born from crimes against death has long since been crushed flat by entropy. The forgotten knowledge has no fixed repository; it is found anomalously on strange floppy disks, hoarded in the oldest of grimoires or whispered by ancient spirits.

But the power is real, even if broken. With an effort of will, ancient patterns scarred into the stratum of reality can be made to serve again.

Such spells can grant the sorcerer the authority to call a crumbling gateway between the Earth and realm of spirits, or conjure silver wings to engulf the Exalt and his allies-then deposit them in the realm of dreams. Tear one's body apart as a flock of flying creatures that reforms as the sorcerer elsewhere, transform it into living bronze, or transfigure an arm into a jagged wooden dragon's claw for 9999 breaths. Put foes into a sleepy dreamlike state with an opalescent mist vast enough to spread up to 3 floors of a large building, or conjure a storm of otherworldly destruction that rains sizzling green acid over the diameter of a mile that burns flesh and wood, corrodes metal and ruins roofs-though well-built modern buildings will likely *mostly* survive, and after the rain sunlight turns the acid to salt water.

With this, you are more gifted at discovering and mastering Ancient Sorcery spells than most of your peers. Even at Essence 1, you may have discovered a whopping 5 whole such spells, and far more if your Essence would imply you've lived longer.

Some Exalt castes or Keys already have an intrinsic grasp of Ancient Sorcery. Regardless of whether you do or don't, for buying this here you gain two unique boons. The first is that you gain far greater control over the strangeness that all Ancient Sorcerers suffer, forbidding it from manifesting or mitigating it and even steering it to your advantage. You can prevent others from being sick by touching your shadow, control *which* electronics go haywire when you scream and make the scorpions that crawl out whenever you bleed do your bidding (they are otherwise normal scorpions) to use some individually unique examples of strangeness. The second is that in future worlds, you will continue to find scraps of Ancient Sorcery (most frequently in places touched by the supernatural) you can use to continue expanding your repertoire.

Dragonblooded

Terrestrial: The Vigil (100 CP): Silver for werewolves, sunlight and fire but *not* garlic for vampires. Flame for the patchwork man too, iron for the fae, and public attention then a fist to the face for the mage. And always, *always* double tap. As the only type of Exalt with access to a tradition of hunting the supernatural passed on by clan and kin, Dragonblooded are often brought up with a grounding of self-defence, firearms handling, subversive activities and hard-won knowledge about the weaknesses of supernatural entities even before they Exalt. You have this. You'd fit in pretty well in a paramilitary outfit.

Daughter Before Mother (200 CP): Even as the blood of dragons dilutes, it strives to provide for kith and kin. Just as some Dragonblooded Charms can donate Essence to those touched by their bloodline, you're able to share any supernatural energies you have to those related to you by blood with a touch. They won't necessarily be able to use them as effectively as you, but at the very least they won't be harmed by them either merely from holding the energies within you-and they'll be indefinitely stable.

Elixir of Cardinal Affinities (400 CP): Some Dragonblooded learn to siphon their Burns to heal wounds, stilling their growth in exchange. But what can be mended can also be made better. You've come up with an even more efficient use. By siphoning the energy from a Burn, you can convert it into a supernatural blessing localised to yourself-with great leeway on the specifics, as long as its overall power is roughly proportionate to that of the Burn and symbolically or literally draws on its' themes. An Air Burn could grant the Dragonblooded the power to fly as fast as they can run for several hours, an Earth Burn grant supernatural armour that can deflect concussive grenades. More exotic burns from more powerful Exaltations might grant proportionately powerful abilities, like an aura of unrealities that deflects all harm or immense fortune at succeeding in a short term goal.

Elemental Embassy Elitism (600 CP): It's said by some the Dragonblooded bartered for their powers, and while unproven certainly there's a level of reciprocity not felt for many other Exalts. But if Changelings can forge contracts with Hearth and Snow, or mages treat with spirits from a realm where all forces have spirits, who's to say there isn't some truth in that fable? Your power over the elements of earth, fire, water, air and wood is now enhanced by your charisma and performance capabilities-allowing you to greatly enhance

your control over these forces as if you were appealing to them on an emotional level. Shake hands with dirt, serenade fire with the violin, argue with air and water, or bribe the trees-and where once you could fling a pebble with your Essence, perhaps you could launch a boulder instead. You'll need to learn the "mood" of a given element to get more out of it than just raw power, but attunement to them as close as a Dragonblooded's own moods to their powers can reap power far beyond even their greatest mundane expressions. Divine miracles such as grounding out a Mage's curses with earth, drawing a sword of thorns that can cut through souls and mystic contracts from wood, or making bullets and blades evaporate rather than touch you through a contract signed with fire.

Lunar

Within the Woods (100 CP): The Woods were winding, the Woods were wild. To escape them you had to be sharp, of course. Few in the modern world are adept at surviving in the wilds as you are, able to find succour and shelter while having the stamina to endure most hostile ecosystems-and an intuition for both sustenance and danger. You make tools out of things lying around on the ground or set up traps like it's second nature, and have the reflexes of a wildcat.

Wearing The World's Shape (200 CP): Ordinary Lunars need great feats of prowess, disciplined training or occult inspiration to don the forms of animals as small as a mouse or larger than a moose. This is *somewhat disappointing* to many Lunars who wish to shape their flesh as freely as their souls. Fortunately, *you* have no such limitations and can turn into humans as well as baleen whales or desert mice; in fact you have a repertoire of 50 such strange and useful shapes from the natural world. In future worlds, whenever you gain shapeshifting powers you will not only be naturally skilled at them, but be able to similarly push the limits of what they can do-perhaps only turning partially into a wolf, or reversing a normally irreversible transformation.

Nightmare Huntress Masquerade (400 CP): When Lunar Essence Burns the world, the barriers between worlds become permeable. *Let's make use of that.* When your Exaltation lets out a Burn, glimpses of vast distances across both geography or mystically and symbolically close adjacent planes of existence you may be interested in appear-like translucent optical mirages. By entering one, you can instantly travel through it to that location. Your ability to interface with esoteric and spiritual forces is also greatly strengthened in the Burn. A

Lunar could hold off even a mighty member of the Gentry from entering with one Title alone, prevent a spirit of the 6th rank from departing, or corrupt several lesser spirits with the nature and characteristics of Lunar Essence while within the Burn, for example. While not as good at inflicting purely physical changes to the geography, profound spiritual transformations can be performed here on a level great enough to fundamentally change one type of spirit into another-or make a partially spiritual being more or less mortal.

Ascetism of the Bodhisattva -Predator (600 CP): What lies beyond the grasp of fang and talon in the realm of divinity? The Uratha aspire to higher heights that would fulfil their great patriarch's role, and the Lunar follows in their pawprints. Having achieved an enlightenment normally reserved only for the greatest predators of the spirit world, your flesh regenerates from even supernaturally damaging effects (what this world might call Aggravated damage) with uncanny speed and surety. All the qualities associated with your Caste (or those most consistently used by you to resolve meaningful opposition) become so natural to master as if breathing, and magnified with divine prowess proportionate to your overall spiritual power. There is a certain vice, a selfish and carnal yearning, that empowers you as you indulge in it. Gluttony for example would not just grant you Essence and rapid regeneration from eating living flesh but also others sworn to follow you could feed you through their own hunger, you could create lesser spirits of hunger and exert authority over them, you could consume and draw sustenance from *anything*, and what you eat is annihilated utterly. Last but not least, while the nature of a spirit is different from that of an Exaltation, you still have your own form of enlightenment. You obtain unique Charms based on your Feral Heart (or the facet of the natural world that resonates most with you if you lack one, be it a mountain or autumn) that also evoke moonlight and its occult trappings-being particularly effective at hunting, subjugating or empowering spirits to a degree many might mistake you for a god of their kind. These Charms allow you to function as a Lodge Totem: A spiritual liege capable of granting blessings both subtle and overt to those with spiritual sensitivity such as the Uratha, while restoring spiritual energies faster and exerting greater authority over the spirit world due to their devotion. Last but not least, you are a set part of reality and cannot be removed from it except by his death. Attempts to delete you from the timeline, rewrite reality so that you are not part of it or otherwise utterly unmake you will fail. *Only violence and devastation can tear you from your throne the hard, bloody way.*

Sidereal

Once, there was a maiden who said “Go find everything” who stopped and thought about how much “everything” really encompassed. Did she really want to do that? Find everything, and be surprised by nothing, ever?

A Sense For Fate (100 CP): Guided by strange portents and sudden intuitions, many might mistake the average Sidereal for another New Age ditherer. But their guidance is all too real, as it is now for you. There is a sense older than instinct that guides you through life for the *natural* and *most likely* outcome to pass more reliably than any bird’s means of navigating the world. You are not bound to make it happen, but changing the outcome naturally makes things a harder to predict for a while.

“What’s life without a few surprises though?” said the Maiden, giving up.

Many Directions As One (200 CP): On Christmas Day, 1997, the gallantly piss-drunk Chosen of Secrets named Marion Greer grabbed a bunch of scientific instruments, harnessed some very unscientific mystical powers, and attempted to measure a structure older than the rest of reality. In her scribbled estimates, what became known as the Chamber of Absent Spiders is an elliptical cavity roughly 19.1652 astronomical units wide across its’ major access; about the same size as the orbit of Saturn around the sun. Nobody really knows what to do with this information.

Once, there was a Maiden who after flirting across Creation, being humbled by her own reflection and tracing a long leash and collar she woke up wearing one day back to her own hand. She wondered what to do next.

Except maybe you. You see, the drunker you get the more capable you are of analysing both deterministic and mystical phenomena. Chug a few shots and maybe you might just learn something new!

“Let’s go for a walk” she decided, tugging at her own neck. “Lead the way, me” said her reflection.

Destiny Forging Dalliance (400 CP): Causality and destiny snap and fray like a broken tapestry in a Sidereal Burn. Wouldn’t it be nice if someone could impose some sense on it all? Now you can. Within a Burn, you can see the disparate possibilities of objects, structures and people-the courses in life they could have took, even extraordinary divergences; the only limits are that it must have been *possible at all* without your intervention, and that granting supernatural traits

has a much greater risk of something going catastrophically wrong (like causing a Sear). You can freely rewrite a school into a hospital, a high rise hotel or a shopping mall-but a Verge is both riskier and threatens to draw the attention of those who dwell on the other side of such things.

Once, there was a maiden who drew countless self-portraits to make everyone look at her. Eventually, they all believed that she was as beautiful as she proclaimed.

You can remake a man as a doctor, a lawyer or a fireman-but turning him into a vampire risks troubling the distant patrons who govern such templates. Finally, much as Sidereals construct false destinies you can instead weave these possibilities into a false *person, structure or object* who can fulfil all the capabilities associated them without technically existing. Think of the lie-to-reality now at your beck and call as though it were summoned and bound by a Charm like an ongoing phenomena that falls apart if exposed to effects that can slay spirits or disrupt magical phenomena, or something conceptually in opposition to it-like a master spy's plans being decisively thwarted. Such changes endure after the Burn fades, and once enacted have always been the truth. Or true enough.

But one day, she noticed a minor smudge in one of them. "Beauty is what you make of it" she said sadly, scrapping the whole thing and admitting she was wrong.

Supernal Kata (600 CP): There is a place that is less a place and more a state of mind that lies across a vast sea of ignorance, called the Supernal Realm, where the light of truth casts the world of dross and spirit into shadow. Some say the Sidereals bear a connection to it, though it must be utterly meagre compared to the higher heights Mages aspiring towards it yearn for. But it seems something has shattered in the celestial machine in the facet of that place. You are now enlightened to perform what many Mages remember only as legend: An Imperial Working. By orchestrating symbolic and thematic circumstances, performing significant actions involving supernatural powers and engineering complex mystery plays, you can change the world so absolutely and retroactively that *time itself* will cause it to have always been the case-whether it is creating a stockpile of metal with any conceivable property, making nuclear forces go into precise cascades or raising Atlantis from its distant fall. Greater workings will take greater efforts; that last one is deemed impossible by all

images currently unable to dwell in the Supernal indefinitely. While normally such workings require comprehension and alignment with the principles of the Supernal, it seems you're so intrinsically connected to those truths that to perform them you merely have to make the mystical circumstances align with the principles of *your own* spirituality and nature. As if you were a god cast down from there, reasserting its' own nature.

When everything was said and done, five Maidens came home with the great tapestry they'd been weaving. Everything was packed up into little boxes or missing, spiderwebs were strewn everywhere, and everyone they loved had long since moved on.

"Now what?" asked one.

"I don't know" admitted another. "Isn't that exciting?"

Solar

True Exemplar of Virtue (100 CP): Your nobler instincts are your lighthouse, your guiding star, the thing that gives you resolve and courage while facing down every monster in the night. Everything you attempt to do from a place of valour, temperance, conviction, compassion or some other higher purpose is done more competently, with greater skill and helps you draw reserves of will from the act of doing it. You've also surpassed your predators by having more leeway to forgive and overlook lapses, able to better swallow your idealism and accept the New World of Darkness for what it is.

Living Sunlight (200 CP): Instead of merely emulating sunlight, somehow you *embody* it-not just the physical photons, but the spiritual qualia of the element. Your blood, flesh and soul are now extremely rare and potent ingredients for all manner of potent rituals. While this also makes you a potential target for mystical abduction, any vampire who drinks your blood will burn for it, as will any you touch with bare skin. Emanations of your spiritual energy such as your Anima count as real sunlight when sufficiently intense. Moreover, due to buying this here you can refine the terms and conditions of your nature through meditation and exercise of spiritual forces. You could suppress the nature of sunlight should you wish to caress a vampire gently and lure it into a false sense of security, or apply its lethality and purifying properties to also smite Mages and Beasts as if they were vampires.

Perfect Coronal Court (400 CP): In half-remembered dreams, some Solars remember casting back the tide of Pure Chaos with the thunder of their will to expand reality's borders, and forging wonders with naught but their bare hands. Alas, such days are long since lost. But you can still forge wonders within your Burn. With an effort of will, you can combine and improve *all* the properties of mundane objects and structures in proportion to your own skill at crafting. While this is more difficult in proportion to how ambitious you are, theoretically you could create a fire axe that homes in on foes like a magnet before returning to your hand, freezes on contact like liquid nitrogen, and can expand to the size of an 18-wheeler or contract at your will. You could also build a locker that's bigger on the inside, full of hundreds of fire axes. You can also infuse such creations with any supernatural abilities you have-typically altering their function slightly to suit the form and purpose of the object or structure-and create much more significant anomalous changes to structures and terrain than most. You could make a highway with functional gravity that arcs upwards into the sky, raise skyscrapers where space is bent into a city-sized amusement park within them, stabilise an Ancient Sorcery into something like a familiar that hangs around you indefinitely, or give boxing gloves a power similar to the Solar Charm Heaven Thunder Hammer that knocks things flying with concussive golden Essence. Last but not least, you can create real live humans that can persist indefinitely after the Burn. While they can't quite be altered as much as objects or structures for numinous reasons, you can still infuse them with supernatural abilities. With greater skill and effort, you could potentially even create new supernatural templates complete with their own potential for finding greater strength over time. Anyone up for a game of God-blooded: The Apotheosis?

Unconquered Heir (600 CP): In a world this dark, it's hard to believe that the Solar Exalted can truly make a difference. The monsters they fight are meagre byblows of far greater horrors that languidly mock the struggles of their inferiors, and the world is so fundamentally broken that sometimes reality-plagues erupt from its' broken machinery. Perhaps they are truly doomed to repeat the downfall of their predecessors. *Or perhaps, the sun is just beginning to rise.* When you fight for something you truly believe in, with every scrap of determination and resource in your reach, absolutes become malleable when faced by you, and impossibility shrinks before your superlative greatness. The nature of Exalted Essence to be difficult for direct or indirect opposition to overcome skyrockets, letting impossible feats like karate chopping a cascade of

eldritch mathematics or dragging a soul out from the Underworld back to life be viable. It will indirectly scale to your overall power since it'll always be easier to achieve a more *plausible* miracle than one far beyond your reach. But should you utterly dedicate yourself to surpassing every limit in opposition to cosmic tyranny, one day even the Exarchs will be murdered and toppled from their thrones.

Abyssal

Weapon of Death (100 CP): There are so many ways to take a life without ever even leaving your house. Have you noticed? How elegantly a kitchen knife traces arteries, how to swing car keys up and over into someone's eyes. What a cruel word at the right time can do to someone's cortisol levels, or how you can combine simple cleaning products into a destructive explosion. You know *killing* more thoroughly and instinctively than any mere hunter of vampires or werewolves, both your mind and body honed to break others.

Many Abyssal Charms also create random, spooky phenomena. This perk gives you much greater control over their intensity and thematic expression (and over other powers that generate minor aesthetic side effects). Your shadow won't randomly depart on errands, and if TV screens glitch out around you they won't necessarily reveal your face or the idea death is coming.

Dead Shadows Stir (200 CP): If it is the nature of Solars to radiate, it's the nature of Abyssals to take. Darkness, cold and oblivion are now as intrinsic to your physiology as sunlight is to Solars-making you equally valuable to all manner of mystic purposes, but largely darker and more horrific ones. But instead of smiting, you *take*. Your blood is a supernatural toxin that kills as if through freezing and desiccating others that persists as long as you want it to, or until exposed to flame or sunlight-and takes the molecular consistency you desire. With a touch, you can siphon the lifeblood of others, painlessly but as swift as a vampire's fangs. And when your anima or similar abilities flares out, you unleash a horrific wreath of entropy condensed into a fog full of screaming wraiths that rusts metal, necrotises flesh, darkens light and generally ruins everyone's day to a degree even Sidereals that learn to arm themselves with calamity cannot fathom. As with Living Sunlight, meditation and spirituality can refine this. While your siphoning was always voluntary, you can reduce your blood and anima to an ominous but harmless display of death's grandeur. Or evoke other expressions of your authority over destruction, such as causing

ice to violently freeze into shapes pleasing to your will or causing chains of blood and shadow to immobilise foes as they're torn apart.

Court of the Grave (400 CP): What good is a court to one who reigns over death? Merely more dreary living to sort and manage. Within a Burn, anything you kill stays dead if that is your intent-preventing immortals from restoring themselves and thwarting effects that cheat death with the gravity of oblivion. While not directly controlled the environment, objects and all structures within the Burn become more lethal on both a physical and metaphysical level proportionate to your own power; an Essence 1 Abyssal could cover nearby walls in blades of obsidian glass that cut the soul as well as flesh, make the temperature unreasonably chilly for all but himself, and bend all nearby corridors to a central chamber for convenient execution. Finally, the Abyssal has great authority over the undead and forces of death such as Avernian Gates opening within the Burn. You may beckon, weaken or empower beings such as Kerberoi and Cthonians that may enter from the Underworld-and those lesser than they in power such as ghosts or vampires will be bound to serve you as if by the Old Laws of the Underworld, while greater entities such as the Harbinger of Stygia will find your words and wishes unnaturally compelling. As if death itself were speaking from your lips. Within the burn, the sky is the limit for your ability to manipulate death and undeath. Perhaps eventually you'll forge a scythe that can reap the lives of armies with every swing from the oblivion imbued into its' blade, rule over the fallen spirits in your domain like the lord of a spirit court while remaking them as beings of death , and offer dark blessings to vampires willing to swear an unbreakable oath of loyalty to you to heights the Ordu Dracul can only dream of.

Heir of the Maw (600 CP): Some Abyssals, initiated into a darkness beyond darkness, master a miracle more feared than any other-the power to erase localised concepts from existence, or reduce objects and structures to less than dust. Such power over devastation is limited and localised-a vampire's hunger or a sword's sharpness only. *Not so yours*. You can in fact focus your Essence into a scalpel that cuts reality asunder, unmake objects and unravels concepts *without* regard for such niceties. This is still contingent on your overall power as well as focused concentration, with an Essence 1 Abyssal able to reduce a bookshelf or blade to blackness, then absence. Or do the same to a living man's heart, given a minute of uninterrupted concentration to spread his void-senses through his unseen internal organs. More importantly, the nameless horrors that

benighted your Exaltation have chosen you for greatness. If you would have, you no longer suffer from the Laws of the Grave, and instead you can call up the Maw of the Abyss at will then direct its actions. It too, will grow in power as if your own jaws, and while pervaded with its power *nothing* is beyond your ability to kill-perhaps someday swelling into a maelstrom of calamities fit to devastate cities into mass graves full of erupting lava and plague. Even if a horror from the Lower Depths lacks the intrinsic ability of demise, you can bestow it. And even if a god decrees he cannot die in his domain, that law can shatter beneath your scythe.

Infernal

Atrocity of Vice (100 CP): There are fracture lines in your personality that run down to your Exaltation, or else your spiritual core. For everything you do in the name of wickedness, enlightened self-interest or general antagonism is done with suave excellence, and feels deeply fulfilling at a spiritual level. Some might decry the likes of you for being denied your better angels, but in truth you're perfectly capable of loving and honouring those you respect. You just enjoy being bad, and don't mind patting yourself on the back for it.

Emergence of the Eschaton (200 CP): It is a mercy to most that the imminent eschaton in every Infernal Exalt is a relatively restrained thing, closer to a Lunar's battle form than a true denizen of the Lower Depths. Tragically, this is no longer the case for you. Your apocalyptic form (which you now have, if you didn't already) is now your natural one, restraining it to human guise merely taking a moment of concentration. And instead of merely being limited to physical adaptations, through meditation and acts of spirituality you can develop intrinsic powers for it similar to what diabolists call Greater Vestments: Powers associated with denizens from a particularly vile Lower Depth that claim (convincingly) to be demons. Such gifts could include cursing others so all that brings them joy feels like ashen filth with a glance, turning what you touch to gold at will, being empowered by the pain of others or your own and donning a mantle of hellfire that can be shaped to your will. Most disturbingly, none of these abilities cost any additional energy. They are simply your nature as a living calamity.

Green Sun Court (400 CP): Even among the vilest Infernals, few commit utterly to embodying a principle of unending corruption. As an exception to that rule, some titanic memory of spite from the Empty City has blessed you for embracing your purpose. When you release a Burn, you can make it *permanent* and even cause it to *grow* by committing ritual sacrifice; generally 100 mortal lives are needed to double its' radius or noticeably intensify the conditions within, although supernatural beings may cut down on those requirements. It goes without saying that Searing enhanced Burns will lead to far worse devastation. Furthermore, much as mortal souls shatter into demon-shaped husks in the Empty City, *everything* from structures to spirituality is continuously corroded and tainted to be more pleasing to you-and to the Empty City's nature. An Essence 1 Infernal would be able to melt buildings into perfect replicas of Hell's taverns, corrupt leylines to leech out the supernatural energies of any who use them, and conjure flesh-melting miasmas that allow vampires trade their weaknesses to sunlight and fire (and the mist, of course) in exchange for unbreakable obedience to the Infernal. This is always a fundamentally reductive process, but your authority over the outcome has the refinement and scope of a god with permanent consequences. Someday with greater power, you may create bombs imbued with your Burn's corruptive nature that can cast cities into caustic sinkholes, or parade an Idigam mutilated into resembling one of the Empty City's ancient demons on a leash. To say nothing of how as your Burns continuously reshape *themselves* to do your bidding, they may eventually creep over the world like storms of radiation.

All Hell Breaks Loose (600 CP): It's a rather bitter punchline to the Infernal condition that the very corruption they spread is self-defeating. What a joke it is, to purposelessly bring ruin and misery to the world as a glorified seal for a greater eschaton. *Why should something else get to have all the fun?* Supernatural powers that normally have some kind of cost in energy or will become free for you in Burns, and in places where you have inflicted a comparable level of death, corruption or desolation upon. Your Essence itself aids in this, corroding away resistance physical, spiritual and esoteric in proportion to your own power when you emanate it through Burns, Anima flaring or similar expressions of your personal power-until metal snaps like paper, flesh splatters under glancing blows and even causal loops set up by the God-Machine collapse under concentrated aggression. But should you need power far beyond your means, you may emulate the core of power at the centre of the Empty City. You can weave a cocoon made of your own Essence as tough

as concrete, within which you experience nothing except intense visions of every wrong dealt to you and to primeval beings from a time beyond mortal comprehension. Bloodshed, or the sacrifice of powerful supernatural objects, or the desecration of leylines will acceleration a transformation that will normally take a millennia-perhaps a hundred human lives to decrease it by a century, or a thousand in cattle.

When the gestation is over, you will unleash yourself as a horrifying calamity of inchoate energies capable of destruction and corruption on a scale far greater than your baseline that will not cease, and cannot truly die to any force lesser than that which can slay worlds that are also gods, until what you want destroyed or corrupted is as you would have them-at which point your original form will be messily reborn as it dissipates, emerging from it much like an Infernal's first escape. It's exact nature reflects your vision of the apocalypse, but even an Essence 1 Infernal could become a hurricane of green hellfire that sheds rain of molten brass and crackles with crimson soul-flaying lightning, that can casually wipe cities off the map or upend a continent with effort. And that ensures any mortal that survives its constant bombardment of radiation is warped into enslaved demonic monstrosities rivalling the Geryo. Should you be of greater power when you perform this ritual the God-Machine may shatter, Starry A'aru may know new lords forever broken to your will, and even the Principle may not escape the horrors you inflict upon it.

And as a final act of irony, as long as your target wasn't "existence at large", completing such a rampage will greatly *decrease* the chances of the world ending any other way than by your own hand through fate-snarling coincidences.

Drop-In

Spirit Resonance (100 CP): Some Exalts resonate powerfully with certain spirits, making them wondrously charming to them, and unnaturally improving all social interactions with such entities. Solars draw in spirits of light, the sun, inspiration or the sacred with their sunlit souls. Lunars attract the lune spirits that obey the moon and animal-spirits matching their Feral Heart, just as the moon draws many strange and wondrous things in its wake. Dragonblooded have a great affinity with spirits matching the physical and spiritual properties of their elements, giving credence to their rumoured past as shamans. Sidereals bond easier with spirits of night, knowledge, learning, spiders and whatever their caste is, like a familiar friend. Abyssals command the awe of spirits associated with darkness, death and decay as hunger commands sharks. And Infernals? Spirits of pain, desolation, loneliness, hatred, rage and hunger are eager to cooperate with one who can bring about much of what they need.

As a Drop-In, your interdimensional nature as a Jumper has a tendency to charm spirits associated with boundaries, doorways, literal and metaphorical keys, warehouses, travel and extremely weird out of context spirits that don't have a reality-pervading theme such as the pompous symbolism of the Supernal Realm but nonetheless hold to some sort of consistent internal logic. Most of the stranger spirits Mages are known to summon fit this category. Ever wanted to charm the plane-like Atakai into dropping you some extra cargo, befriend the normally unstable Men in Black, or make a pen-pal out of the enormous worm-like Hellmenth over the radio? Now's your chance!

~~**HOLDEN'S FAVOURITE SPLAT AT THE TIME OF WRITING**~~ Twisted Effigy (200 CP): With all these new, *Exalt-generated* ways to profoundly mutilate the human soul and form into something deadlier but fundamentally *broken*, why not join in the fun? Choose this, and the way you rubbed up against reality while entering this jump has somehow given you powers equivalent to the Adaptations, Variations, and Clade of a Deviant from Deviant: The Renegade with Acclimation 5 (representing immense experience with adjusting to their altered condition).

Adaptation are internal abilities like a surge of adrenaline, refreshing supernatural abilities at the cost of various stresses, and rapid fire mutation. While Variations are still localised but more overt abilities such as a bulletproof carapace, controlling electronics, striking with a lash that hits like a toxic gunshot that's also on fire, and rendering yourself partially insubstantial.

Clades are specific ways particular Deviants are broken which unlock unique Variations. Cephalists for example having shattered their minds to perceive deeper realities. They can physically enter dreams, hijack bodies and share skills across a telepathic hivemind.

As a walking insult to the *living tragedies* that are all other Deviants in existence, you explicitly suffer no long term spiritual or physical downsides from these powers except the strain of overuse due to your interdimensional nature just kind of picking up all the cool powers while insulating your core existence within them like a weird conceptual cell membrane. You even have a Form that you can manually overlay on yourself in a way similar to a Demon's Cover that for a Deviant would be their fundamental biology. This includes Amalgams (people stitching together as one abomination), Symbiotes (whose powers are alive in some sense), Outsiders (other supernatural beings shattered irreparably into pale shadows of themselves) and Automata (sentient robots) which are primarily aesthetic but can offer affinity to certain Variations.

Expect to be loathed and envied by any Deviant sane enough to realise you have literally all that makes them special but can opt out of the whole *being a crippled husk of your former self* thing whenever the LARP gets tiresome. You are, in essence, the Deviant equivalent of a champagne socialist.

Tainted Doppelganger (400 CP): You're starting to get more of a sense for *what* this world *thinks* you are, at least. It seems that much like Sears generate corrupted versions of both an Exaltation's purpose and things from this world, so too is your existence gathering up the corruption it's steeped in and reshaping it into power for yourself.

You now have the powers of a certain template of supernatural being in the Chronicles of Darkness: The Contracts, Hedgespinning and Talecrafting of a Changeling. The Embeds and Exploits of a Demon. The Manifestations, Haunts and Keys of a Geist. The Pyros-given powers of a Promethean. Or the Atavisms, Nightmares, Kinship and Lair of a Beast. This is not limited to those that are, shall we say, playable. You could even have the nature of an Acamoth,

Qashmallim, Hobgoblin, Amkhata, Insatiable or the elusive Snake Host. Due to existing symbiotically with your own existence, instead of the usual *intrinsic* downsides from using such powers such as Paradox, Frenzy, Synergy or Memory Loss, due to being sustained by your existence whenever you would suffer something like that your innate magical and spiritual energy reserves take an extra hit-as if you'd had to spend twice on a spell instead of once. The "power stat" for abilities gained this way begins at 5 in gameplay terms (which is to say as powerful as an instance of your kind gets before trespassing on the domain of godlike power), and you may improve and refine your abilities as if you were a typical instance of whatever you choose to ape. This means that fundamentally ego-eroding transformations like a Changeling's eruption into True Fae would merely put a man to sleep for a week-and through meditation and soul-searching it may be possible to preserve the advantages inherent to Changeling nature with such a state if that is something you wish.

There is one consistent trait to this: Whatever the nature of your powers, they are fundamentally corrupted. Evoking eons of sin, depravity, stagnancy and unprocessed regrets in both form and function. Your spell of Life may heal, but it does so with carpets of creeping rot that gives the patient eternal life in exchange for a hunger for flesh. Your summoned spirits may weep tears of blood and offer miracles of entropy or uncreation in exchange for the hearts of innocent children. For some beings like Pandorans, demons of Duat or those of the Lower Depths, there may be little difference save that there is no way to disguise this. But expect your Contract of the Forge to create a writhing key of jagged bone instead of a normal one.

Tarnished Shard (600 CP): With this Exaltation's damnation, the thread of prophecy is severed. Reset this twisted game to restore the weave of Fate, or persist in the doomed world you have created. Or don't. *Isn't that business as usual, here?*

You are no longer even a mere shell of a person. You yourself are an Anathema, a Celestial Exaltation bound in a deathly crust of eldritch energies-either a Solar, Lunar, Sidereal or Abyssal one, for the Terrestrial Exaltation is a faint spark borne through bloodlines, and the Infernal Exaltation is so intrinsically corrupt it simply returns to the Chrysalis Grotesque before it has a chance to become what you now are. You may purchase **The Essence of Things** like an Exalt, which instead designates your spiritual Rank. Thus, you may influence localised facets of reality around you related to your Exaltation, like any other

spirit-intensifying sunlight, siphoning it to form ablative armour for yourself, or catalysing it into lesser sunlight spirits that do you bidding for example. You may also use the Charms of your Exaltation at drastically lesser efficiency than the Exalted, commanding 3 at Rank 1 and 9 by Rank 5. For more information, see the chart below.

Effects of Rank

Rank	Trait Limits	Attribute Dots	Motes/Per Turn	Charms
•	5	5-9	10/1	3
••	7	9-14	12/2	4
•••	9	14-22	15/3	5
••••	12	20-30	20/4	7
•••••	15	27-38	25/5	9

You may only purchase up to a maximum rank of 5. It's thought that the Exaltation was fundamentally only designed to achieve godhood through the efforts of a human host on its' own.

You are an intrinsically corrupt thing that fundamentally doesn't live yet can be broken by things that can cut spirits, though you may expend motes to heal damage. Destroying your spiritual husk causes your Exaltation-self to fly free and purified, though it deprives you of most conventional ways to interact with reality conventionally. Individual Anathema vary based on the type of Exaltation they encrust around.

The Unconquered, Solar Anathema, resemble magnificently angelic beings with stony flesh of alabaster, gold and subdued scarlet. Though often humanoid, they just as often include regal beastly forms like the mane of a great white lion, abstract religious iconography like concentric rings or multiple hands clasped in prayer, and wings. They are drawn to noble souls, and compelled to brutalise spiritual parasites sipping at their energising spiritual particulates. Uniquely, they can burrow into spiritual realms associated with the collective subconsciousness through dreams such as the Oneiros through liminal intermediaries such as the dream of a soulless husk or a Beast's Lair. It can freely cross between the Shadow spirits reside in at back with a mote of Essence and a meaningful effort, but view all things in Twilight except ghosts hazily there. Physically mighty enough to tower over a moose or elephant as a reflection of its spiritual power, an Unconquered can disguise itself as a humble mortal but is always armed in its true form with supernatural weapons that are

effective even against ghosts or spirits-be they razor sharp feathers, a golden sword or a breath of golden flame.

The Thorn Hounds, Lunar Anathema, are quicksilver shimmers and protean clouds that rewrite biology on the fly to possess whatever tools from the natural world they need while gripped by hunger and masquerading as ordinary humans or animals when on the prowl. They can navigate fae-touched realms like the Hedge, though leaving shunts them into the Twilight spirits dwell in. And must possess dead or living flesh to affect the physical world-which they sculpt freely into predatory form, a shadow of the Lunar Exaltation's power.

The Maidens, Sidereal Anathema, can be most easily mistaken for ordinary humans-always made in the image of a false destiny the Sidereal of the Exaltation's caste could wear, with a token of some sort inevitably foreshadowing their true nature. Despite the name, they have no true genitals, nor real organs at all-only thousands of glowing threads, and **hundreds of spiders** that pour out of their wounds. Instead of devouring heroes, they seek to create the circumstances for Exaltation: Pushing mortals into contact with the supernatural or other forms of conflict, whether in hope of Exaltation or mere instinct. Uniformly human in build, they can always see and interact with things in the Twilight of spirits, make the Lesser Sign corresponding to their caste and if threatened *always* have something lethal to hand-a fire axe, a brick in a sock, a well-honed pencil. They navigate the world through auguries and omens, and can remain undetected by men, monsters or even Chosen when they do not wish to be found. While the implications would be *EXTREMELY CONCERNING*, some speculate they can trivially **vanish into the higher realms from which mages draw their power**

Finally the Lawgivers, Abyssal Anathema, are slow and terrible things bedecked in shadow and decay. With their warped limbs and elaborately carved death-masks (assuming they have anything like a face), they cannot be mistaken as human. A few abandon the humanoid body plan entirely to sliver on their wormlike tread, or scuttle on a dozen arms. They care not for the living. They only punish violations of the Laws that Abyssals are held to. Though their forms bloat with strength just like Solars Anathema, Physical manifestation is agonisingly inefficient in Essence for Lawgivers, and they are slow in motion. In exchange, be they fingers like razors or stone-crushing hands, their innate weaponry is on par with that of Solar Anathema. In exchange, they can cloud themselves in shrouds of obscurity until within 150 yards of their quarry, and if

one glances away for even a moment can spend a mote to teleport anywhere in 100 yards that is not directly observed by a sentient being.

However. Due to the unprecedented nature of you being a *sentient Exaltation* entangled with a *potential human soul*, you are in a unique position to embrace your nature. **As long as you do, in fact, have a human soul** you may continue to raise your Essence above 5 through the usual heroism and spiritual sensitivity Exalts engage in. And thus, by your mounting influence over your spiritual purview, raise your Rank-though know that raising spiritual Rank is **drastically** harder *and* more rewarding than raising Essence Rank in terms of the conferred scope of power. Essence 6 is the boundary for being a lesser god capable of threatening entire cities blocks casuals, while Essence 8 is the domain of the mighty Aeon tyrants in the Astral Realm that Mages bend the knee to for scraps of enlightenment in their Arcana. Or Father Wolf, the legendary progenitor of the Uratha and ur-apex predator of a time when flesh, spirit and Supernal Truth were far closer together. **Do not expect attaining such levels to be intuitive, easy, consequence-free or predictable even for an Exaltation.**

Of course, you can always choose to abide by your nature as an Exaltation, and possess those it is in your nature to seek. Though ultimately you may still only uplift those who meet the basic requirements of your Exaltation, they cannot benefit from *your* Essence rank as it's localised to your humanity, and they retain ultimate control over their Charms-you have great leeway in guiding the Exaltation towards a preferred target and offering guidance, support or restraint to your host. **Do not choose a host lightly, only a mortal death will free you.** Those you have taken as hosts count as being spiritually merged with you, and may thus accompany your chain as a follower if you are still imbued in them by the end of a jump.

If taken without being a Drop-In, *somehow* an Anathema with the traits above exists in warped symbiosis with you, spiritually bound to you in a way it finds as fulfilling as if it had succeeded in Exalting a proper host. Any ranks of Essence you have are gained in tandem by the Anathema-again up to a maximum of 5.

Items

Items are discounted by 50% under the relevant background header. Discounted 100 CP items are free. Drop-Ins do not have a specific item set, but rather may discount 1 item amongst each price tier from the other choices.

Dragonblooded

Element-Tempered Convenience (100 CP): If you're often on the road, it could be a jeep. If you're a law enforcement officer, it's a gun. Whatever it is, there's a useful mundane handheld object or vehicle that by mystical purposes has been tempered by a certain element to withstand your use of it. There must have been some intrinsic power to this one because *all* your supernatural powers are safe to use around it unless you mean to deliberately break it.

Can be repurchased at 50 CP apiece.

Fivefold Hearth Legacy (200 CP): If there was ever a time, long ago, when Dragonblooded formed sacred bands of 5 that balanced each other's elements. That time is long past. There are far too few of them for Terrestrials to rely on others that much. But maybe, just maybe, this ancient weapon was shared by one such group: For it bears five great blessings, each roughly as powerful as a Charm, each from one of the Dragonblooded's cardinal elements. It could be a halberd that flies like the wind and causes the Earth to erupt in fury when struck. It could be a bow that produces arrows of exploding flame or streams of water that erupt into great waves on impact, as the wielder wills. Whatever the case, it shows such properties only to you.

Elemental Cinder (400 CP): Deep in your bones, you've always known that there was more to the elements than what science dares acknowledge. That once, the world had great forests that scraped the sky and that the roots of Mount Meru grounded power even the champions of the gods feared. But it is all gone. All lost to the passage of time. Except...for this great pumpkin-sized mass of what was once called an Elemental Pole. So intense is the divine energy within it that it rests within a perpetual Elemental Burn only an Exalt could hope to stabilise, and even the things of the Supernal Realm seem somehow *faint* compared to its profound divinity. Its uses are left for you to discover. Doubtless it could be a mighty reagent in mystical workings, capable of changing the very nature of fire throughout all existence-or making it blaze beyond all hope of control.

Can be repurchased, once for each of the Terrestrial elements.

Kinsmen In Arms (600 CP): The Dragonblooded may not be able to count on each other, but they will always have the support of their families-even if those families are merely mortal. Yours may be mortal, but it's *far* from mere. Not only does it have enough resources to buy out a small country and enough military hardware to rival The Company Formerly Known As Blackwater, but in terms of occultism and overall familiarity with combating supernatural beings it's on par with any of the Conspiracies. Be it the alchemy of the Ascending Ones, the diabolism of the Lucifuge, the sheer dedication to hurting vampires of the Cainite Heresy or even the arcane arsenal of the Aegis Kai Doru, your family possesses capabilities on par with any of them. In future worlds, either they'll somehow be able to replenish the various unique things that make them what they are-or *something* locked in their basement will be able to make them self-sustaining.

Lunar

Three Wolf Moon (100 CP): Some Lunar Charms beckon forth animals from impossible scarcity, as if dreamed into existence. These ones stuck around for a bit longer than the duration of a Charm. A small pack of wolves, or a large flock of starlings. Or at most, *one* elephant (you may have up to 3 moose). The creatures are seemingly ordinary, save for the fact that they heed your will unquestioningly, can be banished in a veil of fading moonlight with a thought, and if slain can be recalled during the next full moon.

Can be repurchased at 50 CP apiece.

A Literal Zoo (200 CP): It's exactly what it says. In your past, it seems you tried your hand at being a zookeeper, and it seems you were quite successful! You've got lion, and gators, and constrictor snakes, oh my. You've got owls, and beavers, and crabs, and if you want orcas as ethically cared for as the modern world can stand to provide. In short, you have access to a great many useful skins for a Lunar to don. And not only is the business thriving so well it practically runs itself, a great work of Ancient Sorcery ensures it's veiled against malice from mundane and supernatural threats.

The corpse of a god (400 CP): *Oh no*. Long ago, there were beings called Pangaeans that walked the world. They were at once great beasts, spirits and incarnations of Supernal truths. And none can say if they came after the Exalted, or were among the god-monsters they slew. Nonetheless. Like Father Wolf, one died but left behind a corpse-far less than what it once was ontologically, yet still a veritable feast for spirits of many kinds. And *somehow*, it was miraculously preserved down through the ages until you found it. Look! It's heart is still *fresh*, back in the day Mages would have killed for less! What will you do with this great and terrible thing? Even if frailer than the Essence of Exaltation, its substance could surely change the world for the more primal if used for some working or other.

The Woods (600 CP): Every Lunar knows the Woods, but you're perhaps the only one to ever return to them. You just have to wander a bit, intent on ending up nowhere in particular, and you'll find yourself in a wild, dangerous liminal place. The Woods *can* be a trackless expanse of trees between Maine and Canada, but they can also be a highway that goes on and on in the fog, or something suspiciously similar to the soul-tearing Hedge of Arcadia. It's dangerous here. The cold, or the whipping wind, or the hunting horn of Gentry raiding parties, or the spirits of predation all seem to strike interlopers whenever they're at their most fearful and weak. So why come here? For one thing, the moon protects you. It's always shining high above no matter its phase, and though nothing ever *seems* to show up no danger or horror dares threaten you-quickly bowing and leaving if encountered. For another, it is a Verge that also has the *exact* conditions of a long-forgotten place called Pangaea. Not only does the Essence of lesser spirits pool here in great quantities but the physical, the spiritual and the Supernal rub shoulders together alongside stranger powers like the underworld and the fae realm some call Arcadia. Transformations and spiritual workings possible nowhere may be achievable here, and as in future worlds it serves as a potential access point into other supernatural realms. The lunar power that once ruled *and perhaps in some abstract way, still does* here is long lost, but the hunt is as sacrosanct as your welcome. By negotiating with the perils and hunters here, you may be able to orchestrate mystical trials that see the losers devoured beyond all memory or stripped of abstractions like memory and enlightenment-and the victors rewarded with potent Goblin Contracts, an amicable Horror bound to their soul, a boon from a Deathlord or even greater prizes.

Sidereal

Whatever's Necessary (100 CP): Gaze long into premonitions, and they too will gaze into you. Whenever you reach into your pockets (or in a pinch, an armpit, from behind your head or some other crude sleight of hand if you do it fast enough) you'll find a small, useful object no larger than what could fit into a human hand if you need it. It's no surety against disaster or violence but you'll have a bottle opener at a bar, a Swiss army knife on a crashing plane and some extra ammo in a firefight. Think of it as a scrap of false destiny shaped like plot armor rather than a person.

Scraps of Sorcery (200 CP): Nowhere in the world has a more concentrated font of Ancient Sorcery than this dusty old bookshop, furnished in a style that no archmage of Time remembers laying eyes on. The writings speak of things and processes unthinkable to the magic users of the modern eras: Demons that could share perverse enlightenment in exchange for passing their natures onto the petitioner, negotiations with dragons that accorded the right to give water the spirit of flame, monsters bound to eternal prisons so their spawn could be enslaved. Though often incoherent and steeped in allegory, the power is all too real, allowing both you *and* through some long-forgotten miracle even others who merely study these scraps to perform Ancient Sorcery. Some examples of which are even more devastating than Rain of Doom.

A Useful Place (400 CP): Once upon a time, there was a place that you looked upon and realised that you were *destined* to do great things with it. So important was your shared destiny that where some Sidereals learn to reshape places in accordance to their will, you can just sort of "glitch" this place at will to anywhere in line of sight-causing it to non-destructively have always been wherever you need it to be. Even if it ends up sticking out of a cliffside or in the middle of a shopping mall. It can be no larger than a public hospital, no smaller than a straw hut, there can only be one of it at a time, and it generally takes a while to "find" it somewhere else-some vague narrative length of time needed to enter another "scene" in a movie, if that makes sense. But whenever you're inside it, everything goes right for you and fortune swings in your favour, especially if what it contains could conceivably help your situation.

The Shattered Annex (600 CP): There is a place that only Sidereals can go and bring others to, so obscure even the Night People know naught of it. It is a building, or perhaps several, replete with pillars and columns and arched

ceilings arranged in five distinct wings around a central domed building (its amphitheatre is empty). There is some sort of fantastic city outside under a black sky, but trying to go there simply puts you in the central garden; the wise say it's no more than a comforting dream this broken place projects for itself. And apart from that it's empty, but for millions and millions of cabinets filled with documents printed in a language partaking of High Speech and First Tongue, but is not either. That, and the scuttling of unseen spiders.

So why come here?

Well, for one thing by purchasing this the place is opened to you as much as to any Sidereal (including being able to bring allies here); those who are not Sidereals may come here with a similarly thematic ritual for their Exaltation and caste, a Solar commandingly marching through a gilded door for example. This also means with a few minutes of rummaging, you can locate a false destiny-a complex illusion that can fool senses, memory, electronic records and even destiny itself so long as the wearer plays to the role closely enough. Though you may only find one aligned with the nature of your caste and Exaltation, or your existence in general if you lack a caste. Moreover, there's a *faint* residue of divine power here. Like Sidereals, you can retrieve information about the occult world available nowhere else (including unique Ancient Sorceries) or locate powerful relics here. Mystical study of the place might let you recreate some of the more useful phenomena associated with this place, such as banishing all evidence of your presence to its halls. With effort and study, you may be able to harness this place to create great workings of destiny that interface with the universe in ways even the God-Machine cannot match.

Solar

Ring of Moon and Sun (100 CP): You stand alone. The elemental armies that may have once answered to you have long forgotten even why they rebelled. Your gods have forsaken you. Even a bond that might have once outlasted incarnations has, at long last, been shattered. *But it need not be like this forever.* This pair of rings are wrought in gold and silver, and will *always* find their way back to each other in five days, and can *never* be lost forever even if one is cast into the ocean Oroboros and another into Duat's vaults. If there is someone who ever loves you enough to give their life for you of their own free will, you may give them one of these rings. Your bond will be as eternal as theirs, able to pierce through even the greatest curses, providing solace even in the darkest of times, and able to reverse even the most profound of transformations through faith in one another. In a time this cursed, there is no longer any meaning to hierarchy. You will be as Solars and Lunars once were to one another, with all that entails, from both sides.

Blade of the Rising Sun (200 CP): Even when lost and far from home, some Solars nominate a single weapon as a trusted weapon that will even drop out of the wild blue yonder into their hand. This one is unique even compared to those. Forged of true sunlight and lit with flames holier than anything a Mage can conjure, as a melee weapon it can cut through solid steel in seconds or slash apart sorcerous rituals. And as a ranged weapon, it perpetually generates whatever ammunition it needs. Such is the power of your weapon that it gradually attunes its luminous properties to the foe you're facing after more than a few seconds of combat-hitting harder against a sturdy foe, trailing contrails of burning light to hit an agile or transparent one and shattering the enchantments of a mystical foe. Banishing it is as simple as letting go, and it's just as quick to be recalled when needed.

The Super Solar Mobile (400 CP): Some time ago, an enterprising Solar who watched too many Saturday morning cartoons took a whole bag of Acamoth-cursed peyote for greater insight, pushed his powers of miraculous craft to their limit, and struck a pact with a confused Demon trying to produce that which should no longer have been-a super fighting robot. The result was what seems to be a seemingly harmless Winnebago with a bewildering dashboard of buttons, levers and pullies that *somehow* make perfect sense to whoever's in the driver's seat. By hitting, turning and pulling things you can *somehow* make this omni-vehicle extrude whatever moving parts you require *as long as* it's at all possible with modern engineering. Nothing has to make sense as long as it's *individually* possible with modern engineering, and you can fudge how it interacts with physics to the extent a reasonably honest small child or a Fast and Furious movie could misunderstand how physics work. The result is that the Winnebago can extrude whirring sawblades on mechanical arms, turn into a submarine, shoot out of the ocean and fly around on a helicopter's propeller and fire homing missiles. By pulling the BIGGEST lever, for a narratively appropriate period of time suited for a major kaiju encounter in a Godzilla movie or a Power Rangers fight, the Winnebago transforms into a giant robot made of smaller Winnebagos that can swing skyscrapers around like foam bats (ignoring *all* the laws of tensile strength to do so), entangle foes with lightning-covered and harpoon-tipped cables, or concentrate intense amounts of solar energy into its palm to melt incredibly powerful foes.

This makes the whole thing fall apart afterwards, and takes even a seasoned Solar craftsman of this world five days to fully repair giving his full effort.

Hallowed Patron (600 CP): Your efforts at miraculous heroism in a world where hope is a cruel joke have not gone unnoticed-whether out of an alien mind deciding you have aligned with its nature, a perceived opportunity to use you as leverage over other cosmic powers, amusement at the destruction of hated foes or even against all odds sincere kindness. A wondrous and terrible power from this world has forged a compact with you that they have sworn on Eclipse Oaths to abide me, showing up by lessened proxy when you merely ask and providing blessings that Mages must purify soul and mind for and Mummies demand with rites and names long lost to time. The burning blade and glory of the archangel Metatron, decrees given by a Judge of Duat, direct intervention by a mighty angel of the God-Machine or Principle, or even a brush with world-rending magic from one of the formerly allegorical dragons of Atlantis could all be

yours. This is power perhaps not so great to end the world completely, but grand enough to fundamentally reshape it or avert otherwise certain destruction.

If you are a Solar, your new patron's opinion on the mighty sun god that made you great may vary greatly depending on its disposition, whether it was even old enough to know him, and the truth behind that long-lost past. Even the most cruel will agree, however, that the world is less for not having him in it.

Abyssal

Murder Weapon (100 CP): Yours, to be specific. When the monsters got you and everything faded to black right before you were chosen as an Abyssal, something was left behind. The knife stuck in your back or the fangs ripped from a snout were caught up in the black fire of Abyssal Exaltation, and now something of its nature remains. It's too cold to bear, covered in anti-light and when it strikes something black fire scorches it with entropy's pitiless march. It's so lethal that if it was a rock, you could probably kill a bear by throwing it at the poor beast. But it doesn't hurt you at all.

If you aren't actually an Abyssal, this is someone else's equally tainted murder weapon.

Blade of the Dying Sun (200 CP): With whatever bleak vaults that once conjured up the weapons of the Abyssals long lost to time, they've invented a far superior replacement: *Their own bones*. Going farther than most, at some point you've mystically grown more and more of your own bones into some sort of handheld weapon. A sword, a set of daggers, a shotgun that always has more teeth to blast that hits harder than mere iron pellets. The real gift of this life-reaping tool is that it cuts soul and flesh equally well, returns the lifeblood and strength of foes it strikes back to nourish you, and wounds inflicted by it don't heal without your permission or miracles greater than Abyssal Charms. Even the flesh of gods can be rent by it, and any who touch it without your permission find sharp fangs boring into their grasp and their lifeblood siphoned by the thing.

Vampire Recipe (400 CP): For some *unexplained* reason there is a *really* close similarity between the power and form of the Abyssal Exalted, and the common vampire. Lost. Ignorant. Entirely bereft of the undeniable purpose Abyssals are burdened by. And thus, free. Are you jealous of that kind of freedom? This ritual appears to be a rare and potent Ancient Sorcery that has one purpose: It turns humans into vampires. The parameters of the ritual can be adjusted, with reagents like snake blood or desecrated bones, to create just about any type of vampire in existence from this world. Or a new type, perhaps closer to Abyssal nature. With great sacrifices you may even make these vampires mighty in their kind, wise in the blood and life-reaping powers they wield.

There is one constant: All these vampires are utterly subordinate to you. Always. It never occurs to most of them even to try, and those who do find themselves bound by an entirely new Old Law that purely exists to give the Abyssal Exalted authority over vampires. They can no more harm you against your will than rocks can decide to fall uphill.

Fumbling the ritual always creates a Geist instead, which is free to do whatever it wants.

Underworld (600 CP): There is now a Dominion of the Underworld, a place for dead souls to go, now untethered from the rest and bound to your will and presence instead. It is a place of arbitrary scale and resources-not truly infinite, but a library that hoards all lost knowledge can just keep going on and on, a shanty town won't even run out of room, and a glen of burning trees will never run out of trees or the bear-like Cthonians that hunt drowned children there. Such places have anywhere between one and twelve Old Laws: Not those of Abyssals, but sacred covenants that are enforced by powerful entities of death called Kerberoi that are usually, but not always, spirits. These Old Laws can be as simple as "thou shalt not litter", as broad as "violence begets violence" or as all-encompassing as "the law is whatever the Deathlord says it is". They are places of simultaneous wonder and melancholy, where ten colossal machines crush scrap and ghosts into obedient automatons, or the memories of the dead can be processed into food or other goods, or your true love can be retrieved as long as you don't make Orpheus' grievous error, or a void in which all forgotten dreams can be found. Or just a big ocean ruled by some sort of giant squid. Yes, that's an option.

Which is fortunate because you appear to be the Deathlord of this realm.

If all of the above sounds *really vague* it's because there's a tremendous amount of variants between Dominions. Some don't even have Deathlords. In others, all must swear loyalty to one of two duelling Deathlords, reshaped to better fit their armies. In yet others Deathlords can create Kerberoi (generally at great cost). For that matter, some Dominions have only a handful of Kerberoi, others none at all.

It would be simply to say that *just about every afterlife in mortal imagining with an even somewhat bleak twist to it* (and indeed, to some unknown degree and by some unknown cause the Underworld *does* seem influenced by collective belief) can manifest in any given Dominion. And again, as it's Deathlord you have tremendous jurisdiction over how things work even after the initial state of being for the place is chosen. Certain kinds of ghosts, which it is crucial to note **are not souls or personal identities, but rather emotional echoes of the once-living**, are drawn to one Dominion or another more than others. In future worlds, as yours is the only Dominion by default it simply collects all the ghostly memory imprints.

In short, you're a ruler of death now. Or at least, a portion of death, that which is not encompassed by the Supernal Realm known as Stygia, or Duat, or other metaphysical systems out there which work very differently. For all intents and purposes, you are a part-time god of death down there. You can create the Avernian Gate to it at will, either with a ritual of your choice or simply by willing yourself there.

Incidentally, "the *other* Old Laws applied to Abyssals don't count here" is an entirely valid Old Law. Whatever force that scribed the Abyssal Old Laws *cannot* seem to stop Deathlords that can and do regularly restore things of the living for a price.

Infernal

Demonic Delicacies (100 CP): There is a doorway that only exists when you lay your hands on any ordinary one, speak a single word in a forgotten language that you intrinsically know, and open the door to find a tavern of brass, shadow, black stone and stranger materials as vast as the greatest warehouses on Earth. It once served demons celebrating their victories or mourning their eternal condemnation, and the refreshments are always pristine whenever you return. The food is bizarre, grain that seems grown from bone and flesh from eldritch sea beasts, but delicious and tempting as sin. The drink ranges from alcohol strong enough to knock a man out to distilled rapturous bliss. But for the Exalted and most supernatural beings, this place is a surprisingly restful, even nutritious and filling, place to lay down your feet and take a break. Nothing that cannot bypass a liminal space can break in against your will, and leaving is as simple as opening one of the windows that seemingly look out over the Empty City or doors within-but merely relocates the guest to a corresponding place in the local area. Mortals, on the other hand, risk being transformed into the demon-like Deviants from the concentrated hellish power in the sustenance if they consume more than three courses or two bottles.

Someone appears to have left a great many musical instruments pointedly, on an emptied stage. If played, many musicians will agree they are of the finest quality.

Star-Piercing Spear of the Green Sun (200 CP): In the ancient vaults of the Empty City stand many relics of the ancient world. A sword, a spear, a bow but *never* anything modern. This one which you can draw from the interstices in reality however, actually still holds great power unlike most. It may ignite with a corrosive aura of hellfire that burns both soul and flesh but leaves you untouched, igniting the environment as you strike with it and escalating until you stand in a spirit-scorching inferno completely unmarred. It may be ringed with crimson winds that strike opponents as far as you can see, replicate strikes many times over and can fight with all your skill and might remotely. Or it could be a shapeless umbral weapon that takes whatever shape you desire, and slowly siphons all that animates your foes. Regardless of what it is, it continuously corrodes all mundane and supernatural defences even after the battle is ended without extremely powerful forms of purification, it is indestructible to any force short of the greatest Exalted Charms, and it turns all its power on any who touch it without your will.

Foreboding Prophecy (400 CP): The scorched vellum in this ancient grimoire is unreadable to any except you, and the other Infernal Exalted, and never seems to run out. In rambling, almost poetic verses, it foretells the broken vengeance of the broken makers of the world. At any given point while reading it, you'll realise that its writing become laser focused when describing what steps you can do to advance the prophecy: Typically things like assassinating world leaders, summoning dread spirits on battlefield they can grow fat upon, mass murdering a certain type of supernatural being then ritually arranging their remains in a place of power for another type of supernatural being, or convincing a very specific person to do a very specific bad thing at a very specific time. Fulfilling these prophecies universally has two outcomes: The world as a whole getting worse and seeming more like the Empty City in ways symbolically, or rarely more literally. And you experiencing sudden windfalls of wealth both mundane and supernatural, as rerouted insurance policies dump untraceable money in your accounts or baleful spirits show up to fulfil a "longstanding pact" with you.

No matter how hard you work though, the prophecy will never *quite* come true. The world may become an awful place, but it will never end with *this* alone.

If you look carefully at the blank cover, there seem to be scratch marks in the shape of a broken-winged crane.

A New City (600 CP): It looks like the Empty City, at first. It may have tea houses and dojos, shops and palaces, black basalt and brass. But none of the more distinctive geographical features are present, other than a ring of sand at the edges. More importantly, there are more signs of life: Lights on buildings despite the absence of people there, diabolical artifacts or forgotten knowledge you might useful left nearby. For this city is an expression of *your* soul, made in the Empty City's image but far more dynamic. It's constantly considered to be bathing in an all-encompassing Infernal Burn that never harms you, which you can suspend at will for any inhabitants. Those who break faith with you using a mystically binding oath or are otherwise targeted by Infernal Charms that would normally send them to the Infernal City, can instead be condemned here.

Somewhere in this world is a supernatural corrosion-a flood of corrosive hellfire, a sickness that makes bones sprout into ossified plants, a mist that inhales souls, which represents the brutal force of your will. Those damned here you have deemed worthy of your hatred are worn down by this corruption-not into mere Deviants, but terrible spirits of the Lower Depths resembling the Akathartoi, Maeltinet and the demons of Duat. Each is utterly slaved to your

will by its own nature, its obedience written into the literal script of existence or as inescapable as its own gluttony or hunger. You may even send them out into other worlds imbued with the same force that ravaged them, to abduct others.

The more souls you damn here and the more powerful overall you grow, the more bountiful wonders this place provides and the more powerful and controlled the corrosion here grows. An Essence 1 Infernal's passive corruption would usually take 5 days to chase and damn a mortal prisoner. With 100 prisoners damned, she could use a tsunami to remake the city into a series of floating archipelagos amidst endless mist. With 500 prisoners damned, the treasures here could be used to spread the terrain, phenomena and other conditions of the city to the outside world. And with a million souls condemned here, it could generate wonders on par with the greatest and most terrible of Duat, and remake your most favoured slaves to be like the mighty Lords of Wounds themselves.

Companions

Hopes Alight In Darkness (50/200 CP): *She's on her way home again when she notices even more fangbangers waiting outside the driveway. "I count dozens of us, and only six of you, killer!" shouts one, laughing. She shakes her head slowly, jerking a thumb back at her friends. "I count five heroes of old behind me, and a lot of dead freaks in my face" she retorts. The man on her left erupts into a boar with a crocodile's face. The girl on her right gestures, and one of the vampires goes flying into the night sky. Suddenly cars are randomly crashing into them, and poisonous vines are wrapped around their legs, and they can all feel they've lost something important but they can't tell what. Even though they suddenly know with dread certainty they can no longer drink blood.*

And then, they regret taking their eyes off the Dawn.

For every 50 CP you pay here, you may create or import a companion with 800 CP to spend on anything except other companions. For 200 CP, you can create or import 8 companions at a discount.

"We can be more" (Free/50 CP): *"Goddamn, that was fun. Haven't eaten anything this chewy in months!"*

"You guys up for doing this again?"

"Actually I've had some trouble up in Denver. We got a really angry mummy and a ghost guy who won't stop picking fights with him"

"Sure, what the hell. I'm free this weekend"

For free, anyone who agreed from this world may join you as a companion. For 50 CP, you're guaranteed to make a very good first impression.

Slaying Monsters, Hunting Things (50 CP/Free and optional for Dragonblooded): Soon into your journey, you come across two bickering guys in denim who are in the process of exorcising a ghost. After pitching in, you found out they're actually quite experienced hunters in their own right, having been taught the trade by their father after their mother's unfortunate passing. The boys are laidback sorts who like nothing more than an ice cold beer at their favourite bar on the clock, and protecting the innocent while on it. However, the more you hang out with them the more you notice they're *uncannily lucky*. Night People that could obliterate them with a glance waste time taunting them, or even knocking their own weaknesses around the floor for easy reach. Bullets

miss them. *They're surviving off an all-bacon diet because their food just digests itself.*

Investigation will find out that some incomprehensibly distant and powerful force is repeatedly casting an effect similar to the Mage spell known as Forge Destiny for them, giving them stupendous luck in their endeavours that happens to constantly ordain them for hunting monsters of the supernatural variety.

There is no clear reason why.

Former Pangaeon (50 CP/Free and optional for Lunars): It lurched out between the trees, watching you with eyes that remember when Father Wolf hunted alongside his children. Either it is a spirit of godlike power, a peer to his children who became totem and patron to the Uratha, or it is an enfleshed (potentially in the loosest sense of the term; it could be a living mist, a writhing network of semi-solid roots, the last pebble of the god-beast once called Mountain) monster of unique nature and grander power than most lesser horrors. It knows you by a name older than living memory. It means you no harm. It merely wishes to reminisce about older times, and ask you how find this world, and if you're as lost and purposeless as it is. Whether you were once unlikely friends or the worthiest of enemies, or whether in a past life you simply forged a rapport with a being indifferent to nearly everything outside its' nature, so meaningless is its existence without the lost world of Pangaea that it would gladly add its' efforts to yours just to have something to do. When beasts like this act on the world werewolves run for backup, buildings topple, and mortals kneel at the return of a living god.

The remaining Pattern Spiders (50 CP/Free and optional for Sidereals): Oh. There they are. After either intense investigation of the Shattered Annex or loitering near a breach to the Supernal, you came across thousands and thousands of tiny mechanical fate-spinning spiders. They are far, far more afraid of you than you could ever be of them. In warbling tones, the spiders will speak of an unspeakable calamity that swallowed up their world like it never existed, of devil-rajahs that set themselves on thrones that only the other champions of the gods banding together could topple, of the dimming of the sun, moon and stars. Of how even in their thousands, they are a tiny remnant of a multitude. It's hard to tell how of it is mere hysterical madness. They're clearly extremely traumatised, so much so they adamantly want NOTHING to do with any of the surviving Exalted. However, they are still extremely skilled weavers of Fate,

able to arrange favourable circumstances, interfere with forces like the God-Machine's infrastructure and in a pinch poison foes with causality-warping venoms. The spiders are neurotic workaholics in desperate need of a collective drink, but they all insist (to their dismay) that you are very important to the last tatters of their design and need all the help you can get.

Buffy the Vampire-Slaying Solar (50 CP/Free and optional for Solar): Hey, it's that Dawn from before! She's a friendly, gutsy girl who's very happy to talk to someone who isn't from the so-called Circle of the Crone without having to explode them. Other than being fast enough to dodge around bullets, strong enough to put her foot through solid steel and some extremely trial and error-based experience with vampires, she doesn't know much about what's going on due to not having a secret vampire-slaying council to fall back on or anything. Any help would be greatly appreciated. She's great at fighting, can just about cope at mysticism and terrible at managing a social life with hunting vampires. Which she still thinks are the nastiest monsters out there.

"DeathWHAT?" (50 CP/Free and optional for Abyssals): This is a Deathlord. That much is obvious. Even if their appearance resembles no mythology or idea on Earth (but might echo certain metal album covers), they're constantly complaining they should be far more powerful outside their Dominion in the underworld, and they're extremely confused the Abyssals no longer recognise or obey them. Despite their haughty demeanour this Deathlord is actually very confused and afraid of what the world has become, and would be very grateful for any explanation. They insist the other Deathlords aren't *real* Deathlords (and that at least some Cthonians are something it calls "Hekatonkhieres"), and that the "real" Deathlords have all been destroyed in an event they are very reluctant to discuss. They're still a powerful Deathlord with all that entails, able to wield godlike power over death with an unusually martial focus, and what seems to be a far stronger form of Ancient Sorcery that only controls death and its facets. They've also been unable to figure out how to actually leave their Dominion until they realised one of their Old Laws is "Honour the legacy of the Exalted that you defiled, doing whatever is necessary".

If the Deathlord happens to be introduce herself as the Black Heron, expect her to do a happy little dance once she realises she outlived someone called the First and Forsaken Lion.

The Testament of the Blind Wyrms (50 CP/Free and optional for Infernals): It is common for the beings of the Lower Depths known as Akathartoi to leave behind Testaments-accounts of their nature, glory and capabilities intended to grant them more influence on Earth as they gain infamy. *This* one is unusual because the being specifically proclaims she is enthroned in the Empty City, and was empowered from among humanity by its' ancient rulers. It proclaims how she rose from a pawn in petty conflicts to a beautiful yet terrible demon queen, who trampled cities while in her draconic shape and made Heaven's streets run red. It speaks of how, though drunk on cruelty and luxury, she saw the coming end of her world and appealed to her fellows to save it-if only to rule it. And says how ultimately, she gave her life trying to save the refuge of her enemies, knowing it was her world's last bastion of greatness.

This has to be a lie. The Akathartoi are, metaphysically, lies. And yet like the other Akathartoi, it's one powerful enough to shape reality.

The horned woman who answers the summons using the ritual attached to this testament certainly lives up to the Testament, though she dismissively speaks of it as a mere curio that no longer matters. In general, she is remarkably easygoing and even sympathetic to her petitioners for a supposed temptress-tyrant of the Lower Depths, often asking as her price deeds that challenge your understanding of vices rather than commit unforgivable sins or provide unspeakable sacrifices. In return, she can provide boons and gifts that are strangely similar to Infernal Charms-and if you yourself are an Infernal, she has alarmingly in-depth knowledge about how to master your powers. She is oddly ambivalent about actually being unleashed into the world, more concerned for the effect she'd have on it than anything-offhandedly mentioning power *at least* on par with the Maeljin.

If asked, she will happily give you her alleged address in the Empty City. There is nothing there but a shattered temple and a shrine to a faceless demon goddess, but she will next speak as if she saw you but you didn't see her.

Drawbacks

Darker Ages (+ 0 CP): It's assumed that the Exaltations were only liberated in the modern age. But why should that be the case, when it's not as though there's some kind of precise mechanism holding them? What if the Exaltations finished purifying their sins a few centuries or even millennia? What if the rumours of Exalted pyramid slaves were true? With this, you may start your journey in this world anytime during the Dark Eras time periods, instead of the modern one.

Optionally, you may extend your stay in this world up to 10 years past your initial starting date.

More Shades of Darkness (+ 0 CP): Ever wanted to fight evil by moonlight with a friend in a frilly dress? Or would you rather test your Solar craftsmanship against a *real* Genius? Maybe you think that there's a certain Oroboros out there who might be able to relate to being the last of a dying breed? Choose this drawback, and you can make any or all of the fansplats set in the Chronicles of Darkness canon to your stay.

Darker Yet Darker (+0 CP): Is this truly not your first sojourn here? Were you even human to begin with? No matter. Humanity is fully yours now, whether you were once sworn to the Dark Mother or an escapee from the Gentry. Your past need not define you even if the consequences are carried forwards. Choose this, and other events you performed in previous Chronicles of Darkness/New World of Darkness jumps may remain in continuity with this jump.

An Eternity of Darkness (+ 0 CP): What is the passage of time to an immortal? Some say it is no more than the churning of archmages seeking dominion over reality. Others, that those called the True Fae are exiled gods of it that flit between now and then betimes. And still others say that all moments are inevitable yet part of an inexorable forward current, rules over by the Arisen god known as Azur. Whatever the true nature of time, would you like more of it? Choose this and you can extend your stay by up to ten millennia. Perhaps long enough to define a new age for this world.

In Media Res (+ 100 CP): You begin with the sound of gunfire. Some men are shouting angrily at you. It seems you've pissed off a mortal authority, something like a crime boss or a chief of police. Their decision to terminate you may not necessarily be personal, but it's damned persistent and the detachment from making it so only ensures they'll be harder to shake off. Escape, slay or

otherwise incapacitate the handful of enforcers surrounding you as you please, but don't expect them to be the last of your opposition.

*Dreams of the Lost Age (+ 100 CP): You're flying on wings of intricate cogs and metalwork, as the winged streak of quicksilver that is your brother, lover and rival all in one laughs while racing you. You are haunted by dreams of a wondrous, forever gone world in which the Exalted ruled all creation and wielded their power unfettered. You're weaving together a spell that harmonises Heaven and Earth, the spirits of sun and moon themselves singing your praises for its beauty. It's extraordinary beauty and exuberance only make the waking world, often bleak and lacking even when touched by the supernatural, all the harsher to accept. A god salutes you as you lay your hand upon the Sword of Creation's controls, annihilating armies of demons with a wave of gold that glide harmlessly over your own men. It's difficult to tell what's nostalgia or delusion and what's a true memory from your Exaltation, but your heart pines for everything you bear witness to. The dinosaur pisses heroin into a cup. You taste it. This batch is particularly pungent. **Exquisite!** Okay, maybe not everything.*

The False Maker (+ 100 CP): The God-Machine, a normally inscrutable and aloof network of distant gears turning beneath reality's skein, has for reasons of its own taken an interest in the process of Exaltation. In the dance of motes and the rhythm of selection and departure, it gleans a memory of *SOMETHING VASTER THAN WORLDS* not unlike itself. *Especially in how both are fundamentally sick.* It would know more. To that end, it has begun conducting strange experiments that involve violently fusing angels with humans while rapidly distorting space-time, typically with catastrophic results for both. Every now and then though, the process creates or perhaps *summons* a strange wonder called **the Alchemical Exaltation** back into existence. For one reason or another, you often bump into one of these Alchemicals at least once a month. While not necessarily hostile, many are desperate for aid from someone with similar powers to them. Few know that they can progress in Essence and reshuffle their active Charms at any available Infrastructure, for example.

To the frustration of many Demons, for some unfathomable reason the God-Machine does not prioritise hunting down Alchemicals with its angels at all or otherwise subvert them despite the visible similarities of their design. Unless the Alchemicals go out of their way to oppose its plans, much like any other supernatural being.

Not In This For Your Exaltation (+ 200 CP): It is generally assumed that those Chosen by Exaltation are dynamic, ambitious and strong-willed enough to actually *enjoy* being a kickass demigod. You are, temperamentally, not that guy. You have certain mundane commitments in this world that make shaking up the status quo very inconvenient to you, and are deathly allergic to doing anything more exciting than playing a videogame. Which you care strongly about. Maybe your cat is in the nursing home. Maybe your parents won't use the litter box. Whatever the case, many uses of Exaltation are just a *hassle* for your daily life, and even should you resolve those hassles with your newfound powers you'll be generally reluctant to heed the call of adventure. At least nothing's stopping you from using Charms that perform those safe, predictable tasks making up your routine with divine splendour! Be the accountant you were always meant to be!

Soul Incontinence (+ 200 CP): No Exalt has full control over their Burns in this world, but few see yours pouring out all over the place as much as you. Perhaps spending only half the amount of Essence for the same result, your Burns are also twice as large and persistent. While they mercifully take the same amount of time and effort to Sear, the effects of those Searings are also significantly more damaging in all respects. Expect for others to give you a wide berth with this, and for even Prometheans to dread being in your company.

Renegade: The Deviant (+ 200 CP): *Oh boy*, here we go again. Looks like *someone important* has become very fixated with *another* wretched splat from the New World of Darkness. Have you noticed that quite a few Exalt-triggered events have a tendency to create or distort others into becoming Deviants from the Deviant: The Renegade franchise? You might be surprised how closely the meek are associated with the fallout from the mighty. Well, **now everything violent or supernatural you do has a greatly increased chance of turning bystanders or enemy combatants into deviants.** Throw a TV out a window? It might land on someone's head and turn them into an unhinged TV-headed man. Blast someone with Death of Obsidian Butterflies? If you didn't make sure it finished them off, they'll return as a shambling cloud of butterflies stuck in a human husk. All of them will intuitively understand *you* did this to them. At least as with actual Deviants, this only seems to affect regular humans.

This drawback also makes Prometheans instinctively uneasy about you, and not just for the obvious reasons.

The Reverse Wyld Hunt (+ 300 CP): “Anathema”. This word might have had a different meaning *in a world so long ago it is more dream than myth* but in the here and now, it refers to what happens when a Celestial Exaltation trying to purify itself is interrupted by something or someone else. A glut of its’ own Essence and the darkness it has consumed pours out, hardens into a monstrous shell around the Exaltation and turns into a shambling spirit-monster desperate to make mortals worthy of Exaltation-and constantly frustrated that its broken nature merely makes corpses instead. There is something about the flavour of your Essence that attracts Anathema towards you like ships to a lighthouse during the storm. Anathema are able to influence localised facets of reality around them like spirits, such as by lighting a room on fire or reshaping that fire into lesser spirits homing in on their foes, as well as a limited ability to use the Charms of their Exaltation. Mercifully, as mentioned before it seems none can exceed Essence 5 in overall power.

The Chronicles of Darkness Strike Back (+ 300 CP): The Summer Court has sworn an oath on sunlight itself-Dusk must not fall amidst bloodstains and shadows, and their bravest knights are sworn to lay you know. Or the Ordu Dracul is determined to drink the secrets from your Exaltation that will let them transcend all vampiric weaknesses, gluttoned on silvery strength. Or maybe a particularly powerful family of Beasts has decided that you need to die for the good of the Family, though not before providing some suitable lessons for their friends. Whatever the nature of this threat, a large and powerful group of Night Folk has declared war on you, even willing to bribe other supernatural beings and Exalts to claim your life.

DELECTABLE INTRUDER (+ 300 CP): There are thing in this world with great power, who do not fit cleanly into the sort of generally human-scale horror or wonder that can be reliably replicated. Such beings tend to have inscrutable appetites and overwhelming power relative to mere werewolves or vampires (though Arisen upon awakening and Demons willing to Go Loud can rival them), so it’s most unfortunate one seems to have become fanatically obsessed with doing something unspeakable to you. A mercurial Idigam hoping to complete its’ broken nature by shoving its tendrils into your soul, a mighty Geryo that makes reality tremble as it hounds you out of jealousy for your closeness to the chosen mate of its’ progenitor, or a truly unique aberration that is utterly invisible until it rends brick and steel apart with its claws-fascinated, doubtless, by your ability to perceive it. Worst of all, whatever manner of horror

you face is spurred to greater heights of ability and evolution by its' conflict with you. Expect it to come up with a ritual, chrysalis or some other prolonged transformation to greatly ascend in power if you can't end your fight against it in one or two battles.

Wrath of 100,000 Leaves (+ 300/800 CP): A nightmare haunts your origin in this world, of a being great enough to break reality in its passing that knows you as an enemy. An Old God of the Thistle, with power over time enough to restore its' own history from being erased and power over fate that lets it demand all arrow-like things miss it. A gulmoth of horrific power, like the Mirror At The End of the World that threatens to dissolve *at least* all nearby reality into the chaos of the Abyss merely by its' presence. One of the Maeljin, the Lords of Wounds, devils with flesh of lies said to nestle in the corpse of the Uratha's predecessor. Or one of the Qashmallim mighty enough to wipe cities from the map, determined to deny you any further interference with the change it brings. Though this being is isolated from Earth (or dispersed, or does not exist yet, or something similar), events have been set in motion by conspiracies both mundane and supernatural to allow it entry (or existence) to Earth in all its glory. Such beings were, truth be told, not accounted for during the making of this game when accounting for what the Exalted could overwhelm. If you are not confident you can recreate the feats of legend that the Exalted were once said to be responsible for, you must disrupt the ritual post-haste. Worst of all, any enemies made in **Delectable Intruder** or The Chronicles of Darkness Strike Back will bolster this conspiracy.

For 800 CP, you have one of two choices to worsen your situation. The first is that your foe has **already** set foot on Earth with not just its full power, but all the forces it could muster for its planned invasion. A True Fae resplendent with its' hobgoblin army, Titles and cherrypicked contracts. A Deathlord with the right to trespass on the domain of the living. A Geryo having managed to unite some of its packmates for a great hunt.

The second, more dire possibility is that you still have a season to prepare...but the nature of your foe **far surpasses not just anything ExCofD as a game was designed to face mechanically, but meaningful mechanical engagement at all**. The mystery plays and machinations to liberate such a being are doubtlessly far more disturbing, given the magnitude of what they represent.

One possibility is that an Exarch, either a chief among the original Atlantean god-kings or merely a symbol of their tyranny, has left their cintamani palace in preparation to defend its' supremacy against you-bringing armies of archmages and god-slaves to support an Imperial Working: A ritual performed outside of reality by manipulating circumstances within it to enact a miracle so potent it will change the world to one where the Exarch has always won. But even with assistance, such a ritual will take time, and as a symbol of the Exarchs' dominion it will be leary of damaging the Earth and human civilisation for its imperfect ascension relies on them to shore up its authority. And even beings so great as this still fear the deities they usurped for their thrones, who are not unlike the Exalted's patrons.

Another, that one of the cruel gods known as the Judges of Duat deems your very existence a violation of the Law of Suffering it presides over. To hear the Arisen tell it, the Judges were among the original gods that ruled over reality. To hear certain mages tell it, their dependency on cosmic cycles and hunger hearken more to the less-than-real yet malignant horrors of the Lower Depths. Even their avatars can cast scouring sandstorms, don half-animal deific warforms and erase immortals by snuffing out their true names **similar to the powers some Exalts wield**. It is said that in their true forms, the Judges can decide to be as meagre as a mote of dust or as mighty as a supernova, and no life can disobey their decrees. Yet by the same token, the rebel Sutek provides that all life may use their own strictures to mantle him and hold authority over them-even if that chance is one in a million. It is also said that one who finds a Judge's true name holds power over them, and that there are lost rites that could usurp one's authority-unavoidably also taking on their duties.

And of course, the titular Prince of 100,000 Leaves is a potential foe. There is a history so bleak and monstrous that it was rejected, cast into the Abyss to seethe like a murderous child abandoned by its parent. In this dark timeline cannibalism is a sacrament, disgust is love and abuse kindness. The North American Continent is known as Cha'annys, the Land of the Broken Turtlesell, whose princes impale the dead on bronze pikes so that their eyes can scan the living for signs of treason. While Britain is ruled by the sadistic Theocracy of Vah. Even before he replaces history as he desires to, the Prince can cause localised time paradoxes, influence artists to record his existence in media to accelerate his coming, and spawn abominable excuses for spirits to do its bidding. If it succeeds at banishing time, the Prince will simply rewrite reality in

its own image-and remember you as its opponent. It is an Anunnaki, a colonial aberration made of smaller yet still apocalyptic interlocking aberrations. Yet as a fundamentally unreal being, it is inherently unstable-simply unable to sustain its existence in the real until the completion of its plans.

To challenge either of these horrors is to declare your utmost faith in the Exalted's memories of killing world-titans that even the gods knelt to.

Ending options

The dying of the light (Go home): And so this legend, like all others, ends. You've done enough, or lost enough, and now it's time to take back everything you earned and everyone who joined you on your chain to the world of your origin. When you leave, will myths of what you did here echo down the ages, to inspire new heroes? Or does the story of Exaltation end with you?

Curse the darkness (Stay here): Rage, rage against the dying of heroes, and the slow drowning of the Exaltations under millennia of sins! How many more cycles, do you think, until the weight of infinity stops them from functioning at all? How many battles against reborn monsters can these shards of primal divinity take until the heroes of eld never answer the call again? *Not as long as you draw breath*, at least. Fight on. Oh, and if you managed to change this world to a level on par with slaying a supernatural being on par with a spirit of the 8th rank or an archmage, drastically hindering or outright annihilating a discrete template of supernatural beings (such as by exposing the existence of Beasts to the general public, or driving them to the brink of extinction yourself), or fundamentally change how the mundane and supernatural interact on a grand scale (such as sealing off all Avernian Gates, or bringing back the conditions of Pangaea upon at least one island's worth of territory) then take 1000 CP as a reward befitting such a feat.

Light a candle (Move on): As time marches on, and the years pass like the currents of a raging river, perhaps one day there won't need to be heroes anymore. Maybe progress and change will just starve the monsters out. Or on the flipside, maybe the cosmic cycles shall make all men mighty with the return of wonder, and united as one the Exalted host will smash the monsters back into the annals of history. Would you know more? Continue your chain, and find out if your Exaltation might shake off a little more rust in future worlds.

Notes

Holden deadass asks you to believe that the Chronicles of Darkness as a setting is so intrinsically fragile that literally aura farming as an Exalt is liable to scar it's reality. He make *no differentiation* about the likelihood of Burns happening in mundane reality, in the Gauntlet, in the Underworld, within God-Machine Infrastructure, in Arcadia, in a Beast's Lair or in the Astral Realm. As far as I can determine even the Abyss, the Lower Depths, Duat, Pangaea and the Supernal Realms are all equally in danger of getting BODIED by Chad Exaltation Essence flaring up by RAW. Until such time as errata clarifies the absurd implications of this, feel free to fanwank in future settings whether your more voluntary control over Burns can even affect locations more significantly powerful than mundane Earth.

Ascetism of the Bodhisattva-Predator is inspired by, and intended to be roughly equivocal to barring a few divergences to accommodate the premises of the Lunar Exalted, Lycaon-Ur: A writeup by Chris Allen, freelance writer for Onyx Path, about what in his opinion the Uratha from Werewolf the Forsaken could someday evolve into given time to hone their prowess.