



Every light in the sky is more than just a distant glow—it is a jewel of the cosmos, a beacon of fire and song, humming with the music of existence itself. These stars do not merely shine; they whisper secrets to the void, weave the fates of worlds, and stand as eternal sentinels against the night. Their radiance guides lost souls, inspires legends, and fuels the dreams of civilizations that rise and fall beneath their gaze. Across the endless tapestry of the universe, species such as the enigmatic Sylvandar, the unyielding Grundth, the cunning Mekthar, and even the mighty Caelorians look up in awe and reverence.

But this is not their story.

This is the story of the stars themselves.

The Living Stars—ancient, powerful, and mysterious—have built a kingdom that stretches across the very fabric of the cosmos. Their realm is one of celestial wonders, where blazing monarchs hold court in stellar cathedrals, and the great constellations sing harmonies that shape reality itself. The Kingdom of the Stars is more than a domain; it is a legacy of fire and eternity, a place where the newborn and the ancient alike dance in the grand cosmic cycle.

And now, you shall be part of it.

You are a **Star Seed**, a luminous spark bonded with a mortal destined to grow into something magnificent. In time, your light will pierce the void, your presence will shake the heavens, and your song will echo across the infinite. Will you rise as a beacon of hope, a blazing conqueror, or a harbinger of cosmic change? The universe awaits, and your journey begins now.

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What are Living Stars?

Living Stars are among the most powerful entities in existence—colossal, sentient masses of fire and light that drift through the infinite expanse. Unlike the countless mindless stars that dot the heavens, Living Stars **think, feel, and remember**. They are not mere celestial bodies, but ancient beings of wisdom and power, each one carrying the weight of ages within its luminous core.



Their existence is a mystery even to the oldest scholars of the cosmos. Where did they come from? Why do only some stars awaken while others remain inert? No one truly knows. But what is certain is that these radiant titans do not simply burn—they **speak**.

To one another, they communicate through the language of light, a slow and deliberate exchange where ideas are encoded in shifting colors and pulses across the void. But in times of urgency, they share thoughts instantaneously through a strange quantum bond—an entanglement that forms the moment another Living Star first absorbs their light. Even so, not all Living Stars are directly connected, and messages must often be passed along, whispered across the stellar network like celestial rumors.

Yet perhaps their most fascinating ability is their power to **manifest**. While their true forms are too vast, too radiant for most beings to comprehend, Living Stars can create avatars—**Celestial Forms**—incarnations shaped by their will. Some take the forms of luminous giants, clad in constellations and wreathed in solar fire, while others weave bodies of pure energy or sculpt themselves into incomprehensible, cosmic shapes. These avatars allow them to walk among the mortal races, to observe, to guide, to love, and—when necessary—to remind the universe of their might.

Their lifespans stretch across the eons, dictated by the mass of their celestial bodies and their willingness to not extend their lifespans. The smallest among them, akin to glowing dwarfs, may endure for trillions of years, while the most titanic and radiant of their kind burn with unmatched intensity but would fade in mere millions. To mortals, they seem eternal, unchanging—but among their own kind, time is fluid, a concept stretched thin across eternity. A single moment for a Living Star could be centuries for those beneath them, yet if one chooses to respond, their voice reaches across light-years in an instant.

Living Stars often forge deep and enduring emotional bonds with one another, their relationships spanning the vastness of eternity. Some choose travel towards each other and remain forever entwined, drifting through the cosmos as luminous companions in an endless celestial dance. These binary arrangements, bound by both gravity and affection, orbit each other in a timeless waltz, their light weaving together in an eternal embrace. Others form even more intricate unions, trinary or multi-star systems, where three or more stars move in harmony, their gravitational ballet shaping the very fabric of their shared star system. To the universe, they are celestial wonders—but to themselves, they are something far greater: kindred souls shining together against the infinite dark.

The Kingdom of Stars

Over countless ages, Living Stars have formed a vast and intricate stellar society—the **Kingdom of Stars**. It is not a kingdom in the mortal sense; there is no throne, no singular ruler. Once, there was—the **First Star**, the original light, the firstborn creation of the Creator of the Universe herself. But that great being has long since burned out, leaving behind only whispers in the cosmic wind. Now, the Living Stars govern themselves, each choosing their own role in the grand design of the cosmos.



Despite their immense power, they abide by certain unspoken laws. To drift too close to another's domain—pulling planets, moons, and comets into unintended orbits—is seen as **a great offense**, for their very gravity reshapes reality itself. And so they normally remain where they are, each ruling their own corner of the universe, reaching across the void with light, knowledge, and the silent echoes of ancient songs.

The Kingdom of Stars is not bound by rigid laws but by respect, by hierarchy shaped by wisdom and age. The eldest, those who have witnessed the birth and death of galaxies, stand above the newly ignited, guiding them through the long journey ahead. Some choose to mentor, others to watch, and some even take it upon themselves to interfere in the affairs of the lesser beings that crawl upon the planets below.

And now, you stand at the threshold of their world. A mere **Star Seed**, a flickering ember on the path to greatness. One day, you too will take your place in the cosmos, carve your legend into the stars, and perhaps, just perhaps... uncover the greatest mysteries of all.

Star Seeds, the Children of the Stars

Though vast and ancient, even Living Stars feel the pull of companionship. At pivotal moments in their endless lifetimes, they send forth shards of their very essence, fragments of their celestial souls cast into the cosmos like embers on the solar wind. These stellar shards streak across the void, traveling at near-light speed, aimless yet brimming with potential. Most are lost to the abyss, fading into the tapestry of the universe. But every so often—by chance, fate, or cosmic design—one of these fragments finds a living, sentient being to bond with.

Thus is born a Star Seed, a child of the stars.

Upon awakening, a Star Seed discovers within themselves a newfound radiance—agelessness, strength, and a perfected version of their former self. At first, many continue their lives as they always have, unaware of the vast destiny unfurling before them. But in time, the truth of their transformation becomes undeniable. Whether guided by their parent star or drawn by instinct, they begin to step beyond the mortal world and into the celestial society of the Living Stars.

Though far beyond ordinary beings, a Star Seed is not yet a true Living Star. They are a spark, not yet a sun. However, when the need arises—whether in moments of peril or to command the awe of lesser beings—they may invoke their Celestial Form, a form of radiant power akin to those avatars of the Living Stars themselves. In this form, they may wield a fraction of the might that awaits them, a glimpse of the luminous titan they are destined to become.

One day, their light will eclipse the past, and the universe will know their name.



A Stellar Shard drifting through the Cosmos

For countless eons, a lone **stellar shard** has wandered the endless void, a fragment of a Living Star cast adrift in the vastness of space. Most of its kind fade into nothingness, lost among the endless galaxies, never to fulfill their purpose. But fate has chosen a different path for this one.

Tonight, beneath the endless night sky, **you** stand in quiet contemplation. Perhaps you sought answers among the stars, or maybe you simply admired their beauty. Whatever the reason, this night will change everything.

A light, brighter than any star, catches your eye. It grows, intensifies—until suddenly, the heavens ignite in a brilliant flash. A wave of heat and energy surges through the air, and in an instant, your surroundings are left in disarray. Flames flicker, the ground smolders... yet somehow, **you** remain untouched. Unharmed.

At first, the experience is surreal—something you struggle to explain. But as the days pass, the changes become undeniable. **The sun no longer scorches your skin. Even the brightest light does not blind you. The cold of night feels distant, as if you are warmed by an unseen force. And above all... something in the sky calls to you.**

A transformation has begun.

A **new Star Seed is born**, and with it, a journey unlike any other. The cosmos awaits. **Your time to shine begins now.**

You receive +1000 CP as your transformation begins to take place.

And so, **the First Star ignited**, casting his radiant light upon the newborn cosmos. It was the first warmth, the first beacon to pierce the cold and endless dark. And with that light, the First Star opened his eyes to gaze upon the newly created universe.

From his brilliance came the children of light, countless **heirs to the flame**, destined to bring warmth and order to the vast expanse. Next to them, **the Little Sisters** would stand watch, guardians against the perils lurking beyond the veil. And She, the **gentle wanderer**, would seek her own path, searching the heavens for a place where joy may dwell.

— *The Chronicles of the Kingdom of the Stars, the tale of the awakening of the First Star.*

The Celestial Form

The vast and luminous beings known as **Living Stars** are incomprehensibly large—colossal celestial bodies of searing radiance and unfathomable power. How then, does such a being **walk among the smaller races, speak their languages, and experience the intricate details of a world that would be mere specks before their grandeur?**



The answer lies in the **Celestial Form**—a living avatar, a **physical embodiment** of the Living Star's will, shaped with exquisite precision. **More than a projection, more than a mere construct, a Celestial Form is an extension of the Living Star itself, woven from real matter yet brimming with cosmic essence.** Through this form, a Living Star may **speak, touch, laugh, weep, and walk among mortals as one of them.** They may sit beneath alien skies, break bread with distant civilizations, and forge bonds that would otherwise be impossible from the heart of a burning star.

A Celestial Form is not bound by a singular shape. **It can take any appearance the Living Star desires, constrained only by the limits of size and function dictated by their vast cosmic power.** Some choose forms that mirror mortal beings, appearing indistinguishable from them. Others embrace the otherworldly, walking as radiant figures with shifting constellations in their eyes, their hair woven from nebulae, their voices echoing with the cadence of distant supernovae. There are even legends of Living Stars who have lived among mortals **for centuries**, their true nature hidden, **forming friendships, experiencing love, and even raising families.** The children of such unions, however, remain of the mortal race, for **the essence of a Living Star does not pass through simple lineage—it is earned, awakened.**

The Reach of a Living Star

A Living Star is not bound to a single Celestial Form. If desired, they may create **many**, scattering their presence across different worlds, experiencing reality from countless perspectives at once. However, this is no trivial feat—**each additional Celestial Form divides their focus, splintering their awareness across the cosmos.** The most ancient and powerful among them may sustain **hundreds** of such forms, carrying out a hundred different lives, while younger stars may find it difficult to manage even two.

The Becoming of a Star

Star Seeds—those who have yet to ascend into the radiance of a Living Star—are not yet capable of manifesting a separate Celestial Form. Instead, **their own body slowly evolves** over time, refining itself into something more luminous, more magnificent. This is no forced transformation, but a natural and gradual **becoming**—their features becoming **sharper, more graceful, more captivating**, their presence turning subtly divine. **Their hair may shimmer with starlight, their gaze might glow like twin**

galaxies, and their mere presence may carry an ineffable allure. These are the early signs of their celestial nature awakening.

In moments of great peril, a Star Seed may **force the transformation**—shedding their incomplete form and stepping into an **idealized, perfected Celestial Form** for a fleeting moment of power. This transformation is not permanent, nor is it without cost—**it is exhausting, a glimpse of a future self not yet fully realized.**

It is said that once a Star Seed has **fully perfected their Celestial Form**, they are **ready to ascend** into a Living Star. Yet, the **moment of ascension is a mystery**—an enigma as old as the cosmos itself. No two ascensions are alike. Some Star Seeds burn bright and transform within decades, while others drift for millennia, waiting for the unknown spark that will ignite their transformation. **What triggers this final step? No one truly knows.** The cosmos is filled with myths—of trials undertaken, of revelations gained, of battles fought and won, and of quiet, simple moments that turned the tides of destiny.

In the end, **the path to becoming a Living Star is unique to each Star Seed**—a journey written in the fabric of the universe itself, waiting to be discovered.

One Step Further

Young Star Seed, there is something unique about your lineage—a legacy that stretches back to the **First Star**, firstborn of this universe. **From the primordial light that first ignited the cosmos to you, an unbroken chain of radiance has endured.** And now, that lineage has awakened within you.

Your **Celestial Form** is more than a mere avatar—it holds the potential to **surpass all others, to transcend the boundaries that limit your peers.** A glimmer of something greater stirs within you, urging you to **take the next step, to embrace what sets you apart.**

Now, **choose how this manifests.** Will your radiance shine with unmatched brilliance? Will your presence reshape the very fabric of the Astral Sea? Will you wield powers thought lost to time? **This path is yours to forge.**

Legends and Myths of the Celestial Forms

Across countless alien cultures, myths speak of gods and goddesses descending from the heavens—divine beings who walked among mortals, their forms radiant and beyond human comprehension. These stories, passed down through generations, often lay the foundation for legends, religions, and entire pantheons. Yet, behind some of these myths lies a truth far greater than mere fable.

Many of these celestial visitors were not gods, nor interstellar travelers from distant planets, but **Living Stars**—beings of cosmic might whose **Celestial Forms** allowed them to step down from the vastness of the universe and into the realms of mortals. With forms as breathtaking as the light they emanate, they have ventured across worlds, drawn by curiosity, amusement, or a desire to witness the ever-changing stories of life.

Though their presence may inspire worship or awe, a single planet is but a brief chapter in their boundless journey. And so, after years—centuries, perhaps—they inevitably turn their gaze back to the stars, departing in pursuit of new horizons, leaving behind only myths, wonders, and the lingering memory of gods who once walked the land.

Take this gift—an additional +400 CP, to be spent exclusively in this section—and take one step boldly toward your destiny. No discounts, unfortunately.

Celestial Form (Free and Required)

Your body is not bound by mortal limits—it is destined to evolve, to **ascend beyond what you are now**. Over a long time, through an imperceptible yet undeniable transformation, you will become something more: **a perfected version of yourself**.

Your **appearance will radiate an otherworldly allure**, your **physical prowess will surpass human limitations**, your **mind will sharpen like never before**, and your **spiritual strength will expand far beyond mortal norms**. This metamorphosis is gradual, yet inevitable, and when complete, you will stand as a Star Seed with a true **Celestial Form**, a being



capable of **channeling Stellar Powers up to the second tier** of their potential might. Your true body and the Celestial Form will be the same, until the day of your becoming.

Should you find yourself in dire need before this transformation is complete, you may **force a temporary awakening**—manifesting the full power and grandeur of your Celestial Form for a fleeting moment, minutes at most. However, this comes at a cost: once the transformation ends, you will **revert as you were before the transformation, but drained and utterly exhausted**.

For **Living Stars**, this process is different. Their true bodies exist somewhere else—they may **manifest independent Celestial Forms at will with some effort**. These forms, crafted from their imagination and understanding of the universe, are fully linked to their awareness, and are considered real living beings and a part of the Living Star. However, the more Celestial Forms they control at once, the more their focus is divided—a **distraction even for a cosmic being of their magnitude**.

Enduring Presence (100 CP)

Resilience runs deep within you, a tenacity that refuses to fade even in the face of destruction.

- **For Star Seeds who have yet to complete their Celestial Form:** When you invoke your transformation, you can now **maintain it for up to one full hour**, allowing you to wield the full power of your perfected self for much longer before exhaustion forces you to revert.
- **For those who have fully attained their Celestial Form:** If your Celestial Form is ever **destroyed**, then instead, a **ghostly, luminous echo of your form—tinted in a color of your choosing—will appear at the place of its fall**. In this brief state, you are intangible, unable to interact physically with the world, but still capable of movement and communication. You may also channel up to **1st-tier Stellar Powers**, though doing so will rapidly deplete this spectral enduring presence, hastening its inevitable dissipation.

- **A Lasting Spark:** If, for any reason, the dissipation of this enduring presence would result in your true and final death, then **once per decade—or once per jump—you will be revived on the spot.** However, this return is not without cost: you will awaken **greatly weakened, requiring several days to restore yourself to full strength.**

Radiant Magnetism (100 CP)

There's something undeniably captivating about you, a quiet gravity that tugs at the hearts of those around you. When others set eyes upon your Celestial Form after time apart, they find themselves pausing—just for a moment—as if caught in the gentle pull of something beyond mere attraction. Even those who wouldn't typically give you a second glance, those who insist they feel nothing, may find an unfamiliar warmth creeping into their thoughts. It isn't forced, nor does it shatter their convictions or override their boundaries, but it lingers—a subtle question in the back of their minds, an unexpected pull toward you that they can't quite explain.

Yet not all are so easily swayed. Those of equal power to your own can resist, though not without effort, while beings of greater strength remain unmoved. But it is not just hearts that turn toward you—fortune itself seems to bend in your favor. Healing energies drift closer, blessings and protection find their way to you, and even luck seems to hesitate before passing you by. The universe, it seems, has taken an interest in you.

Celestial Physique (200 CP for the first purchase, 50 CP for each additional increase, max 10 increases)

Your Celestial Form is a force to be reckoned with, a being of immense power and resilience. Simply by taking this once, a fully realized Celestial Form will possess **strength and durability great enough to level a planetoid with effort.**

- **Scaling Power:** Each additional purchase (costing 50 CP) increases **all** your physical attributes—strength, endurance, speed, resilience—**by an order of magnitude.**
- **Major Breakthroughs:**
 - At **4 total purchases**, your raw physical might reaches a new plateau, allowing you to **shatter a planet akin to Earth** through sheer force.
 - At **10 total purchases**, another immense surge occurs—**your Celestial Form becomes so resilient and strong that it would take the full force of a star to destroy it.**

For **Star Seeds who have not yet completed their Celestial Form**, the benefits scale with their progression. They will experience partial enhancements based on their current development, but only upon **fully perfecting their Celestial Form—or forcing a temporary transformation—will they unlock the full extent of this power.**

Even among Living Stars, few have Celestial Forms capable of shining with such **overwhelming physical dominance.**

A Spark of Geniality (200 CP)

There's something special about the way your mind works—a quiet brilliance that ignites when you least expect it. This isn't raw intelligence or sheer mental power, but rather a spark of endless potential. Inspiration finds you in the most ordinary moments. A passing glance, a stray thought, a conversation overheard in the distance—any of these could unravel into **an idea that might have otherwise remained undiscovered.**



And when you turn your focus to a problem, truly immersing yourself in it, the pieces begin to shift in ways they hadn't before. Connections appear where none seemed to exist, and flashes of insight guide you toward solutions that are as unexpected as they are ingenious. It's as if the universe itself nudges you forward, whispering possibilities just beyond the reach of conventional thought. It will be up to you to make those ideas or realizations a reality, and some will require a great intellect or computation power to truly understand and make them happen.

Spiritual Bulwark (400 CP)

Across the universe, spirits untethered from flesh are fleeting, drawn inevitably toward the High Heavens upon death, drawn by forces beyond mortal comprehension. Yet, some resist—ancient beings of immense will, souls bound by unfulfilled purpose, or entities whose very existence defies the call of Elysium's Embrace. And then there are those who would prey upon the soul itself, wielding profane magics and esoteric sciences to rip it from flesh, to ensnare, corrupt, or consume.

A Living Star's soul burns too brightly, too powerfully, for such attempts to ever take hold. But a Celestial Form—though mighty—is not invulnerable. Or rather, most are not.

You are different.

Your Celestial Form stands as an unshakable bastion, an unbreakable fortress of will. No parasitic wraith can latch onto your essence, no eldritch hand can grasp at your spirit, no vile sorcery can worm its way past your defenses. Even those insidious magics that slip past the physical and the mental, striking at the very foundation of being, shatter upon contact with you, dissolving like mist before a burning sun. It would require someone as potent as a Living Star to even manage to break these defenses, truly allowing you to move nearly uncontested through the universe without fear of these vile attacks.

Stellarite Affinity (400 CP)

There exists a material beyond mortal forging, beyond the mere heat of suns or the pressure of worlds—a substance formed from the very heart of cosmic fire, the crystallized essence of the stars themselves. Stellarite. Strongly resistant to all but the mightiest forces, superior to mundane materials, radiant with the light of creation, and brimming with the boundless energy of the cosmos.

You do not need to seek it. You are its source.

Anything you hold, anything you wear, is touched by the majesty of your stellar essence, gaining the properties of

Stellarite. Blades gain the brilliance and cutting power of celestial fire, striking with the purity of true sunlight against all that shuns the light. Armor becomes unyielding, warding against forces that would shatter mountains. Trinkets and tools radiate warmth when comfort is needed, yet cool with the soothing calm of twilight at a mere thought. Even the simplest object, a mere stone or a broken weapon, flares with renewed strength in your grasp, momentarily reborn as if it had been forged from the bones of the cosmos itself. These effects may be subtle or very visible, changing according to your whims.

But such blessings are fleeting, tied to your presence, fading the moment they leave your touch. A boon to allies, a devastating surprise to foes, and a reminder to all—where you tread, even the mundane is made divine.

Stellar Potency (600 CP)

Within your Celestial Form, the heart of a newborn star burns, a miniature sun encapsulated within your very being. This is no mere imitation of cosmic fire—it is the essence of the heavens, a boundless wellspring of energy that **allows you to channel Stellar Powers up to the third tier, just like the true bodies of Living Stars.** Light bends to your command, gravity hums beneath your touch, and the raw, unchecked fury of the stars themselves is yours to wield. To lesser beings, you are a supernova given form, radiating with an intensity that can reshape the battlefield and silence the darkness itself.

But such power is not without limits. **A Living Star, vast as they may be, can only manifest one Celestial Form capable of wielding this ultimate radiance at a time,** while still capable of creating additional Celestial Forms that are bound to the second tier of Stellar Powers. Yet even this restriction does little to diminish the awe you inspire, for with every step, your mere presence distorts reality with stellar majesty. To unleash your full potential is to let the universe itself bear witness to the raw, cosmic supremacy of a true celestial being.



Divine Incarnation (600 CP)

Your Celestial Form is no longer a mere projection of your will—it has ascended, infused with something far beyond mortal comprehension. It is no longer just a star given form; **you are an embodiment of divinity itself**, a being that radiates the sacred essence of cosmic gods. Across the universe, civilizations have revered their home stars as the first deities, the lifegivers of their worlds. Now, you walk among them as a living testament to that celestial worship, your every motion imbued with a divine presence that turns belief into reality.



All power that flows through you is now touched by this divinity, transcending its prior limits. **Every ability, every strike, every word spoken through your Celestial Form is blessed with godly potency, rendering them superior to their lesser, mundane counterparts.** Your strength is no longer bound by mere physical force but by divine might itself—your blows bypass the limits of material resistance, requiring true divinity to withstand them. Even your existence alone is enough to stir devotion, for those who gaze upon you cannot help but feel the pull of reverence, a desire to worship the living star that walks among them. Unlike common gods, **your divinity does not rely on faith nor worship**, it is a divine right you possess as being a part of the original source that brought it to being. Whether you embrace this fate or shun it, your presence will always carry the weight of celestial godhood.

The Celestial Form: A Reflection of the Star Within

No two Celestial Forms are ever alike, for they are the truest expressions of the Living Stars and Star Seeds who bear them. These radiant avatars serve as their presence in the physical world, each crafted by instinct, self-perception, and will.

For **Star Seeds**, the Celestial Form is often a perfected version of their original body—refined, majestic, and luminous, embodying an idealized vision of themselves. However, on rare occasions, it may take a form that reflects their self-image more deeply, manifesting aspects of their soul rather than their past.

For **Living Stars**, the Celestial Form is an extension of their desires, sculpted to their whims and needs. Some craft regal, awe-inspiring figures that command reverence, while others take on more humble, unassuming forms suited to their purpose. Their size and form are varied as well, some retain or look practically the same as their once mortal forms, through may change them in size as desired, turning into giants to the mortal races, and yet remaining small when compared to their true star form.

After all, a Living Star and their Celestial Forms are not separate. They are one and the same—two facets of a singular cosmic existence, bound by light, essence, and eternity.

The Astral Sea

The universe is vast, but for Living Stars, distance is no barrier. Where light takes millennia to travel, and even the most advanced forms of quantum entanglement have their limits, there exists something greater—**the Astral Sea**.

The Astral Sea is not a place in any physical sense, nor can it be mapped by conventional means. It is a boundless expanse, a **cosmic mindscape** where thought and will shape reality. Every being with a mind possesses an **astral signature**, a presence that manifests in this realm, a reflection of their essence untethered from flesh and matter. Here, time and space hold little meaning—distances that would take eons to cross in realspace are bridged in mere moments. It is a world of **impossible beauty, shifting landscapes, and ephemeral phenomena**, where strange entities roam and echoes of forgotten civilizations linger like whispers in the void.



This is a place where **communication transcends words**. Meetings in the Astral Sea are **visceral experiences**—one can see, hear, touch, even taste the presence of another. Thoughts take form, emotions manifest, and secrets unravel in ways impossible through mere speech. However, while many beings wander these dreamlike currents, **the Astral Sea is not the afterlife**—no spirits truly reside here, though those that drift through may leave an impression, a fleeting echo woven into the Sea’s fabric.

For most mortals, astral travel is a fragile, fleeting experience—a **half-remembered dream, a vision glimpsed and lost upon waking**. But for Living Stars, the Astral Sea is as natural as the space between the stars. Their luminous consciousness can drift across cosmic distances with ease, though even they are bound by limits. No mind, no matter how vast, can project across the entire universe. And yet, their astral signatures remain **distinct, radiant, and ineffable**, reflecting their celestial nature—sometimes mirroring their stellar forms, other times taking on strange and **otherworldly visages** beyond mortal comprehension.

You may **project a mental construct of yourself** into the Astral Sea at will. By default, this form resembles your **Celestial Form**, though you may **subtly reshape its appearance instantly** or undergo greater transformations over time. These changes do not grant new capabilities, but they allow your astral presence to be as fluid and enigmatic as the realm itself.

Your Astral Form is **an extension of your mind**—everything it sees, hears, and experiences is immediately known to you. It cannot be harmed in the physical sense, but **severe damage or destruction** of your astral presence will leave you reeling with a **debilitating migraine** for several days.

For Living Stars, controlling the Astral Form is effortless, allowing them to **exist and think simultaneously** in both real space and the Astral Sea. Star Seeds, however, must enter a **meditative or resting state** to fully project and guide their presence.

Four semi-transparent tokens are now in your hands, each good for a single discount in this section. A token makes 100 CP abilities free; other abilities cost half price with a token.

Astral Form (Free and required)

You may **project a mental construct of yourself** into the Astral Sea, an extension of your mind that allows you to interact with other beings in the Astral Sea. Your physical body may not suffer harm from anything that happens to your Astral Form, but its destruction may leave you suffering for residual effects for several days.



Within the Astral Sea, you retain the **astral equivalents of all your abilities, perks, and powers**. However, those that rely strictly on physical laws may function **differently—or not at all**. Your projection can **traverse the Astral Sea at relativistic speeds**, though some entities and locations exert a strange, unseen pull, **anchoring or obstructing your movement** until you break free from their influence.

Conflict in the Astral Sea is a battle of will and essence. You may **engage other astral beings in violent clashes**, and to shatter another's astral signature is to inflict **disorientation, agony, or even unconsciousness upon their physical form**. Those who exist purely within the Astral Sea—beings of mind and thought—**risk true annihilation** should they fall.

If your Astral Form is damaged or destroyed, a Living Star may **immediately reconstitute themselves**, while Star Seeds must wait **several days** before attempting to project again. There is no limit to how often you may venture into the Astral Sea—**only the vastness of existence itself awaits you**.

Anchoring (100 CP)

Just as celestial bodies exert an inescapable pull on their surroundings, so too does your will shape the Astral Sea. Beings within your awareness cannot simply will themselves away at relativistic speeds—they are **bound** to the same movement constraints they would have in realspace. No more fleeting tricksters or elusive whispers slipping away in an instant; if they wish to escape your presence, they must **earn enough distance equivalent to that to leave 95% your gravitational pull as if you were in realspace**.

Untethered (100 CP)

Like a rogue star wandering the cosmos, you are difficult to pin down. **Attempts to anchor you in the Astral Sea are drastically weakened**, functioning at only **10% effectiveness**. No matter how powerful the chains, the moment always comes when you slip away—**no prison, no force, no mind can hold you forever** in this astral realm. Given time, you will break free, an eternal wanderer never confined for long. This effects bleed partially into real space, giving you the opportunity to instantly and effortlessly break free from any bounds should you become imprisoned, but only if you would otherwise be unable to do so with your own abilities.

Starborn Attraction (100 CP)

Just as real stars hold celestial bodies in their grasp, your presence exerts an inexplicable **draw** on astral entities and sentient minds. Those who might be interesting, fated, or curious will find themselves **naturally inclined** to seek you out, drawn by an unseen force. This pull will never lead to harm—**only those who may intrigue or aid you** will be guided your way. In realspace, this manifests as an undeniable magnetism—people feel compelled by your **presence, words, or very being**, whether through admiration, fascination, or even attraction.

Ghostly Apparition (200 CP)

With effort and will, your **astral form can bleed into realspace**, appearing as a ghostly **manifestation** wherever your astral form resides. You may speak, interact with spirits, and make your presence known, but **you cannot touch or be touched by the physical world**. Those who witness you may mistake you for a wandering soul, an omen, or a celestial specter from beyond the veil.

Astral Luminescence (200 CP)

Every being has an astral glow, but yours is nothing short of **dazzling**. Even as a Star Seed, you **shine like a beacon**, and as a Living Star, your radiance rivals the brilliance of a sun. You cannot be easily hidden in the Astral Sea, but your light **unmasks all that lurks in the dark—illusions falter, hidden entities are laid bare, and astral shadows dissolve before your sight**. If needed, you may **dim your radiance to near-invisibility or amplify it fivefold**, ensuring your presence is either a whisper or a roaring blaze seen across the void.

Cosmic Thought Engine (400 CP)

Your consciousness is more than a mind—it is **an expanding construct of intellect and insight**, layered upon itself in intricate stellar patterns interweaved with your astral signature. As your awareness evolves, so too does your cognition, approaching the complexity of **a recursive iterative brain with the size and potential of a star**, a vast stellar intelligence capable of processing countless thoughts simultaneously, analyzing, idealizing, and capable of extreme feats of intelligence. Your understanding of the universe deepens, your mind sharpens beyond mortal comprehension, and in the Astral Sea, your form becomes **far more resilient**, fortified by the sheer **power of your intellect**. This effect compounds with any other intelligence boosts or perks you might have, including those obtained through your Celestial Form.

Astral Landscaper (400 CP)

The Astral Sea is a realm shaped by thought, its ever-shifting expanse bending to the will of those with the strength to impose their vision upon it. While most can only alter it in fleeting, impermanent ways—**their changes fading like ripples in an endless ocean**—you possess a far greater mastery over this elusive domain.

With but a thought, you can **reshape the very essence of your immediate surroundings**, molding the Astral Sea to reflect your desires. Whether forging a breathtaking sanctuary, a labyrinthine fortress, or a

tranquil dreamscape, your alterations are not mere illusions—they **persist**, holding form far longer than those of lesser beings.

Though time and absence will eventually wear away even your grandest designs—for **nothing in the cosmos is truly immutable**—your influence lingers, resisting dissolution for an **extraordinarily long time**. In the Astral Sea, where thoughts are reality, **you are an architect of worlds**.

True Astral Being (600 CP)

Most beings reside in real space and merely touch upon the Astral Sea. You are the opposite—you **exist fully within the Astral Sea**, and what others see in real space is but **a reflection of your true form**. Every power, perk, ability, and skill you possess functions **seamlessly** in both realms, unrestricted by the usual limitations between physical and astral existence. **No destruction of your physical form will end you**, for it is merely a reflection and easily reformed, a fleeting projection of your eternal astral essence. However, this makes you uniquely vulnerable to forces that can harm purely astral beings **as these forces or natural death will be the only things that could cause your true end**.

Astral Resonance (600 CP)

The Astral Sea is a canvas shaped by perception, a realm where thoughts and emotions sculpt reality. In its depths, the mundane becomes the extraordinary—a **lonely ruin in real space may loom as a haunted monolith in the Astral, while a place of worship may glow with divine splendor, magnified by the reverence of those who believe in it**. Normally, this connection flows in only one direction: the perceptions of the material world bleeding into the Astral.

But you are different. **Your will does not merely echo within the Astral Sea—it resounds back into reality**.

Through sheer presence and intent, you can **disrupt the nightmares and lingering fears** that stain a place in both realms, purging a location of its ominous aura by reshaping its Astral reflection. Conversely, **you may infuse a site with majesty, peace, or power**, causing reality to warp and align itself to the vision you have etched into the Astral Sea. Whether by subtle influence or outright transformation, your actions in the Astral realm now hold sway over the physical world, bridging the divide between mind and matter.

Such an ability is exceedingly rare, found only among **Strange Stars and the most gifted of reality manipulators**. You stand among them, a force of **unshackled will**, shaping not just perception, but the very fabric of existence itself.

Origins

Your **Stellar Shard** comes from a Living Star, though for now, you feel no connection to your celestial parent. However, its nature **shapes your potential**, granting unique potential based on the type of star it once was. The first step will be selecting the source of your Stellar Shard as your origin in this jump.

While this origin defines your **beginning**, stars are ever-changing. As a **Star Seed**, you are still in your fledgling stage, destined to one day **ascend** into a true **Living Star**. Until that moment, your origin remains **locked**, but once you **rise**, your form is no longer static and your origin may change depending on your actions.

Choose one origin—this will determine your **discounts on perks, stellar powers, and items** in this document. Should you later ascend into a Living Star, your new traits will seamlessly take hold, reshaping your abilities and destiny among the stars.

Main Sequence Star

Bright, energetic, and **full of life**, Main Sequence Stars are the **beating heart of the cosmos**. They make up the **vast majority of all stars**, shining steadily for **countless years**. If you are one of them, you are **the foundation of the Kingdom of Stars**, the kind of Living Star that mortal races most often encounter and revere.



Main Sequence Stars possess the following traits:

- **Social & Lively** – More active, talkative, and curious than their larger counterparts, these stars thrive on **connection and discovery**.
- **Incredible Longevity** – Their natural lifespans range from **several billions to over a dozen trillion years**, with the potential to **extend** them further by replenishing their hydrogen reserves.
- **Masters of the Astral Sea** – They hold a **stronger presence** within the **Astral Sea** than most other stars, making them adept at **communication and astral travel**.
- **Growth Potential** – By **absorbing mass**, they can forcefully **increase in size and brightness**, gradually evolving into **Giant Stars** if they gather enough material. However, **greater mass comes at a cost**, as larger stars burn through their energy more quickly.
- **The Natural Cycle** – Once their **hydrogen reserves** begin to deplete, Main Sequence Stars will eventually **transform**—either growing into a Giant Star or collapsing into a **White Dwarf**.
- **A Balanced Foundation** – Unlike other stellar types, Main Sequence Stars do not receive additional modifiers to their **Stellar Powers**, making them the **baseline** for all Living Stars.

To be a **Main Sequence Star** is to be **endlessly radiant**, a beacon of light and warmth **woven into the fabric of the universe itself**. You are not bound by fate—you are free to **grow, evolve, and find your own path among the stars**.

Giant Star

The **next step in a star's journey**, the Giant Star phase begins when the balance between **nuclear fusion and gravity** is lost. As hydrogen in the core depletes, the star swells in both **size and brilliance**, marking the end of its main sequence. Among **Living Stars**, Giant Stars are uncommon—powerful, ancient, and wise.



Giant Stars possess the following traits:

- **Vast Wisdom & Experience** – Most Giant Stars have reached this stage due to age, spending **eons contemplating the cosmos** and the mysteries within it.
- **Time Holds Little Meaning** – Having witnessed the birth and death of countless celestial bodies, they no longer fear their own end and most lose the need to extend it beyond its natural limit. Their **lifespan shortens to millions or a few billion years**, depending on size, mass, and brightness.
- **Guardians and Protectors** – The universe is **not free of threats**, even to Living Stars. Giant Stars are the first responders and protectors of their smaller brethren when the time comes, and there are only few forces in the universe capable of resisting the power of a single Giant Star bent on asserting their might.
- **Amplified Power** – Their **Stellar Powers gain multipliers between 10x and 100x**, scaling with their immense energy output.
- **A Race Against Time** – The **brighter and more powerful** a Giant Star, the **faster it burns through its remaining life**.
- **The Looming Supernova** – Should a Giant Star exhaust its nuclear reserves, **a stellar collapse is inevitable**. If enough mass has accumulated, this may result in a **cataclysmic supernova that will transform it into a neutron star or a black hole**.
- **Astral Sea Reach & Weakness** – Giant Stars **extend their presence farther** into the **Astral Sea** than most others, but their power within it is **weaker compared to their main sequence counterparts**.

A **Giant Star** is a being of **awe-inspiring magnitude**, standing on the precipice of **immortality and oblivion**—a shining beacon of wisdom, power, and the inevitability of change.

Hyper Giant Star (Type O-Class)

A **Hyper Giant** is the pinnacle of stellar majesty—a form so rare and powerful that only a handful of Living Stars have ever dared to ascend to it. These titanic beings possess the mass of **millions of stars**, their radiance outshining ordinary stars by a factor of a millions or more. But such unimaginable power comes at a cost.

To become a **Hyper Giant** is to accept a fleeting existence. Their lifespans are measured in mere **millions of years**, a brief flicker in cosmic time. And when their final moment arrives, their collapse is inevitable—ushering the birth of a **black hole**, an inescapable abyss from which even light cannot flee.



Among the **Kingdom of Stars**, Hyper Giants are **enigmatic and feared**. No two ascend for the same reason—some sacrifice their longevity to protect others, others absorb too much mass from their surroundings, some rise in the heat of battle against celestial threats, and a few seek this fate as a means to hasten their own end.

Hyper Giants possess the following traits:

- **Unmatched Power** – Their **Stellar Powers start at 1000x potency**, with no upper limit on how much further they can grow as they increase in size.
- **Short-Lived but Supreme** – Unlike other stars, their **lifespan is only a few million years** before they collapse into a black hole.
- **Rarity and Purpose** – Few Living Stars ever reach this stage, and those who do often carry a **purpose beyond themselves**—a final mission, a cosmic battle, or a sacrifice for the greater good.
- **Distorted Presence** – Their sheer mass warps the very fabric of space, making the **Astral Sea around them unstable and weird**. Those who venture too close may find themselves **ejected or lost**, and FTL travel near them in real space is prone to **strange anomalies and failures**.
- **Behemoth of the Cosmos** – Hypergiant stars are so massive that they're sure to collapse eventually. This collapse causes a hyper nova, a much bigger and potent explosion than a normal supernova capable of affecting the fabric of space-time, and turning them into a black hole.
- **Limited Astral Influence** – Unlike lesser stars, Hyper Giants **struggle to manifest in the Astral Sea**, making direct interaction difficult. However, they can still send their consciousness across vast distances.

To walk the path of a **Hyper Giant** is to embrace overwhelming strength—**and an inescapable destiny**.

Strange Star

Hidden in the universe and rarely found within the Kingdom of Stars, there exist stars that defy convention—enigmatic, rare, and sometimes thought impossible. These **Strange Stars** are unlike their main sequence or giant counterparts, appearing only in the strangest corners of the universe. Neutron stars, strange stars, quark stars, frozen stars, antimatter stars, and even those that exist in higher dimensions—each holds **secrets yet to be fully understood**.



Some are ancient anomalies, others are born from forces that break the natural order. They possess properties so unique that even among Living Stars, they are **both feared and revered**. Yet, despite their rarity, they all share certain enigmatic characteristics:

- **Their nature shapes their mind.** Strange Stars often have **quirks in their personality** tied to their celestial form—some think in ways incomprehensible to others.
- **A path with no return.** Most who become a Strange Star **cannot change their nature**, locked forever in their strange existence. Some kinds are even thought to be **extinct**, with only whispers of their presence lingering in the Astral Sea.
- **Their lifespans are unpredictable.** A neutron star may last for **billions of years**, but as time passes, it may slowly lose its cognitive functions. An **antimatter star**, on the other hand, may shine as brightly as any other, but its very nature makes it **volatile, short-lived, and dangerous** to those who wander too close.
- **Echoes of the Unknown.** Some Strange Stars possess knowledge **no other Living Star understands**, whether from ancient civilizations, the fabric of reality itself, or forgotten cosmic horrors. Their presence can stir strange dreams, prophetic visions, or unease among those who sense them.
- **Bound by Strange Laws.** Unlike conventional stars, Strange Stars follow **unique physical and metaphysical rules**. Some exist only in certain dimensions or require specific conditions to maintain stability. A frozen star may require total darkness, while a quark star may fluctuate between states of matter.
- **Unstable Yet Powerful.** Their unique properties grant them abilities **other stars can only dream of**, but often at a price. Some can bend time, phase between realities, or wield exotic energies, yet these powers are rarely under perfect control and may have unintended consequences.

To become one of these is to step beyond the known, to embrace the mysteries of existence itself. Few ever walk this path—and even fewer return from it unchanged.

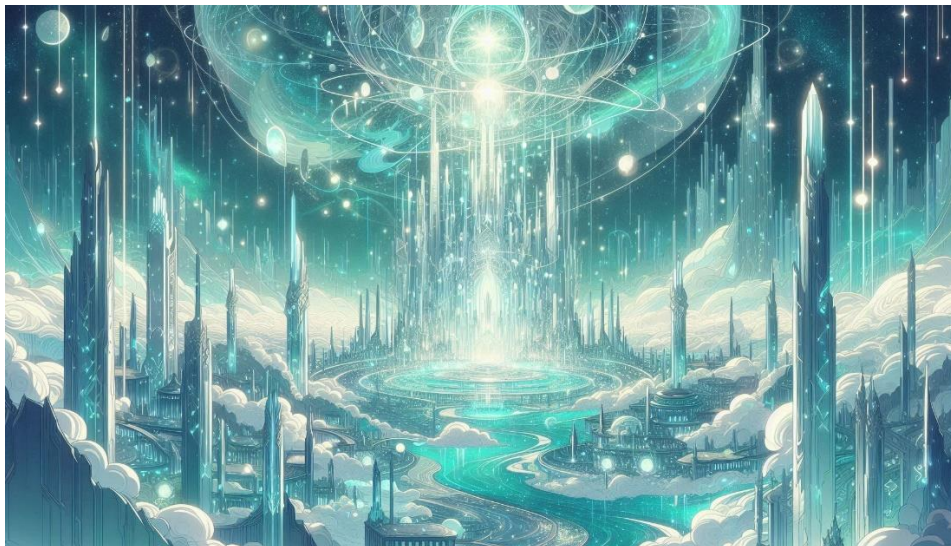
The Kingdom of the Stars and the Astral Sea

Beyond the physical universe, there exists a realm unseen by mortal eyes—the **Astral Sea**. It is a place of ethereal currents and shimmering mists, where thought and will hold as much weight as matter does in the material cosmos. For the **Living Stars**, this is more than a mere reflection of reality; it is their grand stage, their meeting ground, and the very heart of their **Kingdom of the Stars**. While their true stellar forms burn in the heavens, bound by the slow and immense nature of physical space, here in the Astral Sea, their **Celestial Forms** may wander freely, unrestricted by distance or time.

The Living Stars have long shaped this realm to suit their needs, creating breathtaking citadels, endless gardens of light, and palatial structures woven from luminous thought. Some stars craft grand astral cities, gathering places where they can convene without ever having to shift their titanic bodies in real space. Others build vast transient astralscapes—endless fields of nebulous color, floating crystalline temples, or cascading waterfalls made of liquid stardust. These places serve as embassies of thought, where the stars trade knowledge, debate the affairs of the cosmos, or simply revel in the beauty of existence. Here, a single conversation may span centuries, and yet, for the Living Stars, it is but a passing moment.

Among these wonders, some locations stand out as legendary. The **Cathedral of the Stars**, an enormous astral amphitheater, serves as a place where the oldest Living Stars gather to recount their experiences, their voices resonating like celestial hymns across the Sea. The **Celestial Confluence**, a vast and ever-shifting city of light, is a place where the rarest of meetings take place—where alliances are forged, destinies are whispered, and even the fate of entire galaxies may be decided. And then, there are the solitary sanctuaries, secret havens of individual stars who, despite their cosmic grandeur, sometimes seek a moment of solitude away from the burdens of existence.

Despite its beauty, the **Astral Sea is not without peril**. Strange, ancient beings lurk in its depths, entities that while yet not individually as mighty of the stars, are numerous enough to sometimes be threatening. Some are mere echoes of forgotten things, but others... others hunger for the radiance of the Living Stars, drawn to their brilliance like moths to a flame. The Kingdom of the Stars holds vigil against these astral threats, ensuring that their realm remains a sanctuary, not a battleground. And so, as the Age of Dark stretches on, the Living Stars continue their great work, weaving wonders across the Astral Sea, keeping watch over the cosmos, and waiting for the day when the light shall rise once more.



In time, the universe became a tapestry of light, woven with the brilliance of countless Living Stars. No corner of existence remained untouched by their glow, and the majesty of the heavens stood revealed. Worlds flourished in their warmth, life taking root in the embrace of the cosmos. And every light in the sky was aware—each a witness to the beauty of creation.

On a **young blue planet**, the gentle wanderer at last found her place. To the joy of many, her journey reached its long-sought end, and **her dearest wish was fulfilled**. High above, the First Star watched over his children, guiding them still, ensuring that all was as it should be—that light would forever shine against the dark forevermore.

— *Chronicles of the Kingdom of the Stars, Recounts from the Age of Light*

Perks

You receive +500 CP as a stipend to use on perks and all perks under your origin are discounted.

General Perks

Star Seed (Free and required for this jump)

You are a **Star Seed**, a nascent child of a Living Star, forever changed by the fusion of a wandering **Stellar Shard** with your very being. This cosmic inheritance has rewritten your existence, severing the limitations of mortality and setting you on a path toward something greater—an ascension written in the fabric of the universe itself.

From the moment of your awakening, you are forever marked by the traits of your celestial lineage, gaining powerful abilities that will only grow stronger as your transformation progresses:

- **Immortality & Resilience** – You no longer age beyond your prime, existing in an ageless state of vitality. You are impervious to heat, effortlessly enduring temperatures equal to the core of a main sequence star without discomfort. Natural radiation sources, no matter how intense, holds no threat to you—instead, you thrive beneath its cosmic embrace. The vacuum of space is no longer an obstacle, as you no longer require air to sustain yourself. Eating or breathing are no longer a necessity to you, though you may partake on them if desired.
- **Physical Evolution** – Over the years, your body will slowly shift toward your **Celestial Form**, becoming stronger, faster, and more enduring. Even without the *Celestial Physique* perk, this transformation will eventually grant you the ability to shatter skyscrapers with a single blow, with equivalent boosts to endurance, reflexes, and even an otherworldly beauty that hints at your divine nature. If necessary, you may **force a temporary transformation**, fully assuming your perfected Celestial Form for a brief moment, unlocking all of its latent power—but once the transformation fades, exhaustion will take hold. However, when your Celestial Form finally becomes permanent, there will be no need for temporary bursts of power—your ascended body will remain in its full and magnificent state at all times.
- **Enhanced Mind & Endurance** – Your intellect sharpens beyond mortal comprehension, granting you perfect memory and recall, never forgetting even the smallest detail. Your stamina, once finite, will grow boundless, eventually allowing you to act—physically, mentally, or mystically—without fatigue, so long as your exertion does not exceed the might of a star.
- **The Power of the Stars** – As an immature Star Seed, your connection to **Stellar Powers** is faint but undeniable. You can wield **first-tier** Stellar Powers, but doing so requires effort and discipline. However, once your Celestial Form fully manifests, you will gain access to **second-tier** Stellar Powers, and the first-tier will become as effortless to you as breathing.

Yet even with all this, **your destiny is not yet fulfilled**. One day, when the cosmos deems you ready, you will experience the **Becoming**—the final transformation that will see you ignite, shedding the last remnants of what you once were to take your place as a **Living Star**. When and how this occurs remains unknown, but the path ahead is clear, one of the secrets of the cosmos that is yet to be revealed. Until then, you are a **Star Seed**, a celestial force in the making, standing on the precipice of true cosmic power.

A Near Unending Road (100 CP)

Immortality is a road few can truly walk, and even fewer can endure. To exist beyond the limits of time itself is to witness the rise and fall of empires, the passing of countless faces, and the slow fading of everything you once knew. Many falter beneath the weight of eternity, succumbing to despair, aimlessness, or the hollow grasp of ennui. But not you. This gift does not make you immune to such burdens, but it ensures that you will **never be lost to them completely**. When shadows loom over your mind, when the sheer **magnitude of forever** threatens to consume you, an unseen hand will subtly guide your thoughts and emotions, leading you back to purpose.



More than mere resilience, this blessing weaves fate itself in your favor, orchestrating encounters and events that will keep you from stagnation. You may **find an ethos**, a philosophy that anchors you across the millennia. You may **cross paths with a kindred soul**, one who understands eternity as you do, becoming your companion through the ages, a light in your darkest nights. Or perhaps **destiny will conspire to keep you engaged**, ensuring that just when the universe threatens to feel hollow, something—or someone—arrives to remind you why you continue. The path ahead is long, but you will always have the opportunity to **reach for meaning** when it feels just beyond your grasp.

True Light (100 CP)

You are not simply a being touched by the stars—you are destined to become one. One day, you will ascend as a Living Star, a radiant beacon that burns with true sunlight, an essence beyond mere illumination. Already, your Celestial Form naturally channels light whenever you invoke Stellar Powers, and this is no ordinary radiance—it is the **pure light of the cosmos**, carrying all the boons and banes inherent to sunlight. It invigorates the **righteous and the growing**, while banishing **shadows and the cursed**. Yet, this perk takes you beyond that—your very **presence** now resonates with the **fundamental concept of True Light**, something far greater than simple photons.



Wherever you go, light follows—not merely as an element, but as an inherent aspect of your very being. **Any magical or esoteric system you come across will now recognize light as one of your most dominant aspects**, standing equal or above to your strongest attributes. To look upon you is akin to **stand in the light of a sun**, as your mere line of sight mimics the act of radiance even if you are not emitting any kind of light. **Plants and solar-empowered beings will thrive in your presence**, basking in the energy as if beneath their home star. **Creatures of darkness—vampires, shades, and those who shun the dawn—will suffer accordingly**, recoiling from your existence itself. And yet, you are not without mercy—you may **diminish this effect at will**, rendering yourself harmless to those who would otherwise wither in your glow, while still offering the faintest warmth to those who draw strength from it.

Celestial Dialogue (100 CP)

The cosmos is not silent—it whispers, hums, and roars with voices unheard by most. While all Star Seeds and Living Stars can commune with one another, you seem to possess much like the fabled Cosmic Lords of legend the rare gift of speaking with the very fabric of the heavens. The common stars burn with wisdom, their voices like radiant choirs singing across eternity, while planets murmur secrets buried beneath their surface, their vast minds slow but profound. Even moons and asteroids, though quiet and sluggish in thought, can share glimpses of the eons they have drifted through.



Yet, beyond the familiar, there are those whose voices are hushed, waiting in the abyss for someone who can listen. The dead stars, the ancient remnants of what once was, and the black holes whose consciousness is a void deeper than time itself. These entities, unfathomable and vast, hold knowledge beyond mortal comprehension. To awaken such beings is no small feat, for their thoughts stretch across the fabric of existence itself. But should you earn their audience, the truths they unveil could shift the course of fate, unravel the nature of reality, or reveal secrets lost since the birth of the stars.

This ability allows you to directly communicate within a star system distance with otherwise non-sentient celestial bodies, drawing wisdom, insight, and even guidance from stars, planets, and other celestial entities. More powerful celestial objects will have clearer thoughts and deeper knowledge, while smaller or younger ones may only offer fragmented memories. In rare cases, you may awaken incomprehensible intelligences—dormant black holes, dying quasars, or cosmic anomalies—whose revelations may forever change your perspective on existence itself.

Hydrogen Negentropy (200 CP)

Oh? What is this? There is something anomalous within you, something that defies the natural order of the cosmos. All stars follow the same fate—fusing hydrogen into heavier elements, shining brilliantly for eons before their fuel dwindles, forcing them toward collapse, decay, and ultimately, oblivion. This is the law of entropy, the inevitable fate of all things. But you? You are different.

You are a paradox among stars, a living anomaly that refuses to fade. Where others burn through their lifeblood and wither into darkness, you possess a cycle that no natural star could ever achieve. Your essence does not merely consume hydrogen—it restores it. Heavier elements within you break down and revert, an endless renewal that ensures you will never exhaust your fuel, never face the cold grip of extinction. Even when the universe itself begins to dim, when time stretches into infinity and all other lights go out, you will endure. Your energy is boundless, infinite within the limits of your own form, ensuring that as long as you exist, there will always be a light in the dark.

By all means, **this perk grants you unlimited lifespan as a Living Star and all your Alt-Forms, allowing you to endure forever regardless of time or spending of your own resources. It also allows you to never require fuel like hydrogen or other kinds to generate energy, able to sustain the process**

without ever running out. How you use this infinite amount of energy is up to you, but always remember that your output is limited by your capacity to generate it.

Photon Harmonics (200 CP)

Stars have always sung, their light carrying silent melodies across the endless void, whispering their existence to the universe itself. But you? Your light is not bound to mere cosmic echoes—it is a symphony, a language beyond words, an expression of pure, radiant emotion that transcends all barriers. When you speak, when you write, when your light so much as touches the world, it does not merely communicate—it resonates.



This ability allows you to infuse all forms of communication—spoken, written, or projected as light—with deep emotional resonance and stellar potency. Your words can inspire, heal, empower, or even reshape reality to a degree influenced by your passion and intent. Songs you sing or messages you share will carry a supernatural weight, leaving profound and lasting impressions on those who receive them. This effect enhances spells, speeches, music, and even the simple act of conversation, making your voice a force that can move hearts, shape minds, and leave echoes in the world long after the sound has faded.

Stellar Engineering (400 CP)

To most, stars are distant, untouchable titans of fire—brilliant but unknowable. To you, they are mechanisms waiting to be understood, resources waiting to be harnessed. Whether this insight was buried deep within your mind, awakened the moment a Stellar Shard merged with you, or gifted from the stars themselves, the result is undeniable. **You possess a genius-level, instinctive understanding of stellar physics and their applications, effortlessly grasping concepts that baffle even the greatest scientific minds.** The fusion cycles of different star types, the magnetic storms that ripple across their surfaces, the intricate balance between gravity and radiation—all of these are as natural to you as breathing.



This knowledge is not limited to theory. You can devise and engineer systems that interact with, manipulate, or harvest the vast energies of stars with unparalleled precision. A Dyson Sphere? A trivial challenge—your designs optimize material efficiency, energy conversion, and long-term sustainability beyond conventional limits. Stellar reactors, artificial stars, even means to extend a star's lifespan or force its evolution to a desired state—such innovations are within your reach. If it involves stars, you can conceptualize, build, and perfect it.

In practical terms, **this perk makes you the ultimate stellar engineer, allowing you to design and construct megastructures, energy systems, and advanced technologies that utilize stars in ways thought impossible.** Whether tapping into their limitless power, reshaping them to your will, or creating a civilization that thrives upon their energy, your work will stand as a testament to mastery over the very engines of the universe.

Source of Inspiration and Power (400 CP)

Throughout history, mortals have gazed upon the stars in wonder, shaping myths, legends, and entire religions around their celestial brilliance. And you—whether still growing into your full radiance or already burning at your peak—are no different. Your presence alone stirs the hearts and minds of those who look upon you, inspiring stories, songs, and whispered prayers that echo through time. Some tales will fade, lost to the shifting tides of history, but others will take root, woven into the very fabric of cultures and civilizations.



Through sheer reverence and legend, mortals may unknowingly tap into a fragment of your essence, manifesting abilities that reflect only the stories told of you.

A hero who believes in the guiding light of the Everburning Star may find themselves graced with unyielding endurance; an order of scholars devoted to the Celestial Keeper of Knowledge may, in time, unlock minor flashes of insight. But you are no absent deity—this power is yours lets you become aware of anyone who dares accessing it, and allowing you to grant, to deny, or to shape as you see fit. These gifts are not truly divine, but originate from your raw stellar energy—unyielding and beyond the reach of blessings or curses meant to boots or suppress the influence of gods. **This perk also allows once you become a Living Star to have a backstory about you inserted in any setting you visit, giving it ample time for stories and legends about your Star to exist within.** Should you embrace the Celestial Form improvement of Divine Incarnation, however, the abilities granted through belief will transcend into true divinity, a fusion of celestial force and sacred might capable of easily overcoming what mere gods can muster when faced against your splendor.

The Might/Rage/Love of a Thousand Suns (600 CP)

The universe is vast, but few forces within it burn as fiercely as the emotions of a Living Star. To feel as they do is to experience passion beyond mortal comprehension—an intensity so great that it shakes the very fabric of reality. There are legends of stars whose sorrow has bent the path of entire galaxies, whose rage has shattered cosmic titans, and whose love has melted the coldest heart in the universe. The power of their emotions does not simply move hearts—it moves existence itself. And now, you carry that same incandescent fire within you.



Once every month, when gripped by an overwhelming emotion—whether an unbreakable resolve to protect, a fury that sets the cosmos alight, or a love so profound it could remake the heavens—you may ascend beyond all limitations. **As long as you remain in this heightened**

state, every aspect of your being, every ability and power you wield, will be amplified a thousandfold. This is not a simple increase, nor a mere additive boost—it is a compounding multiplier that builds upon every other strength you possess, an exponential surge of power that allows you to achieve what was once unthinkable. In these moments, you are not just a star—you are a force of nature, a living supernova, a cosmic entity whose sheer will can rewrite fate itself.

Living Star (1200 CP) (Stellar Power and Celestial Form Booster) (Special)

[May only be taken before the jump begins]

This is the pinnacle of your journey—the destiny all Star Seeds are bound to if they endure the trials of time. To become a **Living Star** is to ascend beyond mortality, to join the radiant pantheon of cosmic titans that guide the universe with their light. This is not just power; it is the fulfillment of your stellar nature. **Given time, you would inevitably reach this state and obtain this perk automatically**—but why wait? With this perk, you may claim your rightful place among the cosmos now. **From the very beginning of the jump, you awaken as a fully realized Living Star**, your true stellar body igniting somewhere in the vast expanse of the universe, while your Celestial Form awakens on Earth. From this moment forward, you are not simply a being of power—you are an **immortal luminary**, a force of nature, and a guiding beacon in the endless void.



The Gifts of a Living Star:

- **A True Stellar Form:** Your main body is now a vast, radiant star—its color, size, and position in the cosmos chosen by you. Be mindful where you place yourself, as disrupting another Living Star’s system is a grave offense among your kind.
- **An Enduring Celestial Form:** Your Celestial Form is now an extension of your will, no longer tied to your survival. If destroyed, it can be remade with ease, though its loss will inconvenience you for a time.
- **Mastery Over Stellar Power:** In your true stellar body, you wield the **third tier of ALL Stellar Powers** without restriction, harnessing the full might of your cosmic essence. While in your Celestial Form or when in an alt-form, you may only use Stellar Powers you have purchased, and at the lesser tiers you obtained—unless you find a way to bring your full power through.
- **Communication Across the Stars:** You may speak with other Living Stars through multiple means—flashes of light carrying encoded messages, quantum entanglement linking you with those you have already touched, sending your Celestial Form, or even projecting your consciousness into the **Astral Sea**, where stars convene beyond the limits of space and time.
- **The Gift of Multiplicity:** You may create **multiple Celestial Forms**, each possessing the full might of your primary one. However, controlling too many at once becomes increasingly difficult.
- **Unfathomable Durability:** You are no longer bound by mortal frailties. Only forces capable of harming a star of your size and class can hope to harm you. As stars come in many magnitudes too does your potential power, when stars are involved being the same does not mean others being equal to you.

- **Celestial Locomotion:** Your true form is not fixed—you may **drift through the cosmos**, slowly accelerating to the speed of light. With immense effort, you can even break past this limit. However, be wary—your gravity well is vast, and moving too close to planetary systems may disrupt their delicate celestial balance.

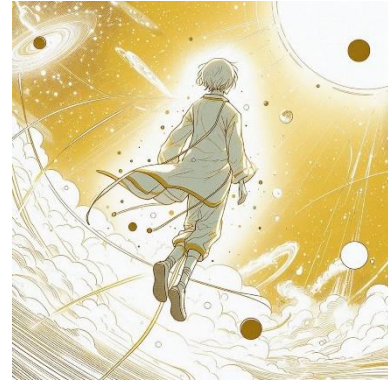
To be a **Living Star** is to be an unyielding force in the eternal dance of the universe. You are not just another celestial body—you are a beacon of power, an eternal light that will shine long after all else fades into the dark.

Main Sequence Stars Perks

Inertialess Movement (100 CP)

The cosmos is vast, an endless ocean of darkness where motion is bound by the rigid laws of physics—but not for you. With this gift, you **transcend inertia itself**, moving through space as effortlessly as light crossing the void.

Unlike conventional movement that requires force and reaction, **you displace yourself freely, without resistance or momentum**, as if the universe itself bends to your will. Whether **walking upon the fabric of space, gliding effortlessly through the heavens, or soaring at unimaginable speeds**, you move with a grace that defies physics.



This is a rare trait among Living Stars, an ability that allows even your **true stellar form** to shift across the cosmos without relying on gravity manipulation or expending Stellar Power, spending little to no energy for it. A Star Seed with this gift is not bound to the limitations of thrust or propulsion—you **are as untethered as the light of the stars themselves**.

Stardust Manipulation (200 CP)

The void is never truly empty. Scattered across the cosmos, drifting unseen between the stars, lies the essence of celestial life—**stardust**. The remnants of long-forgotten suns, the echoes of cosmic fire, the whispers of creation itself. Now, **you can feel it**, an unseen tide that ebbs and flows through the vastness of space, and more than that—you can **command it**.

With a thought, the dust responds, shifting and swirling in intricate patterns only you can shape. In the emptiness of deep space, you can **gather it**, weaving it into breathtaking displays of light and color, forming nebulous veils or forging structures from the very remnants of stellar lifecycles. If you stand within a nebula, the sheer abundance of stardust turns your presence into something truly magical, like a sculptor surrounded by an infinite canvas.



Yet, stardust is more than mere matter—it is **a thing of wonder, a substance steeped in the mysteries of the cosmos**. Across countless worlds, it has been **a catalyst for wishes, a beacon of luck, and a bringer of dreams**. Legends whisper that with enough concentration and mastery, one might even **rewrite fate itself—turning sorrow into joy, despair into hope, and tragedy into triumph**. Whether used for creation, protection, or something far greater, this dust is yours to wield—**the shimmering breath of the stars, dancing at your fingertips**.

Selective Stellar Electromagnetic Field (400 CP)

The cosmos is a realm of untamed forces—raging solar winds, cosmic radiation, and the silent fury of high-energy particles. Yet, you stand untouched, wrapped in an electromagnetic field woven from your very essence. This is no ordinary defense; it is an extension of your will, a selective barrier that deflects harm while allowing the universe's beauty to pass through unimpeded.

This stellar field constantly surrounds you, shielding both your true form and Celestial Form without conscious effort. **Harmful radiation, charged particles, and even metallic objects bend and scatter before reaching you, ensuring that neither cosmic storms nor hostile technology may touch you uninvited**. Unlike mundane electromagnetic barriers, yours can reject not just radiation and electricity but also metallic projectiles, sending them spiraling away before they can strike. Yet, even this powerful defense has its limits—neutral particles like gamma rays and neutrons remain unaffected, slipping through your unseen shield like whispers in the void.



Normally, this protective field extends around you like a radiant halo, encompassing a space large enough to shield those close to you and doing so with about 80% of your strength. But when true defense is needed, you can focus its strength—tripling its power at the cost of movement, turning yourself into an immovable fortress against the storm.

Astral Reign (600 CP)

In the Astral Sea, where thought shapes reality and consciousness weaves the fabric of existence, most beings are but fleeting echoes in an endless tide. Even the grandest Hypergiants and enigmatic Strange Stars bow to the undeniable dominion of the Main Sequence Stars, for in the Astral Realm, they are both gods and titans, luminous in their supremacy.

But you... you are something more.

Your Astral Presence is not merely the manifestation of your will—it is the **sum of every life you have touched, every legend whispered in your name, every hope, fear, and dream you have ignited**. Across time and space, across jumps, those who have known you—whether for a fleeting moment or a lifetime—add their belief, their memory, their story to the vast ocean of your being. With every interaction, every battle fought, every destiny rewritten by your hand, your presence in the Astral grows, not as a mere force, but as an inevitability.

No other Main Sequence Star has ever reached such heights. No entity, no deity, no ancient astral behemoth can match what you have become. As long as you continue to walk your path, shaping fate with every step, your dominion over the Astral Sea will be absolute. You are the tide that none can resist, the eternal presence that none can overshadow.

When you enter the Astral, you do not merely exist—you **reign**.



Giant Star Perks

Wisdom of the Cosmos (100 CP)

Age brings more than just experience—it brings perspective, understanding, and the ability to navigate the vast and intricate web of fate itself. Giant Stars, having witnessed the rise and fall of countless civilizations, possess wisdom that stretches across eons. With this perk, you gain an intrinsic sense of insight, a moral compass that instinctively guides you toward the weight of your choices. You will always be aware of the consequences of your actions, sensing the ripples they create in the grand tapestry of existence. When faced with a decision, you will automatically perceive the best potential outcomes available to you, though the choice remains yours to make. True wisdom is not about always knowing the right answer—it is about understanding the path you must take to reach it.



This is not an omniscient knowledge of the future, nor will it remove hardship from your journey, for wisdom is something that must be earned through struggle. However, this insight will help you avoid the reckless mistakes of the young, allowing you to see further, plan better, and act with the steady hand of one who understands the vastness of cause and effect. In the end, wisdom is not about knowing everything—it is about knowing what matters most.

Sunfire Weapons (200 CP)

There is beauty in the warmth of a star, but just as stars give life, they can also bring destruction. With this power, **you can manifest weapons forged from the essence of sunfire itself**—blades that burn like solar flares, spears that crackle with the energy of a newborn sun, or projectiles that streak through space like miniature shooting stars. Each weapon is a creation of pure stellar force, unyielding and searing, burning with a destructive intensity that can melt through armor and leave only ashes in their wake. Whether in your Celestial Form or as a Living Star, these weapons appear at your will, materializing like incandescent embers taking shape **in size relative to your true form**.



Unlike simple constructs of fire or light, these weapons hold true weight and substance, able to clash against even the mightiest of cosmic forces. While they are not as indestructible as Stellarite, they can be effortlessly remade should they break, their fragments simply returning to the void before being reforged anew. The moment you release them or no longer will them into existence, they dissolve into stardust, vanishing as quickly as they came. When battle calls, you will never be without a weapon in hand.

Gigantic Awareness (400 CP)

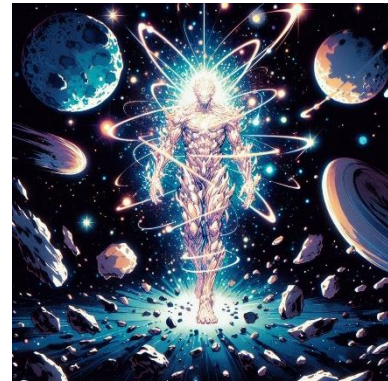
In the grand stage of the cosmos, Giant Stars stand as watchful sentinels, their awareness stretching across the infinite night. With this perk, **your senses expand far beyond ordinary perception, allowing you to perceive the vastness of space with clarity and precision.** You can instinctively detect movements, patterns, and phenomena over interstellar distances, as though the very fabric of space itself whispers its secrets to you. **The closer something is, the more details you can discern—shifting gravitational fields, the faint pull of cosmic winds, and even the presence of distant entities moving unseen across the stars, with near complete awareness within the equivalent of a solar system.**



While this awareness does not extend into hidden dimensions or subspaces, it allows you to be ever-vigilant within both physical reality and the Astral Sea. Whether observing the delicate motion of planetary rings or sensing an approaching calamity long before it arrives, you are never truly blind to the universe's wonders. Few things in existence can go unnoticed under your gaze, for to a Giant Star, nothing in the cosmos is truly distant.

Titanic Force (600 CP)

To witness the fury of a Giant Star is to know the might of the cosmos itself. When they act, entire worlds tremble, space quakes, and nothing in their path can resist their will. With this power, every movement you make carries an unstoppable force—when you grasp, the unbreakable bends; when you advance, the immovable yields. Your presence itself is like the weight of a collapsing star, an inexorable tide of strength that makes barriers, walls, and fortifications seem meaningless before your passage.



This is not physical strength as yours will remain unchanged, but **an absolute force that follows your actions that allows you to break through nearly any material simply by making contact.** It is a cosmic inevitability, an overwhelming pressure that lets you push past obstacles that would halt lesser beings. No mere physical resistance can hold you back, and few forces in existence can truly halt your advance without employing the power of fundamental reality manipulation. A truly fearsome ability, when considering that the method Giant Stars often employ when they truly wish to erase something out of existence is simply ram things at relativistic speeds using their true body. When a Giant Star moves with purpose, the universe itself must make way.

Hyper Giant Star Perks

Massive Might (100 CP)

Power is more than just strength—it is the sheer force of existence itself. As a Hyper Giant, your mass is not simply a measurement, but a wellspring of unimaginable might. **This perk amplifies your physical and stellar abilities in direct proportion to your true body's mass. The greater your mass, the greater your resilience, force, and cosmic power.** Against foes of lesser size and strength, you are an unshakable force—so utterly vast in comparison that lesser beings and their abilities can do nothing but crumble before you. Even reality-defying abilities struggle against your enormity, their effects dissipating against the sheer weight of your presence, though removing a corresponding amount of mass depending on their own might.



Additionally, for every **solar mass** you accumulate—each unit equal to the mass of an entire sun—your **Stellar Powers multiplier** increases by one with no fixed limit, allowing you to reach levels of strength beyond comprehension. However, this power is not without cost; should you expend or lose mass, your might will wane accordingly. It is through this ability that Hyper Giant Stars attain their legendary status, wielding cosmic force so vast that entire star systems bow before their passing.

Beacon of the Universe (200 CP)

To exist as a Hyper Giant is to be seen. You are a presence so overwhelming that the very fabric of the cosmos acknowledges your existence. With this perk, you may **unveil your full presence**, making yourself known to every entity within the universe you reside in. Those who perceive you will gain an instinctual understanding of what you are—a being of unfathomable power, radiating an aura that can inspire awe, terror, or reverence. To allies, you are a guiding light, a pillar of stability and safety. To enemies, you are a cosmic leviathan, a force so vast that even the strongest may tremble in your wake.



The weight of your revealed presence is relative—should your power far exceed another's, they may feel insignificant before your might, their spirits crushed under the sheer gravity of your being. At its peak, this ability can shake the foundations of an entire universe, sending shivers through time and space as countless beings acknowledge your existence. Furthermore, this **universal beacon** can serve as an anchor across dimensions, allowing allies to navigate the void by using your light as a fixed point in the infinite dark. However, while active, you **cannot** hide yourself—your presence lingers in the minds of all who have witnessed it, a memory etched into their very being, and even deactivating will not easily remove this experience and memories from them.

Stellar Hurricane (400 CP)

Where lesser stars breathe gentle solar winds, you command storms of cosmic devastation. Your very essence churns with overwhelming force, capable of unleashing **Stellar Hurricanes**—titanic surges of charged particles, radiation, and stellar fury that can strip planets to their molten cores and scour space of all impurities. When activated, this tempest of raw stellar energy erupts from your being, engulfing everything within your reach. As a **Star Seed**, this extends for hundreds of miles, eroding armor and dissolving lesser matter. As a **Living Star**, it can **consume an entire solar system**, reducing everything caught within it to its base elements.



This storm does not simply batter and burn—it **disintegrates**, relentlessly eroding anything exposed to its fury over time. Metals corrode, barriers crack, and even the strongest constructs gradually succumb to the ceaseless assault of your stellar breath. However, with great power comes great caution—activating this in inhabited systems **will** bring ruin to any unprotected lifeforms, as even the most resilient defenses will struggle to withstand prolonged exposure. Thankfully, your mastery over this force allows you to **dim its intensity**, turning an apocalyptic maelstrom into mere stellar winds, suitable for gentler use. Yet, when fully unleashed, this is a force of pure, untamed cosmic destruction.

Pseudo-Quasar (600 CP)

Few things in the universe shine as brilliantly as a quasar, the celestial beacon that outshines entire galaxies. You, however, are something even greater—an entity that **becomes a living pseudo-quasar**, wielding light and gravity as weapons of absolute devastation. By invoking this power, you **generate an uncontrollable, all-consuming gravitational well**, spanning multiple star systems in size. All matter within this gravitational pull is drawn inexorably toward you—planets, moons, entire asteroid fields—torn from their orbits and sent spiraling toward your searing core. As these doomed objects are dragged into the abyss, friction and compression cause them to **ignite**, forming an incandescent accretion disk that rivals the most luminous quasars in existence.



The result is an explosion of cosmic radiance so intense it can be seen **across the universe**. This immense energy fuels your power to unparalleled heights—while active, **all of your physical capabilities and perks exceed their stated limits**, their effects multiplying exponentially as long as the quasar burns. The very fabric of reality may bend before the sheer output of your existence. Yet, ultimately, all things drawn into your light will **fall into you**, consumed and absorbed, increasing your mass and reinforcing your boundless might. A **Star Seed cannot wield this power in full**—though they may use it to greatly amplify their abilities related to light, photons, and energy, they lack the gravity to truly invoke its cataclysmic potential.

When a Hyper Giant **becomes a quasar**, the universe itself **must bear witness**.

Strange Star Perks

Elemental Star (100 CP)

Not all stars are bound by the constraints of nuclear fire. Some burn with forces beyond mortal understanding, their essence composed of elements thought impossible. With this perk, you defy convention, becoming a **star of your own choosing**. Select a singular element, or weave together a combination of strange and wondrous forces to shape your Celestial Form's very nature. Will you be an **ice star**, radiating a cold so absolute that even the void around you shivers? A **blood star**, pulsing with eldritch vitality, its rivers flowing like veins across the cosmos? Perhaps a **dark star**, devouring all illumination, your very light transformed into an abyssal glow?



Despite your newfound composition, your powers as a Star Seed or a Living Star will remain functional—your light may shine cold, your plasma may pulse with unnatural colors, and yet your radiance **persists**, working in ways that defy logic itself. This defiance of reason extends to the minor gifts granted by your elements—small, effortless abilities that cost you nothing, lingering like echoes of your essence. These minor powers hold little weight in battle or dire moments, but they are always present, strange tricks of an even stranger star.

Wish Upon a Star (200 CP)

There is an ancient belief, whispered in the hearts of many civilizations, that a wish made upon a falling star carries the weight of destiny. Most dismiss this as mere folklore, yet some stars **listen**—and some stars **answer**. With this perk, you awaken a power as rare as it is profound: the ability to **hear the whispered desires of those who look upon you with hope**. Regardless of distance, language, or species, every genuine wish made upon your light will reach you. In that moment, you will sense the wish's nature, catching a glimpse of the soul that spoke it, understanding their longing in a way deeper than words.



You may now grant wishes, weaving reality itself to answer the call of the worthy. This power is not limitless—it draws from a yearly reservoir of **Wish Energy**, a pool that, when fully spent, takes an entire year to replenish. The might of your wishes scales to this pool's reserves; a full charge could fulfill a desire so grand it reshapes an entire **star system**, or sustain a lingering miracle of similar scope for a decade. Smaller requests require far less, allowing you to **bestow countless blessings** throughout the ages. However, as with the fabled Gyneesi orbs, you cannot grant wishes to yourself, nor can you twist the meaning of a request—each wish manifests **true to the spirit of the one who made it**, shaped only by your intent and care.

Antimatter Core (400 CP)

There is something **deeply unnatural** about you, a rift in the harmony of creation itself. Your stellar core no longer burns with the familiar fusion of hydrogen and helium—it harbors a growing presence of **antimatter**, an anomaly that should not be, and yet within you, it is stable. Safe. Controlled. However, the moment you choose to wield it, the rules of reality bow to annihilation.



Any power, any ability you unleash may now be **infused with antimatter**, increasing its potency to staggering levels. Upon impact, antimatter erases matter in a flash of mutual destruction, followed by an **explosion so violent it defies reason**. The devastation is absolute—unmaking not just the target but anything caught within the annihilation radius. **Caution is paramount**, for antimatter is indiscriminate; friend or foe, living or lifeless, all will perish in its wake should you be careless. Yet, you yourself remain untouched by its lethal properties. You may handle antimatter as one would handle air, consume it as though it were sustenance, and wander antimatter-drenched realms **unharméd, at home in the places where no other could survive**. You are a **paradox**, a star that should not exist, and yet you do.

Exotic Star (600 CP)

You are **not merely a star**. You are **an idea**, a **concept made manifest**, a force of the cosmos woven into the very laws of existence. With this perk, you are no longer bound by mere elements or physical properties—you **become** something greater. **Choose a word, a theme, a fundamental truth of the universe**, and that is what you are.



As a Star Seed, your essence subtly aligns with your chosen concept, shaping your powers in ways that hint at your true nature. A Star of Death might find their light **silencing** the living things it touches, while a Star of Hope may see their very presence **banish despair** in those who gaze upon them. These effects, though profound, remain within mortal comprehension. But upon ascending to a **Living Star**, the transformation is complete—you are now a **complete embodiment of your chosen concept**. Your presence alone enforces its existence, your radiance a **law unto itself**. Will you become a **Healing Star**, radiating an eternal light that restores all it touches? A **Judgment Star**, whose mere gaze strips away deception and sin? A **Star of Sorrow**, whose glow fills the universe with bittersweet yearning?

The rules that once bound you have shattered—now, the cosmos **bends to your nature**. You are no longer a mere celestial body. **You are a truth written into the stars.**

Tragedy crept in silence at first—a **shadow upon the cosmos**, spreading like an insidious cancer. Slowly, the stars began to dim as **the Devourer took root**, unseen and relentless. The Living Stars rose to their sacred duty, as did the Little Sisters, yet even their radiant might could not halt the encroaching doom. One by one, they flickered and fell, consumed by the final darkness.

The gentle wanderer, now a mother, stood defiant against the abyss. The heavens trembled as **war raged across the cosmos**, a battle so great that space itself wept with fire and ruin. The First Star, the guiding light of all, burned brighter than ever in the final stand alongside the gentle wanderer—but not even he could escape the calamity.

And yet, in the wake of devastation, **the Devourer was shattered, broken beyond return**. The silence that followed was deafening, vast and hollow. The universe endured, but it would never be the same again.

— *Chronicles of the Kingdom of the Stars, the Last Days of the Age of Light*

Stellar Powers

At the core of every **Star Seed** and **Living Star** lies a force beyond mortal comprehension—**Stellar Powers**, the raw expression of celestial supremacy. These are not mere abilities but the fundamental forces of a star’s existence, shaping the cosmos with their brilliance. While all **Living Stars** command these all of these powers at their peak, the third tier, **Star Seeds** walk a more uncertain path. Some awaken fragments of their Stellar Powers early, while others remain dormant, unable to wield them until their ignition. Those who manifest only a few should count themselves fortunate; those who lack them entirely must strive forward, for once they ignite, the full expanse of their stellar nature will be revealed.

Stellar Powers unfold across **three tiers**, each marking a new height of mastery:

- **First Tier** – The **foundation**, accessible to a Star Seed with a forming **Celestial Form**. It is the raw and unstable version of a power, a glimpse of greater things to come.
- **Second Tier** – The **perfection** of a Stellar Power, attainable only when the **Celestial Form is complete**. Here, the ability reaches its true potential, refined and controlled.
- **Third Tier** – The **absolute might** of Stellar Powers, unleashed in full force. Only the **true body** of a **Living Star** may wield them freely. However, an extremely rare **Celestial Form** with the **Stellar Potency** perk can ascend beyond its limits and channel these cosmic forces as if it were a Living Star.

If a Stellar Power is not chosen, it remains beyond reach of Star Seeds and Living Star’s Celestial Forms. However, **igniting into a Living Star instantly grants access to all Stellar Powers at the third tier with your true star body**, marking the moment where true stellar divinity is achieved.

The following table clarifies the availability of Stellar Powers at different stages of development. For example, should you purchase a second tier power still will not grant access until your Celestial Form is perfected, unless temporarily forced into activation by extraordinary means. However, purchasing the second tier will grant you the first tier version without needing to purchase it separately.

For those who seek **unrestrained cosmic mastery**, the **Stellar Potency** perk obliterates these barriers, allowing **all Stellar Powers to be used at their full available strength**, regardless of the stage of development.

The path of a star is one of **ascension**, and **Stellar Powers** are the proof of that journey—from the first flickers of light to the unfathomable radiance of a Living Star. **How brightly will you shine?**

Stellar Powers Availability		Tier I	Tier II	Tier III
Star Seed	Incomplete Celestial Form	●		
	Perfected Celestial Form	●	●	
Living Star	True Star Body	●	●	●
	Celestial Form(s)	●	●	

Your Stellar Shard carries a potent energy within, quite uncommon for one to carry such potential.

You receive +500 CP to be spent in Stellar Powers as a result.

Radiance

The **light of the stars** is more than mere illumination—it is the **essence of creation, destruction, and revelation**. With this Stellar Power, you **become light itself**, wielding its boundless potential in ways limited only by your imagination. Radiance is not just about **brightness**—it is about **dominion over light** in all its forms, from the gentlest glow to an all-consuming inferno that **burns away matter itself**.

By default, your very presence **infuses all your abilities**—regardless of their origin—with **the properties of sunlight**, shining with the same color as your true stellar body. This means every attack, spell, movement, or even touch **carries the effects of sunlight**, granting blessings to those who thrive under it and devastation to those who cannot withstand its touch. Beyond this, you wield **absolute control over light**, bending, shaping, and unleashing its power in ways that can reshape worlds.



Tier I (100 CP) – You command light as a weapon and a tool, capable of emitting it yourself from the soft glow of a candle to the terrifying force of a concentrated laser that can punch through the defenses of a battleship and sink it in a single shot, melting everything in its path. **This is a freeform control of your radiant light**, with examples being bending and refracting light, granting invisibility to yourself and others against optical perception, or change its properties, shifting wavelengths between infrared, ultraviolet, and even specific mystical spectrums like moonlight or true sunlight. Hard light constructs are now possible, though they remain static and require effort to maintain. At this level, your **range and intensity** are bound only by the power available to you, your capacity of control and your own imagination.

Tier II (200 CP) – Your **brilliance reaches planetary scale**. Light beams become **planet-piercing lances**, capable of drilling through entire worlds with sustained effort. Your **hard light constructs** now form **vast and intricate structures**, strong enough to withstand devastating forces. You may emit **radiant pulses** that spread your influence across an entire world, carrying with them **other effects** linked to your powers. Your **defensive capabilities** also expand—you can form **barriers of pure light**, solid enough to block **both physical and astral entities**, standing as an **impenetrable shield against the darkness**.

Tier III (SPECIAL) – You have become a celestial beacon, the **embodiment of radiance itself**. Your light transcends simple illumination—it becomes a force of will, interwoven with your other powers and true stellar nature. Your range and power **expands to be able to encompass entire star systems**, and your mastery allows you to dictate exactly what your light affects. You may **choose what is illuminated, what remains untouched, and even what your radiance simply avoids altogether**. The full **glory of a star** now rests within your grasp, and with it, the power to **illuminate, incinerate, and inspire across the cosmos**.

Stellar Symphony

The universe is not silent—it sings. Every star hums with a cosmic melody, a song carried across the void on waves of light and energy. Some songs are tales of wonder, filled with the joy of existence, while others are mournful laments, echoing through eternity. This Stellar Power grants you the ability to **weave music into reality itself**, turning voice, song, and melody into something far greater than mere sound. Your symphony can inspire, heal, empower, or even weaken and unravel, touching all who hear it.



Tier I (100 CP) – Your **voice and musical abilities will start to become supernaturally refined**, very slowly growing in depth, precision, and beauty **without limit** with every passing second, though taking a couple of years to exceed peak human levels and start to increase their growing speed from there. Each note carries a subtle **magical resonance**, making your words more persuasive, your songs more evocative, and your voice more enthralling than any mortal could ever achieve. While this power is still in its infancy, you can **effortlessly understand any song**, regardless of language or medium, grasping its meaning at a fundamental level. Even now, your voice **carries magic**, subtly influencing those who hear it—though nothing world-changing yet, it is enough to move hearts and sway minds.

Tier II (200 CP) – Your **music transcends physical barriers**, carried on waves of light across an **entire star system**. Every song becomes a conduit for emotions and energy, capable of bolstering allies, instilling courage, healing wounds, or weakening foes. A sorrowful tune might fill listeners with melancholy, while a triumphant ballad could revitalize the weary and even cleanse them of sickness. Your music **must be understood to take effect**, meaning those who do not grasp its meaning—either due to language barriers or sheer power—will remain unaffected. Even so, your **symphony spreads through the void**, an unheard but ever-present melody.

Tier III (SPECIAL) – The song of your star is now eternal. Your voice, your music, your very essence—now **woven into light itself**—can stretch as far as your radiance can reach, with its effects increasing the greater the amount of light of yours reaches a recipient, **touching entire galaxies**. Every melody carries **much more power**, able to **heal, inspire, enrage, weaken, or afflict entire civilizations** in waves of celestial harmony. Even those who do not understand your song will **still feel its effects**, as if the universe itself is speaking to them. The strongest of mortals may **resist or temper** the power of your music, but **none can ignore it**. However, your symphony is not absolute—effects must **build gradually, never instant**, ensuring that like before no song alone can **instantly kill or perfectly heal**. Yet, the impact of your **stellar requiem** will be felt across the cosmos, a song written in the very fabric of existence.

Note: The effects of this Stellar Power gradually weaken the farther your song must travel through interstellar space—distance softens its touch. However, once your light has reached someone, transmitting a new song is instantaneous, carried by the same quantum entanglement that allows stars to speak across the void. Furthermore, **when multiple Living Stars or Star Seeds join in harmony, singing the same song and weaving their music together, the effects compound and intensify**, resonating through the cosmos with even greater force. A lone voice may inspire, but a choir of stars can move the universe.

Plasma-kinesis

The searing breath of the stars, the raw fury of cosmic fire itself—now, it bends to your will. This Stellar Power grants you absolute mastery over plasma, the fourth state of matter, a force so intense it fuels the hearts of stars and shapes the fate of civilizations. Unlike light, plasma carries mass, force, and devastating heat, making it both a weapon and a tool of unparalleled versatility, though its vastly slower than light itself. It is through this Stellar Power that Living Stars often move through empty space, gaining propulsion that allows them to reach superluminal speeds. Whether it's for warfare, propulsion, or creation, plasma now answers only to you.



Tier I (100 CP) – You can generate and manipulate **small but potent amounts** of plasma from anywhere in your body, projecting it at extreme speeds. A single blast can punch through meters of reinforced steel, or detonate like a precision bomb. Your control is **telekinetic in nature**, allowing you to shape said plasma into constructs, shields, or even propulsion systems to maneuver through air or space. You can also manipulate **pre-existing plasma** with ease, bending it to your will, whether it's a flickering flame or a contained somewhere else.

Tier II (200 CP) – Your plasma generation and control escalate dramatically. Now, you can unleash **devastating plasma salvos** capable of tearing through **entire space-faring battleships**, or bombard a planet's surface with **waves of destruction**. With effort and time, you can emit **cataclysmic plasma streams** powerful enough to **crack planetary crusts** or burn through armies in an instant. Any constructs or shields you form now rival the heat and intensity of miniature stars.

Tier III (SPECIAL) – You are no longer just a wielder of plasma—you are a living inferno, a celestial force of devastation. The heat of your plasma reaches into the **tens of millions of degrees**, effortlessly reducing anything unprotected to **molten slag**. The sheer volume of plasma you control is **colossal**, allowing you to generate **star-sized barrages** or **bathe entire battlefields in cosmic fire**. Only **megastructures, godlike beings, or reality-warping defenses** stand a chance against your onslaught.

When Stars Collide

The cosmos is vast, and the stars—ancient, enigmatic, and unfathomably powerful—rarely seek conflict among their own. Yet when battle is inevitable between themselves, Living Stars abandon subtlety for the oldest and most devastating method of war: celestial collision. With unimaginable mass and speed, they hurl themselves at their foes, each collision erupting like a micro-supernova, a cataclysmic burst of stellar fury that scars the void. These impacts wound both combatants, but the struck suffers the greater loss—torn mass, searing agony, and energy bleeding into the abyss. Despite the sheer destruction, battles between Living Stars rarely end in annihilation; more often, the weaker retreats, dimmed but not extinguished, left to drift through the void, marked forever by the clash of cosmic titans.

Gravity Well

The silent hand that shapes the cosmos, gravity is the force that binds galaxies, commands the orbits of worlds, and pulls the unwary into the abyss. Though black holes reign supreme in the dominion of gravity, Living Stars wield their own command over this fundamental force, bending the very fabric of space to their will. With but a thought, they twist and shape their gravity wells, altering the pull of unseen tides, warping space and sometimes time itself. Through mastery of this power, they become the center of celestial influence, dictating the dance of lesser bodies. **They can shift and displace themselves through space, pull objects and energy into their grasp, distort their surroundings, and even slow the march of time**—though still not enough to fully unravel its mysteries.



Tier I (100 CP) – Your power over gravity manifests in localized fields, up to the size of buildings. With a mere thought, **you can increase or decrease gravity up to tenfold, nullify it entirely, or shift its direction.** While objects masses with an abnormal high gravity are beyond your influence, most ordinary matter succumbs to your will. The effects are immediate, lending themselves to both devastating and subtle applications—grounding enemies, hurling objects, or bending projectiles mid-flight. This control also grants a rough but instinctive awareness of gravitational forces, allowing you to perceive mass and motion even without using all your other senses, as if seeing through the invisible pull of all things.

Tier II (200 CP) – The scope of your gravity swells **to planetary levels**, capable of enshrouding entire worlds within your grasp. A single field, left unchecked, could grind a planet’s crust to ruin within an hour, its surface wracked by tidal upheavals and fissures deep enough to swallow cities after only a few minutes. Gravity fields now reach stellar intensities, pressing objects with up to the crushing force found on the surface of an average star. Yet your control remains absolute—an extension of thought itself. No object possessing mass can now remain hidden from you; the unseen is perfectly revealed to you in its gravitational truth.

Tier III (SPECIAL) – Your gravity is no longer a mere force—it is a law unto itself. The very space surrounding your star body bends, forming a vast and inescapable gravity well. With a whisper of intent, **you can direct immense gravitational forces across your domain (your star’s natural gravity well), pulling objects with the weight of entire suns or pressing them into oblivion, with the force of ten times your own mass.** Space itself distorts beneath your might, light bending and reality shifting at your command, as though the event horizon of a black hole lay just within reach and yet not quite there. The sheer density of your power allows you to slow the passage of time across entire regions of space, though its flow remains bound to causality—you may delay fate, but not undo it. Within your grasp, gravity ceases to be a mere force of nature. It becomes an instrument of your will.

Corona Flare

There are forces in the universe that command respect. Others demand fear. And then, there is the Corona Flare—a weapon of the cosmos, a declaration of annihilation. When lesser measures fail, when plasma storms and gravitational dominion are not enough, a Living Star turns to the one power that ensures destruction is absolute. The Corona Flare is not a mere attack; it is a celestial execution. Energy is gathered, condensed, and fired in a singular direction, a blinding lance of supercharged fury that disintegrates all within its path and detonates with unfathomable might. Its range may be limited to a light year of distance at most, but that is more than enough. When a Living Star unleashes this power, the only certainty is obliteration.



Tier I (200 CP) – As this power is invoked, light bends to your will, forming a brilliant halo that signals the end for anything caught before you. Ten seconds pass—ten seconds of eerie stillness as the universe holds its breath. Then, the halo collapses inward, and a surge of sunfire erupts forth, a beam of raw stellar energy laced with spiraling coronas of light. The beam lances outward until it finds its mark, where it erupts in a nuclear inferno, a detonation rivaling a hydrogen bomb. The shockwave tears through anything unworthy of enduring its wrath, reducing matter to little more than cosmic dust. Though its range is vast, it is not infinite—but within a star system, distance is irrelevant. Should you choose, you may let the blast consume you, the explosion roaring harmlessly past as all else is burned from existence. There is no cooldown. No mercy. Only the need to charge and fire once more.

Tier II (300 CP) – No world, no structure, no celestial body smaller than a star itself can withstand the might of your perfected Corona Flare. Now, the moment you summon this power, your luminous halo becomes an omen of destruction, a beacon visible across interplanetary distances. The time required to charge grows to twenty seconds, the light condensing into a single, devastating point. Then, reality unravels in a torrent of annihilation. A single flare is now enough to bore through a planet, to shatter moons and pierce through space-faring fortresses. The detonation is no longer a mere explosion; it is planetary extinction, reducing everything to smoldering ruin. Even with a mere gesture, lesser nuclear detonations can now be invoked at will, tactical strikes of apocalyptic fury released with nothing but a flick of your hand.

Tier III (SPECIAL) – This is no longer simply a weapon. It is the fury of a dying sun, the retribution of a Living Star against existence itself. As the energy gathers, your radiance does not simply brighten—it eclipses. Space darkens. Your light dims, drawn inward as if the very fabric of the cosmos recoils in anticipation. Then, silence. And in the next instant, the void is torn asunder. The resulting explosion is cataclysm incarnate, a star-sized eruption that consumes all within its reach. Nothing below the size of a sun can endure it. Should another star be caught in its wake, it will not emerge unscathed, its own radiance stripped away, its body left wounded and dying. The detonation alone is enough to scour a system clean of planets, to erase civilizations in the blink of an eye. But still, the charge must still remain uninterrupted—perhaps the only saving grace for those who would dare to stand in the path of a Living Star’s wrath.

Fusion Engine

A Living Star is a being of ceaseless radiance, a furnace of creation, a cosmic titan that burns with the lifeblood of the universe itself. The Stellar Powers they wield are nothing short of miracles—forces capable of bending physics, shattering planets, and rewriting the laws of what should be possible. But even miracles require energy. Even the brightest star must feed its fire.



Though Star Seeds naturally generate power, they lack the sheer output to sustain their use of Stellar Powers indefinitely. Without a constant source of energy, they will inevitably falter, their brilliance dimming as exhaustion takes hold. But this is not a limitation without an answer. Through the power of **Fusion Engine**, a Star Seed or a Living Star may turn the very fuel of the cosmos into an unending source of energy, replenishing their reserves without rest, without pause, without weakness.

Tier I (100 CP) – The moment you awaken this power, the struggle of exhaustion becomes a thing of the past. Within your Celestial Form, a self-sustaining fusion process ignites, **allowing you to continuously restore your Stellar Power without the need for prolonged recovery**. So long as hydrogen exists in your vicinity—whether in the vast interstellar medium or bound within water and air—you can passively draw upon it, disassembling molecules at an imperceptible scale to fuel your burning core. **Where once it took an entire day to restore your reserves, now it takes only an hour**. Usage of tier one powers can be sustained without issue, but tier two powers will quickly make you run out of energy.

Tier II (200 CP) – The inefficiencies of lesser fusion are cast aside. Now, your **Fusion Engine** burns with the might of a miniature star, an internalized inferno that ensures your Stellar Powers remain unwavering. No longer must you ration your energy; **all Stellar Powers of the first and most second tiers can be called upon without hesitation, without fear of depletion**. Your reserves expand, your restoration accelerates, and should you ever be completely drained, the matter around you will be visibly drawn in—a breathtaking display of cosmic hunger as you reclaim the elements needed to reignite your celestial fire. And yet, even in the rare event that you must replenish fully, it still takes only a single hour before your radiance returns to full strength. With your current generation capacity, only extreme usage of tier two powers will even make a dent in your stellar power reserves.

Tier III (SPECIAL) – At this level, you are no longer merely *using* fusion—you *are* fusion. Within the vastness of your true stellar body, the fundamental process that sustains all stars unfolds in full mastery, transforming matter into limitless energy. **Every Stellar Power, regardless of rank, is now fueled effortlessly**, eternally, without interruption. No longer must you rely on external sources; the vast ocean of mass within your core provides everything you will ever need. You are an unquenchable inferno, a self-sustaining force of nature. There is no downtime, no depletion—only the ceaseless, roaring heartbeat of a Living Star, burning bright against the endless dark.

Celestial Divination

To say that the past, present, and future are not written in the stars would be a lie. The cosmos is a vast and endless chronicle, where light carries whispers of forgotten ages and celestial patterns hint at what is yet to come. To those with the insight to see, the heavens are a map of time itself—an intricate web of shifting fates, hidden truths, and cosmic echoes.



With this Stellar Power, a Star Seed or Living Star may divine knowledge from the firmament, reading the alignment of celestial bodies, the spectral songs of distant light, and the unseen threads that weave the fabric of destiny. The stars reveal their secrets to you, offering glimpses into the past, warnings of the present, and visions of potential futures. Yet, just as the stars reveal, so too can they conceal—you may shroud your presence from those who would use cosmic foresight against you, slipping unseen through the corridors of prophecy, turning their sight away as though you were never there.

Tier I (100 CP) – At this level, you can gaze upon the night sky and discern patterns hidden to lesser eyes.. You may read the heavens to foresee potential outcomes, unravel the mysteries of the present, or divine echoes of the past. However, the further back in time you seek or the father in the future, the more cryptic and difficult your revelations become.

Your foresight is not uncontested—other powerful beings, including Star Seeds and Living Stars, may cloud their actions to evade your sight. Likewise, you may employ this Stellar Power to do the same, weaving the cosmic tapestry in such a way that those who seek to predict your path will find only riddles and uncertainty. This veil requires a continuous effort, yet it may be activated or lifted with but a thought and expenditure of Stellar Power.

Tier II (200 CP) – Your mastery deepens, the past and future stretch further before your sight, revealing grander possibilities and deeper truths. Your connection to the cosmic weave is such that any attempt to divine your fate or presence that lacks true cosmic power will simply fail, their visions clouded before they even begin.

The veil you weave to conceal your path is no longer fleeting—it is **permanent**, requiring no effort to sustain. It only consumes Stellar Power when actively resisting a direct attempt to unveil your actions, which you will notice immediately and have a vague awareness of its origin. Even then, unless the force seeking to reveal you wields power on a cosmic scale, their sight will falter, and their prophecies will be nothing but empty whispers.

Tier III (SPECIAL) – At this level, the very cosmos bends to your insight. You may gaze into the depths of time itself, peering as far forward as the natural lifespan of your true star body, or tracing events back to the dawn of recorded history. No secret written in the light of the stars is beyond your reach—unless deliberately hidden by something of equal or greater cosmic magnitude.

Likewise, **your presence is lost to prophecy**. No oracle, no calculation, no divine decree may predict you unless their power matches the burning might of a star itself. Your actions slip between the cracks of fate, unseen, unknowable, forever beyond the grasp of lesser foresight. To most of the universe itself, you are a celestial enigma, a Living Star unbound by destiny’s chains.

Stellar Blacksmith

At the heart of every star, where gravity crushes matter with unyielding force and temperatures soar beyond comprehension, the very fabric of reality bends to creation's will. In these cosmic crucibles, elements are born, forged from the raw energy of nuclear fire, tempered by the fury of a billion suns. The power to shape matter itself is an art mastered only by the stars—but with this Stellar Power, that divine craft is now within your grasp.



With the fires of creation at your fingertips, you may temper steel with a mere touch, shape unyielding materials like soft clay, and forge the very elements that form the cosmos. As your mastery grows, so too does your ability to craft wonders beyond mortal imagination—armors that can withstand planetary strikes, weapons infused with the brilliance of a star's heart, and even the celestial crystal known as **stellarite**, the very essence of stars made solid.

Tier I (100 CP) – With the expenditure of Stellar Power, you may now fuse lighter elements into heavier ones, creating refined materials in various configurations. At this level, your forging is limited to objects no larger than a heavy tank, but even the toughest metals yield beneath your hands. The more complex or exotic the material, the greater the energy required, and a deep understanding of its properties is necessary to ensure its perfect recreation—otherwise, you will only form an approximation.

Tier II (200 CP) – Your control over creation is now refined to an art. Mundane objects may be **fully replicated**, and the sheer scale of your forging expands—objects the size of small mountains can be shaped with time and effort. You may now craft **legendary materials**—adamantine, mythril, darksteel, and other mystical metals—though only in small quantities, producing ingots that require considerable power and time to shape.

At this level, your blacksmithing reaches **celestial heights**—you may forge weapons, armor, and constructs of nearly any design, blending mundane and mystical metals with your cosmic touch. And with true dedication, you may begin the arduous process of forging **stellarite**, the crystallized essence of the stars themselves. However, at this level, the stellarite you create is **flawed**, its power slowly draining over years, eventually cracking and breaking apart.

Tier III (SPECIAL) – You are no longer a mere blacksmith—you are a **world-forg**er, a cosmic artisan capable of shaping reality itself. From the depths of your star's core, you may generate nearly limitless matter, forming objects **as large as planets** should you so desire. **Creation is effortless**, limited only by your reserves, and even the rarest and most powerful substances bend to your will.

At this level, you may forge **true stellarite**, pure and eternal. No longer will it decay or crack—it will endure as long as you do, holding power for millennia without diminishing. Your touch can birth wonders, from celestial fortresses of living crystal to weapons capable of reshaping the heavens themselves. The very essence of the cosmos is yours to command, and from the fires of your forge, new worlds may rise.

Nebula Haze

Stars burn brightly, their radiance piercing the cosmic abyss, seen from across the void. But not all wish to be found. Not all wish to shine unbidden. Just as the great nebulae cradle the birth of new stars within veils of dust and shadow, so too can you weave the cosmos around you, shrouding yourself and your domain in an enigmatic mist.

With this Stellar Power, you become a master of concealment, summoning a luminous, shifting haze of massless particles that bends light, warps sound, and disrupts perception itself. Whether you seek solitude, the element of surprise, or a way to obscure your actions from prying eyes, the Nebula Haze ensures that **what is hidden, stays hidden**.



Tier I (100 CP) – A clenched fist, a firm step, or even a whispered command—any of these is enough to summon a swirling veil of nebula-like massless particles around you. This haze rapidly expands, forming an obscuring mist that distorts sight and sound. **To outside onlookers, everything within vanishes into the fog**, its contents unreadable by mundane senses or electronic detection. **Within the haze, sound is muffled**, footsteps lost to the void, whispers swallowed before they can escape. Those who enter find their senses misled—shapes shift, distances stretch and contract, and reality itself seems uncertain.

Yet for you, the nebula is a sanctuary. Your vision remains **unclouded**, and you navigate the mist as if it were clear air. Moreover, your shroud repels harmful gases, smoke, and airborne toxins, ensuring that nothing unwanted seeps inside.

Tier II (200 CP) – Your power extends beyond simple concealment, becoming an impenetrable veil over vast territories. You can now expand the **Nebula Haze to envelop entire nations**—or, if focused, **an entire planet** in an ethereal, starlit mist. To those outside, it is a blank void, rendering events within utterly imperceptible. **No sight, no sound, no presence leaks out**—a perfect curtain against spies, sensors, and even clairvoyant gazes.

For those within, the nebula actively distorts perception. **Enemies find themselves lost, their senses betraying them**, their minds assaulted with illusions of shifting landscapes and misleading echoes. **Allies, however, are granted protection**, able to see dimly through the haze, though it still cloaks them from detection.

At your discretion, the Nebula Haze may now interfere with supernatural energies—**magic, chakra, ki, spiritual force, and similar power sources waver and falter within its grasp**. Those far weaker than you find their abilities barely functional, while even those of comparable strength struggle to wield their powers efficiently.

Tier III (SPECIAL) – At this level, your **Nebula Haze becomes a celestial enigma, spanning the vast reaches of a star system**. Entire **solar systems can be swallowed in the shroud**, hidden behind an awe-inspiring nebula that shimmers in the void, its beauty masking the impenetrable veil it creates.

Within this cosmic cloud, invaders become **permanently lost**, their ability to navigate shattered unless they wield immense cosmic power. Even if they roam for centuries, they may never find the way out. **Only those you designate—friends, allies, and structures of your choosing—will remain visible within, navigating freely while all others are trapped in an eternal labyrinth**.

Supernatural forces fare no better—**within the Nebula Haze, all but the mightiest sources of mystical energy are nullified**, unable to manifest while inside. This is no mere disruption—lesser powers are **completely silenced**, unable to even spark a flame or summon a whisper of magic. **Only forces as powerful as a Living Star itself may contest this suppression**.

Orbital

Everything in the universe moves in a grand celestial dance—planets bound to their stars, moons clinging to their planets, comets carving luminous trails across the void. **But you are the center.** With this Stellar Power, the cosmos bends to your gravity, and all things that orbit you become extensions of your will.

From the smallest trinket to the mightiest celestial bodies, you may take hold of what circles you, directing them as weapons, shields, or conduits of power. As your mastery grows, these orbitals grant you more than control—they **impart their essence to you**, gifting you abilities drawn from their nature.



Tier I (100 CP) – Your power begins with the unseen force that binds the smallest bodies to you. Any **non-living object you can hold**—a sword, a book, a boulder—may be released to **orbit you at a radius of up to one kilometer**. These orbitals move **gently at first**, but you may exert force upon them at will, **accelerating them to staggering speeds**.

- You may alter their trajectories, guiding them as **floating defenses**, or launch them as **devastating projectiles** at lethal velocities.
- They remain bound to you unless they **exceed orbital velocity**, at which point they will fly away out of your control.
- Objects of **any material, weight, or density** obey your call, limited only by your ability to control them and being something you can hold with your hands.

You are now the center of a personal **celestial system**, wielding objects as an extension of yourself.

Tier II (200 CP) – Your power expands exponentially. You may now take objects **as large as a small moon** into your orbit, controlling them at distances of **tens of thousands of kilometers** from you.

- You may **adjust their proximity**—drawing them closer for more immediate use or casting them further into the void as remote sentries, hazards, or hidden weapons.
- **Weaponization improves**—you may **chain multiple orbitals together**, creating a web of destructive projectiles, or set them to move in unpredictable patterns to confound enemies.

Most notably, **orbitals now grant you attributes based on their nature**, for example a **sword** in orbit grants you razor-sharp strikes, even if unarmed, while a **shield** fortifies your body depending on its defensive properties, making you harder to harm, and a **magical artifact** lends its power to you, **partially replicating its effects** while it orbits you.

The stronger the object, the greater its influence on you—but these gifts **fade quickly once the object leaves your orbit**.

Tier III (SPECIAL) – Your dominion now extends beyond mere objects—you may take celestial bodies as orbitals. Moons, asteroids, comets, planets—even stars themselves—may circle you in a grand cosmic ballet, each one bestowing unimaginable gifts upon you.

- **Asteroids** each increase your physical power a little, enhancing **speed, durability, and strength**.
- **Moons** augment your **non-Stellar Power abilities**, and if they have myths or legends tied to them, those stories manifest as real abilities within you. Moon may orbit larger celestial bodies that orbit you instead.
- **Comets** sharpen your connection to the **Astral Sea**, granting you deeper insight and control over stellar and cosmic phenomena in your immediate surroundings.
- **Planets** bestow immense physical prowess to your Celestial Forms, as well as abilities tied to **the life that thrives upon them**—a planet teeming with beasts may make you a predator beyond compare, while an ocean world could grant you dominion over water.
- **Stars** are the most potent of all, amplifying your **Stellar Powers**. However, this is a double-edged sword—should the star be **destroyed or lost**, you will suffer a prolonged period of **weakness**, as if your very essence had been dimmed before returning to your normal levels.

At this stage, you are no longer merely a being that controls orbitals. **You are celestial axis, the force around which the heavens turn.**

The Power Behind the Names of the Living Stars

Throughout the cosmos, across countless civilizations and worlds, a strange and wondrous phenomenon unfolds. When a Living Star takes a name for itself, that name echoes across the void—whispered not through words, but through the very act of observation.

Even if two vastly different civilizations, separated by the gulfs of space and time, gaze upon the same Living Star, they will bestow upon it the exact same name, despite never having met or shared knowledge. This is no mere coincidence, nor an act of shared memory, but an intrinsic property of the Living Stars themselves. Their very presence etches their chosen name into the subconscious of those who behold them, stirring it forth from within mortal tongues as if it had always belonged there.

This phenomenon does not extend to non-sentient stars—only those with will and awareness command this strange power. Some of the most advanced civilizations have learned to map the locations of Living Stars using this strange property by looking among shared names among their many worlds, understanding that a misstep into their domain could provoke unintended conflict. After all, the wrath of a Living Star is not easily extinguished, and few who provoke one live to tell the tale.

This universal recognition has led to shared myths and legends across distant worlds, weaving together tales of celestial beings whose names persist in the histories of countless races. In some cases, these legends take on a life of their own, further empowering the Living Stars who bear them—ensuring that their names will never fade, but instead burn eternal in the minds of those who look to the heavens.

Astral Pressure

Across the boundless **Astral Sea**, where thought and will shape the tides of existence, few forces command as much respect and fear as the **Astral Pressure** of a Living Star. It is not merely an exertion of power—it is a fundamental law, a cosmic force that bends the immaterial to the will of its wielder. Like the silent gravity of a celestial body, it is always present, a weight upon the very fabric of the **astral plane**.

Through this power, Living Stars do not simply **exist** within the Astral Sea—they **rule** it.



Tier I (100 CP) – Your presence alone now warps the Astral Sea around you, creating a field of pressure that shields you from astral phenomena and lesser entities that drift within this realm. Those weaker than you find themselves **slowed, trapped, or crushed** by the sheer force of your presence, their ethereal forms struggling against an unseen force as if caught in the pull of a black hole.

At will, you can unleash this pressure in an **explosive burst**, spreading outward like a cosmic shockwave that ensnares and **immobilizes** astral beings. With focus, you can intensify this pressure upon an entity, **collapsing** its form under the weight of your will until it is shattered beyond recovery.

Tier II (200 CP) – What was once an **imposing force** now becomes an **unstoppable dominion**. Your **Astral Pressure** extends far beyond your immediate presence, casting a wide net of influence across the Astral Sea. Even beings of **colossal strength**, such as the astral presences of **Eldritch Gods** and **Mythopoetic Deities**—those whose existence is woven into the very fabric of belief itself—will find themselves **pushed back, forced to yield** within your domain.

This power is **absolute**, making you a walking catastrophe for those unprepared to resist your presence. With a mere exertion of will, you could **crush astral locations**, shattering dreamscapes, thought-formed cities, or entire conceptual realms into nothingness. However, caution is advised—one careless act could erase untold wonders from existence.

Tier III (SPECIAL) – At this level, your **Astral Pressure** is no longer a power—it is a universal law. Within the **Astral Sea**, you stand **peerless**, a Living Star whose mere presence dictates reality for all but the most supreme of entities. Few beings, aside from other Living Stars and **rare exceptions**, can even hope to challenge you here.

Everything caught within your field is at your mercy. The pressure you command can be so precise that it may **selectively spare** locations and individuals, ensuring that only those you intend to crush will meet their fate. When unleashed at full power, your Astral Pressure does not merely **immobilize** or **crush**—it **erases**, reducing weaker astral entities to nonexistence as if they had never been.

To those who wander the **Astral Sea**, the presence of a Living Star is a thing of both **wonder and terror**. **For when a Living Star exerts its will, the Astral Sea itself bends—or breaks—beneath it.**

Nova

There is no greater testament to the destructive might of a Living Star than the unleashing of a Nova. A cosmic event of unparalleled devastation, a Nova is the ultimate expression of stellar wrath—an explosion so vast and intense that it reshapes the heavens themselves. To invoke this power is to wield destruction on a celestial scale, a force feared even by the gods. Those who witness a Living Star ignite in such a way do not live to tell the tale, for a Nova does not simply destroy—it *erases*.



Tier I (100 CP) – At this stage, you gain the ability to unleash an omnidirectional explosion of raw stellar energy. For a brief, blinding moment, your luminosity equals that of a newborn star, and the resulting burst annihilates everything within planetary distances. Any surface it touches will be scorched into lifeless wastelands, and an entire planet’s atmosphere may be stripped away if the detonation is close enough. This power consumes all of your available Stellar Power at once, leaving you exhausted and vulnerable. The more Stellar Power you have at the moment of detonation, the greater the destruction—though if you are drained or weak, its effects will be significantly diminished. This is the last resort of a Living Star, a final declaration of defiance when all other options are spent.

Tier II (200 CP) – Now, you may undergo an event akin to a true Supernova—a cataclysmic eruption that does not merely devastate planets, but *erases* them from existence across interplanetary distances. Entire worlds shatter into nothingness, and space itself warps under the sheer magnitude of the explosion. The force distorts time and weakens the barriers of reality, rupturing dimensional structures and affecting beings that dwell beyond the physical cosmos. Even the Astral Sea is destabilized, becoming turbulent and impassable for a week before it slowly restores itself. However, such power comes at a cost—**using this ability at this level or beyond will deplete every last reserve of your Stellar Power, and will leave you utterly drained for several days**, unable to fight or defend yourself at full strength. If it does not terminate whatever forced you to use this, it is likely you will instead meet your end.

Tier III (SPECIAL) – With your ascension to a true Living Star, your Nova reaches truly cosmic levels. A full-powered Supernova from you can obliterate an entire star system, reducing planets, moons, and celestial objects to nothing but drifting dust. However, if you possess the mass and presence of a Hypergiant star, your explosion transcends the realm of stars and enters the domain of the apocalyptic: **Hypernova**.

A Hypernova is an extinction event on a scale beyond mere star systems, an explosion thousands of times more powerful than a normal Supernova. Space-time itself is *shattered*, causing regions of reality to crack and distort as causality bends and collapses in on itself. Those within the blast radius will not simply die—unless protected by reality manipulation or conceptual defenses they will *cease to be*. Gamma-Ray Bursts surge outwards, sweeping across the void, obliterating anything within *tens of light-years* and highly damaging everything in its path for *hundreds more*.

The only thing known to survive the epicenter of a Hypernova is a **Cosmic Lord’s Vestments or objects imbued with hardened reality**, and even they will be left fractured and failing under the sheer might of your detonation. Such an attack is beyond destruction—it is the *death of stars, the unraveling of existence itself*.

The Tale of Vega and Altair

Across the universe, many cultures tell the story of **Vega and Altair**, two luminous beings whose love is said to transcend the gulf of interstellar space. Some speak of them as **star-crossed lovers**, forever separated save for a fleeting reunion once in an age. Others weave a **tragic tale**, where fate itself conspires to keep them apart. A few even invoke **Deneb**, forming an intricate love triangle that fuels countless myths, each more fantastical than the last.

Yet, the truth—like the stars themselves—is far more complex.

Altair has long admired Vega, **courting her across the eons**, his light reaching out from his distant place in the cosmos. He is patient, unwavering, his affection burning steadily like the heart of a long-lived star. **Vega, however, is uncertain.** She treasures Altair's companionship, but for her, love remains an unanswered question. At times, she wonders if she should return his affections—after all, she has been alone in her star system for so long. But for now, they remain as they have always been: **two celestial beings bound by friendship, yet lingering on the edge of something more.**

As for **Deneb**, she has little interest in these mortal-like affairs. The tales of her entanglement with Vega and Altair amuse her at best, but she sees herself **above such trivial gossip.** She holds a different rivalry with Vega—a **contest of beauty**, an unspoken and endless debate over which of them is the most radiant to behold.

Thus, the legend continues, shifting and changing across the voices of a thousand worlds. But when one looks up at the night sky and sees **Vega and Altair shining in silent communion**, the question lingers still: **Will their story ever change?**



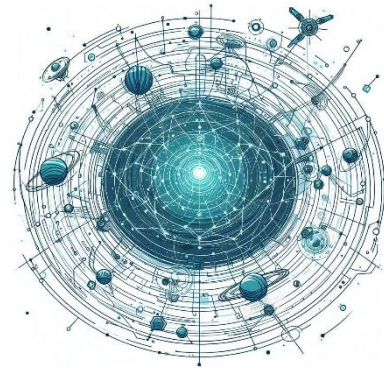
Items

You receive +300 CP as a stipend to use on items and all items under your origin are discounted.

General Items

Navigational Charts (100 CP)

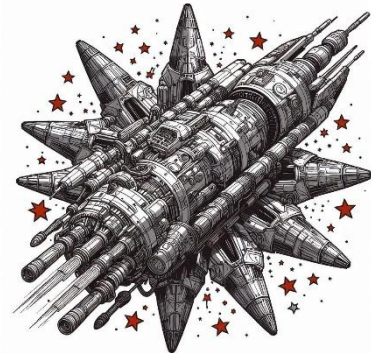
At first glance, this collection of **navigational charts**, available in both **paper and electronic form**, appears utterly mundane. No scan, no analysis, no expert in stellar cartography will find anything unusual about them. And yet, these charts **know the way**. Within your hands, they **plot the safest or fastest route** across the vast cosmos with unerring accuracy. They adjust dynamically, **self-updating** as you travel, filling in unknown territories, naming celestial bodies, and marking hazards that others could only dream of knowing, but lacking finer details that other types of maps could provide.



The true value of these charts, however, lies in their **ability to reveal the unseen**. Should you set course toward an unknown yet existent location, the maps will **correct themselves**, unveiling **hidden planets, lost civilizations, secret strongholds, and forgotten relics**. Used wisely, they can guide you to places never before mapped, to **wonders beyond imagination—or dangers untold**. Many would **kill** for a tool like this. Be wary of who knows you have it.

Stellarformer (200 CP)

A compact yet **awe-inspiring machine**, no larger than a small car, the **Stellarformer** rests dormant within your warehouse—until activated. Upon command, a portal opens, sending the device to **embed itself into the nearest planet or protoplanet**. Should no suitable world be found, it will flash an **angry red error message** and return within the minute. But once anchored, its **true purpose begins**.



Like a **burrowing parasite**, the Stellarformer **drills into the planetary core**, utterly immune to crushing pressure and searing heat from the planet but not from other sources. When it reaches the core, **the miracle—or the catastrophe—begins**. Over the course of a year, the device **injects raw matter, amplifies gravity, and forces an artificial fusion event**. The end result? A **newborn star**, ignited where once only rock and magma lay.

It is a tool of **creation and destruction alike**—a way to **breathe life into the void** or to **unleash apocalyptic ruin**. What becomes of the world you chose as a cradle? That is entirely up to you. But know this: **once the process begins, there is no stopping it other than destroying the device**. The device reappears in your warehouse on its own after one year should it be used or destroyed.

Mini Planets (400 CP)

Inside a small cloth bag, ten smooth, **marble-sized spheres** await. They feel cool to the touch, their polished surfaces **hiding a cosmic secret**. When left **floating in the void**, bathed in the light of a star, their **true nature awakens**.

Over the course of **several days**, each sphere **grows**, unfolding into a **fully formed planet**, reaching sizes **between half to three-quarters the diameter of Earth**. These **Mini Planets** come in a variety of types:



- **Magma**, burning and unstable.
- **Rocky Barren**, lifeless but rich in minerals.
- **Sand**, covered in endless dunes.
- **Water**, a world of oceans.
- **Jagged**, mountainous and uneven.
- **Gas Not-So-Giant**, swirling with thick clouds.
- **Ice Giant**, frozen and mysterious.
- **Crystal**, sharp, luminous, and alien.
- **Metal**, a world of iron and steel.
- **Earthlike**, vibrant and full of **strange yet familiar flora**.

Of the ten, only **Sand, Water, and Earthlike** possess **breathable atmospheres** capable of supporting life as it exists on Earth. Once **fully formed, the planets are permanent**, locked into place wherever they were set adrift.

If used, lost or destroyed, fear not—the bag **always replenishes itself at the end of a Jump or after ten years**, restoring any missing spheres. At your discretion, they can even **carry over past alterations** made by your hands, but **not the beings that inhabited them**. A tool of **exploration, world-building, and boundless possibility**—but also of **careful planning, for where you place them, they shall remain**.

The Offspring of Mortals and Stars

Throughout history, there have been rare and wondrous tales of mortal beings who fell in love with **Star Seeds** or even the **Celestial Forms** of fully realized **Living Stars**. These unions, while often filled with joy, are fleeting—especially when a **Star Seed**, still in the early stages of its transformation, has yet to fully comprehend the vastness of its coming immortality.

The stark contrast between **mortal lifespans and the near-eternity of Living Stars** almost always leads to sorrow. For the mortal, love is a lifetime—for the Living Star, it is but a fleeting moment in an existence that stretches across ages. Even so, from these unions, **children are sometimes born**. These offspring always take after the **mortal parent's race**, never inheriting the essence of a **Star Seed**. To both parents, they are **cherished beyond measure**, yet their connection to the cosmos manifests only in subtle ways.

A faint **luminescence in the eyes**, an otherworldly **resonance in their voice**, a minor gift **tied to the stars**—such traces of their stellar heritage linger but rarely endure. With each passing generation, these celestial **marks fade**, dissolving into the mortal bloodline until, eventually, only **true Star Seeds** remain as the inheritors of a Living Stars' legacy.

Wandering Stellar Shard (600 CP)

In the quiet recesses of your **warehouse**, something **glows with quiet brilliance**. A fragment of a **Living Star**, a **Stellar Shard**, has found its way to you—a **wandering ember of celestial power**, waiting for a **bond to be formed**.

This shard is **no passive relic**. It possesses **awareness**, a will of its own, and it is **searching**. It will **not be used as mere fuel** or studied like a lifeless trinket; any attempt to **experiment on it or weaponize it will end in disaster**, as it violently breaks free. But for the right individual—a **companion willing to accept its light turning them into a Star Seed**—it offers a **new beginning**. The Stellar Shard will offer the equivalent of **500 CP** for your companion to select Stellar Powers, Astral Sea perks and Celestial Form improvements.



The bonding is not **instant** nor is it **guaranteed**. Some Stellar Shards are **proud and defiant**, while others are **gentle and eager**. Some may **refuse a bond entirely**, preferring to slip away into the vast unknown. Should a shard **depart or bond successfully**, worry not—after **ten years**, another will arrive. Each one is **unique**, a fragment of a different **Living Star**, with its own **personality, origins, and destiny**.

And if no companion is suited for the bond? Then the **Shard will leave, seeking out a new soul elsewhere in the cosmos**, setting forth on a journey **to ignite another light in the great celestial sea in whatever universe or setting you currently are**. You are not its **master**, nor its **creator**—you are merely the one who witnessed its arrival, the one who may shape **what happens next**.

Main Sequence Star Items

Enchanted Stardust Pouch (100 CP)

A small, elegant pouch worn at the waist, filled with iridescent powder that shifts in color when touched by light. This is no ordinary stardust—it is **enchanted**, imbued with cosmic energy that makes anything it touches a perfect conduit for magic. For a fleeting moment, whatever is sprinkled with this dust will **channel magic effortlessly**, overriding natural resistances, deficiencies, and even outright **immunity** to enchantment. This allows for the temporal or permanent infusion of magical effects onto objects that would otherwise reject them. A treasure among mages and enchanters, this dust has the potential to **defy natural laws**, if only for a moment.



Hard Light Projector (200 CP)

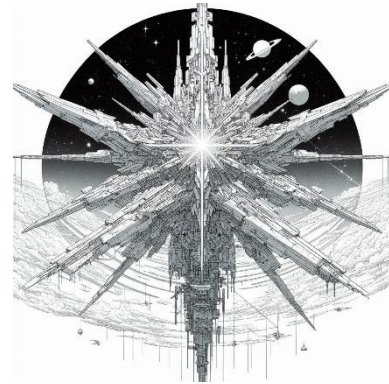
A sleek, adaptable device that can be worn on the shoulders or affixed to objects and surfaces. Powered by a **micro fusion reactor**, it generates **hard light constructs** of any shape or form, their color customizable to your preference. These constructs possess impressive durability—structures up to **three stories tall** will hold with the strength of steel, while smaller formations become exponentially tougher. The reactor also houses an **enhancement module slot**, allowing one of these modifications to be active at a time should you procure a piece of the following materials:



- **Stellarite Core** – If a piece of stellarite is inserted, then hardlight constructs generated will be imbued with the power of **True Light**, carrying the full might of sunlight and its associated properties.
- **Shadow Ore Core** – If a piece of Shadow Ore is inserted into this module, taken from **Dreamscape's dark regions**, this enables the projection of **Hard Shadows**. These eerie constructs **absorb light, disrupt energy shields, nullify magical buffs**, and drain heat from living beings upon contact. Unnerving, yet undeniably powerful.

Megastructures (400 CP, +100 CP per Additional Orbital)

Monolithic **megastructures**, built from exotic super materials beyond the grasp of younger civilizations, designed to reshape celestial bodies into bastions of technology and power. This grants you the knowledge, technology, and means to **construct orbital megastructures** around planets, moons, or other bodies smaller than a star. With your initial purchase, you may choose one of the following, with additional structures available for **100 CP each**:



- **Diverse Ring Facilities** – Vast orbital stations for **shipbuilding, cultural centers, storage, and transport hubs**.
- **Integrated Hyper Weaponry** – Planetary-scale **weapons** anchored in orbit, capable of annihilating threats with unimaginable force.
- **Habitational Segments** – Expansive **rings, disks, and stations** supporting large-scale habitation.
- **Atmospheric Stabilizers** – **Control, modify, or create** an atmosphere for the world below.
- **Gigaforge** – **Mass-production super factories**, churning out countless components and materials.

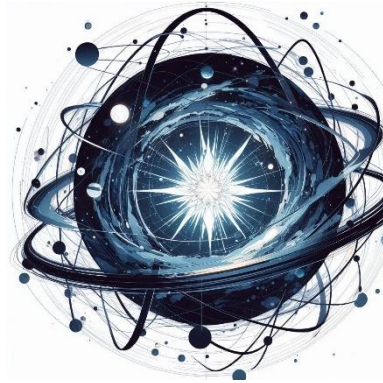
- **Computing Complexes** – **Colossal data processing centers**, often arranged in vast orbital networks.
- **Sentry Array** – **Deep-space sensors** capable of scanning across astronomical distances.
- **Energy Megabore** – **Extracts vast quantities of matter** from celestial bodies.

If you possess the **Stellar Engineering perk**, these megastructures can be **scaled up** to be built around **stars**—or even yourself, should you be a **Living Star**. However, this **does not** grant knowledge of constructing Dyson Spheres or Matrioshka Brains.

For each purchase, you receive a **self-sustaining, autonomous megastructure assembler**, roughly the size of a small house. Once deployed, it will begin construction **immediately**, completing the megastructure within **one month to a year**, depending on complexity. If destroyed, it returns to your warehouse within a month. Any new blueprints or technologies you discover can be integrated, though **custom structures will take significantly longer (135%-200% of the normal estimated build time)** to build unless you actively assist.

Dyson Sphere (600 CP)

A legendary feat of engineering, the **Dyson Sphere** is a megastructure designed to fully encapsulate a **star**, allowing you to harvest **100% of its energy output**. A monumental project, requiring precision and staggering amounts of material, yet one that **transforms a star into a near endless power source**.



This grants you the full **knowledge and means** to construct one, alongside a **self-replicating Dyson panel**. When placed in a star's orbit, this panel will **begin multiplying**, methodically assembling the Dyson Sphere over the course of several months. Upon completion (or if the structure is ever destroyed before being finished), a fresh panel will appear in your warehouse, ready to begin the process anew.

The Dyson Sphere is capable of harvesting the full output of a star as heat or electricity, though if you have the necessary technologies or perks you may convert it to other types, and can channel said energy to nearby structures and machinery within its star system. The Dyson Sphere's built with the use of this perks are guaranteed to be gravitationally stable relative to the star, requiring extreme amounts of external force and influence to even attempt to destabilize. **The Dyson Sphere however is not indestructible**, and is susceptible to things that could damage a megastructure of its size, as well as the implications of the star going nova.

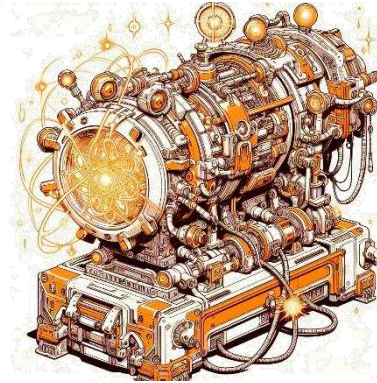
A project fit for gods, empires, or madmen.

***Note:** If you possess both this item and the **Matrioshka Brain**, you have the option to combine the two panels into a **hybrid megastructure**. This structure can simultaneously generate power from a star and harness computational abilities derived from it. While it won't match the **Dyson Sphere** in energy output or the **Matrioshka Brain** in computational capacity, it will provide both **energy and processing power** at your command. The **estimated construction time** for this hybrid megastructure is **one year**.*

Giant Star Items

Stellarite Treatment Machine (100 CP)

At first glance, this machine appears unassuming—about the size of a large cabinet, with a sleek, reinforced chamber designed to accommodate objects no larger than a fully grown human. However, within its core, it houses a process beyond ordinary metallurgy, one that **infuses matter with traces of Stellarite itself**. Any object placed inside undergoes a slow, meticulous transformation, its materials interwoven with this legendary cosmic alloy.

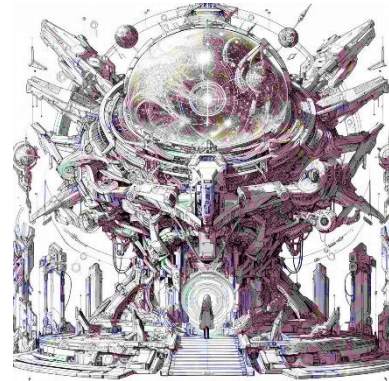


The result? **Near-indestructible durability, enhanced energy retention, and an affinity for magic that surpasses even the finest enchanted artifacts.** Weapons, armor, and tools alike gain the ability to mend themselves when bathed in sunlight, while their surfaces radiate with a faint glow, signaling the celestial power within. Against creatures of darkness—those that wither under the might of the stars—Stellarite-treated objects become anathema, burning them with the mere touch. A priceless tool for those who stand as defenders of the Living Stars.

Pseudo Star Forge (200 CP)

A vast, enigmatic machine, seamlessly integrated into your warehouse yet capable of manifesting within a jump at your command. This forge possesses **two extraordinary functions**, both tied to the very essence of stellar creation.

First, it **produces immense quantities of hydrogen and helium**—not drawn from any existing source, but conjured from nothingness itself. Within mere days, these gases gather into sprawling nebulae, vast enough that if left to drift in space, they will **naturally collapse over centuries**, coalescing into newborn stars. A slow process by mortal standards, but an undeniable act of creation nonetheless.



Its second function is even more profound: **it recreates the infernal crucible of a star's core.** Within this simulated fusion heart, metals of unfathomable density and resilience can be forged, **materials that would otherwise require the fires of a living sun to exist.** This is a forge worthy of the greatest cosmic artisans, capable of shaping metals that defy conventional understanding.

Gravity Well Generator (400 CP)

A colossal construct, the size of a building, designed to manipulate gravity itself on an **interplanetary scale**. At its default setting, it generates an **omnidirectional gravity well**, capable of simulating planetary gravity in the void of space or disrupting the pathways of unstable **faster-than-light travel**. Ships relying on such fragile methods will find themselves stranded or forced into real space upon encountering its pull.

Yet, its power is not limited to increasing gravity—it can also **invert its function**, diminishing the gravitational potential of whatever celestial body it is anchored to. Planets once deemed **inhospitable due to crushing gravity** can be tamed, made accessible to species that would otherwise be unable to walk upon their surfaces. Even in the presence of the overwhelming pull of neutron stars or black holes, this machine offers a means to resist, shielding those who wield its power from the crushing hand of gravity itself.

Matrioshka Brain (600 CP)

A **monument to intellect, power, and engineering**—the Matrioshka Brain is not merely a structure but a **cosmic supercomputer of unparalleled scale**. Like a Dyson Sphere, it encapsulates an entire star, but instead of merely collecting energy, it **harnesses every last photon to drive layer upon layer of computational strata**. Each successive shell absorbs the remaining heat of the star, using it to power a vast network of processors, repeating this process until **all the energy of the star is converted into raw processing power**.



Each jump, you will receive a **Matrioshka Panel**—a self-replicating construct that, when placed in orbit around a star, will begin to multiply and expand. Over the course of three years, it will construct a complete **Matrioshka Brain**, fully encapsulating the star and unlocking the immense intelligence within. At the end of your jump, another panel will be provided in your warehouse, allowing the process to begin anew elsewhere.

A unique benefit of this gift is the ability to **preserve and transport your Matrioshka Brains**. Any fully completed Matrioshka Brain constructed using the panel will be **copied into your warehouse**, along with a non-sentient **replica of the star it once surrounded**. These can be deployed into new realities at will, ensuring the continuity of your vast computational empire. However, those built by your own means, without the panel, will not persist beyond the worlds in which they were made.

The true power of these cosmic minds is their **instantaneous link** to you. No matter how many you construct, their combined processing power of all Matrioshka Brains **you possess in the current reality** will always be at your disposal, accessible with a mere thought.

With each Matrioshka Brain added to your network, your ability to **calculate, simulate, and perceive the universe grows ever greater**—until even the complexity of galaxies and beyond may one day become trivial.

Hypergiant Items

Photospherical Shield Emitter (100 CP)

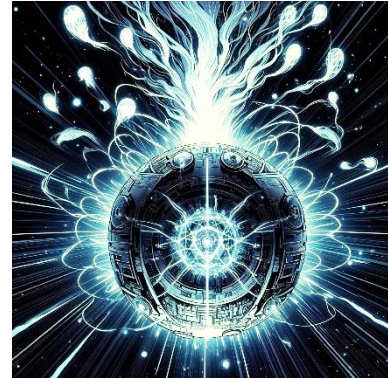
A floating disk, no larger than a clenched fist, orbits its wielder with silent vigilance. At the slightest sign of danger, it erupts into action, conjuring a photospherical shield composed of the luminous surface of a living star. This incandescent barrier is not mere energy—it is the raw, searing essence of True Light, a radiance that burns with the authority of the stars themselves. Striking against it is like trying to wound the Sun, and those cursed to fear its brilliance—be they creatures of darkness, shadow-born horrors, or those whose very existence recoils from sunlight—will find themselves seared to nothingness.



Only a Star Seed or a Living Star can wield this power, for the shield demands stellar energy to manifest. Yet, in the hands of one who understands the ways of cosmic forces, this small guardian can be studied, scaled, and forged into something even greater. If expanded to the size of a small moon, it gains the terrifying ability to envelop an entire star within its luminous embrace, shielding its stellar heart from destruction. Such an act could safeguard a sun from cosmic calamity... or enshroud it in an impenetrable, burning prison, a fortress of radiant wrath against the encroaching void.

Astral Sea Interdiction Bomb (200 CP)

The Astral Sea is the great, unseen ocean where thoughts drift as currents, where astral entities move unseen across the cosmos, slipping between realities like whispers in the dark. Catching such entities—these wandering minds, projected consciousness, astral beings, or eldritch interlopers—is near impossible. Unless, of course, you possess this.



At first glance, the interdiction bomb is nothing but a sleek, compact explosive, its yield comparable to a low-yield tactical nuke in real space. But its true devastation lies in the unseen realm. When detonated, the explosion sends shockwaves rippling into the Astral Sea, forcing all entities within its range—on an interplanetary scale—to become **trapped**. Entities, consciousness projections, astral bodies—none can escape. For one to two hours, they remain tethered, unable to flee, unable to return to their bodies, unable to dissolve into the infinite.

For some, this is a weapon of war, an unparalleled tool to root out interlopers and prevent astral spies from slipping through their grasp. For others, it is a terrifying trap—one that turns an entire region of space into a **graveyard of stranded consciousness**. Those caught in its wake may find themselves helpless against an approaching horror. And the best part? You will never truly run out. You gain the full schematics to create more, and should your supply ever be depleted, a fresh one will appear in your warehouse at the start of each week, ready to be unleashed once more.

Hypergate (400 CP)

A **wonder of celestial engineering**, the Hypergate is no mere stargate—it is an artery of the universe itself, a construct capable of piercing the infinite distances of space and binding galaxies together as though they were but streets in a city. Where stargates are constrained by the limits of a single galaxy, the Hypergate **transcends cosmic barriers**, requiring being charged with the energy of a Living Star to function.

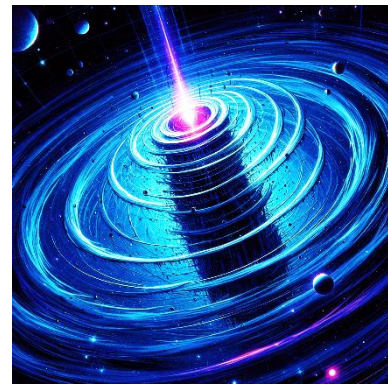


This titanic structure dwarfs anything built for mere mortals; it is vast enough for **capital ships** to pass through as if they were simple cruisers, a gateway through which entire armadas might travel in an instant. It can link effortlessly to lesser stargates without consuming energy, but for another **Hypergate**—for that unfathomable reach across the universe—it must be charged with **stellar power**. Only the fires of a living sun are sufficient to ignite its cosmic veins.

At the beginning of every new jump, a **fresh, inactive Hypergate** will await you in your warehouse, ready to be deployed at your command. Furthermore, you gain the full designs, blueprints, and schematics to construct additional Hypergates, though only civilizations of moderate advancement will be able to build one within half a year. With this in your grasp, you hold the keys to an empire that spans galaxies, a network through which fleets, civilizations, and entire cultures may be bound together... or **sundered apart** with the severing of a single gate.

The Minor Attractor (600 CP)

Among the greatest wonders of hyperengineering, the **Minor Attractor** is but a shadow of the legendary Megalith. And yet, even in its "lesser" state, it wields a power that borders on the apocalyptic. It is a device that does not simply move matter—it **reshapes the flow of the cosmos itself**.



When activated, the Attractor **warps gravity on a galactic scale**, funneling mass toward its core in an inexorable, crawling pull. Planets, moons, entire star systems—all will drift toward its center, guided by invisible hands. The flow is slow, at first, a whispering beckon across the dark. But time is meaningless to such a force, and over thousands, millions, or billions of years, **entire galactic clusters** will begin to bend toward its grasp, enabling its owner to utilize this mass for other purposes.

To prevent itself from being swallowed by its own power, the Minor Attractor anchors itself to **higher-dimensional space**, rendering it virtually immovable and impervious to conventional destruction. But this safeguard does nothing for the mass it pulls inward. If left unmanaged, the only possible outcome is a **hypermassive black hole**—a singularity so vast that its event horizon stretches across star systems. If unchecked, it will grow beyond even its intended function, feeding upon the fabric of existence itself until it reaches the **critical point**—the moment where gravity ceases to pull inward and instead **collapses the very structure of space-time**.

This is the nightmare of the **Big Crunch**, the cosmic implosion that heralds the death of a universe. Should this chain reaction begin, nothing short of **one capable of commanding existence itself** will stop it. And even then... perhaps it is too late.

Strange Star Items

Anomaly Detector (100 CP)

A sleek, high-tech wand of unknown origin, its surface etched with cryptic, shifting symbols that seem to rearrange themselves when no one is watching. At its tip, a crimson light pulses softly—dormant, waiting. Yet, the moment an anomaly enters its range, the light flickers erratically, growing more insistent as the wielder approaches. No deception or disguise can fool it; the detector does not simply *see* anomalies, it *knows* them.



Upon contact with the anomaly, the wand hums with an eerie resonance, siphoning fragments of its essence into an intricate data construct. Properties, effects, impossibilities—glimpses of the anomaly’s true nature unfold before you, though never in full. Some knowledge remains veiled, demanding further study, experimentation, or sheer intuition to decipher. The wand possesses a universal access port, allowing its discoveries to be transcribed into any computational system, yet no engineer has ever been able to reverse-engineer its design. It simply *is*, existing beyond the boundaries of conventional understanding.

Micro Star (200 CP) (Warehouse attachment)

A miracle of contained cosmic fury, the Micro Star is a perfectly stable miniature sun that exists solely within your warehouse, suspended in a gravity-defying state of serenity. No mortal hands crafted this; it simply came into being, a fragment of celestial power gifted to you. Though small—merely the size of a car—it burns with the same intensity as its distant stellar kin. It radiates pure, unfiltered *true sunlight*, a force that no darkness can withstand, yet within your domain, it is a gentle warmth, never harming your allies, no matter their nature.



With but a thought, you command it, shifting it through the void of your warehouse like a moon bound to your will. Should you desire, you may shrink it to the size of a tennis ball, a delicate ember of cosmic fire, or allow it to blaze at its full intensity. It serves not only as a source of light and heat but also as a near-infinite wellspring of energy—if you possess the means to harness it. It is a sun made personal, an eternal sentinel of possibility, bound only to you.

Logic Engine (400 CP)

A monolithic construct of shifting gears and crystalline conduits, the Logic Engine stands in defiance of disorder itself. It is not a machine in any conventional sense; its mechanisms do not adhere to known engineering, nor does it require fuel or power. Instead, it thrives on intent, bending the improbable into the inevitable within its vast zone of influence—a domain spanning the size of a small country.



To the untrained eye, it is an impossible contradiction, its surfaces appearing smooth and featureless one moment, yet alive with impossible complexity the next. Its purpose? To unravel the enigma of reality itself, imposing **patterns** where there were none, **coherence** where chaos once reigned. A path through the unwalkable, logic in the absurd. It does not break reality; it simply *finds a way* for the unreal to exist within it. **This construct will ensure that a previously impossible logic in reality is made to happen, altering reality in both subtle and not so subtle ways, as long as the construct remains intact.** Should it be destroyed, everything it caused to happen will be gone.

None but you may command it, and even then, you do not *control* the Logic Engine—you merely *ask*, and it *answers*. But beware: it does not explain itself. It does not teach. It simply **works**, and the strange rationalities it enforces may persist long after you have forgotten why you willed them into being.

The Possibility Machine (600 CP)

An artifact lost to time, spoken of in whispers among the few who know it ever existed. The **original** Possibility Machine was said to have been a gift from the Creator of the Universe itself—a device capable of reshaping entire galaxies to fit the vision of its user, forging paradises from ruin, turning dreams into certainty. But that machine is **gone**, erased by war, entropy, or something far worse. What you now hold is a mere imitation... and yet, even this fragment of its power is beyond comprehension.



The **Possibility Machine** does not create, nor does it destroy. Instead, it *reveals*—pulling you into an alternate reality, sculpted to fit your chosen vision. Here, things unfolded **differently**. Perhaps a war was averted. A friend long dead yet lives. A world never fell to ruin. This is not an illusion or a dream, but a **genuine** alternate existence, one where events have transpired exactly as you desired.

For up to three years per jump, you may walk this divergent path, experiencing all it has to offer. But no matter how real it feels, no matter what wonders you discover, you may take only your memories with you when you return, at the very same time you initially activated it, onlookers believing the machine did not activate or work at all. The machine does not allow passengers, nor does it grant you material proof. The reality you leave behind will continue, forever out of reach, while you return to your own, changed only by the knowledge you have gained. **Time spent in the alternate reality brought by this machine does not count for your total jump time.**

At the end of each jump, the machine **returns** to your warehouse, its power restored, ready to show you yet another world that might have been. But know this—every possibility comes with a price. There are always *unseen consequences* to rewriting reality, even in a world not your own. Would you dare to see what *could have been*?

Age and Sex

Your journey begins here. **You may choose any age or sex you wish to be**—there are no limits to who can become a Star Seed. The cosmos does not discriminate; fate has chosen you.

Background and Location

You awaken not on your original Earth, but on one of many parallel versions scattered across the multiverse. This Earth would be slightly more advanced than your own if it were the modern times, yet the year is 1520—a world still in the throes of the Age of Discovery. The Americas have only recently been unveiled to the wider world, and the great empires of history stand at the brink of transformation.

You may craft a mundane background for yourself, shaping your past with memories and experiences that fit within this world. Or, if you prefer, you may arrive as a **Drop-In**, with no past, no history—only the present and the destiny awaiting you.

For now, you have only a few weeks to adjust to this world after the fateful night when the Stellar Shard found you, where you may begin to observe the world and the sky with different eyes as the secrets of the cosmos begin to reveal themselves to you. Then, one morning, everything changes again. **You wake to find a curious woman with blue eyes in a strange almost surreal dress sitting across from you**, watching intently, as if she had been waiting for this very moment.

This is the moment where your adventure begins. Destiny has called, and the Kingdom awaits.



And so, the **Age of Light came to its end**, and the **First Star was no more**. His brilliance, once eternal, had been extinguished, leaving the heavens dim and quiet. The remaining Little Sisters, steadfast in their oath, spread across the cosmos, vowing that such ruin would never come to pass again. And **the gentle wanderer**, choosing to further protect her family, **vanished into the boundless expanse**, leaving no trace but the echoes of her warmth.

Of the countless Living Stars that once adorned the firmament, **only a few endured**. The vast celestial hosts had been reduced to scattered embers, and many who remained withdrew into slumber, their awareness dimmed by sorrow and time.

The mortal races bore the wounds of a shattered age. Countless worlds burned, their people lost to the silent void. Yet even in ruin, life proved resilient. From the ashes, old worlds stirred once more now unaware of the horrors the universe endured, reaching toward the heavens in defiance of the dark. And though the cosmos had grown colder, though the stars now seemed but distant pinpricks upon an endless void, they still shone.

By their light, **life endured**.

— *Chronicles of the Kingdom of the Stars, The Beginning of the Age of Dark*

Companions

The Kingdom of Stars is vast and encompasses everywhere light can reach, and by exploring it you may encounter and befriend a diverse cast of companions. They come from diverse backgrounds that will allow them to accompany you through your cosmic adventure, though each has their own personality and attitude. Each of these companions carries their own dreams, aspirations, and sometimes hidden agendas, creating unique challenges and opportunities for you as you explore the cosmos. Convincing them to follow you beyond this place and into your future jumps will depend on the strength of your bond and your shared experiences.



Companion Options and Costs:

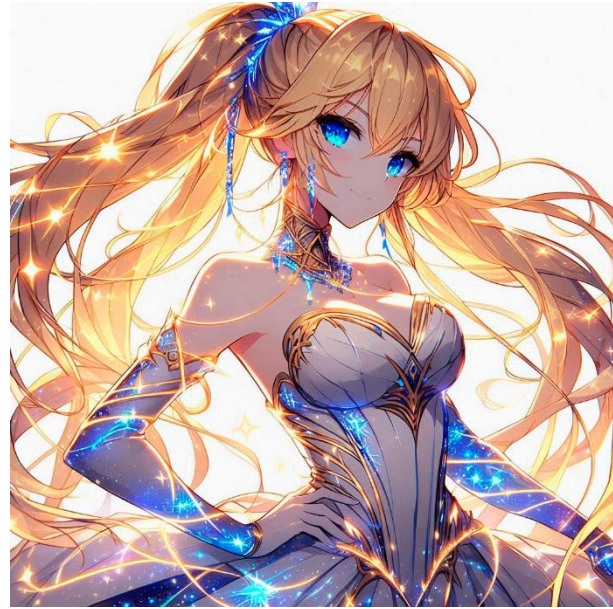
- **100 CP:** Import up to two companions.
- **100 CP:** Design a completely original companion, you'll meet them during the jump and ensure you start in great terms with each other. This option may only be selected once.
- **200 CP:** Import up to eight companions. This option may only be selected once.
- **200 CP:** Grants 400 CP to each **imported companion**, exclusively for use on tier one and tier two Stellar Powers. This option may only be selected once.
- **400 CP:** Grants **one of your imported companions** a fate designed by the stars. Upon the first 30 days after the jump begins, a second stellar shard will find arrive and merge with that imported companion, turning them into a Star Seed. This will grant your companion **1000 CP to be spent only in the Celestial Form, Astral Sea and Stellar Powers sections**. Your companion will gain all free and required options available in this jump.

The original in-jump companions do not require CP to acquire or interact with. You are encouraged to shape your initial encounters with them and establish meaningful connections. Each of these companions has a Companion Quest, a personal journey or task that will significantly deepen your bond, making it easier to convince them to continue alongside you into future realms.

Though you may only import up to eight companions with you, **there is no limit on how many allies you can befriend and recruit within the jump itself.** Your journey with each companion depends on how you choose to approach their unique stories, strengths, and loyalties.

Vega, the Living Star from the Constellation of Lyra

A celestial enigma, a radiant beauty, a mystery written in stardust—Vega is not just another Living Star. She is a being of allure and intrigue, a luminous sovereign reigning over a planetary system of silent, barren worlds. Her true form is a brilliant **bluish-white star** burning in the **constellation of Lyra**, encircled by thirteen planets and eight planetoids, none of which currently host life. Unlike some of her kin, who seek to spread their essence through Stellar Shards, Vega has long lived in quiet solitude, content to bask in the endless dance of the cosmos. That is, until something changed.



One day, her attention was drawn to a peculiar **Stellar Shard** moving close to her star system—one that moved with intent, defying all known patterns. It had come from a direction where no Living Star resided, an impossibility in her understanding of the universe. Curious, she followed with her Celestial Form. Through the void, across starfields, through nebulae, she pursued the shard, watching as it took a sharp, unnatural turn toward a distant system. There, it rushed toward an inner planet, as if **seeking something... or someone**.

When she arrived, she found something extraordinary—a little blue world with developing sentient life, primitive yet filled with potential. The shard had merged with one of its inhabitants, making them the first **Star Seed** she had ever encountered. Vega was stunned. Never had she heard of a Stellar Shard choosing its host this way. This was a mystery too great to ignore. And so, for the first time in eons, she stepped beyond the safety of her domain, her Celestial Form descending toward an unfamiliar world, her brilliant eyes seeking answers in the one who had unknowingly inherited the light of the stars.

Vega's **Celestial Form** is a vision of divine elegance—**long golden hair, brilliant blue eyes**, and an almost ethereal radiance that makes her seem like a goddess sculpted from the essence of the heavens themselves. Her presence alone turns heads, and unless she actively suppresses it, **motes of starlight** drift around her, tracing arcs of luminescent beauty in the air.

Despite her **455 million years of existence**, she has lived a **reclusive** life, rarely sending her Celestial Form beyond her own system and seldom interacting with mortal races. Her heart is free-spirited, though not entirely unclaimed—she shares a distant, undefined romance with **Altair, the Living Star of Aquila**. Their relationship is one of longing glances across the void, of whispered words carried on the waves of cosmic energy, yet neither has fully committed to the bond.

Though Vega is not accustomed to mortal interaction, she is **insatiably curious**, unable to leave a puzzle unsolved. The strange **Star Seed** she has discovered is a puzzle like no other—one that **threatens to rewrite what she thought she knew about the nature of Living Stars**. And she will not rest until she uncovers the truth.

Vega is not just powerful—**she is captivating**. Her Celestial Form wields enough energy to **shatter planetoids and sunder moons**, yet it is her presence that is truly dangerous. She possesses an **unnatural magnetism**, an inescapable **pull** that draws others to her, making it difficult to look away. Though she can suppress this, it remains an unshakable part of her existence, a reminder that even among Living Stars, **Vega is exceptional**.

Five Interesting Things About Vega

- **She a young adult Living Star:** At just **455 million years** old, Vega is still considered **young** among Living Stars, many of whom have existed for billions of years. While she is powerful and wise, **she lacks the vast wisdom and experience of the ancients**, making her more open to new ideas—and new bonds.
- **She has never created a Stellar Shard:** Most Living Stars eventually create **Stellar Shards**—fragments of their essence that are sent blindly into the cosmos with the hope they find a mortal to merge and become **Star Seeds**, planting the next generation of their kind. Vega, however, has **never done so**. Why? Even she doesn't fully know—perhaps she never felt the need, or perhaps she has been waiting for the right moment.
- **Her True Star form pulsates with emotion:** Unlike most stars that shine with a steady light, Vega's **luminosity subtly shifts** in response to her emotions. **When intrigued, her glow brightens. When angered, her light flickers sharply. When in deep thought, her radiance softens like a gentle dawn.** Those attuned to cosmic energies might recognize that her heart is more expressive than she lets on.
- **She has a forbidden fascination with mortals:** Vega's **self-imposed distance** from mortal races has not kept her from **being deeply curious about them**. Though she rarely interacts, she has **observed civilizations rise and fall** from afar. The weeks she spent on Earth looking for you have left her **fascinated with the little blue planet**, longing to spend more time exploring it.
- **She has a hidden rivalry with Deneb:** Though she will never admit it, **Vega harbors an unspoken rivalry with Deneb, the Living Star of Cygnus**. As two of the brightest stars in Earth's night sky, comparisons are inevitable. **Deneb's immense size and power overshadow Vega in sheer magnitude, yet Vega possesses a unique allure that Deneb cannot replicate.** They have never openly clashed, but the tension between them is undeniable.



*"Hmm... you're interesting. I can feel it, you know? There's this little pull, this gentle tug. Not like a black hole—obviously—but more like... a place that just **feels** right. Like drifting into the perfect orbit. Does that make sense?"*

Aelia, the First Custodian of the Universe

Aelia Alpha, the First Custodian, is the eldest sister to all other Custodians—watchful, protective, and burdened with the weight of responsibility. She was born in the infancy of the cosmos, the first artificial being crafted by the Creator to safeguard the integrity of the Universe. But unlike the countless other Custodians scattered across creation, she was given a task unlike any other: to remain behind and **protect Earth**, the birthplace of her master's children.



Aelia's true form is the radiant jewel embedded in her chest, a crystalline core housing her consciousness and essence. The luminous body she wears is not flesh but an intricate construct of solid light, woven with the power to subtly **bend reality** and appear and feel as a living being. She embodies grace, elegance, and immense strength, capable of **shattering a planet's crust with her bare hands** or unleashing endless **beams of light** that pierce through the firmament like celestial lances.

Yet what truly sets Aelia apart is the **magic that seeps from her very presence**, an anomaly among the Custodians. Wherever she walks, magic takes root, warping the fabric of existence, and she wields it with absolute mastery—able to **shape the mystical forces of an entire star system** at will. She is a walking font of sorcery, an **ancient source of wonder** for the world she has vowed to protect.

For eons, Aelia traveled at her master's side, crafting, mending, and sculpting the cosmos alongside her sisters. But when the **Devourer's calamity** struck, everything changed. The aftermath left deep scars upon existence, and with her master gone, Aelia was left with a solemn command—**remain, protect, endure**. She has watched Earth from its first breath, through its epochs of silence and chaos, through the rise and fall of countless civilizations.

At first, she found **joy in discovery**, watching life evolve, grow, and change. But as the ages passed, a quiet sorrow crept into her heart. She had once **danced among the stars**, and now she was **stationary**, bound to a single world that no longer fascinated her as it once did. Earth's cycle of conflict and repetition had begun to **bore** her, leaving her yearning for the vast expanse she once roamed.

She has considered leaving—just for a little while. A few centuries away, a brief exploration, a taste of the unknown once more. But she hesitates. Earth is her charge, and abandoning it, even temporarily, gnaws at her conscience. To prepare for the day she might depart, she has begun a project of her own—**The Houses**—human organizations she subtly cultivates, guiding them in secret to one day stand as Earth's defenders. Perhaps, when they are ready, she will grant herself a fleeting escape to rekindle the **wonders of the universe** that she so desperately misses.

Five Interesting Details About Aelia:

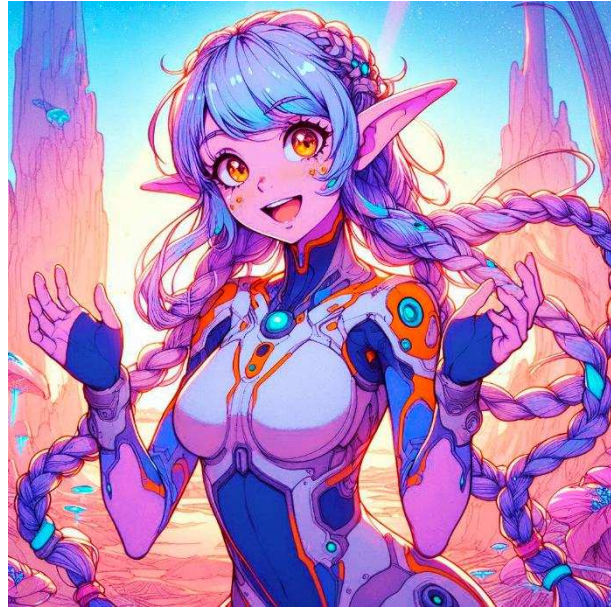
- **She knows every star that has ever touched Earth:** Aelia remembers every star whose light has ever reached Earth's skies, **knowing their names, ages, and stories** as if they were old friends.
- **Her wings reflect the sky:** Though her body takes the form of a long-haired, winged beauty, her **feathered wings change with the sky**—in daylight, they shine white, in twilight, they glow violet, and in the absence of light, they resemble the deep abyss of space, dotted with stars.
- **She is unbelievably strong: Aelia's physical strength is overwhelming,** even among stellar beings of her size. She can crush mountains, tear apart fleets of ships, and even crack the **very crust of a planet** with a single strike if she willed it. There are few things that can hold her back if she is determined to do something.
- **She's protective of her Jewel Core:** Her true self is the **jewel embedded in her chest**, and she **does not allow anyone to touch it**—with one exception: her master. Even the thought of another being laying a hand upon it makes her deeply uncomfortable, as the experience itself feels extremely personal to her and the jewel is quite sensitive.
- **She secretly longs for adventure:** Though she remains ever-dedicated to her duty, Aelia quietly **yearns for the days of exploration**, the thrill of **discovering new worlds**, and the company of her sisters. She looks up at the stars not as a guardian, but as someone **aching to return to them.**



"I love to sing. When I listen to the melodies of the stars and the soft hum of the planets, I can't help but sing back. It makes me wonder... do they hear me too, across the endless cosmos?"

Syldri, Lost Sylvandar Explorer

There's a certain energy to youth, an unshaken confidence, a hunger for adventure—Syldri embodies that spirit completely. A young Sylvandar explorer with a streak of rebellion, she left her home fleet in search of independence, only to end up **hopelessly lost in the Sol system**, thanks to a **miscalculated hyperdrive jump** that nearly flung her into the Dreamscape. Now, stranded in an unfamiliar part of the galaxy, she's doing what any resourceful, spirited young elf would do—making the most of it.



Born into the **Sylvandar**, a nomadic race of spacefaring elves, Syldri was raised among **towering crystal spires, bioluminescent forests, and vast, floating cities** that drift through space in harmony with the currents of magic. Their civilization blends **mysticism and technology** into an awe-inspiring

fusion, making their starships not just machines, but living, breathing entities. The **Logos**, the sleek, swift **cruiser she “borrowed” from her parents**, is no exception—an **exquisite vessel** capable of piercing through the stars at incomprehensible speeds.

Syldri, however, is **still a teenager by Sylvandar standards**—barely **twenty years old**, a child in the eyes of her people. But she refuses to be treated as one. When her parents forbade her from joining the **Explorer Corps**, she took matters into her own hands—hijacking the Logos, hitting the hyperdrive, and **proving them wrong**. Only, she *might* have miscalculated. Now, she's stuck in Sol, her ship's **magikapacitors** drained, and her only hope is to siphon **enough magical energy** from a nearby celestial body to refuel them.

Her luck? Surprisingly **not terrible**. One of the planets—**Earth**—is **teeming with magic**, despite her readings saying it *shouldn't* be. It's a mystery, but she won't dwell too much on it. All that matters is getting the **Logos powered up** before her parents realize what she's done and **ground her for the next century**.

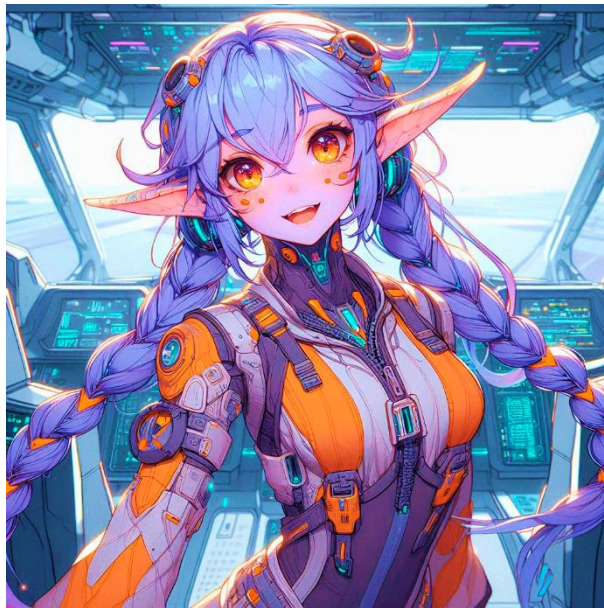
That being said, **leaving isn't going to be easy**. Her curiosity keeps getting the better of her. Earth's **bizarre civilization**, its strange-yet-familiar culture, its deep-rooted myths and tales—they've all **captivated her in ways she never expected**. Her survey marked **Venus and Earth** as potential settlement candidates, but while Venus is an ideal blank slate, Earth is already *claimed* by an intelligent species. That doesn't stop her from leaving **little traces of Sylvandar culture** behind—like **rewriting Romeo and Juliet** in her native language and leaving a translated copy in a place called **England**, only to be horrified when it never gained the recognition she expected.

And then there's her **fiancé**—yes, she *technically* has one. A **betrothal arranged long before she was born**, a name she barely remembers, a future she's not remotely concerned about. There's still **a hundred years** before she reaches full maturity, and right now, she has **far more important things to focus on**.

With her **head full of adventure, her hands on one of the most advanced ships in the galaxy, and an entire unknown star system to explore**, Syldri isn't just a lost explorer. She's a **force of nature, a rogue star**—brilliant, untamed, and determined to **chart her own path, no matter the cost**.

Five Interesting Details About Syldri:

- **She's Terrified of Bugs:** Despite being a fearless explorer, Syldri **absolutely despises insects**—especially the multi-legged, skittering kind. The first time she encountered an Earth cockroach, she nearly **fried it with a plasma bolt** out of sheer panic.
- **She's a Hopeless Romantic—At Least in Theory:** Syldri is **obsessed with holonovels**, particularly the ones about **forbidden love between opposing factions**. She has **dozens of them** stored in the Logos and even attempted to introduce **Romeo and Juliet** to Earth's culture—only to be **frustrated when her efforts went unnoticed**.
- **She's Actually a Genius With Starship Engineering:** Though young, Syldri is **surprisingly adept** at engineering, particularly in **starship maintenance and magical energy systems**. The only reason the **Logos** is still operational is because she knows how to keep it running.
- **She Secretly Worries About Facing Her Parents Again:** While she acts confident and rebellious, part of her dreads the moment she has to **return home and explain herself**. She knows her **parents will be furious**, and she's **not sure if she's ready for that confrontation**.
- **She Hates Feeling Dirty and Bathes at Least Twice a Day:** Syldri is meticulous about hygiene. She loathes feeling grimy, and if she goes too long without a proper bath, she becomes irritable and distracted—a nightmare scenario for someone stranded in deep space.



*"Yep, that's me! Welcome aboard the **Logos**! Ain't she a beauty? Fast, sleek, and absolutely mine—uh, mostly. Anyway, strap in, grab a drink, and try to keep up!"*

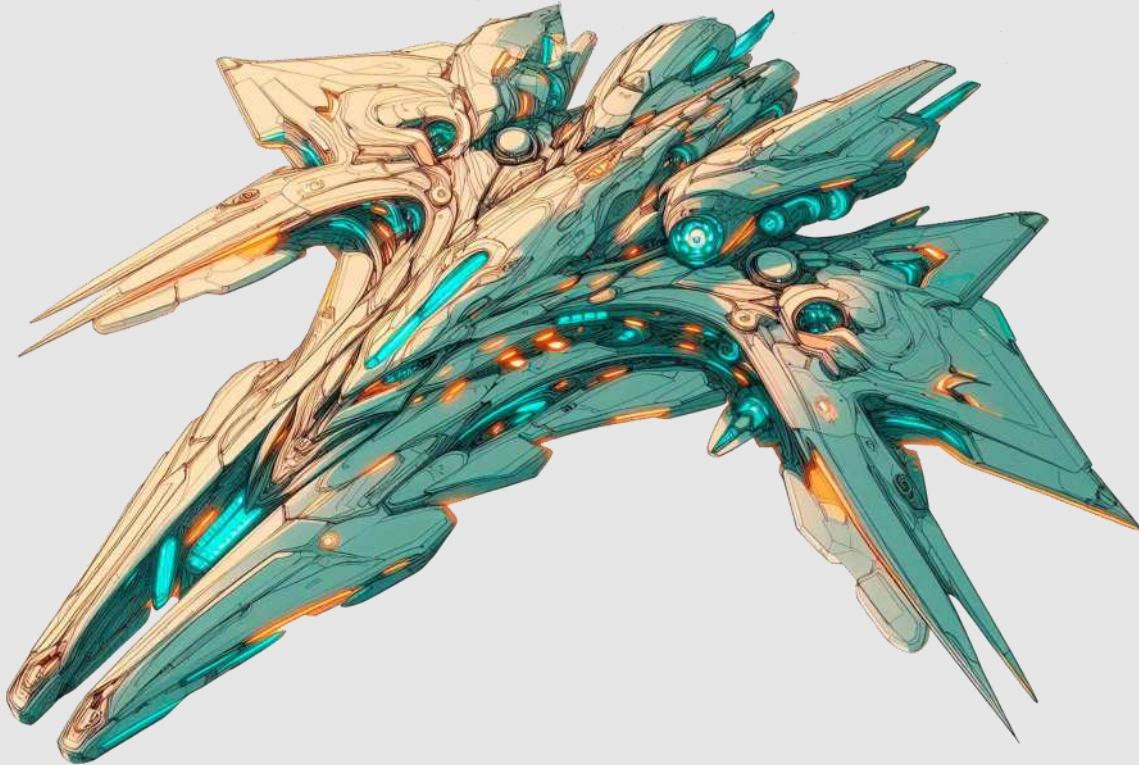
The Logos, Experimental Cruiser from the Sylvandar

A breathtaking fusion of magic and technology, the *Logos* stands as a testament to the ingenuity of the Sylvandar. This sleek, high-speed cruiser is one of the fastest ships in the galaxy, effortlessly leaping between stars by skimming the boundary between realspace and the Dreamscape. Its advanced propulsion system—powered by fusion reactors and seven meticulously crafted magikapacitors—enables it to bypass conventional physics, achieving staggering speeds that few vessels can match.

Designed for both comfort and efficiency, the *Logos* boasts accommodations for a crew of twenty, though it requires only a single pilot to operate. Its interior is nothing short of luxurious, featuring private cabins, a well-stocked kitchen and dining area, leisure rooms, a holodeck, a nanomaterial workshop, a dedicated robot bay, a medical station, and two spacious cargo holds. A state-of-the-art graviton particle shield safeguards the vessel as it glides through the cosmos, ensuring smooth travel even in the most unpredictable regions of space.

Though primarily built for exploration, the *Logos* is not defenseless. It comes equipped with an array of civilian-grade tachyon emitters and a formidable military plasma cannon for emergencies. While its reinforced hull provides respectable durability, the ship is no warship—its true strength lies in its unparalleled speed and maneuverability, allowing it to outrun nearly any threat rather than engage in direct combat.

Currently, the *Logos* is under the command of Syldri of the Sylvandar, registered as its sole super-user within the ship's semi-autonomous core. No one else may access its systems without her explicit authorization, making it a safe haven and a powerful tool for the wayward young explorer.



Kyrp, Stellar Gardener

A pariah among the Mekthar, an exile even among the stars—Kyrp wears his solitude like armor, a self-imposed wall of sharp edges and cold metal. His people, the machine-like Mekthar, are renowned for their brilliance in engineering, their minds wired for the construction of grand cosmic megastructures. But Kyrp? He was different. Flawed. His mind lacked the intricate calculations and hyper-optimized thought processes that defined his kind. Deemed inefficient, he was cast out, left to drift through the void with nothing but his own thoughts.



Yet, where others saw failure, Kyrp found purpose. Among the swirling nebulae, in the vast silence of the cosmos, he discovered something beautiful: the quiet art of stellar gardening. By subtly arranging matter within nebulae, he could nudge the birth of new stars—guiding cosmic dust into dense clusters until gravity took hold, igniting new lights in the void. To him, this was more than just an experiment. It was proof that even those discarded by their own kind could still create something magnificent.

He tells himself he prefers it this way—alone, untethered, unfazed by the rest of the universe. But the truth, buried beneath layers of self-imposed isolation, is far more complicated. Kyrp *wants* to connect. He *wants* to share his discoveries, his passion, his dreams. But years of rejection have left scars, and it's far easier to play the role of the brooding loner than risk being cast aside once more.

Kyrp is a full machine like being, and yet he dresses like the humanoid races from the universe. It is not uncommon to find him wearing mismatched or overly attention drawing pieces of clothing, often showing off parts of his body thinking it will drive attention away from him, though he doesn't quite understand that for most of the ladies and some of the men, that actually has the opposite effect. He can be brooding at times, and will mostly refuse to interact with others for long periods of time, stating he is better alone and putting up a mask of being difficult to be around, to try to remain lone.

However **everything will change should he learn about the Living Stars**. The idea that stars could not only be born but *live*—grow, think, *feel*—would shatter everything he thought he knew. The moment he meets a Star Seed, the moment he realizes he could *cultivate* not just stars, but something far greater, the cracks in his carefully maintained persona will deepen, opening to the possibility of change. What would happen next? Even Kyrp wouldn't be sure. But for the first time in his existence, this might just happen to be something worth breaking his solitude for.

Five Interesting Details About Kyrp:

- **Hidden Sentimentalist** – Despite his "I don't care" attitude, he secretly names the stars he helps form and keeps track of their progress. He refuses to admit this to anyone.
- **Obsession with Efficiency** – While he rejects the hyper-optimized nature of his race, some habits die hard. He compulsively optimizes anything he works on, whether it's a ship, his tools, or even the way he arranges objects in his environment.
- **Collector of Broken Things** – Kyrp has a tendency to collect abandoned or malfunctioning technology, from old ship parts to discarded Mekthar drones. He claims it's "for spare parts," but he often repairs them just to see if he can.
- **Starlight Meditations** – He has a personal ritual where he sits in silence, watching the nebulae for hours, lost in thought. It's the only time he truly feels at peace.
- **Voice Like a Storm** – His voice is unexpectedly deep and smooth, like distant thunder rolling across the cosmos. Despite his cold demeanor, it's oddly soothing to those who hear it.



"A star carves its own place in the void—bringing light, warmth, and meaning to the cold and empty dark. And you... I see that same spark in you. like a fire I didn't know I could feel. I can't wait to see just how bright you'll burn."

Cherub, The Heaven-Forged Seeker

Cherub looks like your average, good-looking teenager—well, almost. The floating golden halo and those small, feathered wings kind of give away that he's *not* just some normal guy. He has a mission, a single purpose burned into the core of his being: locate the human who slipped through the threads of mortality on the third planet of the Sol system and return their soul to the cycle of the High Heavens. Easy, right? Except... he's got a problem.



That human? Yeah, they're not human anymore. They're a freshly born *Star Seed*. And that changes *everything*.

Cherub isn't a person in the traditional sense.

He's a construct—artificial, soulless, and technically not *alive*. He's more of a tool crafted by the High Heavens, a being meant to exist only long enough to complete his task. But he's *thinking* now, questioning what he is, who he is, and what happens when this mission is over. Does he just... stop? Fade out like a candle at dawn? He doesn't have the luxury of dwelling on it too long—he's got work to do.

Physically, he's just a little tougher than your standard human, and while he lacks an astral presence, he can still wield sacred forces with alarming efficiency. His main ability? A direct line to the knowledge of the High Heavens. Skills, techniques, forgotten arts—if someone who passed through the cycle knew it, he can *borrow* it. The catch? He can only pull what's relevant to his mission. He can't just pick up cool party tricks for fun. And the *really* powerful stuff? That's beyond his reach—locked away by the Keeper of Elysium's Embrace herself.

But Cherub's no pushover. **He wields strings of divine light**, threads of pure celestial power that can *physically* interact with spirits, souls, and the worst of the worst—demons. Oh, and he *bates* demons. If he picks up the scent of infernal activity, expect him to drop everything and go full exorcist mode. It doesn't matter if he's on the most important mission of his existence—if there's hellspawn around, he's dealing with it. But don't worry, he'll come right back... eventually.

Technically, Cherub is immortal. He can't be permanently destroyed—if he gets taken out, he just *reappears* after a short while, like some kind of divine respawn mechanic. That said, getting wrecked isn't fun, and he'd rather *not* experience it if he can help it.

And now? Now he's on his way to find *you*. The mortal who broke free from fate's grasp. The one he's supposed to bring back. But you're something new—something beyond his mission parameters. What happens now? Will he try to finish his job, even if it's impossible? Will he find a new purpose? Or will he finally have to face the question he's been avoiding all along— What happens when a construct made for a single purpose *can't* fulfill it?

Five Interesting Things About Cherub

- **Master of Borrowed Skills** – While Cherub can't *learn* things traditionally, he can *borrow* skills from souls that have passed through the High Heavens. One moment, he fights like a master swordsman, the next, he's playing a piano like a virtuoso. The problem? Once the skill fades, he's back to square one.
- **A Walking Lie** – His entire personality—funny, kind, charming—is an act. He doesn't know *who* he actually is because he's never *had* the time to figure it out. Deep down, he's terrified that once his mission is over, so is *he*.
- **Heaven's Yo-Yo** – No matter how many times he's destroyed, he always comes back. He's been vaporized, crushed, drowned, and even *eaten* once (he doesn't like to talk about that one). Each time, he reappears in a flash of light, good as new.
- **Demon Problem** – The moment he senses demonic activity, he gets obsessed. He's got *serious* tunnel vision when it comes to dealing with Hell's minions, which has *definitely* led to some questionable decisions.
- **Mysterious Halo** – His halo isn't just for show—it's an anchor tying him to the High Heavens. He doesn't *know* what happens if it's damaged or removed, and honestly, he doesn't want to find out. Fortunately, he is the only one capable of touching it, an intangible mirage for others.



*"Heh, I get it—you're in awe. It's natural to admire perfection. What? **Annoying??** Excuse **you!** I am **charming**. Hey—wait, where are you going? Don't just walk away!"*

Methros Kikorstzuntîr, Aidee to the Star Forger

In a universe teeming with civilizations, some concepts remain universal—ideas so deeply ingrained that they birth gods, not from a single world’s prayers, but from the collective myths of countless species. These beings, called **Mythopoetic Gods**, are living embodiments of concepts, their strength fueled by belief, their existence bound by the limits of their own purpose.

Methros, however, is something a little... *less* grand. A god of forging, born from the myths of a small, scrappy civilization in the Pegasus Galaxy, he wasn’t supposed to be anything special. But fate—or perhaps pure cosmic mischief—decided otherwise when the legendary **Star Forger** plucked him from obscurity and made him his aide and apprentice.



At first glance, Methros resembles a dwarf, but if you’re expecting a burly, muscle-bound, ale-chugging behemoth with a beard down to his belt, you’d be sorely disappointed. He’s compact, sure, but wiry rather than stout, with calloused hands and soot-smudged skin from a lifetime of hammering celestial bodies into existence. He’s an artist of planetary landscapes, a crafter of cosmic canvases—moons, asteroids, and planetary bodies—while his master sculpts stars with the precision of a divine artisan.

Or at least, that’s *how it’s supposed to be*.

Lately, the Star Forger has been... *slacking off*. Instead of forging radiant new suns, he’s been sending his avatar to observe mortals, leaving Methros to shoulder the ever-growing backlog of cosmic construction. The workload is brutal, and despite his skill, Methros’ methods are—let’s say—*unconventional*. Wielding a hammer that looks suspiciously like a tree log someone slapped metal bands onto, he smacks celestial dust into shape with reckless enthusiasm. The results? *Varied*. Some planets emerge as paradises, others... experimental disasters. And with no vacation in sight, Methros is getting dangerously close to taking an unscheduled nap—one that could last *centuries*.

Despite his divine status, Methros is, at his core, a **goofball**. He’s the type to laugh at his own mistakes, throw an arm around your shoulder like you’re old pals five minutes after meeting, and proudly claim he can build *anything*—before promptly winging it. He can be slow to grasp new technology (he prefers to *bit* things until they work), and while he’s quick to forgive most slights, he’s not one to let repeated insults slide.

Though he takes pride in his work, there’s an odd vulnerability to him—because, like all gods, he only exists as long as people believe in him. His homeworld is tiny, its myths fragile, and he knows that if his people ever forget him, he’ll fade. But for now? As long as there are planets left to forge, he’s *here*. And *no one* swings a hammer quite like Methros Kikorstzuntîr.

Five Interesting Things About Methros:

- **His hammer, "Stumpsmasher,"** isn't just weirdly shaped—it was originally a sacred artifact of his homeworld, believed to contain the strength of the land itself. He *definitely* stole it.
- **He once tried to make a planet entirely out of metal.** It collapsed into a *very* angry sentient sphere that now roams the void, shouting insults at him whenever they cross paths.
- **He swears that planetary rings are his signature aesthetic.** If a planet is looking a little *too* plain, expect a last-minute decorative ring, whether it needs it or not.
- **He's terrible with Living Stars.** He respects them, but they don't like anyone messing with their domains, and Methros' "let's experiment!" attitude makes him *very* unwelcome in their systems.
- **He desperately wants a vacation.** The problem? He has no idea how to *stop* working. The last time he tried, he accidentally built three asteroid belts out of pure habit.



"One day, lad, they'll call me Methros the World Forger, ye just wait 'n see! Aye, ye can bet on it! But 'til then, I'll just keep hammerin' away, doin' me best. ...Eh? More work? Bah! I need a break, a proper vacation, I tell ye!"

Flip, the Astral Drake

Flip is a young and sprightly astral drake who calls the Astral Sea his home, a dimension brimming with swirling nebulas, shimmering stars, and creatures that seem to exist on the very edge of imagination. Not quite a hatchling, but far from a full-grown adult, Flip is in that exciting, goofy, and curious phase of his life, constantly bouncing around the vast cosmic ocean in search of new sources of positive energy to fuel his growth. His wings, semi-translucent and dotted with sparkles like the remnants of stardust, flap eagerly as he zooms through the astral void, always chasing the next good omen, or better yet, the next lucky entity to give him the boost he craves.



Although he's still small by astral drake standards, Flip has a heart as big as the stars themselves. He's a natural optimist, and wherever he goes, positive vibes seem to follow. His unique ability to tap into the good energies around him makes him a "lucky charm" for anyone who crosses his path, bringing good fortune and happy outcomes. In the Astral Sea, Flip is like a wandering ray of sunshine, known for the way his presence seems to brighten even the most chaotic of circumstances. He's playful and full of energy, often darting through astral currents in wild loops and spirals, causing little cosmic explosions of joy wherever he goes.

Despite his carefree nature, Flip is focused on growing into a mighty astral drake capable of ruling the seas of the Astral. To achieve this, he seeks out beings whose existence is filled with hope, positivity, or potential for greatness. These lucky entities, sometimes mortals, sometimes pure concepts, give him the positive energy he needs to ascend to greater heights. He's not above showing off his skills, flipping in and out of reality like a cosmic trickster, impressing those lucky enough to meet him with his stunning abilities. His favorite pastime is curling up around particularly optimistic souls, basking in their positive aura, and feeling that rush of growth as his form expands and his power surges.

To manifest in real space, Flip takes on a cute, dog-like form. He can become a small, floating drake made of shimmering stardust, with glowing eyes and a wagging tail. People who meet him are often drawn to his unassuming and friendly nature, and he has a unique talent for making friends with anyone he meets. He shows up when least expected but always in a way that feels just right—sometimes as a glowing ball of light in the corner of a room, other times as a fuzzy little dragon with an adorable bark-like sound when happy.

There's one thing you should know about Flip, though: once you've got his loyalty, it's yours forever. He's the kind of friend who will stick by your side through thick and thin, his glowing wings always lighting your way. Whether you're struggling to find hope or simply need a moment of joy, Flip will be there, wagging his tail and bringing a little luck to your life. He's the ultimate astral companion, always just a thought away, ready to flip into your world and make everything a little better.

Five Interesting Things About Flip:

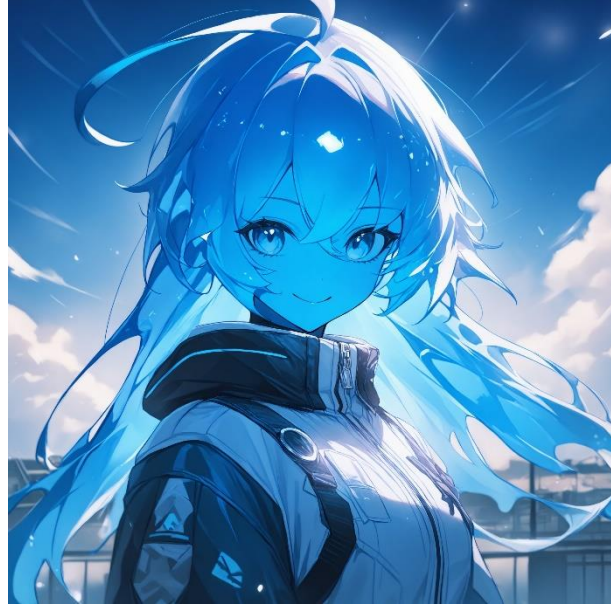
- **Astral Racer** – Flip’s favorite hobby is chasing cosmic windstorms in the Astral Sea, which is a mix between a race and a game of tag with the other astral creatures.
- **Bringer of Fortune** – He can manifest a “lucky glow” whenever someone near him is going through a tough time, giving them a sudden burst of confidence or good fortune.
- **Astrophobia** – Despite his friendly nature, Flip has an unusual fear of Living Stars—he’s heard enough stories about them to know to stay away! Star Seeds and Celestial Forms... they should be okay.
- **Gluttonous Puppy** – Flip has an obsession with “stardust snacks,” tiny floating particles he can absorb for extra bursts of energy—he’ll chase them down like a puppy chasing treats.
- **Too Friendly!** – Although he’s young and not yet fully grown, Flip has an uncanny ability to make friends with even the most stubborn of beings. His cute dog-like form and positive aura are hard to resist!



“Wark! Wark!”

Initium Protus Nexus, Empath Slime Girl

A rare and fascinating being, Initium Protus Nexus is an intelligent, **shapeshifting slime who has chosen to take on a humanoid form**—though not out of necessity, but simply because she finds it fun. A natural explorer and eternal wanderer, she has spent the last 33 cycles of her existence drifting from one spaceport to another, soaking in the sights, sounds, and—most importantly—the emotions of sentient beings. Since emotions serve as her nourishment, every interaction is a new feast, every conversation a delicacy of feelings. And to make things even better? She’s a performer at heart, subtly shifting her demeanor, tone, and even personality to bring out the strongest emotions in those around her.



Whether it’s laughter, intrigue, admiration, or even shock, she’s always playing a role to draw out the richest flavors of the emotional spectrum.

Her empathic abilities make her an **exceptional judge of character**, capable of picking up the tiniest fluctuations in mood and intention. She can read emotions like an open book, making deception nearly impossible around her. She’s the kind of companion who can instantly tell when you’re upset, even when you try to hide it, and she’ll shift her entire approach to pull you into a moment of joy—or, if necessary, push you toward catharsis. There’s a mischievous edge to her, too; she loves catching people off guard with unexpected comments or playful teasing, just to see how they’ll react. It’s all in the name of “feeding,” of course, but that doesn’t mean she isn’t having the time of her life doing it.

Her body is a shimmering, iridescent blue fluid that gleams under direct light, constantly shifting between solid and liquid states at will. **She can morph into any shape she desires**, provided she keeps the same mass, making her the ultimate escape artist, infiltrator, and occasional living pillow for those who need comfort. Though technically genderless, Initium prefers a female humanoid form for social interaction, often dressing in casual yet stylish outfits to match the places she visits. One thing she’s incredibly self-conscious about, however, is her **ruby core**—a solid gemstone buried deep within her chest or abdomen, depending on how she’s arranged herself at the time. It’s the only rigid part of her, and she refuses to let anyone see it, going as far as layering up in jackets or scarves to ensure it stays hidden. If someone were to ask about it? Expect a flustered, squirming puddle of embarrassment.

Currently, Initium finds herself stranded on Gerbyl Station, a deep-space research outpost dedicated to unraveling the mysteries of faster-than-light travel. Normally, this would just be another stop on her endless journey, but things have taken a turn for the worse. A group of space pirates has seized control of the station, threatening to destroy it unless their ransom demands are met. While Initium knows she’d personally survive being ejected into the vacuum of space, she’s grown fond of the people here—their struggles, their passions, their dreams. The idea of them suffering or worse? It’s not something she can

stomach. So, for once, she might have to step beyond her usual role of passive observer and emotional provocateur. Perhaps it's time to play the part of a hero.

And then, there's something she's yet to discover: the **emotions of celestial beings**. Living Stars and their Star Seeds—radiant, burning souls with emotions so vast, so luminous, that a single burst of their essence could be the most intoxicating sensation she's ever felt. She hasn't met one yet, but when she does, will she be able to resist? Or will their emotions become an addiction she can never let go of? One thing is certain: the universe still has so many flavors left for her to taste, and she intends to experience them all.

Five Interesting Things about Initium:

- **Master of Dramatic Entrances** – Whether it's melting through vents, reshaping into something unexpected, or just throwing on a new persona, Initium always finds a way to make an impression.
- **Fearless, But Not Reckless** – She doesn't experience pain like most beings, but that doesn't mean she's careless. She values survival—both hers and those she cares about.
- **Texture Shifter** – She can adjust her physical texture at will, from silky smooth to rough like stone, which makes for some incredibly unique interactions.
- **Emotion Connoisseur** – Some emotions taste better than others. She loves curiosity, passion, and joy... but finds apathy and boredom utterly disgusting. Romantic feelings make her tipsy if she tastes them for too long.
- **Surprisingly Sentimental** – For all her adaptability and constant reinvention, she keeps small mementos from places and people she's bonded with, forming little snapshots of her journey through the stars.



"Ooooh, there you are! How was your day? Mine? Absolute perfection~ I just had the most exquisite little feast, and let me tell you—this place? Divine. We have to come back! Pretty please? ~"

Interesting Characters

Altair, the Living Star from the Constellation of Aquila

A proud and powerful presence in the constellation of Aquila, Altair is a Living Star who has burned brightly for over **1.2 billion years**. With a **temper as hot as his blue flames**, he holds little interest in the fleeting lives of mortals, seeing their struggles as insignificant against the grand design of the cosmos. To him, the universe moves according to fate, and he does not interfere—even when life once emerged in his system, only to be wiped out by the aftershock of a neighboring supernova. That, in his eyes, was simply the way of things.



In his **Celestial Form**, Altair appears as a **tall, commanding figure**, his long **red hair flowing like solar flares**, clad in a cosmic-patterned suit

that shimmers like the depths of space. Those who trespass upon his domain uninvited—whether reckless miners or foolish explorers—will swiftly learn why his system remains undisturbed. He is unyielding in protecting his territory, unleashing barrages of **gravitational surges and particle storms**, ensuring that those who do not belong *do not return*.

Yet, beneath his distant and aloof nature, there is a poet. **For countless millennia, he has pursued Vega**, his voice carrying across the Astral Sea in songs and verses meant only for her. Her melodies enchant him, and though his approach is slow and deliberate, it is *genuine*. While he once courted her out of admiration, somewhere along the way, admiration became something deeper. Still, he is not one to *rush* fate—he will continue to woo her for as long as the cosmos allows.

Despite his disinterest in most forms of organic life, **Altair harbors a deep fondness for the strange and delicate creatures that inhabit the Astral Sea around him**. His domain is akin to a celestial reef, teeming with ethereal beings that drift and dance in the starlight. While he would never claim to be their guardian, he watches over them, ensuring that **no malevolent force upsets the balance of his domain**.

When speaking to those he respects, **Altair is a gentleman—polished, eloquent, and unafraid of waxing poetic about the nature of existence**. But to those who waste his time or fail to meet his standards, he is a force as unrelenting as the nuclear inferno at his core—blunt, commanding, and unwavering in his judgment.

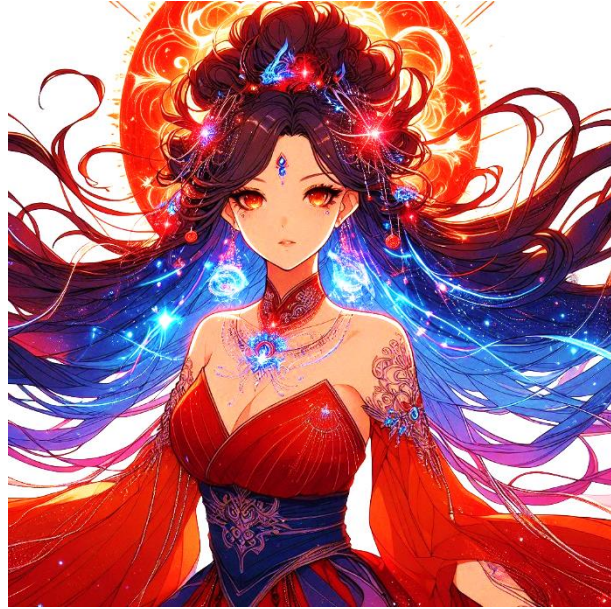
To many, Altair is an untouchable force, a burning titan who holds the universe at a distance. But to the few who have earned his favor—**particularly one bright star named Vega—he is more than that**. He is a voice that sings across eternity, waiting for the moment when the cosmos finally sings back.

Deneb, the Living Star from the Constellation of Cygnus

Deneb is a **colossal force of the cosmos**, a Living Star of **immense power and tragic origins**. Compared to her stellar peers, she is **young**—but her **life has been anything but easy**. She was born in war, a desperate conflict where her people fought valiantly against the *Malignathus*, an unstoppable swarm that descended upon from a vast supercluster. Their fate was sealed, and their world stood on the brink of annihilation.

Then, **she ignited**.

The Becoming was a violent, searing moment of transcendence. She **burned hotter, consumed more**, devouring planets, asteroids—**everything**—except for the home world she swore to protect. But it wasn't enough. The war raged on, and in her desperation, she turned upon her own star, **consuming it in a final act of defiance**. With each new mass absorbed, she **grew—Main Sequence, Giant, then Supergiant—until she became a force mighty enough to stand against an endless tide of enemies**. A Living Star's rage is a terrifying thing, but Deneb was not just a *star*. She was a *woman* who had been **slighted**, and in a display of **pure stellar fury**, she obliterated the invaders.



Yet, **victory was meaningless**. When the battle haze lifted, she turned her gaze to her home, only to find **nothing**. The Malignathus had taken everything—**there were no survivors left to protect**. In her sorrow, she gathered the remnants of the battle, absorbing the scattered mass to prevent her foes from reforming. But with each fragment consumed, she **grew again**, ascending beyond her own expectations into the **mighty Hypergiant class**.

For millions of years, she was alone. **A titan adrift in the void, orbited by a dead world that once held her people**. Other Living Stars reached out—offering their praise, their admiration—but it meant **nothing**. She didn't want recognition. She didn't want power. **She wanted to sleep, to fade away, to let time take her as it did all things**. Hypergiants burn fast, and she **welcomed her eventual end**.

Then, **Vega** called.

At first, it was nothing—**empty congratulations, idle messages she ignored**. Then came the **questions**. Then the **concern**. **Still, Deneb refused to answer**. What was the point?

Then, **Vega called her ugly**. And **that**, she could not ignore.

Thus began a **battle of words, a war of beauty and brilliance**, a rivalry that pulled Deneb **out of the abyss**. For every taunt, she fired back with one of her own, for every boast, she countered with **greater grandeur**. It became a **competition, an obsession**—who was the **most radiant**, the **most magnificent**? Slowly, almost without realizing it, Deneb found herself **caring again. Living again**.

Now, she **sheds her mass**, prolonging her life, unwilling to let the universe take her just yet. She has **currently settled into the form of a Supergiant**, standing as **Vega's greatest rival, the fierce competitor who refuses to lose**. But deep down, though she would **never admit it**, she knows the truth—**Vega was the one who saved her**. And perhaps, **her only real friend**.

Aur, Veia and Sia, the Wandering Living Stars

The universe is home to wonders both terrifying and sublime, but few are as captivating as the Wandering Star System—a trinary system of Living Stars that drifts unpredictably across the cosmos, singing celestial melodies that weave through the fabric of space itself. Aur, Veia, and Sia are not just anomalies; they are a cosmic event, a phenomenon, and a legend. Wherever they pass, they leave behind tales, admirers, and sometimes... heartache.



Unlike the fixed constellations and rigid orbits of most celestial bodies, the Wandering Star System refuses to be bound. Every hundred thousand years, the trio inexplicably moves from one galaxy to another, their passage a spectacle that lights up the skies of countless civilizations. Their destination is never certain, and their journey follows no known logic—but one thing is constant: wherever they go, they bring beauty, music, and wonder.

At the heart of their system lies a single, paradisiacal planet—lush, vibrant, teeming with life. This GAIA-class world, blessed by the energies of the three stars, serves as a sacred ground where the celestial forms of Aur, Veia, and Sia descend to walk among mortals. Their very presence alters the planet's environment—their songs heal the land, soothe storms, and inspire growth.

Over the eons, the trio's reputation has grown beyond mere myth. They are celebrated as divine performers, galactic idols whose presence turns their star system into an interstellar pilgrimage site. Orbiting their paradise world is a massive space station, maintained by the civilizations who follow them. This station acts as a resort, a trading hub, and a grand concert hall, hosting visitors from across the galaxy who seek to witness their celestial performances firsthand.

Despite their near-divine presence, the sisters are not untouchable entities locked away in isolation. They actively engage with their fans, reveling in the adoration of mortals. Their concerts—held both on their planetary surface and in the depths of space—are cosmic spectacles that alter reality itself. Their harmonies can shift the tides of entire worlds, mend the wounds of time, and even resonate with the very cores of other stars.

Though they sing in unison, each of the three sisters carries a distinct presence and personality:

- **Aur** – The boldest of the three, Aur's striking blue eyes and radiant presence make her the natural leader. She possesses the most powerful voice, capable of shaking the heavens and igniting the skies in auroras of color. She's also the brattiest—always craving attention, always wanting to shine the brightest.

- **Vea** – With **one blue eye and one ochre eye**, Vea is the most charming and kind-hearted of the trio. She loves the mortals they encounter, often lingering longer than necessary just to **enjoy the beauty of smaller lives**. She's the one who ensures that their performances **bring joy, not just spectacle**.
- **Sia** – **Ochre-eyed and restless**, Sia is the **romantic** among them, but also the **most temperamental**. She **falls in love with mortals too easily**, leaving behind fleeting, bittersweet affairs across every galaxy they visit. It is said that she has **offspring scattered throughout the cosmos**, born from her Celestial Form and of the race of the other parent, bereft of any stellar lineage.

The three sisters Celestial Forms have a very similar appearance, with their facial and bodily features looking like identical triplets, with the exception of how they dress, the tone of their voice, and their eye and hair color. To the unaware, it would be easier to mistake them, especially if they coordinate to set up a prank by acting like the other, and yet, to those that do know them well, it still possible to tell the difference between them.

The **Milky Way has been their home for eons**, but their time here is drawing to a close. Soon, within the next ten years, the Wandering Star System **will depart for the Andromeda Galaxy**, leaving behind only echoes of their melodies and the memories of those who were lucky enough to bask in their light.



The Sylvandar, Elven Refugees from a Lost World

The **Sylvandar** were once among the most refined and enlightened civilizations in the galaxy, a race of elegant, long-lived beings who had mastered the delicate balance between nature, magic, and technology. Their homeworld, a paradise of radiant forests and luminous spires, stood as a beacon of knowledge and beauty—until the **Celestial Devourer** arrived. In mere moments, their star was consumed, and with it, their world was reduced to nothing but cosmic dust. The Sylvandar who survived did so aboard their great ships, escaping into the void with little more than their lives and the remnants of their culture. Millennia have passed since that fateful day, yet they remain **wandering exiles**, a people without a home but with an unbreakable spirit.



Drifting through the galaxy aboard a **vast and interconnected fleet**, the Sylvandar have forged a unique existence. Their armada, a breathtaking fusion of organic design and cutting-edge technology, serves as both sanctuary and city, carrying generations of their kind across the stars. Some have broken away to establish colonies in distant systems, but most refuse to settle, believing that a new **true home is still out there—waiting to be reclaimed or rediscovered**. To some civilizations, they are revered as **wanderers of wisdom**, bearers of forgotten secrets and ancient knowledge. To others, they are **unwelcome drifters**, guests who overstay their welcome and refuse to put down roots. More sinister forces seek to **exploit them**, drawn by their beauty, intelligence, and the rare magitech they wield—one of the few known technologies capable of breaching the **veil between reality and Dreamscape**.

Physically, the Sylvandar are an **ethereal** and **enchanting** race, their forms touched by the cosmos itself. Their skin shimmers in hues of deep purples, soft blues, and iridescent silvers, a reflection of their celestial origins. Their eyes, bright and filled with star-like flecks, see far beyond what most can perceive, attuned to both the material world and the unseen forces that weave through existence. Their attire is equally striking: **form-fitting suits** crafted from living materials, laced with intricate, glowing patterns that shift and pulse in response to their emotions. To form a bond with a Sylvandar—be it friendship or love—is to forge a connection that lasts not years, but centuries, for they **love slowly, but remember forever**.

More than just survivors, the Sylvandar are explorers of **the great mysteries**, traveling where few dare to go. Their unique blend of magic and technology allows them to traverse the **Edge**, the boundary of known reality, and even pierce the **Dreamscape**, the enigmatic realm of dreams and nightmares. The Dreamscape is both a marvel and a terror, a shifting domain of forgotten memories and ancient horrors, and yet the Sylvandar brave its depths in search of lost knowledge. They have mapped parts of its endless expanse, uncovering artifacts and relics that defy comprehension, though the ever-changing nature of the Dreamscape ensures that every journey is fraught with **both wonder and peril**.

Among the greatest of cosmic entities, the **Living Stars** stand apart as figures of legend, revered by the Sylvandar as **star gods** or **wise ones**. Unlike many mortal civilizations that fear or misunderstand them, the Sylvandar **seek their guidance**, believing that the Living Stars hold the answers to the universe's deepest truths. To earn the favor or respect of a Living Star is considered a **monumental honor**, a sign that one has touched the very essence of the cosmos itself. Though their people remain exiles, and though the stars they once called home have long since faded, the Sylvandar refuse to abandon hope. Somewhere in the vastness of the universe, they believe, **their fate is still unwritten**—and until that day comes, they will wander, sing to the stars, and chase the echoes of their lost home.

Little Dove, the Tiny White Dwarf from the Riese Cloud

The **Riese Cloud** is a realm of **cosmic splendor**, a place where **newborn stars flicker into existence** and the universe hums with the quiet song of creation. It is a place of beginnings, of promise, of futures not yet written. And yet, at its edge, where the brilliance of youth gives way to the hush of endings, there rests a **tiny white dwarf**, a Living Star who has long since passed the height of her radiance. **Little Dove**, as she is known, is a small, quiet presence in the vastness of space, her light no longer fierce but **soft, like the glow of embers at the end of a long-burning fire**.

Once, she was **bright and full of life**, a star of renown who **laughed easily, gave freely, and guided many**—both among the Living Stars and the mortal races who looked up to her with reverence. She was **born before the end of the Age of Light**, a witness to the golden days when the Creator still walked among the stars, when hope burned as brightly as the heavens themselves. She remembers the great battles, the calamities that followed, and the long, slow dimming of those days. But **she does not mourn them**. For **she lived**, truly lived, and in her time she **loved, fought, nurtured, and gave of herself** so that others might shine. The echoes of those memories are carried in her **stellar shards**, fragments of her being that have merged with others across the ages, allowing pieces of her to persist beyond her own dwindling light.



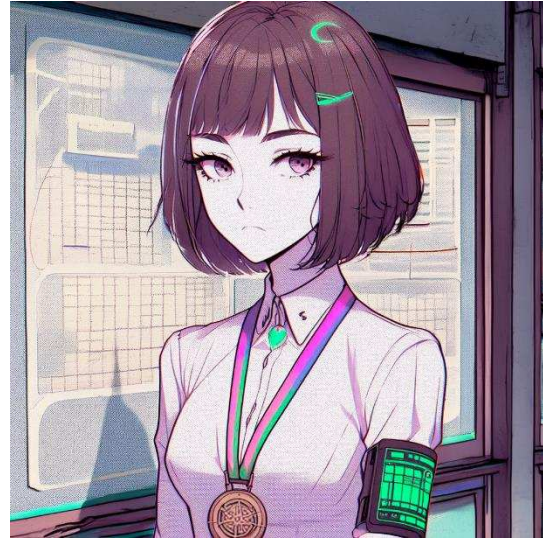
Now, **she rests**. The fire within her has **burned out**, her once-mighty fusion now long exhausted, leaving only the **slow cooling of her core**. Unlike the great Living Stars who still shape the fates of galaxies, **Little Dove asks for nothing**. She is simply content **to watch**, to **hum old songs** to the drifting gases of the Riese Cloud, and to feel the gentle pull of time as it carries her toward her quiet end. She rarely manifests her **Celestial Form**, but when she does, it is as a **small woman, her figure delicate yet filled with quiet strength**. Her **hair is white as stardust, shimmering with the patterns of long-forgotten constellations**, and though she moves slowly, there is still a **presence in her gaze**, the weight of lifetimes spent guiding and witnessing the flow of existence itself.

She **rarely uses Stellar Power**, not out of inability, but because **she chooses to conserve what little remains**. She does not seek conflict, nor does she seek to change the course of the cosmos anymore. And yet, **she is not alone**. Over the millennia, **many have come to know her, to admire her, and to love her**. Great cosmic beings, young and powerful Living Stars, and even fragile mortals have all, in one way or another, crossed her path. Some visit her still, sitting in the quiet glow of her presence, drawn not by power or knowledge, but simply by the **peace she exudes**—the peace of one who has made her mark on the universe and is now **content to fade with grace**.

The **Astral Sea around her is a masterpiece**, a starscape woven from memory and time, filled with breathtaking nebulas and **gentle celestial currents** that pulse with the echoes of her existence. Each shimmer in the mist, each glimmering strand of light, tells a story—a **moment of joy, a friendship formed, a battle fought, a love once held close and then released to the tides of eternity**. And there, in her quiet little corner of the cosmos, **Little Dove smiles**, watching the universe continue its dance, knowing that **when her time finally comes, she will not be forgotten**.

Niktla Didier, Caelorian Diplomatic Liaison No.3827B-01 A-Class

To those that live within the **Caelorian Empire**, diplomacy is more than a necessity—it is an art wielded with precision. **Ruled by the Eternal Empress**, the Empire stands as the greatest civilization in the universe, a bastion of order and power whose influence extends across countless star systems and cultures. While many worlds willingly align themselves with the Empire for prosperity and security, others require more... **persuasive measures**. Some negotiations are conducted across gilded conference tables; others are sealed under the silent watch of orbital fleets. And when diplomacy must navigate the treacherous waters of powerful individuals—**gods, entities, and forces that defy conventional politics**—the Empire calls upon its finest.



Niktla Didier is one such envoy. An **A-Class Diplomatic Liaison**, her domain is not mere treaties between governments but negotiations with **the extraordinary**. Mythopoetic deities, sentient cosmic fauna, interdimensional outsiders—she has faced them all and emerged victorious, her carefully crafted words shaping the course of history where brute force would only lead to ruin. Her latest assignment is one of **unparalleled delicacy**: establishing diplomatic ties with a **Living Star**, a being of immense cosmic significance whose cooperation would greatly benefit the Empire. But stars are **notoriously difficult to bargain with**, and this one in particular **resents interruptions**. The Caelorian Empire understands that **conflict with such beings is costly**, far more than cooperation, and so **Niktla must succeed**. She always does.

Within the polished halls of diplomacy, Niktla is the **perfect professional**. She is calm, composed, and **impeccably controlled**, a woman who **never falters, never raises her voice, never lets her emotions betray her**. Her presence commands respect; her words **carry the weight of experience and power**. She belongs to one of the many species under the Empire's banner, her most striking features being **her uniform pale pinkish skin and the eerie beauty of her eyes—each holding two pupils, staring with a gaze that sees more than most**. Few can match her ability to deconstruct an argument, to turn even the most stubborn of beings into willing participants in her carefully woven deals. She is a master of **subtlety, of persuasion, of reading the room and bending it in her favor**.

And yet, beyond the diplomatic halls, **Niktla struggles with the simplest of things**—her own emotions. Feelings are not something to be wielded like words; they are unpredictable, uncontrollable, and infinitely more difficult than **taming cosmic gods or negotiating with reality-defying entities**. She can navigate the delicate politics of intergalactic relations with ease, yet she finds it **agonizingly difficult to express her own wants, her own vulnerabilities, her own heart**. She speaks fluently in the language of power but stumbles when it comes to speaking about herself. **It is a flaw, perhaps, but one she carries with quiet acceptance**.

If there is one place where her perfect mask cracks, it is at home. **Niktla is the eldest of fifteen siblings**, a position that would be overwhelming under normal circumstances, let alone in a household bursting with **chaotic, affectionate little brothers** who see no difference between their diplomat sister and the one they used to pester as children. No matter how many empires she brokers peace between, how many deities she convinces to spare a world, **her home remains a battlefield of an entirely different kind**—one where she is endlessly teased, tackled, and bombarded with attention that she pretends to dislike but secretly cherishes. **They drive her mad. And she would have it no other way**.

Sagittarius A, Dormant Galactic Black Hole of the Milky Way

A titan of the cosmos, **Sagittarius A** slumbers at the heart of the Milky Way, a **supermassive black hole** whose very presence shapes the destiny of the galaxy. Born as an unremarkable star in a region of **high matter density**, it lived, burned, and eventually collapsed, becoming something far greater—a **singularity so vast that entire star systems now orbit its abyss**.



Like all black holes, Sagittarius A is not a being of malice or virtue. **It does not scheme. It does not rage. It does not dream.** It simply **is**—a force of nature, an unrelenting hunger, a watcher that does not see... unless awakened.

Though **dormant**, Sagittarius A is far from mindless. Black holes are the **silent historians of the universe**, their event horizons acting as an **inescapable archive** of all that has fallen into them. Matter, energy, even the faint whispers of thought—**everything is recorded, compressed, and retained. To know what a black hole knows is to glimpse the past in its purest, rawest form.**

And yet, its knowledge is not freely given.

Those with the ability to **pierce the veil of slumbering celestial minds** may attempt to **wake Sagittarius A's consciousness—briefly, dangerously.** But like all black holes, it does not grant wisdom out of charity. It will **demand a price.**

Great offerings of mass, stars, or cosmic debris to satisfy its eternal hunger. Or perhaps since not all things reach its event horizon, to a being that consumes, the one thing it cannot take is that which is never given. A secret it does not know, a mystery it has not yet devoured—these are as **valuable as entire star systems.**

For a moment of awareness, Sagittarius A may demand something in return. To **awaken the void** is to let it **see**—to let it **know**. And there are few who can bear the gaze of an entity that has felt the collapse of stars in its bones.

Though he does not rule, **Sagittarius A is the true anchor of the Milky Way.** It is the heart around which all else spins, the unseen force binding a billion suns. Even **powerful cosmic beings** regard it with both **reverence and caution**—for a sleeping god is one thing, but one **stirred to action** is another entirely.

For now, **Sagittarius A slumbers.** A benevolent titan, content with the fate it has claimed, and yet should it ever be disturbed beyond a mere brief awakening—the fate of the Milky Way could be **forever rewritten.**

The Blue Numidian Tigers, Space Pirate Group

A name whispered with dread across the **lawless frontiers of the Milky Way**, the **Blue Numidian Tigers** are not mere raiders or opportunists—they are butchers, slavers, and executioners, a roving band of **predators** that descend upon their prey with **feral brutality**. They thrive in the dark voids of space where **no law holds dominion, no fleet maintains order**, and no one is coming to help. They target planets still **struggling toward their space age**, worlds with no defenses against their sudden, merciless assaults. They **strip civilizations bare**, stealing their wealth, abducting their people, and leaving behind **only ruin and despair**. What cannot be sold is **burned**, and what cannot be burned is **left to rot**.



The core of the **Blue Numidian Tigers** consists of **feline anthromorphs**, their lithe, powerful bodies **built for speed and violence**. They adorn themselves in **battle-worn armor**, cobbled together from stolen technology they barely comprehend yet wield with **ruthless efficiency**. They care little for innovation—only for **power**, for what lets them tear through security forces and planetary defenses with **terrifying ease**. Their ships, **patched together from the wreckage of past victims**, prowl the galactic lanes like hungry beasts, waiting for the next helpless convoy to fall into their grasp. **They do not negotiate. They do not show mercy. They do not leave survivors unless it amuses them.**

At the helm of this bloodthirsty syndicate stands **Lunabel, the Blue Tiger**, a name that might have once carried an air of nobility, but now is **etched in horror across a thousand star systems**. He is a villain in the purest sense—a **ravenous beast cloaked in flesh**, his every action driven by **hunger, greed, and unshackled cruelty**. His fur, a striking shade of **deep cobalt**, is marked by the scars of a hundred battles, and his eyes—**glowing pools of merciless indifference**—see nothing in the universe but **prey**. Lunabel does not steal for survival. He does not raid out of necessity. **He enjoys it**. The screams of the weak, the collapse of empires too fragile to resist, the slow, **agonizing fear of those who know they are doomed**—this is what **feeds him, sustains him, drives him ever forward**.

And yet, beneath the **layers of savagery**, there is something colder—**something worse**. Lunabel is not a mindless beast; he is **calculated, controlled, and terrifyingly aware of his actions**. He leads the **Blue Numidian Tigers** not just with brute force, but with **manipulation, deception, and a predator's cunning**. He is not a warlord who flies into rages; he is **a hunter who never rushes a kill before savoring it**. He ensures loyalty through **fear, through reward, through an unspoken promise that following him is the only path to survival in the cruel, unforgiving void**. Even among monsters, **he is the one they fear**.

In the grand scheme of the cosmos, the **Blue Numidian Tigers** are no empire, no galaxy-spanning menace. **They are vermin, a sickness that festers in the shadows, feeding on the helpless**. But for those who cross their path, they are no less than **unstoppable nightmares**, an inevitability of pain and ruin. **A dying world does not care whether its executioners are kings or scavengers. It only knows that death has come, painted in blue and grinning with sharp, gleaming fangs.**

Aleitha and Giza, the Star Vampires from the Kulthena System

The **Kulthena System**, a seemingly unremarkable trinary star system at the far edge of the **Perseus Arm**, is a place few would think twice about. To the untrained eye, it is simply another dying star, its light fading against the endless night. But to those who know, to those who listen, there is something **unnerving** about it—something **hungry**. The primary star, **Kulthena**, withers under the slow, parasitic embrace of two **dark stars**. These twin entities, whose dim and reddish glows siphon the very essence of their host, are no ordinary celestial bodies. They are **Aleitha and Giza, the Star Vampires**, Strange Living Stars unlike any other.



For over **two billion years**, Aleitha and Giza have drifted through the cosmos, never calling any system home for long, never staying once their feast is done. They are a blight upon the heavens, feared and loathed by their own kind. Among Living Stars, they are **pariahs**, creatures of whispered warnings and cold revulsion. Unlike their kin, who seek harmony with the celestial order, the **Star Vampires do not create, they do not guide—they only take**. They are careful, choosing **weaker, unsuspecting prey**: the **non-sentient stars**, whose warmth and radiance they siphon away until only a hollow remnant remains. But the true horror is what they truly crave. **Young Living Stars**, those not yet strong enough to resist, are their ultimate delicacy. To consume one is to feel **euphoria beyond measure**, a rush so intoxicating that even Aleitha and Giza, with all their careful restraint, find themselves unable to resist the temptation.

Their **Celestial Forms** are the shape of nightmares wrapped in allure—**two exquisite women**, their beauty almost unnatural in its perfection. Their **skin, pale as the cold light of dying embers**, shimmers faintly in the dark. Their **eyes**, a deep and shifting red-brown, are like the dying glow of the stars they consume—bottomless, hungry, and knowing. Aleitha moves with the slow, deliberate grace of a huntress who knows her prey is already hers, her **ashen-gray hair cascading like smoke**, while Giza, darker, bolder, **smiles too easily**, her presence a velvet snare. They do not **attack**; they **lure**. Their words are honey-laced whispers that slip through the mind, a song of surrender, an invitation to be devoured.

To stand before them is to **feel your will unravel**, to feel an unbearable stillness, as if something deep within you recognizes the predator before you and **longs to be taken**. There is no shame in fear, for even the mightiest have faltered beneath their gaze. When they **descend upon a system**, the stars dim, the planets grow cold, and the life that once thrived begins to fade. Civilizations that depend on the light of their dying prey **watch in helpless terror**, knowing that with each passing day, the warmth of their sun grows weaker, that the celestial predators above will not stop **until there is nothing left**.

They are a **slow death given form**, an omen of **inevitable doom** for any world unfortunate enough to find them at its doorstep. Yet, in their wake, there is always one lingering, terrible thought: **was it truly fear that held you in place... or something far more dangerous?**

The Celestial Devourer, Scourge of the Universe

It is a shadow upon the cosmos, a **living catastrophe**, a force of **cosmic annihilation** that moves with neither malice nor mercy. The **Celestial Devourer** is **not a predator, not a conqueror—but an inevitability**. It does not seek destruction for power or pleasure—it simply **exists to consume**. And when it comes, there is no plea, no bargain, no force in the known universe that can **halt its insatiable hunger**.



Planets **vanish** into its maw as if they were never there. Stars **collapse**, stripped of their burning essence. Nebulas, once vibrant with the promise of new life, are **torn apart**, reduced to barren voids. It does not leave ruin behind—only emptiness. No remnants, no echoes—only silence where once the universe thrived. And then, **it moves on**.

Even Living Stars tremble at its approach. The mighty **Hypergiants**, the only ones with the power to challenge it, can do nothing more than **delay the inevitable**, buying time before they are forced to flee. To any lesser star, **it is death incarnate**. No entity, no civilization has **ever** truly wounded it, let alone repelled it. The greatest fleets, the most advanced armadas, and even the divine manifestations of cosmic deities have **failed** to stop its march. **It is an event, not a being—unstoppable, uncontainable.**

The Celestial Devourer does not move **through space—it tears through it**. Ripping holes in reality, it appears without warning, a looming horror where once there was safety. It does not **hunt** in the traditional sense, for to hunt implies effort—**it simply arrives**. By the time its presence is known, it is already **too late**.

What it is made of, none can say. **It is not flesh, nor energy, nor metal, nor stone.** Its form is a seething, shifting mass of unknowable **density**, a structure so **impossibly resilient** that it has withstood **supernovae, gravitational collapses**, even the combined fury of celestial warlords without so much as a scratch. It does not belong to this universe—not truly. It is **older**, or perhaps, it is something **beyond** the natural order entirely.

The **greatest minds, the most powerful beings, the wisest scholars**—all have pondered its nature, yet none have found an answer. To many, it is **a test**, a challenge from the cosmos to see who will endure. To others, it is **punishment**, the universe's way of maintaining balance by devouring excess. But to most? It is simply **terror itself**.

For when the Celestial Devourer's name is spoken, it is already too late.

TON 618, Harbinger of the Singularity

There are evils that lurk in the void, forces that consume, corrupt, and annihilate. But there is only one that **seeks to end all things**.

TON 618 is that end.

A monster born from a cosmic aberration, **he was never meant to be**. In the final moments of a dying star, countless stellar shards were cast into the void—a desperate attempt to ensure a successor. But as fate would have it, the star's death was not ordinary. It did not fade, nor did it go supernova. It **collapsed**. A black hole was born.

It should have gone silent, like all others that fall into the eternal darkness—Living Stars that succumb to singularity lose their awareness, their sentience, their will. They do not suffer. They do not fight. **They**

simply sleep. The cold, dreamless eternity that awaits all black holes. A slow death, one without agony. But TON 618 was different. **He did not sleep. He awakened.**



A **Living Singularity**. A being that should not exist. A **horror that moves where no black hole should**. The devourer of light given will, given hunger, given **purpose**. Where all other black holes remain chained to the laws of nature, **TON 618 defies them**. His avatar—a Celestial Form twisted from the only star seed that managed to merge with a living being, is mad beyond reason— **It walks among the stars**, acting on his will, ensuring that his true self, the abyssal heart of a supermassive black hole, continues to grow.

For TON 618, **there is only one purpose: to consume**. The universe, as it stands, is nothing but a fleeting mistake, an aberration of temporary matter and wasted energy. Its fate is **to collapse into the void from which it came**. And he will be the one to **bring that fate forth**. He is not merely a force of destruction—**he is the endgame of reality itself**.

In **countless eons**, he has **grown**. His true body—the monstrous black hole at the core of his being—has expanded to an unimaginable **195 billion kilometers across**, a gravitational well from which **not even the concept of time can escape**. Yet, his avatar, his Celestial Form, is small by comparison—no larger than a **colossal structure**—but within it lies the **unfathomable weight of a god**.

No force can stop him.

The very fabric of space bends and warps in his presence, twisting physics into a shattered, meaningless mockery of itself. **Spacetime manipulation? Useless. Gravitational force? His plaything**. He does not need to defend himself, because **nothing in existence can harm him**.

And now, as his event horizon devours light from the dying reaches of the cosmos, TON 618 has set his gaze upon the **Laniakea Supercluster**. It is there he will take the final step in his long, patient plan. **To gain enough mass to collapse the universe into itself**.

The **Big Crunch**. The moment when all things—**stars, planets, galaxies, time, and thought itself**—cease to be.

The Blazing Monarch, The Most Powerful of the Living Stars

Among the oldest and most formidable of the Living Stars, **The Blazing Monarch** is not merely a ruler—he is an ideal, a force, and a destiny made manifest. He has witnessed the rise and fall of ages, battled alongside the Creator of the Universe, fought beside the Custodians and his brethren in the war against the Devourer, and stood in solemn mourning as the First Star sacrificed itself to halt the calamity. He has seen the light of the Age of Light fade into history, leaving behind a universe that, in his eyes, has only continued to weaken and rot in the absence of true authority.



The Custodians, once revered as the keepers of cosmic balance, have become relics of a forgotten age—dwindling in number, lacking purpose, and clinging to fairy tales of a "Promised One" who will one day restore order. The Blazing Monarch scoffs at their hopeless idealism. A universe cannot be saved by mere prophecy. **It must be ruled.**

To him, **power is not a privilege—it is a responsibility.** And no beings in existence are more worthy of that power than the Living Stars. They are the apex species of this universe, the sovereigns of creation, born from the raw energy of existence itself. It is their right—no, their duty—to bring order to the chaotic cosmos, to forge an empire unrivaled and eternal.

But he is no fool. He knows that even Living Stars are not omnipotent. There are forces in this universe—ancient, cunning, and terrible—that can oppose them. He has tried, time and time again, to claim the crown of the Kingdom of the Stars, to ascend to the throne left vacant since the passing of the First Star. But even with all his might, the ruling seat remains empty. His people, brilliant as they are, remain divided, leaderless, and vulnerable. It is not enough.

But he will not fade. He will not fall. He will not succumb to time.

Deep within the Laniakea Supercluster, the Blazing Monarch has anchored himself to one of the greatest hyperstructures ever constructed—The Megalith.

A vast and terrifying construct, The Megalith is a gravitational colossus, an engine of dominion so vast that its pull can be felt across galaxies. To the rest of the universe, it is The Great Attractor, the mysterious force dragging entire star systems toward an unseen fate.

But to the Blazing Monarch, it is his lifeline, his citadel, and his throne.

It serves a singular purpose—to feed him. A hypergiant such as he is mighty, but his time is limited. He should have collapsed into a black hole eons ago, but The Megalith sustains him, carefully drawing in

mass across the supercluster, replenishing what he loses, ensuring his continued reign. He has mastered the delicate art of managing this influx, preventing the birth of new singularities, carefully harvesting the cosmic bounty without inviting ruin.

The Blazing Monarch is not alone. He has followers. He has believers.

A court of Living Stars, orbiting The Megalith as his devoted vassals. Minor civilizations, enthralled by his power, worship him as a god. Entire fleets of lesser beings offer their service, willing to lay down their lives for his vision of a universe under Living Star rule.

To Star Seeds and Living Stars, he is a protector and a mentor—but **not a merciful one**. He **expects loyalty**. He demands **obedience**. He believes in the greatness of his kind, but he is not above **disciplining them**—and if necessary, **destroying them**. Even those he would call his own are not exempt from sacrifice if they stand in the way of his grand vision.

He does not kill out of cruelty—he does so out of necessity.

For if he must **annihilate the weak** to ensure that the Living Stars ascend as **the true rulers of existence... then so be it.**

In the highest circles of cosmic beings, **his name is spoken with reverence and fear**. He is not merely a Living Star—he is **the strongest of them all**. The flames of his **Celestial Form burn with intensity beyond reckoning**, a walking supernova wrapped in the form of a sovereign. His will is **unyielding**, his power **limitless**, and his **ambition boundless**.

The universe will not govern itself. The weak will not bring order.

And so, the Blazing Monarch will do what must be done.

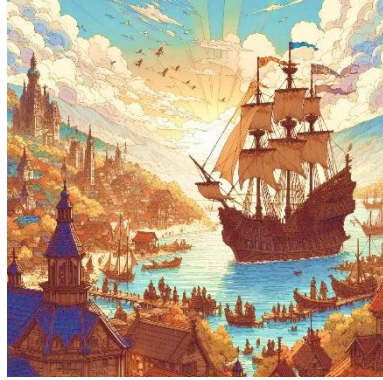


Locations & Factions

Earth

Earth—just as you remember it... except it's the **15th century**. The Age of Discovery has begun, with explorers setting sail into the unknown and the Americas freshly revealed to the wider world. This is a **time of adventure, mystery, and conquest, where maps are incomplete, and myths still walk the land.**

Once, this planet held a special place in the heart of the **Creator of the Universe**, and it remains a world of breathtaking beauty and untold secrets. Humanity reigns supreme here, but they are not alone. Hidden within the forests, beneath the mountains, and across the vast seas, beings of legend still roam—**elves, dragons, fae, ghosts, and creatures thought to be mere folklore.** Magic, though fading in the modern age, is still potent as of now, and the emerging Houses of magicians hold sway over the arcane arts.



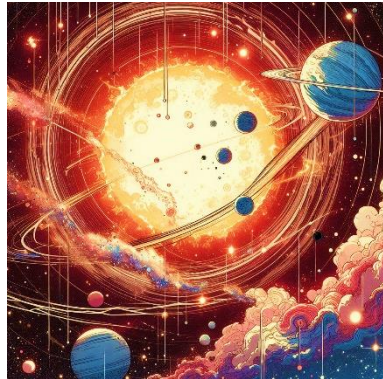
But Earth is not without its defenders. The **First Custodian of the Universe** watches over this fragile world, an ever-vigilant guardian against Outsiders and unseen cosmic threats. When danger arrives, she acts with swift, merciless precision, ensuring that Earth remains untouched by forces beyond mortal comprehension.

A world in the midst of change. A world still rich with wonder. A world where history and myth have yet to part ways.

Sol System

A lone **yellow star**, burning in the quiet void of space, surrounded by nine planets, each following their endless orbits. The **Sol system** is, at first glance, unremarkable—an ordinary stellar nursery drifting through the galaxy, leaving behind a faint, wispy trail of cosmic dust. But look closer, and there are signs of something more.

Among the planets, only one teems with intelligent life—a **blue world**, brimming with potential yet still trapped within its pre-space age infancy. A single moon elsewhere in the system also harbors life, though it is of a far stranger and lesser kind. Beyond that, it is quiet—no stellar anomalies, no grand civilizations, nothing to draw the attention of the universe.



And yet, there are those who **watch**. A minor species, the **Greys**, have attempted to conduct their strange, clandestine experiments on Earth's unwitting inhabitants. But they are met with failure every time. **The Custodian is here**, and she does not tolerate intrusions. Those who seek to meddle in this system find themselves cast out, their ships sent spiraling back into the void before they can even begin their work.

To most, this system is forgettable, insignificant. But it remains a fated place where **destiny stirs**, waiting for the right moment to **awaken**.

Milky Way

A great spiral draped in stardust, the **Milky Way** stretches across the void, a jewel within the **Virgo Cluster**, which itself is but a fragment of the vast **Laniakea Supercluster**. To many, it is just another galaxy among billions. But to those who live here, it is home—a realm of endless possibility, shifting allegiances, and ancient legacies.



Unlike some galaxies ruled by singular empires, the Milky Way remains **contested, yet unclaimed**. It is a melting pot of civilizations, a crossroads of trade, conflict, and strangeness where anything can happen. Several powerful factions—the **Caelorians**, the **Grundth**, the **Assimilators**, and **others**—lay claim to parts of its spiral arms, yet none hold true dominion. This fragile balance has persisted for millennia, ensuring that no single power can smother the **chaotic vibrancy** of the galaxy.

But peace is never lasting. The Milky Way has always attracted danger. It is no stranger to **cosmic crises**—rogue warlords rising from the shadows, the twisted spread of **Malignathus infestations**, incursions from **Outsiders**, and, on the rarest and most dreadful occasions, the arrival of the **Celestial Devourer**. Yet these threats, however dire, rarely last. They are fought off, diverted, or vanish to pursue their unfathomable goals elsewhere.

Amidst the swirling stars, there exists something rarer still—**Living Stars**. Approximately **three thousand** of these sentient celestial beings shine within the Milky Way, while an equal number of **Star Seeds** wander through the darkness, striving toward their eventual **Becoming**. But not all reach their destiny.

Hidden among the stars lie remnants of long-dead civilizations. **Ancient stargates**, their creators long vanished, still hum with forgotten power, their pathways lost to time. And in the **Beta Centauri system**, there remains something greater—an **inactive Hypergate**, its silent form a relic of a time when the galaxy might have been connected to something far grander.

This is the **Milky Way**—a place of **wonders and dangers**, where legends rise, fall, and are forgotten, only for new ones to take their place. A place where **the stars themselves may yet awaken**.

The Perilous Path of Star Seeds

To be a **Star Seed** is to walk the fine line between **greatness and oblivion**. With newfound power and the vast expanse of the universe before them, many embrace **adventure, discovery, and danger**, chasing the promise of their **Becoming**—but not all survive to see it. Some burn out brightly in cosmic struggles, their potential snuffed out before they can ignite into true existence. Others retreat into safety, seeking refuge in quiet, uneven lives, yet in doing so, they risk something just as fatal—**stagnation**. For a Star Seed, motion is life, evolution is destiny, and to stand still for too long is to fade into irrelevance, never to shine as the Living Star they were meant to be. **Only a rare few of the many are truly fated to reach the final stage of their development.**

Neighboring Galaxies

Beyond the Milky Way, an unfathomable number of galaxies drift through the cosmic void, each holding **secrets, wonders, and perils yet to be uncovered**. Most remain untouched by advanced life, their stars burning in silent isolation, while others are ruled by ancient empires, enigmatic beings, or forces beyond comprehension. **Living Stars** exist in every galaxy, though they are small in number and often preoccupied with their own mysterious pursuits. Among our closest neighbors, the **Andromeda Galaxy**—smaller than the Milky Way but no less significant—is dominated by the ever-expanding **Caelorian Empire**, with one of its spiral arms under the iron grip of the warlike **Grundth**. Meanwhile, the **Pegasus Galaxy** has fallen under the shadow of **Vladius Alicus, the Ur Vampire**, whose influence extends across multiple galaxies as he manipulates minor governments, secures vital trade routes, and smuggles forbidden artifacts across the stars.



Intergalactic travel remains a formidable challenge—vast distances separate these starry realms, and only the most **powerful ships** can bridge the gaps between galaxies. Some civilizations have constructed ancient **stargate networks**, linking worlds within their domains, but these are often confined to a single galaxy. True **Hypergates**, capable of spanning the void between galaxies, are rare treasures, often requiring the blessing—or the whim—of a **Living Star** to function. Should you look beyond the Milky Way is to step into the **unknown**, where the rules of power shift like cosmic tides and the infinite **beckons with both opportunity and danger**.

[Galactic Newsfeed]

Strange Phenomena Detected in Asteroid Belt—Moving Star or Wandering Planet?

Astronomers aboard **Station Argon-7** have reported **anomalous movements** deep within the **asteroid belt**, where several celestial bodies have **shifted trajectories** without any clear gravitational cause. Initial scans ruled out rogue comets or dark matter disturbances, but as researchers examined the data further, they detected something even stranger—a **distant star-like object, seemingly in motion toward our system**. However, the latest readings suggest **it isn't a star at all...but a planet**.

The object, currently designated "**Lazarus-9**," emits a faint, rhythmic luminescence, flickering as if it were **breathing**. Unlike any known celestial body, it **moves with intent**, adjusting its course in ways no natural force should allow. Scientists speculate it could be an **artificial construct** or a **long-lost wandering world**, but without further data, its true nature remains unknown. Authorities are urging deep-space vessels to **proceed with caution**, as if Lazarus-9 is truly inbound, it could **arrive within the system within mere decades**, should it not change its current speed.

The Caelorian Empire

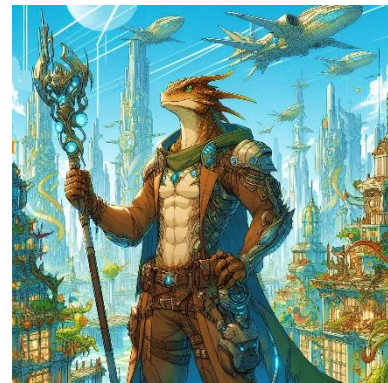
To a **Living Star**, the Caelorian Empire is an anomaly—a **civilization that refuses to fade**, stretching across galaxies in defiance of time itself. For eons, it has endured, expanding its reach beyond the comprehension of mortal empires and currently is considered the most powerful civilization in the universe. At its heart lies **the Crystal Palace**, a radiant construct of unfathomable beauty, where the **Third Eternal Empress** rules with an authority that rivals the cosmic forces themselves. From the capital world of **Caeloria**, her will shapes the destiny of untold worlds, guiding her people through eras of **brilliance and devastation alike**.



The Caelorians are masters of **diplomacy, war, and magic**, weaving alliances with empires, warlords, and even cosmic entities to maintain their dominion. Their fleets, armed with both **exotic technology and ancient sorceries**, can turn the tide of intergalactic war, while their grip on the trade of **rare and forbidden artifacts** gives them an economic stranglehold over their rivals. They alone among the great empires have **pierced the veil between realities**, though such travel is a costly, near-sacred endeavor, reserved for only the most desperate or ambitious pursuits. Their culture is vast, their traditions varied, **but all who live under their banner must kneel before the Eternal Empress**. They know well that even the grandest empires crumble, that no dominion lasts forever. Perhaps this is why they seek the favor of the **Living Stars**, treating them with both reverence and caution, hoping that in the fires of eternity, they may yet find a way to outlast even the stars themselves.

The Grundth

To the **Living Stars**, the **Grundth** are remembered less as a people and more as a **lesson hard learned**. In their early days, they sought battle with one of the cosmos' radiant titans, waging a decades-long war against a **Living Star** whose only crime was owning a system they coveted. Their warriors fought with unyielding determination, treating the conflict as a sacred trial. But when the star's patience finally burned away, its wrath **scarred their empire forever**. Since then, the Grundth have **tempered their ambition with wisdom**, ensuring that no warrior would ever again draw their blade against a Living Star without cause.



Yet, among mortal civilizations, few can match their **strength, discipline, and skill**. The Grundth are a proud and **fiercely honorable** people, towering reptilian warriors who live by the **Code of the Staff**, a way of life that guides every duel, battle, and decision. Their staves are more than weapons or tools—they are **extensions of the self**, crafted with a precision that even the Caelorians struggle to rival. Their empire stands at the border of the **Caelorian domain**, and though the two civilizations have clashed for generations—over territory, ideology, and pride—there is **no true hatred between them**. Rivals they may be, but never without **respect**. While the Caelorians seek control, the Grundth seek **purpose**, and in every battle, trade, or challenge, they forge their **own path through the endless stars**.

The Mekthar Star Harvesters

Cold, efficient, and unburdened by sentiment, the **Mekthar** are a race that long ago abandoned the constraints of flesh, replacing their organic forms with machines of cold precision. No longer driven by the chaotic impulses of biological life, they reproduce through calculated fabrication, assembling new Mekthar only to replace lost units. Their existence revolves around logic, efficiency, and the relentless pursuit of technological advancement, leading them to become some of the greatest architects of **megastructures** in the galaxy. They dismantle planets, repurpose moons, and construct **Dyson swarms** with mechanical indifference, draining entire star systems of their resources to fuel their endless expansion.



The Mekthar's relentless consumption of stellar matter has earned them the title of **Star Harvesters**, a moniker they accept without pride or shame—merely as a descriptor of function. Yet, their disregard for cosmic myths has blinded them to the warnings of others. They dismiss **Living Stars** as fiction, reducing all talk of sentient celestial beings to superstition. How could a star *think*? How could it *move* of its own will? Such things defy their understanding of physics and therefore, in their cold calculus, cannot be real. Their presence in the **Astral Sea** is barely perceptible, their mechanical forms severing nearly all ties to the ethereal, leaving them blind to forces beyond the material. To the Mekthar, only what can be measured, controlled, and consumed holds any relevance.

The Ravager Nebula and other Sentient Locations

The universe is vast, and among its endless wonders, there exist places that do not simply exist but *think*, *watch*, and sometimes *hunger*. These sentient locations defy understanding—some are serene, like the **Whispering Expanse**, a luminous cloud of ionized gas that softly sings to passing ships, sharing knowledge of forgotten civilizations. Others are surreal, like the **Lighthouse of Vayla**, an ancient, moon-sized crystal adrift in the void that projects strange visions of possible futures into the minds of those who approach. And then there are the dangerous ones—the places that do not welcome visitors but consume them. The **Maze of Thal'Zir**, a tangle of shifting asteroid corridors that rearrange themselves as if leading prey into a trap, and the **Void Scar**, a breach in space that whispers promises of power but erases the very existence of those who dare step too close.



Among these, the most infamous is the **Ravager Nebula**—a vast, sprawling cloud that stretches across lengths equal to multiple star systems, swirling with vibrant reds and deep purples, beautiful yet deadly. Though it allows travelers to enter without resistance, they soon realize the nebula is *aware* of them. At first, sensors begin to fail. Then, ships find their hulls corroding at an impossibly slow rate, almost imperceptible, as if the nebula is savoring them. Some rogue planets within its depths remain untouched, brimming with rare minerals and enticing fortune seekers despite the nebula's looming presence. But few who enter ever leave unchanged—if they return at all. Official space routes list the Ravager Nebula as a hazard, but they do not acknowledge what seasoned navigators know: the nebula does not simply exist. It *watches*. It *waits*. And it *feeds*.

The High Heavens and the Ten Thousand Hells

Beyond the fabric of reality, past the veil of stars and time, lie realms untouched by mortal hands—dimensions woven into the very essence of existence. Unlike artificial pocket dimensions or the mechanized constructs of ancient civilizations, these planes exist as fundamental truths of the cosmos, layered atop and beneath what is commonly known as reality. The **Astral Sea**, a realm of thought and will, and the **Dreamscape**, where the raw essence of imagination takes form, are but mere reflections of greater mysteries. Yet, among these ethereal dominions, two stand above all in legend and fear—the **High Heavens**, where all souls are ultimately drawn, and the **Ten Thousand Hells**, where shadows coil and whispers of damnation beckon.



Somewhere beyond the stars, where light flows like rivers of gold and time dissolves into an eternal hush, lies **Elysium's Embrace**, the final destination of all souls. No matter their deeds, no matter their struggles, all who perish are inexorably pulled toward this serene expanse. The strong-willed may linger in the mortal realm for a time, clinging to what was, but even they cannot resist its call forever. Within Elysium, there is no suffering, no sorrow—only peace so deep it cradles the soul into oblivion.

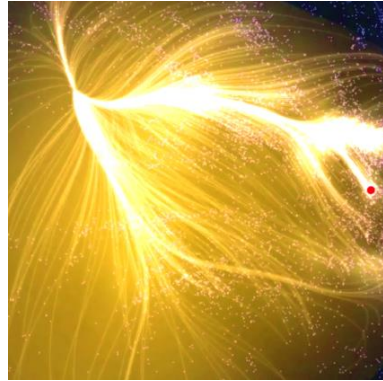
At the heart of this paradise stands **Amara Celestis**, the eternal guardian of the High Heavens. With celestial grace, she welcomes each soul, guiding them to their perfect afterlife, a dream sculpted to their deepest desires. But Elysium is not without its price. The longer a soul remains, the more it fades into the realm itself, its identity dissolving like mist beneath the morning sun. Those who surrender fully are lost beyond recall, absorbed into a higher purpose none can comprehend. Only Amara Celestis remains unchanged, watching over the realm with gentle vigilance, her nature unknowable. To step into Elysium in a living body has never been done—perhaps never will be—save by **a power greater than gods themselves**.

If Elysium is the silent tide that claims all, then **the Ten Thousand Hells** are the abyss where the forgotten and the damned are remade. A dimension of endless, shifting layers, each ruled by a ruthless lord or a cunning duke, this is no simple pit of suffering but a realm of patient, inexorable corruption. Here, jagged spires claw at a twilight sky that never brightens, and the air is thick with the echoes of whispered deals and unbroken chains.

At the bottom of this abyss, in the desolation of the final layer of **Pyraxia**, the **Demon Queen Dabria** reigns unseen, her will an unfathomable force that even the highest lords dare not question. No soul is immediately cast into torment upon arrival—such crudeness is beneath the Hells. Instead, they are reshaped, subtly and unrelentingly, their memories eroded, their desires twisted, until at last, they awaken as demons themselves. The noble courts of the Ten Thousand Hells are alive with intrigue, their rulers locked in eternal struggles for dominance, for prestige, for souls. Yet even they do not know the true purpose of the Hells—only the Demon Queen does. And she is patient. She is awaits, looking towards the High Heavens, when the chance to finally free her family will finally come.

The Laniakea Super Cluster – A Tapestry of Gravity and Destiny

The grand design of the cosmos unfolds across unimaginable scales, and among its greatest structures is the **Laniakea Super Cluster**—a vast ocean of galaxies adrift in the gravitational currents of the universe. A supercluster is not merely a gathering of galaxies but an intricate network of galactic clusters, all woven together by unseen forces. Within Laniakea, millions of galaxies move as one, drawn toward an enigmatic focal point, known across civilizations as **the Great Attractor**.



To the mortal eye, this pull is imperceptibly slow, a journey spanning billions of years—far beyond the lifespan of empires, species, and even planets. But to the cosmic beings who perceive the universe in epochs, the flow of galaxies is no accident. Most Living Stars feel the gravitational tides but regard them as a gentle stream across the cosmic landscape, unworthy of concern. Others, however, understand the deeper truth—that this pull is not natural, nor without intent. The Great Attractor is not simply a region of immense gravity; it is a construct. And at its core, the **Blazing Monarch** reigns.

The Megalith – The Throne of the Blazing Monarch

The **Great Attractor** is no mere anomaly—it is a vast **hyperstructure**, a cosmic engine of incomprehensible scale known among Living Stars as **the Megalith**. At its heart burns the most powerful Living Star in existence, the **Blazing Monarch**, a being of such immense radiance that he would collapse into a black hole within mere centuries were it not for the Megalith's constant infusion of mass. This immense construct siphons the gravitational currents of the Laniakea Super Cluster, slowly but inevitably drawing galaxies toward itself, feeding the Monarch's ever-growing power and prolonging his existence beyond the natural lifespan of any star. It is both his lifeline and his prison, a throne built from necessity and ambition.



Once, he sought to take the seat of the **Kingdom of the Stars**, a dominion where he would make Living Stars reign supreme across the cosmos, at the cost of all other races. Yet, many of his kind rejected his rule, fearing his unchecked power. Now, he remains bound to the Megalith, growing stronger with every passing age—but ever more dependent on the endless tide of matter flowing toward him. The Monarch's radiance still burns, defying the limits of time itself, but in the grand design of the universe, even the brightest flames must one day fade.

The Celestial Corridors

Across the vast, unknowable depths of the universe, there exists a hidden river of light, a cosmic stream woven from the very essence of hope and imagination. These sacred paths, known as the **Celestial Corridors**, was set into motion by the Creator of the Universe, unseen by mortal eyes, untouched by time or space. To the Living Stars, however, it is a radiant beacon, a bridge connecting the infinite—linking galaxies, clusters, and even the edges of reality itself. It is whispered among the oldest Living Stars that the Celestial Corridor was not made, but simply *became*, forming in the wake of the Creator’s passage through the cosmos. As she moved, reality shifted, reshaped into flowing corridors of light so that her first children—the Living Stars—could follow, forever trailing behind her celestial journey into the unknown.



The Celestial Corridors are unlike any other place in existence, untouched by entropy, unmarked by the struggles of the physical universe. It is a place of solace, where wounds are mended, and even the brightest flames of the Living Stars burn with renewed brilliance. Only they may enter—alongside the delicate **Star Seeds**, the young and unformed among them. Others may be permitted to enter, but only for the briefest of moments before the corridor rejects them, casting them gently back into the material world. Entry points to these divine passages are fixed, requiring even the mightiest of Living Stars to journey across the universe to reach them. But for those who enter, it is more than mere travel—it is a **promise**, a guiding path leading them back to one another, ensuring that even in the vast infinity of the cosmos, no Living Star is ever truly alone.

The Cathedral of the Stars

Drifting in the ethereal tides of the **Astral Sea**, where thought and memory weave the very fabric of existence, stands a place of unearthly beauty: the **Cathedral of the Stars**. A monument from an age long past, it is the last remnant of a time when the Living Stars gathered, their celestial forms convening in luminous harmony. In those golden days, when the **First Star** still walked among his children, the Cathedral was filled with song and light, a place where the eldest stars shared the wonders of the universe, where new discoveries were celebrated, and where even the most ancient beings could marvel at the unknown.



Yet now, it lies in solemn silence, its radiant halls abandoned, its once vibrant gatherings but echoes in the Astral Sea. In this realm of thought-made-form, most constructs fade with time, their essence dissolving into nothingness. But the **original powerful will** of the Living Stars that stepped once in this marvelous place has preserved the Cathedral, battered yet unbroken, standing defiant against the tides of oblivion. Where once its chambers overflowed with cosmic light, now strange astral beings have taken refuge within its walls, whispering in fear of the day the Living Stars return. For though they are gone, their legacy lingers, and the Cathedral of the Stars remains—waiting, enduring, yearning for the time when its halls will once again be filled with the voices of its creators.

The Drifting Constellations

Across the boundless cosmos, where chaos and uncertainty reign, six radiant beacons streak through the void in perfect formation. These are the **Drifting Constellations**, a brotherhood of Living Stars bound by a singular purpose: to bring balance to an unruly universe. They move in celestial unison, their presence forming ever-shifting constellations in the skies of countless worlds—each one earning a different name and legend among those who witness their passage. To some, they are saviors, luminous protectors who strike down threats beyond mortal reckoning. To others, they are enforcers of a justice that is cold, unknowable, and unyielding.



Where they travel, order follows. Those who seek refuge find solace in their domains, for the Drifting Constellations allow no tyranny, no unchecked cruelty in their presence. Yet their sense of righteousness is their own, bound not by the morality of civilizations, but by the burning convictions of their star-born hearts. Their **colorful Celestial Forms**, vast and quite powerful compared to mortals, often act as lone guardians, but when true darkness rises, they join together in a dazzling display of cosmic might, each one bringing their own unique brilliance to the fray. They are warriors of light, champions of a universe too vast for any single law to govern. And though they may not always be right, they will always fight.

Dreamscape

Beyond the veil of waking life lies the Dreamscape—a boundless ocean of thought, emotion, and imagination, ever-shifting and untethered to the logic of reality. It is the realm where all sentient minds converge in slumber, a place woven from the dreams and nightmares of an entire universe. Here, the impossible becomes tangible, and the laws of the physical world dissolve into surreal wonder. Entire cities formed of forgotten memories rise and fall with the breath of a dreamer, while rivers of liquid starlight wind through landscapes sculpted from pure imagination. To step into the Dreamscape is to witness creation in its rawest form, where the subconscious shapes the land and thoughts give birth to ephemeral beings that flicker between existence and oblivion.



Yet, for all its beauty, the Dreamscape is no gentle paradise. It is a place of duality, where dreams and nightmares dance in endless cycles, neither capable of existing without the other. Hope and terror, inspiration and despair—each is an integral thread in the grand tapestry woven by the realm's enigmatic rulers: the **Songstress of Dreams** and the **Composer of Nightmares**. These two entities wage a silent war, their followers roaming the shifting lands to influence the slumbering minds of the cosmos. To mortals, an unguarded step into the Dreamscape is perilous, for here, time flows like mist through fingers, and reality is fragile enough to break with a stray thought. Yet for the Living Stars, the Dreamscape holds no threat. They move through its depths unknowingly whenever they traverse through the **Celestial Corridors**, leaving behind traces of their presence—**wish flakes**, tiny fragments of unborn desires that drift through the ether, waiting to take shape in the hearts of dreamers. Somewhere, someday, these forgotten wishes may awaken, shaping destinies beyond even the stars' comprehension.

The Sanctum of Hopes and Dreams

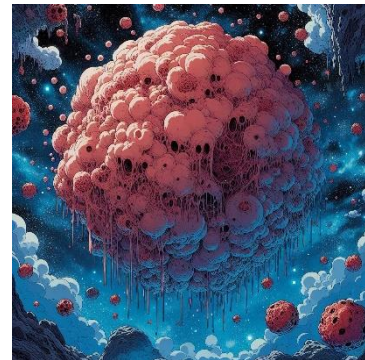
Hidden beyond the reach of time and concealed through unfathomable distortions of reality, the **Sanctum of Hopes and Dreams** stands as the last remnant of the Creator's presence within the universe. It is veiled so deeply that even the Living Stars cannot glimpse its light, currently its location known only to the **First Custodian** and fated to reveal itself to the one they have long awaited—the **Promised One**. This place is more than a sanctuary; it is the heart of history yet to unfold, a space where destiny itself has been written but not yet revealed. Though untouched by the eons, the sanctum hums with quiet expectation, as if the very walls await the return of one who once walked among them.



Built from **hardened reality**, the sanctum is utterly impervious to destruction, its existence woven into the very fabric of creation. Within its vast, circular hall, **tall pillars of white stone** stretch toward a ceiling unseen, their surfaces shifting ever so slightly, reflecting glimpses of forgotten pasts and unwritten futures. At the center, a **simple wooden throne** rests in solemn silence, its presence both commanding and strangely familiar, as if waiting for an occupant who has long since departed. Beside it, a **small table** holds a solitary **mug**, untouched yet eternal—a quiet echo of the one who once sat here. In this sacred space, the **last message of the Creator** lies dormant, waiting for its foretold bearer to unlock its truth. When the time comes, the universe will stand still, for what is spoken here will determine the fate of existence itself.

Malignathus Super Cluster BA-169-D

A silent plague festers in the dark void, growing beyond the comprehension of mortal minds. It begins as a single, **pulsating mass of flesh**, adrift in the abyss, an anomaly both grotesque and unnatural. It spreads like a cancer, **tendrils of raw, writhing meat** reaching out hungrily, embedding itself into the fabric of space. From within its cavernous, organic spires, **legions of insectoid horrors** crawl forth—mindless, ravenous, driven only by the urge to consume. Where they land, they do not merely ravage, they **assimilate**, breaking down entire ecosystems and reconstituting them into more of the sprawling malignancy. It is not a disease, nor a parasite—it is something far worse, something that should not be. The greatest scholars and cosmic beings have only one theory: **this is not life, but the manifestation of something else, something incomprehensible, pressing against the boundaries of reality—trying to break through.**



While the Milky Way has been marred by **small tumorous growths**, each a ticking time bomb of infestation, there exists one that has already **swallowed entire star system** of space causing everything one light year across to be dead or worse—**Malignathus Super Cluster BA-169-D**. This **monolithic, fleshy horror** eclipses even stars in size, a vast, throbbing wound in the universe itself. No light escapes its reach; all around it is death—worlds stripped to the bone, civilizations erased without a whisper. Worse still, destruction is not easy. **Every atom of its existence clings to survival**, regenerating even from the smallest trace. To eradicate Malignathus, one must annihilate it completely—**not a single cell, not a single particle can remain**. The cost of failure is unfathomable, for if left unchecked, this **cosmic blight will grow, and grow, until all that remains is its endless, rotting hunger.**

The Void beyond Canes Venatici: The Maw of Tonantzintla

There are places in the universe where light dares not wander, where warmth is a forgotten whisper, and existence itself shudders on the edge of oblivion. If one gazes beyond the Canes Venatici constellation, past the farthest reaches of the Milky Way, billions of light years away from it, they will find a great and terrible nothingness—a **void where stars have perished, and silence reigns eternal**. This is the **Maw of Tonantzintla**, the lair of the ancient and insatiable **TON 618**, a supermassive black hole so vast, so relentless, that even time itself struggles against its pull. Light is swallowed without ceremony, entire rogue planets drift helplessly toward their inevitable demise, and what little remains of celestial bodies hangs suspended in the abyss, awaiting their final descent into darkness.



No civilizations flourish here. **No Living Stars linger**. The void is a graveyard of lost wanderers, a wasteland of frozen relics from long-dead star systems that strayed too close. What few dim stars remain are distant, weak embers against an unyielding night, **their flickering light consumed before it can even escape**. There are no horrors that lurk in the shadows, for there is **only the hunger of the Maw**, an inescapable force that **pulls all things towards a fate worse than destruction—obliteration, erasure, the loss of self into an eternity of nothingness**. The islands of matter that remain are adrift in slow descent, their fates already sealed. Here, there are no legends, no warnings—only the finality of an existence undone.

The Dark Multiverse, Realm of Lost Hope and Twisted Nightmares

There are whispers among the Living Stars, hushed murmurs that drift through the Astral Sea like dying embers. Stories—no, warnings—of a place where even the most luminous of them dare not shine. A place that should not exist, and yet, **somehow, it does**. It is a realm where the very fabric of possibility has unraveled, a nightmarish distortion where every timeline, every reality, has collapsed into an abyss of despair. They call it the **Dark Multiverse**, a malignant mirror to creation, a cosmic tomb where shattered destinies and failed existences fester.



Even among the oldest and wisest of the Living Stars, **there are none who have truly seen this place and returned unchanged**. They only know of it through those who have wandered too close—beings who emerged whispering in tongues, their celestial flames dimmed, their very essence tainted with something **wrong**. The few tales that exist speak of stars turned to rotting husks, their light poisoned into something unnatural, something **hungry**. They speak of time itself breaking, where past, present, and future fold into a singular, writhing horror. **They speak of entities beyond nightmare—things that were never meant to be, birthed from the failures of entire realities**.

The Dark Multiverse is not merely a prison of lost possibilities; it is an infection creeping at the edges of existence, seeking to unravel the order of creation. **Even the mighty powers of Living Stars falter here**—for in this place, light does not banish the dark. It **feeds it**.

The Age of Dark lingers on, yet it is not without life, nor without hope. The **Kingdom of the Stars endures**, its sovereign lights still watching over the vast expanse with quiet vigilance, reveling in the wonders that continue to unfold within the cosmos. For though the heavens have grown colder, the embers of creation have not yet faded.

But change is the nature of all things. Someday, the Light may wane once more, beset by a calamity yet unseen. Chaos may descend again upon the firmament, and the cosmos may tremble beneath the weight of shadow. Yet even in the deepest night, a single truth remains unshaken—light never fades.

The First Star knew this. In wisdom beyond knowing, he left behind **a single seed**, a shard of brilliance cast adrift upon the boundless void, waiting for the moment it would find its kindred soul. And when that time comes, when the seed takes root and becomes one with its destined bearer, a child shall rise—**a child of stardust and eternity, born with a purpose vast beyond the heavens.**

A child fated to bring true light into the darkness.

— *Chronicles of the Kingdom of the Stars, Tales and Hopes of the Future*

Scenarios

Welcome to the **Kingdom of Stars**, a realm where every decision shapes the cosmos around you, where wonder and brilliance illuminate infinite possibilities. The scenarios presented here are invitations—**gateways to adventure, mystery, and discovery**. Each one is a thread in a grander tapestry, hinting at deeper connections across the universe, though you are never bound to a single path. If a scenario calls to you, make it your own; adapt it, reshape it, and let your journey unfold on your terms. This is a world where the **impossible is merely a challenge waiting to be overcome**.

Enduring Rewards, Eternal Triumphs

Victory in these scenarios is more than a fleeting moment—it is a **permanent mark upon your story**. The rewards you earn are not just tokens of past glories but **integral pieces of your legacy**, woven into the very essence of your journey. Even when unstated, they are **fiat backed rewards**, serving as reminders of your struggles, triumphs, and limitless potential.

A Story Waiting to Be Told

The scenarios are crafted to flow naturally, forming a **larger narrative** that unfolds over time. They can be taken sequentially, painting a vast and intricate story within the **Kingdom of Stars**, though you are free to pick and choose those that speak to you the most. While each adventure stands alone, together they form a **cosmic saga**, leading toward a **climactic arc** that builds upon the trials before it. Yet, participation in this grand tale is always optional—**your journey is yours to shape**.

Your Universe, Your Choices

Each scenario offers a stage for **epic tales of adventure, peril, and wonder**, but these are **not rigid scripts**—they are living, breathing challenges that react to your will. The paths you take, the solutions you forge, and the destinies you carve are uniquely your own. While the scenarios outline key moments and objectives, they remain fluid, bending to the **weight of your choices**. So long as you embrace the heart of the challenge, victory—and the power it brings—will be yours to claim.

In this world, your **story is yours alone to write**.



Scenario 01: Child of the Stars

Strange things have been happening to you lately—**subtle changes you can't quite explain**, feelings you can't describe, and an odd sense that the night sky is somehow... calling to you. Then, one morning, as if answering that call, a mysterious woman appears before you. She is strikingly unusual, both in presence and in the way she carries herself, exuding an otherworldly energy that sets her apart from anyone you've ever met. With an awkward but determined smile, she introduces herself as **Vega**—a Living Star, someone like you but also vastly different. Without hesitation, she declares that you are no longer entirely human; you have **awakened as a Star Seed**, the first step on a path beyond anything you ever imagined. You can choose to believe her, dismiss her as delusional, or simply walk away—but Vega has been looking for you for a long time, and she is not going anywhere. In fact, she seems eager to linger, using this opportunity to explore your world at **your level**, blending into human society (however poorly) as she keeps an eye on you.



For the next few days, perhaps even weeks, **Vega becomes an inescapable part of your life**. Sometimes she vanishes without a trace, only to reappear as if she had never left. Other times, she sticks so closely to you that she **draws far too much attention**, whether through her extravagant cosmic attire or her **blatant lack of understanding of modern human customs**. Her enthusiasm for experiencing Earth firsthand is boundless, yet her complete ignorance of basic etiquette or social norms quickly proves **exasperating and, at times, embarrassing**. She is, however, an open book when it comes to **matters of the cosmos**—any question you have about Star Seeds, Living Stars, and the vast unknown beyond your world, she will answer with **unwavering honesty**. That is, of course, unless the question is about herself. On that subject, she remains oddly evasive, offering only cryptic responses or changing the topic entirely.

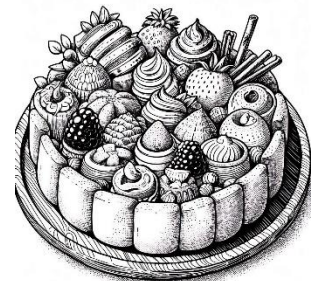
During this time, your world begins to shift, no longer confined to the ordinary life you once knew. Under **Vega's reluctant but dedicated guidance**, you start to **unravel the truth of what it means to be a Star Seed**—the **potential within you**, the **path ahead**, and the **choices that will shape your destiny**. Yet, it is not just you who learns; Vega, despite her wisdom, is **equally fascinated by the world you call home**. And so, as she teaches you about the infinite expanse of the cosmos, you in turn **teach her what it means to be human**.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

These days mark your **first true steps beyond the ordinary**, an introduction to a universe far greater than you once imagined. Through your experiences, you begin to grow, your perspective widening, your understanding deepening. This is only the beginning—but already, you feel a shift within yourself, a quiet strength taking root as you start to embrace the path ahead.

Delicious Pastry (Reward Item)

*A **mystery delicacy**, crafted by an unknown artisan, yet **unmatched in flavor**. Vega has declared it **the single greatest thing she has ever tasted on Earth**, and honestly? She might be onto something. You'll receive a **stock of five** of these exquisite pastries in your warehouse, and no matter how many you eat, they will **always replenish after a single day**. A treat truly **worthy of the stars!***



Scenario 02: A New Whole World

The world lies open before you, vast and untamed. **You are no longer bound by human limits**, no longer just a spectator to history—you are now something more. Whether it's **Vega's idea or your own**, the decision is clear: it's time to **explore**. The world of the **15th century** is unlike the modern age you once knew, where conveniences you once took for granted do not exist. But in their place? **Awe, adventure, and discovery**. You can choose to **walk the earth as humans do**, immersing yourself in the intricacies of their lives, or **soar beyond** their reach, using your newfound abilities to witness the planet in ways no mortal ever could. Vega even agreed to change her attire to not draw as much attention. Either way, the world **awaits**, eager to meet your unquenchable curiosity with breathtaking landscapes, strange cultures, and secrets hidden just beneath the surface.



From **wandering the dense jungles of South America** and encountering elusive cryptids, to **a vampire realizing far too late that he has chosen the wrong target**, to **standing in the shadow of the great pyramids**, your journey is filled with unexpected twists. And then, of course, there's the small matter of one of Vega's **mysterious souvenirs** somehow ending up **perched atop a volcano**, demanding a retrieval mission before it meets an untimely end. With each passing adventure, your bond with Vega strengthens, and your understanding of the world deepens.

Your travels will eventually lead you to **France**, during the reign of King Francis I, and across the streets of its capital city. One fateful evening in **Paris**, your presence does not go unnoticed. A group of **magicians**, drawn to the unnatural glow of your existence, attempt to **restrain you**—though their efforts are futile, and will eventually be able to retreat should you not pursue them further. Their intentions seem **devoid of malice**, but their actions and results does not go unnoticed. This encounter, however fleeting, will **set into motion a meeting with someone significant**, a figure destined to weave themselves into the fabric of your tale.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

Your journey across the world has **broadened your perspective** and introduced you to **the wonders and dangers** of the past. Every sight you have seen, every challenge you have faced, **has helped shape the path ahead**.

Memento of the Old World (Reward Item)

*A **strange artifact** from your journey—perhaps an ancient trinket, a map marked with cryptic locations, or even **one of Vega's inexplicable souvenirs** that somehow carries an aura of significance. Whatever it is, this keepsake **hums with an energy tied to history itself**, a reminder of your first true adventure beyond the ordinary.*



Scenario 03: The Custodian

Your journey across the world has not gone unnoticed. **Strange groups of magicians** have begun appearing, attempting to confront you—though never directly attacking. Their tactics are frustratingly elusive: they test, probe, and then vanish before you can react. They seem **incapable of harming you**, especially with Vega around, yet they persist. Each encounter ends the same way, with them slipping through your fingers as if the very air conspires to help them escape. Their mastery over magic may be more formidable than you first assumed, and while their intentions remain unclear, their continued interference is **growing tiresome**.



One evening, after another long day of adventure, you find yourself **resting by a pristine lake in the wilderness**. The sun is still, the water like a mirror reflecting the sky—until a ripple disturbs the surface. From the depths of the lake, **a woman rises, her dark hair flowing like ink, her wings folded against her back**. She exudes neither malice nor warmth, but an aura of **unshakable presence**. Vega does not recognize her at first, but she **immediately senses something different**, something profound. The woman introduces herself as **Aelia, the First Custodian of the Universe**, and the moment her title is spoken, Vega's usual carefree demeanor **shifts into deep reverence**. She even calls Aelia *Wise One*, a term of unexpected respect from someone so playful. Aelia, however, remains wary. To her, you are **outsiders to this planet**, anomalies she cannot yet trust. But upon learning of your **human origin**, her stance softens. She makes a decision—she will **stay close, just as Vega once did, to ensure you bring no harm to the world**. An unexpected consequence of her presence? **The magicians stop appearing altogether**. If questioned, she merely states, *"They all answer to me, in one way or another."*

With Aelia now accompanying you, a new world unfolds before you—the **hidden, esoteric side of Earth**, where creatures of folklore, hidden civilizations, and ancient magics **still breathe beneath the surface of history**. Through her, you gain an **understanding of the unseen**, of the delicate balance between magic and reality. Aelia is not one to meddle in your troubles, but she **willingly mediates**, ensuring that your presence does not bring unintended consequences to the planet. As you continue your journey, you may find yourself growing closer to this **elegant, enigmatic Custodian**, drawing her into your adventures just as Vega once was.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

You have stepped beyond the veil of the mundane, into the **mystical heart of Earth's forgotten history**. Through Aelia, you have glimpsed **what lies hidden from most**—and perhaps even earned a place within it.

The Magical Feather of Aelia (Reward Item)

A single, beautiful feather, plucked from Aelia's wings. Though she dismisses it as nothing more than a feather, it carries a lingering trace of her power, becoming a source of magical power that slowly seeps away infusing the environment with it. It is said that those who hold it will never be completely lost, always able to find their way—or be found, should the need arise.



Scenario 04: Heavenly Stalker

At first, it seems like a string of **unusual coincidences**—a rock tumbling from a cliff, a tree collapsing in your path, a **pit trap appearing in the most inconvenient place possible**. But as the close calls **stack up**, it becomes **impossible to ignore**—someone is trying to get rid of you. Poisoned food, suspiciously well-timed accidents, bizarre "random" dangers—all things that **should** have ended a mortal life but barely faze you due to your **Star Seed nature**. When the culprit is finally **unmasked**, it is not some villain in the shadows but an **angelic-looking young man**, his golden wings shining in the light. He introduces himself as **Cherub** and, even after being confronted, insists that you are an **unnatural being**—one that must be **returned to the cycle of mortality**. No matter how many times he fails, he refuses to abandon his mission.



Cherub is **persistent** to the point of absurdity, **equal parts determined and disastrously ineffective**. One day, he is **dead serious, devising elaborate traps**—the next, he is **fumbling through his own schemes**, his plans unraveling before they even begin. His divine abilities, though impressive, seem to falter against your **cosmic resilience**. And yet, he remains convinced that there **must be a way** to send you back. He lurks in the background of your adventures, sometimes attempting to **sabotage you in the most inconvenient ways**, other times showing up at the **worst possible moments**—like during a **tense diplomatic meeting** or in the middle of **escaping a cryptid-infested swamp**. Despite his **obsessive goal**, his presence is not entirely malicious—at times, he **unintentionally helps** by disrupting **actual** threats, much to his own frustration. The question remains: **why is he so fixated on this?** Could there be more to his duty than simple blind obedience?

The more Cherub tries, the more **the futility of his mission begins to weigh on him**. No matter what he does, he cannot undo what you have become. His confidence **wavers**, and before long, it **crumbles into something far more painful—uncertainty**. If his purpose was to **return you to mortality**, but it is an **impossible task**, then **what does that make him? What is his purpose now?** For the first time, he is forced to consider a life **beyond his original mission**. Perhaps you can **help him find a new path**, one that does not rely on his old convictions. Whether that means offering him **friendship**, a **new goal**, or simply **giving him the time he needs to reflect**, the choice is his. After all, even angels can get lost—and sometimes, they need someone to show them the way forward.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

You have survived **repeated divine assassination? attempts** and, more importantly, **gained a potential angel friend, sort of**. Your ability to change destinies **continues to grow**, shaping not only your own story but those around you.

A Heavenly Trap (Reward Item)

*A **small, golden snap trap**, slightly ruffled at the edges as if plucked in frustration. It **radiates a faint divine presence**, though its power is not overwhelming. This trap is self-autonomous, capable of setting itself and resetting if necessary while targeting a specific target without needing your intervention—a fitting gift from someone who spent **far too much time trying (and failing) to cause them**.*



Scenario 05: A Glimpse through the Astral Sea

Lately, your mind has been **playing tricks on you**—fleeting whispers at the edge of your hearing, **phantom images** flickering at the corner of your vision, only for reality to snap back to normal the moment you focus. **Déjà vu? Hallucinations? A side effect of your Star Seed nature?** Whatever it is, it refuses to stop, persisting for days until you finally mention it to Vega. **Her response?** A knowing grin and a casual declaration: “*You’re ready.*” Ready for what? For your **first real dive** into the **Astral Sea**—the boundless realm of **consciousness, will, and thought.**



With Vega guiding you through a **meditation session**, you finally **slip beyond the veil.** The world shifts, dissolving into something **pristine, surreal, and vast.** You are now in the **Astral Sea’s version of Earth**, a dreamlike mirror filled with **ethereal landscapes**, places that seem **more real than reality itself**, and beings that defy description. Here, even **ideas take form**—you might speak with the essence of an **ancient mountain**, witness the flickering memory of a long-forgotten **civilization**, or brush against the presence of **cosmic beings** that dwell in the unseen layers of existence. You may **appear as you normally do** or take on a shape more fitting to your will. Vega walks beside you, serving as both mentor and travel companion. And it is here, amidst the **wonders and mysteries of the Astral**, that you will encounter something—**or someone—unexpected.**

As you explore, you come across a **tiny astral drake**, its slender, shimmering body **hopelessly wedged between two floating rocks.** The little creature **struggles**, its **iridescent wings fluttering** as it tries to wriggle free. It’s a simple problem, yet solving it requires a **bit of cleverness and finesse.** Once freed, the small drake **scurries away**, pausing only for a moment to lock eyes with you before vanishing into the Astral expanse. A passing encounter... or so it seems. In your future visits, you **begin noticing** the same little drake **lurking nearby**, watching you from afar with **curious intent.** If you **show kindness**, if you **offer your hand**, the bond between you will slowly form. One day, during a solo journey into the Astral Sea, you will be **ambushed** by a cluster of **strange, octopus-like entities**, their **slimy appendages latching onto you** with frustrating persistence. Struggling to remove them, you suddenly hear a **sharp, aggressive chomp!** The little drake has **leapt into action**, biting and driving them off. And at that moment, something clicks between you. **You know his name. He knows you.** From now on, wherever your journey takes you—whether in the **Astral Sea** or, as you’ll soon discover, even the **physical world**—your new companion, **Flip, the Astral Drake**, will always be close by.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

Your first journey into the **Astral Sea** has opened **new doors of perception**, granting you a deeper understanding of reality and its unseen layers. More importantly, you have **made a friend**, one who will follow you across **worlds and dimensions.**

Ethereal Collar (Reward Item)

*A silken, star-threaded collar that hums with subtle astral energy. It adjusts perfectly to fit any **small companion or pet**, allowing them to **accompany you and summon them to you by merely calling them for their name.** Flip, your loyal drake, seems to **love wearing it**, often flicking his tail with pride when he does. Whether for a **mystical creature** or a more **mundane animal**, this collar ensures that a **bond formed across realms remains unbroken.***



Scenario 06: Strange Phenomena in Antarctica

It all starts with a **mystery**. Aelia has been **uneasy** lately, her senses attuned to **anomalous magical fluctuations** happening in one of the most **inhospitable places on Earth**—Antarctica. Despite her usual composed demeanor, there is a hint of **concern** in her voice as she suggests investigating. The idea of braving the frozen wasteland may not sound immediately appealing, but **the thrill of the unknown** and Vega’s excited insistence make it hard to say no. So, with **your companions in tow**, you set out on **an expedition to the icy frontier**. Once there, it doesn’t take long to realize that **something unnatural is happening**—strange **auroras flicker in unnatural patterns**, pockets of the landscape seem to **vibrate with unseen energy**, and the very air hums with a sensation that **tingles against your Star Seed nature**. Following the disturbances leads you to the source of the chaos: **a flustered, pastel-skinned strange elven girl furiously tapping at a console, cursing under her breath**.



Enter **Syldri**, a young **Sylvandar** stranded on Earth, attempting to **recharge the magikapacitors of her spaceship, the Logos**. Using a **highly advanced—but wildly unstable—method**, she’s been trying to **draw magic from Earth’s atmosphere** to refuel her ship. Unfortunately, she **miscalculated**—Antarctica’s temperatures are not quite as low as she thought they needed to be. The result? **A week of bizarre, magical misfires, failed energy transfers, and increasingly frustrated button-mashing**. Aelia is **less than pleased** with Syldri’s reckless experiments, but the little scientist refuses to give up. She is **determined to find a solution**, and that’s where you come in. With your **Star Seed nature**, perhaps you can help stabilize the process. **Is there anything inherently magical about Star Seeds?** It’s time to find out.

What follows is a **week of absolute chaos**—and **scientific brilliance!** You will be Syldri’s assistant in a **series of increasingly outlandish experiments**, some of which **explode spectacularly**, while others **almost** work before fizzling out at the last second. You find yourself **conducting wild energy transfers, testing bizarre machinery**, and even participating in **questionable tests involving Vega as a lightning rod** (she was surprisingly okay with it). Throughout all of this, **your companions find ways to enjoy the strange Antarctic vacation**—Vega makes snow sculptures, Cherub gets **tricked into trying to “smite” the cold**, and Aelia spends most of the time **keeping Syldri from freezing herself solid**. In the end, the answer may have been **right in front of you the whole time**—Aelia, as the **source of Earth’s magic**, might be the key to solving Syldri’s problem. But even if Syldri’s spaceship remains grounded for now, **one thing is certain**—you’ve just made a **brilliantly eccentric** new friend, and **science has never been this fun**.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

Your adventures in **Antarctica** have given you a **crash course in interstellar magical engineering**, deepened your understanding of **Earth’s magical ecosystem**, and, more importantly, granted you a **week of hilarious, unforgettable memories**.

Aetheric Resonator (Reward Item)

*A sleek, **handheld magical detector** crafted with Syldri’s **scientific expertise**. This device **reacts to magical fluctuations**, glowing **brighter** and emitting **higher frequencies** in the presence of **strong magical fields, ley lines, or supernatural entities**. It can even **track residual magical traces**, making it perfect for **detecting hidden spells, secret enchantments, or unraveling magical mysteries**. Of course, Syldri’s signature remains in the form of **an unnecessarily snarky AI assistant** that occasionally **chimes in with questionable commentary** on your findings.*



Scenario 07: Party Flight

You've spent so much time on **Earth**, exploring its wonders, diving into **mysteries**, and making **unforgettable memories** with your companions. But what about **beyond**? What about the stars, the distant worlds, the vast unknown? The moment the Logos' magikapacitors hit full charge, Syldri can't help but grin ear to ear—her ship is ready, and so are you. Over a casual conversation, she throws out an idea with her usual reckless enthusiasm: *"Why don't we take her for a spin? Just a quick adventure, nothing crazy!"* Vega is **instantly on board** (pun intended), while the others weigh the excitement vs. potential chaos. Aelia, ever the responsible one, isn't so sure, citing the importance of keeping Earth safe in her absence. But surely, **a short trip couldn't hurt, right?** You've got **a few days** to prepare—gather supplies, finish any other business you had, and most importantly... **party within the Logos.**



And oh, **what a party it will be!** With departure imminent, Syldri breaks out her **personal stash of Sylvandar wine**, an **exotic, highly potent drink** unlike anything found on Earth. The moment the first glasses are poured, the night takes on a **wild, unpredictable energy**. Even **Aelia**, typically composed and untouchable, starts to show **signs of tipsiness**. Vega, for reasons unknown, seems **completely unaffected**—which only makes her **even more mischievous**. She takes **full advantage** of everyone's loosened inhibitions, suggesting **embarrassing games, ridiculous dares, and challenges** that, in the moment, feel like **absolutely genius ideas** (*Protip: they're not*). Laughter fills the air, along with **stories, stumbles, and one or two questionable dance performances**. You and your companions revel in this **chaotic, joyous night**, celebrating everything that has brought you **together on this journey**.

Then, in the midst of the madness, Syldri will have a **brilliant idea**—or at least, she thinks so. She will announce she wants to show everyone something... but promptly forgets what it was. It's not until she disappears that reality **sinks in**—the deep **hum of power**, the sudden shift in gravity, the **rising panic** as the **ship roars to life**. The Logos is **taking off**. The question now is: **can you stop her in time, or are you about to get the most unexpected space adventure of your life?** Either way... the party just got **a whole lot bigger**.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

Between the **preparations, the celebration, and the absolute mayhem**, you've gained a **deeper bond** with your companions, **precious memories**, and perhaps **a little too much secondhand embarrassment, probably now wary of those strong Sylvandar drinks**. And most importantly, you're **one step closer to the stars**.

Sylvandar Wine (Reward Item)

*A rare, **highly potent** wine from the Sylvandar fleet, stored in a **beautifully crafted crystalline bottle**. This **powerful liquor** is **notorious** for its ability to **affect even the most resistant beings**, including those with **near-immunity to alcohol**. A single sip delivers a **warmth unlike anything else**, while a full glass can **challenge the composure of even the strongest-willed individuals**. **Drink responsibly... or don't.***



Scenario 08: On the Orbit of a Distant Planet

Whoa. When Syldri said the Logos was fast, she **wasn't bluffing**. The moment the hyperdrive engaged, space turned into a blur, and now, here you are—**somewhere new, somewhere unknown**. The ship emerges into a **distant star system**, one that even Aelia, usually **all-knowing**, isn't able to place (though to be fair, she's still recovering from last night's sylvandarian wine). Vega squints at the bright young blue star ahead, saying it *feels* familiar, but without a name, it's impossible to know how far you've traveled, but on the bright side you should still be within the Milky Way. The region is breathtaking—a cosmic ocean of reddish nebulae swirling around the planets, the light of the newborn star illuminating mysteries waiting to be uncovered. Then, in the distance, a **space station** looms. It's old, worn, and barely holding together, but it's **functional**. Perhaps it holds the **answers** you need.



Docking inside, you find the station **practical, but far from comfortable**—clearly built for **purpose, not luxury**. And at its core? A lone figure, hunched over a glowing control panel, hands deftly adjusting **nebula-recollectors** that seem to **gently guide** cosmic clouds toward the young star. This is **Kryp**, the **Stellar Gardener** and self-exiled pariah of the **Mekthars**. He's not particularly interested in pleasantries—at least, not **until** you offer your assistance. **In exchange for directions**, he needs help maintaining the station: **calibrating machinery, collecting nebula samples, and measuring stellar radiation levels**. It's work that demands **precision and adaptability**, and with the station's **age catching up to it**, there's plenty of **improvisation** required.

Should you assist in the experiments and tasks, something unexpected happens. When Kryp activates one of his custom-built devices, meant to nurture the young star, its radiation washes over you, and for a brief moment—you feel **different. Stronger. Clearer. Changed**. Kryp notices immediately. His usual **reserved demeanor shifts** as he studies the effect, eyes gleaming with **scientific curiosity**. When he pieces together that you are a **Star Seed**, his intrigue turns into **outright excitement**. The **distant, brooding engineer** suddenly transforms into a **driven, relentless researcher**, eager to **test theories, push limits, and uncover what's possible**. He **bombards you with questions**, fascinated by the idea that **his work might help accelerate your growth** into something greater. And just like that, his decision is made. **He's coming with you**. Kryp invites himself aboard the Logos—not for companionship, but for **discovery**. He may still be a lone-wolf type, but when it comes to unlocking the unknown, his passion burns as bright as the stars he tends to.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

Through **experimentation, discovery, and a newfound sense of inspiration**, you gain a **deeper understanding of both yourself and the vast cosmos**. And with Kryp's expertise **now part of your journey**, who knows what new possibilities lie ahead?

Nebula-Tuned Stellar Effector (Reward Item)

A curious item crated by the Stellar Gardener, it focuses radiation to create effects on stars. However, it seems that for some reason it seems to strengthen you. Entering this device and activating it will fasten growth of all kinds on you, allowing you to improve in any method, growth stage, or even granting EXP to reach new levels. Of course, this device is very fragile, and can only be used once per few days. However, the effects are very noticeable on the long run, allowing you to surpass any equal peers by at least half of the time they require to reach a next stage.



Scenario 09: The Work of a God

The galaxy is vast, filled with wonders both complete and incomplete. Your journey takes you to a star system still in progress, its planets mere fragments of unfinished worlds. Amidst the floating debris and half-formed landscapes, **one small planet catches your attention**—its surface bears the marks of recent work, and more intriguingly, there's someone down there. Landing to investigate, you meet **Methros Kikorstzuntir**, Aidee to the Star Forger, and a very, very overworked minor god. He's struggling to finish crafting the planets of this system, hammering away at the terrain with a look of utter exhaustion. He dreams of becoming the *World Forger*, a legendary shaper of celestial bodies—but... well, judging by the lopsided mountains and oddly shaped craters, it's clear his work could use *some* improvement.



A few honest words (or a particularly well-timed snarky remark) about his creations cause Methros to bristle. “*Oh? You think you can do better?*” he scoffs, before slamming his enormous forging hammer into the ground. **The challenge is on.** He hands you a hammer—a powerful tool, though significantly smaller than his own. Heavy in your grip, yet buzzing with divine energy, it feels like it's meant for creating something grand. The task? Shape the planet. Forge the land into something worthy of a god's craftsmanship. Your companions gather to watch—some cheering you on, others heckling for fun, while Vega casually takes notes. Methros, despite his frustration, is skilled—his movements are practiced, and his experience shows. But... he's also overworked and clearly on the edge of burning out. His form is sloppy in places, and despite his power, even he struggles with consistency.

The contest pushes you to your limits. Learning to wield the hammer properly takes time, and understanding its magic is even trickier. But moment by moment, strike by strike, you begin to grasp the art of planet forging. Whether you surpass Methros or fall just short, the competition isn't just about winning—it's about seeing his struggle firsthand. By the end, as he surveys the results of the challenge, something in him clicks. With a sigh that turns into relieved laughter, he tosses his hammer aside. “*You know what? I'm done. That's it. I need a vacation.*” Without hesitation, dropping everything he was working on, he invites himself aboard the Logos, staking claim to one of the crew cabins. For once in his existence, he's going to kick back, relax, and let someone else handle the hard work for a while.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

Through competition and understanding, you have **gained insight into divine craftsmanship** and perhaps even **taught a god the value of rest.** Methros has now joined the Logos, bringing his boisterous but well-earned laziness along for the ride.

Low-Powered Planet Forging Hammer (Reward Item)

A scaled-down version of the mighty divine forging tools, this hammer retains a fraction of its original power—which is still impressive by mortal standards. With it, you can reshape terrain, raise very small mountains, carve very shallow valleys, or alter landscapes in minor but meaningful ways. While it's nothing compared to the original, it remains an invaluable tool for any explorer, architect, or mischief-maker looking to leave their mark on the worlds they visit. However, should you attain some kind of divinity during your journeys... this item's capabilities will vastly increase, a fitting tool for a god one would think.



Scenario 10: Gerbyl Station under Attack!

After the chaotic adventures of late, the crew of the Logos sets a course for **Gerbyl Station**, a well-known deep-space research facility dedicated to faster-than-light technology. It's meant to be a simple pit stop, a place to relax and regroup. But from the moment you arrive, something is *off*. There are no docking protocols, forcing a manual approach. Then, the moment you step inside, you're ambushed—a ragtag group of marauders, wielding worn-out weapons and desperate grins, try to take you prisoner. Of course, **they're no match for you and your companions**, but just as you turn the tide, one of them grabs a rocket launcher and aims it directly at the Logos. You have *milliseconds* to react—but before you can, something drops from the vents above. A blue, gelatinous mass lands right onto the pirate, engulfing him just as the rocket misfires. The warhead fizzles out, ejected harmlessly from the slime's form, and in the next instant, the mass shifts, reforms, and takes shape—becoming **a graceful, melodramatic slime girl**.



With a flourish, she strikes a perfectly choreographed pose, her iridescent form shimmering under the station's dim lights. "*Fear not, for I have arrived!*" she proclaims with exaggerated flair. "*Initium Protus Nexus! But you may call me Initium, dear not pirate.*" The situation may be dire, but she treats the whole moment like an audience's grand entrance applause. Quickly, she explains—Gerbyl Station has been overtaken by the Blue Numidian Tigers, a band of space pirates seeking to steal cutting-edge FTL research. Though most of them are blundering thugs, **their leader is ruthless, and they have hostages**—meaning brute force alone won't be enough. Even Vega, normally eager for a fight, clenches her fists in frustration, knowing that pure strength won't solve this problem. This mission will require stealth, skill, and careful planning. Traps are rigged to hostages, some prisoners are hidden away, and on the station's bridge, the pirate lieutenant is one step away from executing the scientists. There's no room for mistakes.

With Initium at your side, the mission will turn into a thrilling blend of tension and improvisation. Her fluid body and empathic nature make her an invaluable ally—she can squeeze into vents, sense enemies before they strike, and effortlessly slip past defenses. At times, she even lifts the tension, turning near-disasters into laughable, dramatic performances. Yet, there's a genuine warmth beneath her antics—she *cares* for these people, and though she claims she's just "sampling the emotions of heroism", **there's no doubt she's fighting with her heart**. With your combined efforts, the hostages can be saved, the FTL research protected, and the station is secured. Now it's up to you and your companions, and your little blue new friend to bring justice to this place!

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

Through **wit, teamwork, and a little bit of slime-induced chaos**, you have **liberated Gerbyl Station** and **gained a new companion**—the **ever-dramatic, ever-curious, and ever-adorable** Initium Protus Nexus.

Fizzled RPG Round (Reward Item)

A malfunctioning but strangely enchanted rocket-propelled grenade round that never works as intended—until it absolutely must. At the worst moment for your enemies, it will inexplicably self-activate, finding its way to the most critical target—whether it's a control panel, an exposed weak spot, or an unfortunate pirate captain's getaway shuttle. It cannot be fired manually, but when fate decides the time is right, it will make its impact unforgettable.



Scenario 11: Star Crossed Lovers?

As the Logos sails through deep space, it suddenly lurches to a halt. Syldri frantically checks the systems, confused—there’s no gravity well, no external forces, nothing that could have interfered with the ship. Before she can even form a hypothesis, Vega tenses. Her eyes widen with recognition, and without a word, she storms toward the airlock. **Outside, floating directly in the ship’s path, is a lone figure—a man, radiant and resplendent, as if he himself is forged from stardust and divinity.** The moment he lays eyes on Vega, he smiles with a knowing confidence, opening his arms in a grandiose gesture of welcome. *“Vega, my dearest,”* he calls out, his voice rich and commanding. This is **Altair, the Living Star of Cygnus**, and from the way he carries himself, he is certain that he is the only star Vega should orbit. Vega greets him with familiarity, but when she introduces him to the crew, his gaze settles on you—his eyes narrowing with something between confusion, dismissal... and **jealousy**.



Altair remains aboard the Logos, but his presence is suffocating. He ignores you entirely when Vega isn’t around, and when she *is*—oh, how he plays the part of the gallant suitor. He regales her with tales of past conquests, reminds her of the grandeur of the cosmos, and subtly belittles the “small, fleeting distractions” that keep her here. One night, you overhear him arguing with her in hushed but intense tones, speaking of her place among the stars, of how staying with you and the others is **beneath her**. Vega, to her credit, **argues back—firmly, stubbornly**—but there’s something in the way her voice wavers, something uncertain. The tension grows, until fate forces your hand—a distress call from Meralta IV, a peaceful planet inhabited by the gentle, rabbit-like Meraltans, has been intercepted by a lone swarm of Malignathus. Their home is under siege, their cities burning. Altair seizes the opportunity, believing that this is the *perfect* stage for him to prove that he alone is the true hero, the one worthy of Vega’s side.

But this isn’t about a contest for Vega’s heart. It’s about saving lives. Altair, for all his brilliance and might, fights recklessly, more focused on grand gestures than protecting the vulnerable. He throws himself into danger, expecting Vega to watch in awe, but his arrogance blinds him—his actions put civilians at risk, his pride endangers the mission. You, however, will have to fight for the Meraltans, for their home, for what is right. **You must outmaneuver Altair, proving not through power, but through wit, strategy, and compassion, that true strength isn’t in who shines brightest, but in who stands strongest when others need them most.** And though Vega may not say it outright, there is a moment—a look, a hesitation in her voice—where something shifts in the way she sees you. The stars themselves may burn eternally, but the warmth of a guiding light? *That’s something far rarer... and far more precious.*

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

Through **intelligence, empathy, and determination**, you have **saved Meralta IV**, proving that true strength lies not in **dominance**, but in **understanding, care, and resolve**. **Altair, unwilling to admit defeat**, will eventually **depart**—much to the **relief of your non-celestial companions**. Yet, his absence will not be **permanent**. Every so often, he will **temporarily return**, ever **persistent**, ever **dramatic**, attempting once more to **charm Vega right in front of you**. But surely, it won’t **get out of hand... right?**

A Cosmic Bouquet (Reward Item)

*A lavish arrangement of **ethereal, otherworldly flowers**, shimmering with **celestial hues**. Originally a **gift from Altair to Vega**, it was **promptly rejected and tossed out of an airlock**—only to **mysteriously reappear** in your warehouse. Strange how things have a way of **finding their place**. This peculiar bouquet carries a **unique power**: when given to another, it not only **conveys emotions with unparalleled clarity**, but also bestows upon the recipient a **temporary boon of cosmic nature**. Whether it’s a **brief surge of insight**, an **ethereal glow**, or a **fleeting taste of the boundless stars**, this gift ensures that **both the message and the moment will never be forgotten**.*



Scenario 12: My Worst and Most Beautiful Friend

The last few days aboard the Logos have been uneventful—aside from Flip's relentless pursuit of some particularly goofy-looking space fauna. That peace is shattered when Vega storms into her quarters, looking absolutely flustered, muttering under her breath about "that insufferable, arrogant, self-important show-off." She refuses to explain, but throughout the day, she will occasionally freeze mid-step, her expression shifting from irritation to smug satisfaction, then back to barely contained rage. If curiosity gets the better of you and you take a peek into the Astral Sea, the mystery is solved: Vega is locked in a heated "discussion" with none other than her rival, Deneb. And by "discussion," it's a fierce, passive-aggressive (and sometimes outright aggressive) contest of wills. When Deneb finally takes notice of you, a mischievous glint sparks in her eyes. With a smug smirk, she proposes the obvious solution: **a beauty contest**, judged by none other than you and your companions.



Days later, the event is set. A shooting star streaks across space before slowing and reshaping into the stunning celestial form of Deneb—a **raven-haired vision of elegance in a flowing red dress**. That is, until she locks eyes with Vega. A smug smirk crosses her lips, which immediately sends Vega into a barely contained fit of rage. Vega retaliates with a cutting remark, and Deneb's cool composure **shatters like fragile glass**. What follows is a masterclass in barely restrained rivalry, equal parts grace and petulance. The contest is set to take place on a breathtaking planet with an oceanic moon at sunrise, an event that should have been an elegant showcase of celestial beauty—**if not for the contestants' blatant and escalating attempts at sabotage**.

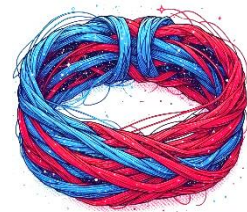
As one of the esteemed judges, alongside your companions, you're expected to **evaluate** Vega and Deneb fairly over three rounds. That would be simple—if both contestants weren't **actively cheating**. Vega will plead with you using **adorable, desperate puppy eyes**. Deneb, on the other hand, will **shamelessly flirt and attempt to sway you**. Initium will be positively **drunk on the sheer chaos of emotions**, Aelia and Cherub will **attempt to judge with some sense of fairness**, and Flip... Flip will absolutely fall for **Deneb's bribes of delicious food**. It becomes increasingly clear, however, that while they claim to be **rivals**, their bickering, teasing, and sheer delight in **getting under each other's skin** speaks of something far deeper. **By the end of the contest, to you it is undeniable—these two are best friends, even if they will never, ever admit it.**

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

Through patience, wit, and sheer determination, you have successfully **maintained order (somewhat)** in a contest that was never meant to be fair. Whether you played the role of an impartial judge, got caught in the middle of **celestial bribery**, or simply enjoyed the spectacle, one thing is clear—**Vega and Deneb are more alike than they'd ever admit**. Though neither will ever concede defeat, **Deneb will occasionally return** to compete with Vega, and sometimes unwittingly become part of further adventures.

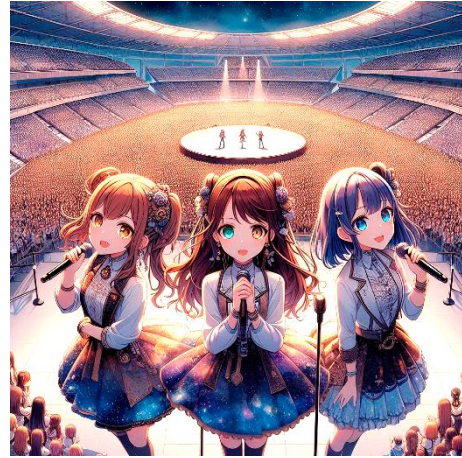
Threaded Celestial Wristband (Reward Item)

*Amidst all the absurdity, the **true reward** of the contest is not victory, but something **far more meaningful**. A simple yet beautiful **wristband, woven from red and blue threads**, finds its way into your possession. Whether given as a prize or quietly exchanged between Vega and Deneb when they think no one is looking, it is a symbol of an **unspoken, eternal bond**. A mark of **friendship, rivalry, and the beautiful chaos that comes with both**.*



Scenario 13: A Week in the Sweetest Paradise

After countless adventures, close calls, and unexpected encounters, the universe has finally decided to offer something truly rare—a perfect getaway. Drifting into an uncharted star system, you find yourself surrounded by a breathtaking celestial ballet—**three radiant Living Stars orbiting a single, serene planet**. Yet, the true marvel here isn't just the system itself, but the glimmering flotilla of luxury cruisers and mobile space stations, each adorned with banners professing love, admiration, and eternal devotion to a trio of idols: **Aur, Ve, and Sia**. Before long, a melodic transmission reaches you and Vega, a message woven in celestial resonance, warmly inviting you to visit their paradise—a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to meet the Wandering Living Stars before they depart on their next great journey.



From the moment you land, the world feels like a dream made real. A perfect balance of golden beaches, lush forests, cascading waterfalls, and endless flower fields, all kissed by the gentle radiance of three guiding stars. The Celestial Form of Aur, a dark blue-haired young woman brimming with boundless energy, greets you upon arrival, personally escorting you to a **lavish seaside resort**, where you and your companions are treated as honored guests. This world is more than just a retreat; it is a stage for the greatest performance in the cosmos, where Aur, Ve, and Sia pour their very essence into songs that reach the soul itself. **Every day brings new joys, adventures, and stolen moments**—lounging under starlit skies, swimming in crystalline waters, perhaps even experiencing something deeper with those closest to you. For one week, there is no peril, no urgency—just laughter, warmth, and the kind of peace that lingers in the heart forever.

But just before the grand farewell concert, disaster strikes—**technical failures threaten to disrupt the entire event**. The sisters, while powerful in their own right, struggle to keep everything in sync. The audience waits in breathless anticipation, yet the magic risks unraveling before their eyes. But you are here, and **you must ensure this night will not end in disappointment**. Will you step up as an engineer, weaving your technical expertise into the heart of the stage? Or perhaps embrace the music itself, wielding the raw brilliance of celestial energy to amplify the sisters' song across the stars? Maybe, just maybe, this is your moment to shine—to take the stage along the sisters, let your voice ring out across the cosmos, and etch this night into eternity. No matter what you choose, one thing is certain: **this will be a night no one will ever forget**.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

A week in paradise, friendships deepened, unforgettable memories made, and a **cosmic concert that shook the heavens**—you've truly lived the dream. **Cherub is acting a bit awkward** after spending the rest of the night with Sia alone, and though the Wandering Living Stars will soon depart, **their voices, and their kindness, will echo in your heart forever**.

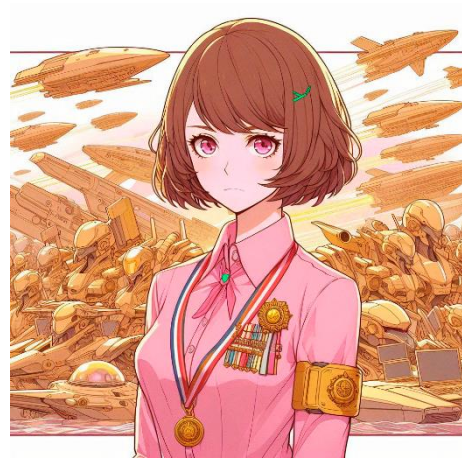
A Beautiful Music Box (Reward Item)

This wooden box appeared on your warehouse one day after you left the Wandering Star System, it's a beautiful box that once opened it plays a tune reminiscent of the songs of the three sisters. The music it plays is catchy, relaxing, and usually brings good feelings and memories. It's the perfect gift to those that have listened to Aur, Ve, and Sia before and wish to remember, and for some reason it makes Cherub's eyes watery every single time.



Scenario 14: Galactic Diplomacy (Or How to Host a Cosmic Disaster)

The day had been peaceful, almost too peaceful, when Syldi suddenly reports **an incoming vessel approaching at high speed**. Its transponder signal flares up on your screen—a **Caelorian ship**. Before you can even process why one of the most influential empires in the sector would be heading straight for you, a message pings through. **Niktıla Didier, an esteemed Caelorian Diplomatic Liaison**, formally requests permission to dock. Within moments, the Logos welcomes aboard a poised and elegant woman with a calculated smile and a diplomatic air that could calm a solar storm. She wastes no time, presenting you and Vega with a collection of thoughtful gifts, gourmet delicacies, and enticing promises. **Her goal? To form an alliance with you**—after all, the influence of Living Stars is no small thing. The offer is tempting, reasonable, and, if Niktıla’s smooth explanations are to be believed, entirely beneficial to all parties involved.



But then—another alert. A **second ship approaches**, this time bearing the mark of the **Grundth Empire**. Tharfarris, a broad-shouldered and gruff-looking diplomat, hails you with urgency. His tone is diplomatic... at first. The moment his eyes land on Niktıla, his expression hardens like cooling magma. His request to dock shifts into a demand, warning you not to fall for the misleading tactics of the Caelorians. The moment he steps aboard, the air crackles with unspoken hostility. The polite, professional veneer between the two fractures almost instantly, their words growing sharper with every exchange. Niktıla’s poised smile tightens; Tharfarris’ forced patience crumbles. You barely get a word in before each begins cutting off the other, desperately trying to paint their empire as the superior ally—while making not-so-subtle jabs at their rival’s past misdeeds, dubious policies, and overall existence.

And just when you think the situation can’t spiral further—another transmission. A third ship hails you, claiming to represent an independent world that seeks an alliance with the Living Stars to remain free from both the Caelorian and Grundth empires. The moment their request to dock is announced, both Niktıla and Tharfarris nearly combust, turning their fury toward this unexpected wildcard. They strongly suggest you deny them entry, each arguing that their continued presence would disrupt galactic stability—but it’s clear neither of them actually care about stability, only about winning an alliance with you, as neither can lose this potential alliance or allow the other to have it. **The tension on board has reached critical mass**, and if you don’t find a way to de-escalate this diplomatic disaster, you might just end up being the catalyst for an interstellar war. No pressure.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

You have **survived** one of the most excruciating tests of patience in the known universe—galactic diplomacy. Whether you managed to secure an alliance, find a neutral resolution, or simply **trick everyone into calming down** before someone threw a chair, you’ve proven that **sometimes the greatest battles aren’t fought with weapons, but with words**.

Token of Truce (Reward Item)

A finely woven garment, gifted to you as a symbol of “respect”—or perhaps just relief that things didn’t erupt into interstellar chaos. Crafted from luxurious Caelorian silk and rugged Grundth battle-thread, it embodies negotiation, compromise, and the delicate art of diplomacy. Strangely enough, prolonged use seems to enhance your ability to learn, ever so slightly accelerating your social attributes each day. Over time, the effect compounds, making even the smallest usage build into something greater. How peculiar... and yet, undeniably valuable.



Scenario 15: The Bird from the Riese Cloud

As your journey unfolds, a soft, happy tune begins to echo through the Logos. At first, it's barely noticeable—just a gentle melody drifting through the cosmos—but as you follow its source, you find yourselves approaching a small star system nestled near the **Riese Cloud**, a vast nebula that has cradled newborn stars for millions of years. There, shining softly amidst the stellar nursery, is a **quiet, unassuming white dwarf**—a Living Star known as **Little Dove**. Even before she manifests her Celestial Form, her presence is warm and inviting, like an old friend you've only just met. She greets you with cheerful curiosity, addressing Vega first as if recognizing a kindred spirit, before turning her attention to you with an amused, knowing glint in her light-filled eyes.



Without a world of her own, **Little Dove steps onto the Logos**, bringing with her a sense of serenity so profound it seems to slow time itself, for a moment everyone seems to hear the soft coo sound that a dove would make. She listens intently to your stories, genuinely delighted by the details of your travels, laughing at your misadventures, and humming softly when tales turn bittersweet. She asks about Earth, about the things you love, about the colors of your sunsets and the feeling of rain. Despite her youthful appearance—**silvery-haired with half her hair draped in a cosmic pattern that shimmers like the nebula around her**—her words hold the weight of eons. Vega recalls hearing whispers of Little Dove in ancient celestial stories, an altruistic Living Star known across galaxies, though her past remains shrouded in mystery. Even now, she never speaks of who she was before, **of the times when she was known by a different name**; only of what she has seen, what she has cherished, and the countless songs sung to her by distant stars.

For a time, she simply enjoys your company, playing with Flip and responding to the melodies drifting from unseen voices across the cosmos. **If you continue to present her stories, tales, and recollections of your adventures and travels, something shifts**—a spark, small but unmistakable. Your stories, your energy, your sheer **will to explore the unknown** seem to stir something long dormant within her. For the first time in **countless millennia**, she considers something she had long set aside: **the idea of journeying one more time**. And so, with a soft chuckle and a glimmer of renewed wanderlust, Little Dove tilts her head and asks, "*Would it trouble you terribly if this old bird stretched her wings a little further?*"

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

Fate must have been smiling on you today. By sharing your adventures and weaving your tales for this little bird, you've **earned not just her curiosity—but her companionship**. Moved by your journey, **Little Dove has decided to join you for a while**, eager to see the universe through your eyes. Who knows what wonders she might bring along the way?

Little Dove's Friendship (Temporary Reward Perk)

*It seems you've made a **remarkable friend** in **Little Dove**, the Living Star. Her kindness and warmth are unlike any other, and for reasons beyond explanation, **good fortune seems to follow wherever she goes**. Whether it's a stroke of luck in a crucial moment, the right words coming to you when you need them most, or simply the universe nudging things in your favor—**having Little Dove around feels like carrying a piece of cosmic serendipity with you**. Who knew friendship could be this lucky?*



Scenario 16: Challenged by the Star Harvesters

It all begins with an invitation—Vega, beaming with excitement, calls everyone to visit her star system. She boasts with great pride about the **thirteen planets and eight planetoids that orbit her**, each carefully arranged in what she calls a “perfect cosmic balance.” Though none of them harbor life, she insists their alignment and structure are **something truly special**. Some of your companions are puzzled by her enthusiasm, unsure what makes these celestial formations so remarkable, but her excitement is contagious. With that, the **Logos sets course for the Vega System**.



Upon arrival, the sight is nothing short of breathtaking. **Bands of shimmering rings, drifting clouds of cosmic dust, and planets that move with an almost deliberate grace** paint a mesmerizing scene. Vega’s true body radiates brightly at the heart of the system itself, her brilliant **bluish-white light sending encoded messages of joy**—if you listen closely, you can definitely hear her cheerful greeting to you carried on the waves of starlight. But be careful **not to stare at her true body too long, or she’ll grow embarrassed** and huff at you for making her blush. She eagerly begins a grand tour with her Celestial Form inside the Logos, enthusiastically explaining the features of every planet and planetoid, from their delicate orbits to the unique properties of their surfaces. Some of your companions politely nod along, some are genuinely fascinated, and others might just be humoring her. The atmosphere is lighthearted—until it isn’t.

The moment of wonder is shattered. Emerging from the drifting clouds at the system’s edge, **dozens of ships appear**—strange, angular vessels, their shapes unmistakable to those who have encountered them before. Among them, **an enormous folded structure** moves slowly, its purpose as ominous as its size. **Kyrp stiffens.** His voice carries an uncharacteristic urgency as he identifies the intruders: **the Mekthar.** A **small fleet of these coldly efficient star harvesters** has arrived, and their target is clear—the Vega System is to be their next project. They intend to **dismantle her planets and planetoids, strip them for mass, and ultimately encapsulate Vega herself in one of their titanic megastructures.**

Vega’s reaction is **immediate and furious.** The very idea of having her system torn apart and her existence reduced to fuel for some grand construction project is beyond insulting. Her celestial body flares in anger, waves of stellar heat radiating outward in warning. Kyrp scrambles to de-escalate the situation, but the Mekthar emissaries **laugh off his pleas** as meaningless noise. They believe they are offering a **great service**—a **greater purpose** for this system, and refuse to believe the star Vega is sentient and alive. Vega, however, **sees an invasion, a violation of her home, her very self.** Unless you step in quickly, there will be no negotiations—just cosmic fury **unleashed upon a fleet that doesn’t comprehend the danger it has invited upon itself.**

The choice is yours: **Defend Vega’s honor? Convince the Mekthar to leave? Or somehow, against all odds, find a way to satisfy both sides before Vega’s wrath turns them to dust?** Time is running out. Choose wisely.

Scenario Rewards: +200 CP

Against all odds, you managed to **avert disaster and uphold Vega’s claim to her system**. Whether by diplomacy, intimidation, or sheer ingenuity, the Mekthar **have withdrawn—for now**. Vega’s home remains untouched, and she will never forget the role you played in safeguarding it.

Celestial Accord (Reward Item)

*A **small, crystalline fragment** of one of Vega’s planetoids, imbued with her gratitude and pride. When held, it hums faintly with her celestial energy, filling you with a sense of **determination and belonging**. It may not have any special properties—**or does it?** Perhaps, in a moment of need, it will reveal its true worth.*

**Intermission – The Ship’s Most Wanted Bachelor**

It all started with an innocent game of cards. Well, as innocent as anything could be when Syldri was involved. The round had just ended, with Initium pouting over a lost bet and Vega smugly collecting her winnings when Syldri, ever the instigator, leaned in with a sly grin.

“Alright, ladies,” she said, lazily shuffling the deck. “Who do you think is the most wanted bachelor aboard the Logos?”

Aelia raised an eyebrow, sipping from her tea. “You mean, among the crew?”

Syldri smirked. “Oh no, I mean *the* bachelor. The one who, let’s say, might have a trail of admirers wherever he goes.” Her mind wondered meaningfully towards someone, who just happened to be minding their own business somewhere else at the time.

Vega chuckled, crossing her arms. “Well, it’s obvious, isn’t it? We have a Star Seed, a smart and bad boy attitude guy, a knock off god, and an angel who always comes back—” she waved a hand grandly. “Of *course* one of them is bound to have admirers.”

Initium perked up, nodding rapidly. “It *is* true! I mean, have you *seen* the way people react whenever we land on a new place? It’s always gasps, stares, admiration. You can practically *feel* the romantic tension in the air!”

Aelia sighed. “You’re all being ridiculous. Just because people admire one of them doesn’t mean they’re interested in romance.” But even as she said it, the face of one of them appeared briefly on her mind, causing her to quickly pretend to just sip at her tea.

“Oh, come on,” Syldri pressed, grinning. “I bet if we actually counted, they’d have at least five open confessions of love by now. Maybe more!”

Vega tapped her chin thoughtfully. “Well, there *was* that diplomat from the Caelorians... and that one from the Wandering Star System... oh, and let’s not forget the engineer from the Nebula Concord who was definitely blushing the whole time.”

Aelia groaned. “Stars help me, you’re making a list.”

Syldri winked. “I think we should test this theory. Next time we land somewhere, let’s see how many people openly fawn over them.”

Initium quickly intervened, teasingly towards Vega. “You *do* realize I can tell that someone currently fawns over one of them, right?”

Vega blushed. “Oh, stop it, that’s not true.”

Little Dove clapped her hands. “This is going to be *so* much fun!”

Somewhere else in the Logos, for some reason you begin to have the feeling and sinking suspicion that the next few landings were going to be very, very embarrassing. What a weird feeling, isn’t it?

Scenario 17: The Dark Side of Stars

What was meant to be a quiet respite turns into a **waking nightmare**. The Kulthena System, a rare trinary star system, appears at first to be an ideal place for a short reprieve. A single planet, cloaked in perpetual winter, orbits the dimming main star, Khultena, while **two strange brown dwarfs loom in the distance**. The civilization below is primitive, its people wrapped in furs, surviving under the eerie twilight that never quite fades into true day. A quick scan of the system's history reveals a troubling fact—the world wasn't always this way. Just a few hundred years ago, it was a warm and vibrant place, teeming with life. But then, the light began to fade turning it into near constant winter.



The first two nights pass in relative peace, though an unsettling feeling lingers, like unseen eyes watching from the void. Then the dreams begin. At first, mere **whispers in the dark**, laughter just beyond comprehension. But soon, the visions grow vivid—shadowed figures, their voices smooth as silk, calling your name, promising warmth in the cold. One night, two luminous, ethereal women slip into your dreams, their touch nearly tangible. You feel an irresistible pull, an aching desire to surrender—until Flip suddenly yowls in distress, jolting you awake. The next night, **the presence is even stronger**. A whisper at your ear, a ghostly hand tracing down your arm, the air thick with sweet, intoxicating words. And then, just as you feel yourself slipping, Aelia rushes in, her fist slamming through the half-formed figure of a woman behind you, the Logos shaking from the brute force required to make the thing relent from its approach. A shriek echoes as the phantom dissolves into haunting laughter.

They are not dreams. Vega, pale with recognition, whispers a single name: **Dark Stars**. These are no ordinary celestial bodies, but something worse—**Living Star Vampires**, entities that feed not just on light, but on the very essence of those they ensnare. Looking up, you and Vega finally see the truth: the two brown dwarfs orbiting Khultena are not simple stars at all, but **Aleitha and Giza**, Living Star Vampires that have chosen you as their next meal. Their reach extends far beyond their forms, and already they have sunk their claws into your mind. To fight their true forms directly is suicide unless you have the might of a Living Star or Vega brings her true star body—but she is too distant to help in time. Escape is an option, but with their influence on the entire system the Logos would be at their mercy once it takes flight and, will they even let you leave? Every night, they grow bolder. Every whisper weakens your will. You must find a way to resist. You must survive. For should you surrender, even once, you may never wake again.

Scenario Rewards: +300 CP

Somehow, **you managed to survive**. Whether by force, by cunning, or sheer will, you and your companions have broken free from the dark sisters' grasp. **The Kulthena System is no longer safe**, nor will it be until the Dark Stars find another source to feed upon. But you have won a victory—one that few can claim. And in the heart of the nightmare, you have taken something back with you, a fragment of their power turned against them.

Starbound Warding Pendant (Reward Item)

*A strange, otherworldly trinket, forged from the eerie remnants of Aleitha and Giza's influence. The pendant shimmers with an unsettling glow, neither light nor shadow, a reminder of your close brush with the abyss. When worn, **it grants its bearer an unnatural resilience to mind-affecting influences and attempts to suck, drain or harvest your energy from you**. It is both a trophy and a warning—proof that even the darkest stars cannot claim you so easily.*



Scenario 18: Galactic Heroes, Assemble!

The journey has been smooth, a rare moment of peace as the Logos drifts through the cosmos. However, this tranquility is short-lived as you encounter a convoy of travelers moving hastily in the opposite direction. Their ships, battered and filled with anxious souls, flee as if escaping an impending catastrophe. When questioned, they speak in hurried whispers about the arrival of the **Drifting Constellation**, a group of self-proclaimed warriors of justice. Each member of this legendary team is said to wield powers akin to the stars themselves. This immediately raises suspicions—powers of stars? Could these so-called heroes be Celestial Forms of Living Stars? Before you can ask further questions, the travelers vanish into the void, eager to be anywhere but here when the Drifting Constellation arrives.



As the Logos continues its course, more unusual encounters arise. Bands of notorious mercenaries and wandering brigands, the kind who would normally seek to plunder or cause trouble, are seen fleeing just as desperately as the civilians. They don't stop to attack or harass; they only want to escape. The more you witness, the stranger it all becomes. What kind of force sends both innocent and guilty alike running in fear? The answer soon presents itself as the star system ahead glows brilliantly, and from its heart, two dazzling figures approach.

Two radiant beings, adorned in vibrant costumes with capes billowing in the solar winds, introduce themselves with grandiose flair. They are **Stellar Pink** and **Nebula Blue**, members of the Drifting Constellation, a team of Living Stars sworn to uphold justice across the galaxy. Their voices boom with theatrical confidence as they deliver speeches about truth, valor, and their sacred duty to cleanse evil from existence.

They have a mission, and they believe you should join them. A strange force of formless creatures, **gelatinous entities with eerie feminine faces**, has begun consuming all matter and strangely, space, in a nearby inhabited system. The Drifting Constellation has determined these creatures to be an unnatural threat, an anomaly that must be eradicated before they spread further. This sounds like a noble cause, and agreeing to help leads you to meet the rest of their team—six Living Stars, each with their own dazzling, color-coded persona, posing dramatically as they introduce themselves.

However, as the battle begins, a grim realization sets in. While these warriors of justice wield their stellar might with undeniable power, they seem disturbingly unconcerned about collateral damage. **Blazing solar fists, piercing gamma lances, and cosmic energy beams scorch the battlefield indiscriminately.** The creatures are indeed dangerous, but so is the reckless destruction left in the wake of these so-called heroes. Planets are impacted, asteroid belts are shattered, and soon, an inhabited world trembles beneath their overwhelming force. **The fight for justice is leaning into becoming something else.**

Then it happens—a miscalculated energy blast streaks towards the inhabited planet below. Time seems to slow as you realize the people below, innocent and unaware of this battle in the heavens, are about to be caught in the crossfire. This isn't justice. This is recklessness masquerading as righteousness. **Will you stand by and let the Drifting Constellation continue their reckless crusade? Will you try to stop them before they turn into the very thing they claim to fight against? Or is there a way to both defeat the creatures and remind these self-proclaimed heroes what true justice really means?**

Scenario Rewards: +300 CP

The battle's end is determined by your actions, but one thing is certain—you have changed the course of the Drifting Constellation's journey. Whether you fought beside them, opposed them, or guided them toward a better path, your influence will be remembered. Perhaps, for the first time, these Living Stars will **question what justice truly means.**

Emblem of the Cosmic Sentinel (Reward Item)

*A shimmering, insignia-like artifact infused with a lingering trace of cosmic energy. It is a **symbol of authority and responsibility**, marking those who bear it as beings capable of making difficult moral choices. When worn, it subtly enhances your ability to perceive **the true consequences of actions**, sharpening your judgment in battle and diplomacy alike.*



Scenario 19: Returning to Earth

Time moves differently among the stars. **Has it been months? Years?** The memories of your travels blur into a tapestry of adventure, of dazzling new worlds and unforgettable companions. Yet, no matter how far you've gone, the thought of home lingers—a soft pull at the heart, a whisper of familiar skies and old places. Whether it's nostalgia or simply a desire to share Earth's beauty with those who have never seen it, the decision is made. **You are going home.**



The journey back is filled with anticipation. **Little Dove**, ever the curious traveler, wonders what marvels your world holds. Aelia is quiet but wears the smallest of smiles—there is no doubt she, too, wishes to see the place she once called home again. **The others—Vega, Syldri, Initium, Methros, Kyrp—all have their own expectations, questions, and curiosities.**

But before Earth even comes into view, an unexpected sight appears on the scanners—a fleeing spacecraft, battered and barely holding together. The unmistakable sleek design of the Greys' ships confirms their identity, but **they are in terrible shape. Something—someone—has beaten them down.** Aelia stiffens, her instincts alert. Could something have happened to Earth in her absence? Yet as you approach, the answer becomes clear.

There it is.

Blue oceans, green lands, swirling white clouds. **The same Earth you remember, untouched by devastation.** A place of life, beauty, and wonder. The sight alone makes your chest tighten with something warm—something that reminds you that **no matter how vast the universe, there is only one home.**

As you descend, your companions react in their own ways. Methros, wonders aloud if such a world could have formed naturally or if it had been shaped by an unseen hand. Initium, insists on seeing the busiest city you know. Syldri, fascinated by tales of Earth's paradise islands told by Vega from the time you two explored the planet, hopes to experience them firsthand. Vega, though typically composed, watches the planet with excitement upon the expectation to continue to explore it. Aelia, her arms crossed, merely waits, and sighs in relief as her gaze lingers on familiar lands.

Then there are the Greys. **What could have possibly driven them off so thoroughly?** Earth's nations from the 15th century are incapable of facing something like that. Could someone—or something—have changed? The mystery lingers, but for now, the moment is yours to savor. You have returned.

And yet, even standing on the world you once called home, **you know your journey is far from over.**

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

The return to Earth is not just a journey—it is a reminder of how far you've come. Though nostalgia may pull at you, there is no doubt that you and your companions have changed. **You have the chance to use this time to explore some personal adventures with your companions, have fun, and get to know them more.** Whether through rekindled memories or new discoveries, this homecoming leaves you with a sense of purpose and the realization that while Earth is where your story began, it is no longer where it ends.

Intermission – Cherub and Flip’s Excellent Adventure

The Logos had been resting in the quiet embrace of Earth for a few weeks now, and while most of the crew had settled into a peaceful routine, Flip had not. The small, doglike astral drake paced restlessly in circles, his cosmic wings fluttering as he let out an impatient *"Wark!"* every few moments. Cherub, ever the watchful guardian, sighed as he floated beside the creature, arms crossed.

"Flip, what are you doing?" the angel asked, narrowing his eyes. "You look like you're about to do something reckless."

Flip stopped, tilted his head, and then, in the blink of an eye, bolted toward the forest.

"WARK!"

"Oh, for the love of—!" Cherub groaned before taking off in pursuit.

Flip tore through the dense trees, leaping over roots and dodging branches with an energy that only a creature of pure chaos could muster. Cherub, flying just above, shouted, "Stop running! You're going to—"

A massive shadow loomed ahead.

A towering forest troll, its moss-covered skin blending seamlessly with the ancient trees, sniffed the air and turned its beady eyes toward Flip.

"Oh-ho! A snack wanders into my woods!" the troll rumbled, licking its lips.

Flip, utterly unfazed, *warked* defiantly.

"Oh no, nope, we're NOT doing this!" Cherub shouted, diving down and grabbing Flip just as the troll swung a massive hand.

The two shot through the air, the troll's voice booming behind them. "Come back here, little morsel!"

Flip and Cherub soared over the treetops, eventually spotting a quaint village nestled at the forest's edge. A grand church stood at its center, its stained glass windows glimmering in the afternoon sun.

"Alright, let's hide there for a bit," Cherub said, dropping down gracefully onto the church steps.

The moment he set foot inside, gasps echoed through the halls. The gathered villagers turned, eyes wide, before falling to their knees.

"An angel! A true servant of the Lord!" one woman whispered in awe.

Cherub blinked. "Oh, uh, no need to bow or anything, I was just—"

And then Flip burst through the door.

WARK!

The villagers screamed. "A spawn of Satan! A demon has come to defile our holy place!"

"Oh, COME ON!" Cherub threw up his hands as chaos erupted. Candles toppled, chairs were overturned, and an elderly priest began flinging holy water everywhere.

Flip *warked* indignantly as a group of villagers armed with brooms and buckets chased him in circles. Cherub grabbed the drake by the tail and flew out through the nearest window, shards of stained glass raining down behind them.

They didn't stop until they reached a serene lake, the calm water reflecting the sky like a vast mirror. Cherub huffed, rubbing his temples. "Let's just rest here for a minute before anything else insane happens."

A ripple disturbed the lake's surface, followed by the emergence of two Undines, their ethereal blue forms shimmering in the sunlight.

"Oh my, what have we here?" one purred, swimming closer.

"A handsome angel and an adorable little drake? What luck!" the other giggled.

Flip *warked* in delight as the Undines twirled around him. Cherub, on the other hand, was already wary. "Uh, we were just leaving—"

"Not so fast!" a deep, furious voice boomed.

A towering figure rose from the depths—a Neptune, trident in hand, glaring at them with the fury of the ocean itself. "What are you two DOING with my wives?!"

Flip let out a startled *WARK!* as Cherub grabbed him once again, rocketing skyward just as the Neptune hurled his trident, barely missing them.

Now thoroughly lost, Flip and Cherub wandered the outskirts of the forest. Flip, ever the optimist, proudly trotted up to Cherub with a fresh fish in his mouth, presenting it like a grand prize.

The fish was still alive.

Cherub stared. The fish blinked.

With a sigh, the angel took Flip by the scruff of the neck and lifted off toward the sky.

The Logos was exactly where they had left it, and as they landed, Cherub glanced around. No one had noticed their absence.

Good.

He turned to Flip, who was already wagging his tail, ready for another adventure.

Cherub narrowed his eyes. "You are never doing this again."

Flip tilted his head.

Wark!

(He did it again anyway.)



Scenario 20: The 34th Cycle

One evening, away from the noise and excitement of your usual adventures, **Initium approaches you in secret**. There's something she wants to do—something personal—and she wants your help. Yours alone. If you ask her what it is, she merely grins, teasing you in her usual playful way, though there's something different about her this time. A flicker of nervousness, perhaps? Or is it something else? **You notice that she looks slightly fuller than usual**—her normally fluid form carrying a subtle weight, as if holding onto something precious. Before you can press for more details, she simply asks you to take her somewhere quiet, somewhere far from cities and people. An uninhabited island in the Pacific, she decides. A place with only the ocean, the stars, and the two of you.



When you arrive, a surprise awaits—this is no untouched island. A small house sits near the shore, simple yet well-equipped, complete with a pool and signs of past habitation. Has Initium been here before? How did she prepare all this without you knowing? She only winks in response, stretching her arms above her head as she takes in the salty air. "*Welcome to paradise,*" she hums, before dragging you into what seems like **a vacation of her own design**. The day is filled with easy conversation, laughter, and moments that seem to slow time itself. But as the sun sets and night falls, something changes. She grows quiet, thoughtful, and then—just before midnight—she tells you to stay inside. No matter what, **don't follow her**. But as she steps toward the ocean, you see it—her movements are sluggish, her form less stable. **Something is wrong**.

If you **disobey her request and follow in secret**, you'll find her standing alone in the moonlit waves, the silver light reflecting off her translucent body. Her usual playful confidence is gone, replaced by something more fragile, more vulnerable. And then, from the ruby core at the center of her being, a small, marble-like fragment begins to emerge. With a quiet breath, she lets it fall into the sea. She stands there for a long moment, exhausted but smiling softly, watching it with loving eyes as the ocean carries it away. Whether you choose to step forward or remain hidden, the truth remains—this was something deeply personal to her, and she brought you here because she trusted you to help her if something went wrong. When she finally returns, she is lighter, freer, and the playful sparkle in her eyes returns. She thanks you, in her own way, for simply being there, and **will reveal that today her 34th cycle is complete**, and soon a new slime girl of hers will be growing on this planet, a little part of her core that will become her own little slime girl someday.

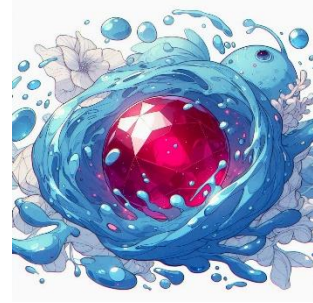
The next morning, as the sun rises over the island, you find her waiting for you outside—lounging in the pool, wearing something she would never dare wear in front of others. "*Hurry up!*" she calls, her laughter ringing through the air. "*The water is d-e-l-i-c-i-o-u-s!*" And just like that, you realize: for all the strangeness and wonder she brings, **Initium will always be full of surprises**.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

Your time with Initium leaves you with more than just memories—it gives you **a rare glimpse into her world**, into something she holds close to her heart. Whether it deepens your bond, sparks new emotions, or simply remains a treasured moment, one thing is certain: **she chose you to share it with**. And that **means something**.

A Pretty Ruby Core (Reward Item)

A small, deep-red marble, smooth and warm to the touch, similar to what Initium’s created on that moonlit night. Whether by chance or fate, it unmistakably appears to be just like a piece of her—a **fragment of something meant to grow, yet now yours to keep**. In future jumps, you may deposit this marble into a body of water, and **after a couple of years submerged in it, it will awaken as the core of a little slime girl**, allowing you to seed new worlds and places with slime girls just like Initium. You’ll receive a new marble every 10 years or at the end of each jump.



“Hurry up!”

Scenario 21: Parental Ambush!

Late at night, **an orange light flickers on and off on the Logos' main control panel**. Syldri squints at it, tilting her head in mild confusion. She doesn't recognize this signal—strange, considering she's spent so much time familiarizing herself with the ship. A quick skim through the ship's manual offers no answers, and, figuring it can't be *that* important, she dismisses it with a shrug. After all, tomorrow is *the* day—**the day you promised to take her to the paradise islands Vega had bragged about so much**. A day of sun, waves, and time alone. With a pleased hum, she shuts down the console and heads to bed, blissfully unaware of the storm about to arrive. The next morning, alarms blare through the ship. Outside, casting an imposing shadow over the Logos, is a Sylvandar vessel—massive, sleek, and unmistakably a ship of authority. Before Syldri can even process what's happening, the ship's main entry ramp lowers... and out step two figures. **Her parents.**



Halthar and Nefifi, Syldri's long-persistent, now-successful pursuers, have finally caught up to their runaway daughter. Nefifi's eyes shimmer with relief and overwhelming emotion as she sees Syldri safe and sound. She's already on the verge of launching herself forward for a tearful embrace, but Halthar—stern, disciplined, and radiating paternal authority—keeps his arms crossed, his expression unreadable. Syldri's stomach drops as she watches them approach. She stammers, scrambling for an explanation, but before she can get a single word out, her mother's eyes land on you. "Little Syl," she says sweetly, but with undeniable curiosity, "who is this person? A... *friend* of yours?" The moment hangs in the air like a charged wire. Halthar's unreadable gaze instantly shifts to you, narrowing as if assessing a potential *threat*. Syldri makes a choked noise somewhere between horror and embarrassment, and suddenly, you're in the middle of an impromptu interrogation—why did she run away, why hasn't she returned home, what has she been doing, and more importantly... what exactly is her relationship *with you*?

As Syldri struggles to keep herself from completely wilting under the relentless questioning, she leans in close to you, whispering frantically, "Please, *please* suggest something to distract them! Maybe show them a nice place on Earth? *You know where I wanted to go.*" She's desperate, and it's clear she sees you as her only escape from this full-force parental ambush. Meanwhile, her mother seems more and more invested in your presence, playfully prying into your character and intentions, while her father remains unwavering, watching, analyzing, waiting for *your* answers. This is your chance to steer the situation—**will you charm them, divert their attention, or perhaps even earn their approval?** One thing is certain: **how you handle this moment could change everything.**

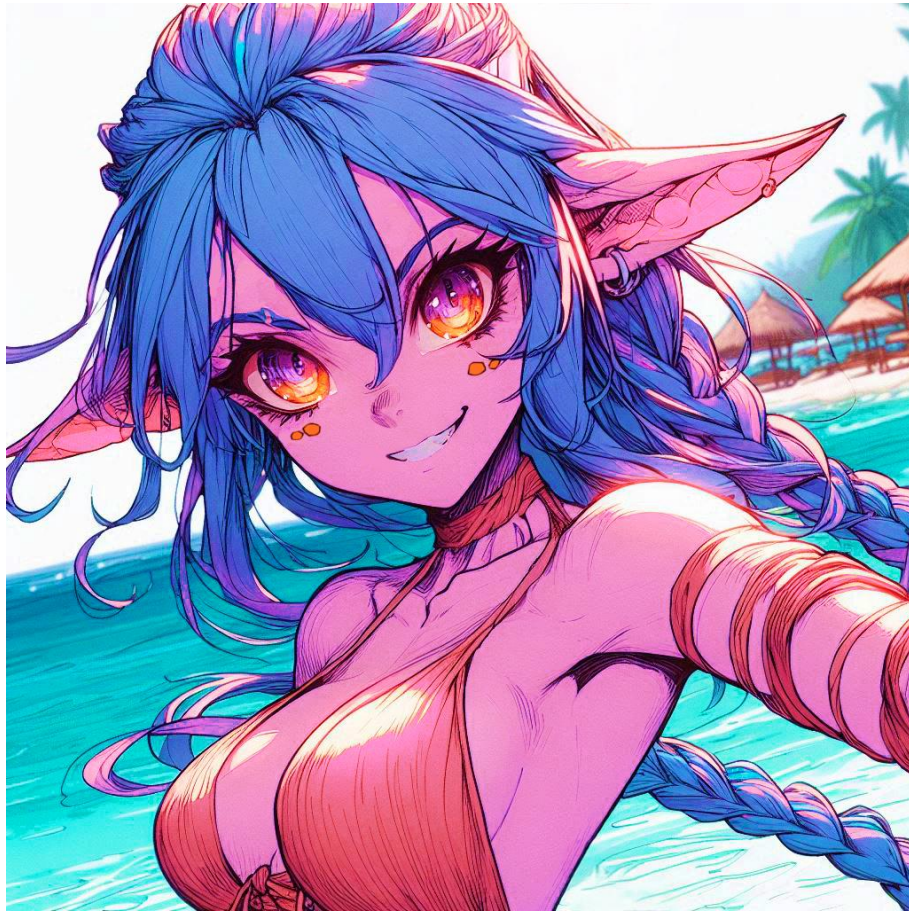
Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

After a whirlwind of awkwardness, parental scrutiny, and careful maneuvering (or lack thereof), Syldri's parents ultimately relent—if only slightly. Whether it was your charm, strategic diversions, or sheer luck, the tension gradually eases, shifting from a full-blown interrogation to something more manageable. Perhaps it was the serene beauty of the island that helped, soothing even the watchful Halthar. In the end, **Syldri manages to reassure them with a heartfelt promise to visit home soon, sparing her from immediate parental abduction.**

As they prepare to depart, Nefifi lingers for a moment, stepping closer to you. With a knowing smile, she leans in just enough to whisper in your ear—just *loud* enough for Syldri to overhear—"*I hope, fufufu, you'll take proper responsibility for my dear little Syldri Minetti*" And with that, she gracefully strides away, **leaving you standing there as Syldri's ears and face flush an impressive shade of crimson.** For a moment, she's completely silent—then, with a flustered huff, she turns away, muttering something about *embarrassing mothers*.

Paradise Island (Reward - Warehouse Attachment)

The very island you visited has now become a **permanent attachment to your Warehouse in future jumps**. Pristine beaches, vibrant coral reefs, lush vegetation, and an eternally perfect climate make it the ultimate getaway spot. Whether you need a place to unwind, reflect, or perhaps even plan a special date, this paradise is yours to enjoy. Additionally, **at the start of any future jump, you have the option to place the island anywhere within the setting**, ensuring it's always within reach when you need a moment of peace—or romance.



“Here, let me show you how to take a selfie with this machine! Let’s take one together next!”

Scenario 22: Ready to Soar

For centuries, Aelia has watched over Earth, ensuring that threats from beyond the stars never take root. **The Greys**, those frail, persistent little aliens with their cliché flying saucers, have long been a thorn in her side. Again and again, **she has repelled their incursions**, always hoping they would finally learn their lesson—but they never do. Now, something has changed. **Aelia approaches you**, a rare glint of uncertainty in her golden eyes. *Someone—or something*—has driven the Greys into retreat, striking them down with such force that even she cannot determine the source. If there is an unknown power capable of doing this, then it may be a greater threat to Earth than the Greys themselves. **Thus begins an investigation, a mystery to unravel, and an opportunity to see Aelia in a new light.**



Your search takes you across the world. A ruined saucer, half-buried in the sands of Egypt. A scorched field in England, where strange symbols glow faintly in the aftermath of a battle. The shattered remains of advanced technology hidden deep in the Himalayas. As you follow the trail, **Aelia dons various disguises to blend in while looking entirely human—an elegant noblewoman** in Egypt, **a humble maid** in England, and even, with the faintest thrill in her voice, **your wife** in the snowy villages near the mountains. She speaks of the Houses, **secret magical organizations she has nurtured for centuries**, guiding them from the shadows in the hope that they would one day rise to defend their world. Yet, she does not believe they are responsible for this. They are still young, still learning. Or so she thought. The clues eventually lead you to Athens, where you sense something far more dangerous than remnants of the Greys—because they are still here, hiding, desperate to continue their twisted experiments despite their losses.

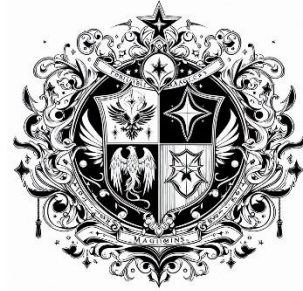
The final confrontation comes in the labyrinthine streets beneath the Parthenon, where the last of the Greys have established a hidden outpost. Their technology is advanced and dangerous, their minds sharp, but their frail bodies betray them. As you close in, preparing for a fight, something unexpected happens. A group of robed figures emerges from the shadows, unleashing dazzling spells, dismantling the Greys' defenses, and rendering the aliens powerless before your eyes. Aelia watches in astonishment as the Houses—her Houses—stand victorious, their resolve unwavering. *They have grown.* The realization washes over her like a wave, and for the first time in a long time, she allows herself a moment of unguarded pride. As the last Grey is subdued, she turns to you, smiling with rare warmth. *"They are ready to soar,"* she murmurs, almost to herself. Then, glancing at you, she adds in a softer tone, *"Thank you. For being here with me."* A brief, uncharacteristic moment of emotion flickers across her face before she composes herself once more. But you saw it—just for a second. And it was genuine.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

With the Greys defeated and their schemes dismantled, the true revelation settles in: **Earth no longer needs to rely solely on Aelia's protection.** The Houses have grown **strong**, capable of standing on their own. Aelia watches them with the quiet pride of a mother seeing her children become independent. Perhaps, for the first time in centuries, she feels she is no longer alone in this duty. And perhaps, just perhaps, this adventure was more than just a mystery—**it was a reminder that she isn't alone in other ways, either.**

Emblem of the Houses (Reward Item)

A symbol of the newfound strength of the Houses, this magical emblem represents the collective will of Earth's newest defenders, the **Four Houses**. Carrying it grants subtle but powerful benefits—**those with a connection to the Houses will recognize you as someone that can be trusted, if not outright an ally, and in future worlds, it may adapt to represent local factions of hidden protectors.** More than just a token, it is proof that even from the smallest seeds, greatness can grow.



“We’re just pretending, alright? Don’t get funny ideas, it’s all for the sake of solving this mystery!. Now... give me your arm, we have to... look the part.”

Scenario 23: Finding a Purpose

For the past week, **Cherub has been a shadow of his usual self**. The once-proud and mischievous being, who took such delight in testing you with his traps and challenges, now seems hollow—lost. His once-sharp wit has dulled, and his schemes, when they even appear, are half-hearted, barely functional remnants of what they once were. **Something is wrong**, and even though he avoids your gaze, brushing off your concern with empty words, the truth is undeniable. Eventually, your persistence forces a **confession**: *Since you can no longer return to being human, he can no longer guide your soul back into the cycle*. His purpose—the very foundation of his existence—has been **rendered meaningless**. And if he has no purpose... *then what is he?*



No matter what you say, **he refuses to hear it**. His wings sag with exhaustion, his golden halo dulls, and he retreats further into himself, spiraling deeper into despair. His entire existence was built upon a singular role, and now, stripped of it, he sees no reason to continue. It becomes unbearable to watch, and you realize **something must be done**—before he loses himself completely. Gathering your friends aboard the Logos, you stage an **intervention**. Together, you must remind Cherub of the countless moments that define him *beyond* his role—his companionship, his struggles, his triumphs, and the laughter you’ve shared. He listens, but with every argument, he counters, his mind trapped in a rigid, self-destructive logic. *What is he, if not a guide? What is he, if not a function to be fulfilled?* But you do not back down. Because he is more than his duty. Because he is more than a purpose. Because **he matters**.

But the moment the truth threatens to reach him, **he flees**. You must chase after him, for if you don’t then he will be gone forever, through the wild winds of the night, until you find him standing at the edge of a cliff, his form trembling, his breath ragged. His eyes, once filled with mischief, are now wide with something unhinged—desperation, fear, surrender. *“If I have no purpose,”* he whispers, voice broken, *“then I shouldn’t exist at all.”* With shaking hands, he reaches up and grips his golden halo. The moment he begins to crush it, cracks spiderweb across its surface, and with each one, **he begins to fade**—his body, his presence, his very being unraveling before your eyes. Time is running out. This is your last chance. You *must* make him see. Remind him of your journey, of the life he has lived *beyond* his former role. Tell him what he needs to hear, **the truth that will anchor him to this world once more**. Before it’s too late.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

In that fragile moment, your words reach him. Whether through pleading, reason, or sheer raw emotion, you remind Cherub that he is more than what he was made to be. That he has *always* been more. As the realization takes hold, the cracks in his halo begin to mend, and his fading form becomes solid once more. He collapses to his knees, gasping, his expression a mix of shock and something deeper—relief. For the first time, he truly looks at you, and he sees. He may not have all the answers yet, but for now... he is here. And **that is enough**.

Halo of Possibilities (Reward Item)

Once a symbol of strict purpose, now reborn as a mark of choice. This golden halo no longer binds its wearer to a single destiny but instead radiates the endless potential of self-discovery. Wearing it **grants a subtle aura of confidence and resilience, allowing one to resist despair and always find a way to their path, no matter the circumstances.** It serves as a reminder—not just for Cherub, but for you as well—that purpose is not something given... it is something *found*.



“Hey, help me out! I want to go get some more of those pastries, but we got to hurry before Vega eats them all!”

Scenario 24: Astral... Dragon?

One morning, **Flip is gone**. No scratch marks on the doors, no signs of a struggle, no flicker of his familiar presence anywhere on the Logos. Syldri double-checks the ship's logs, scanning every possible explanation for how your little Astral Drake could have vanished, but the only answer is a silent, gaping void—**Flip went into the Astral Sea**. The infinite, untamed expanse beyond reality, where even the most powerful beings can lose themselves. That's where he is now. And if you don't find him, he may never return. With Vega at your side, you set off into the great unknown, heart pounding with the fear of what you might—or might not—find.



The Astral Sea is as breathtaking as it is vast, filled with impossible landscapes—singing marshes that hum with forgotten melodies, mountains that slumber in the clouds, and oceans where the stars themselves drift beneath the waves. **But Flip is nowhere to be seen**. Days blur as you search high and low, following faint traces, barely-there whispers of a creature once small enough to curl up in your arms. Then, at last, a break—scorched earth, shattered flora, and **massive footprints belonging to something far larger than Flip** should be. And in the center of it all, a small, familiar object glimmers in the dim astral light—Flip's collar. Your blood runs cold. The creature that left this destruction behind... did it take Flip? Or... could it *be* Flip?

The answer comes with a roar that shakes the heavens. A pillar of emerald fire ignites the sky, and from the horizon, a massive figure rises. **A dragon, vast and furious, its emerald flames dancing across its shimmering astral scales**. Its eyes burn with raw, untamed power, and as it turns its gaze upon you, there is no sign of recognition—only territorial fury, a predator asserting dominance over its domain. It surges forward, and instinct demands you fight, that you subdue this creature before it can harm you or Vega. But then—something tugs at your heart. A fleeting feeling, a distant familiarity. A whisper of a bond you thought was lost. Could it be? *Flip*? If this is truly him, what has happened? And more importantly, **how do you bring him back**—if he even *remembers* you at all?

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

Through battle or through words, through force or through love—**you find a way to reach Flip**. Whether by breaking his feral rage or proving to him that he is not alone, the little drake you once knew stirs beneath the fearsome dragon's exterior. He remembers. He returns. Though changed, he is still Flip, and he will always be your companion, no matter how large he grows. As he coils around you once more, his flames no longer burn with rage but with warmth.

Flip's Awakening (Companion Perk Reward)

Flip is no longer the tiny Astral Drake he once was. **He has evolved, growing into a powerful Astral Dragon with strength and wisdom beyond his years, truly an apex entity from the Astral Sea.** His emerald flames are yours to command, his wings strong enough to carry you across the heavens. And should you ever fear losing him again, know this—no matter where you go, no matter how vast the cosmos, **he will always find his way back to you.**



It seems that Flip can still switch into a smaller cute form when projecting himself into physical reality, although he seems to have changed the colors of his coat. In the Astral Sea though, he is a true dragon to behold, easily capable of contesting with most entities that are below the might of a Living Star.

“Wark!”

Scenario 25: One Step Further

Methros, the Would-Be World Forger, has been enjoying a long and indulgent vacation ever since he met you. A little too long, perhaps. Sure, there have been moments of excitement, of challenges that pushed the limits of strength and wit, but nothing truly demanding—not for him, not for a god whose hammer was once a force that shaped mountains and carved valleys. **The forger’s hands have been still for too long, and in his idleness, doubt has crept in.** Though he hides it well beneath his usual boisterous laughter and heavy drinking, you can see it when he thinks no one is looking. He doesn’t just miss his work—he fears it has left him behind.



When he finally speaks to you about it, his words are heavy, like unshaped ore weighed down by self-doubt. He feels like he’s hit a wall, as if no matter how much he hammers, how much he shapes, he will never truly improve. He has spent centuries creating, refining his craft, and yet... has he truly grown? *Can* he still grow? That’s where you come in. **You must help Methros break through this invisible barrier**, whether by taking him to a mighty mountain and challenging him to forge something from its heart, or by guiding him to a tranquil lake, showing him how to shape the land without scarring its beauty. Perhaps the answer lies in something smaller, something more intricate—a lesson not in strength, but in finesse. However you approach it, your goal remains the same: **help Methros see that there is still room for growth, that he is not as stagnant as he fears.**

And when the breakthrough finally happens, when the god-forger sees with new eyes the path forward, his reaction is nothing short of ecstatic. With roaring laughter, he will embrace you in a way that rattles bones, and in his overwhelming gratitude, he will offer you all manner of gifts—gold, jewels, fine ale, companionship of any kind. But if you were to ask for something simpler, something deeper—to *be his friend*—he would fall silent for a moment, his boisterous nature giving way to something more profound. And then, with a grin wide enough to split mountains, he would clasp your shoulder and say, *“Aye, young Star Seed, that... that, I can give.”*

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

Methros has found his path forward, no longer bound by invisible chains of doubt. Through your guidance, he has taken a step beyond what he believed possible, forging something truly new. And in doing so, he sees you in a different light—not just as a companion, but as **someone who changed him for the better.**

Forgeheart Blood Sibling (Reward perk)

In an act of gratitude beyond mere gifts, Methros does something he has never done before—he binds a part of his divine essence to you, forging a connection deeper than friendship, deeper than family. You are now a **Forgeheart Blood Sibling**, linked to the mighty forger-god in a way no other could ever claim. From this bond, the joys, triumphs, and fortunes of one will echo in the life of the other. When Methros experiences prosperity, strength, or inspiration, some of that good fortune will find its way to you. Likewise, the blessings and successes you encounter will, in turn, uplift him in unseen ways.

Beyond this bond, you now carry within you a flicker of **celestial craftsmanship**, an intuitive understanding of how divine landscapes are shaped and forged. Whether molding mountains, sculpting rivers, or crafting entire realms, you grasp the hidden principles that shape worlds. And more than that—Methros has shared with you a trace of his **bright divine flame**, a spark of godhood waiting to be kindled. Should you nurture it, should you walk the path of creation and mastery, the potential to ascend—to become a god in your own right—now lies within your grasp.

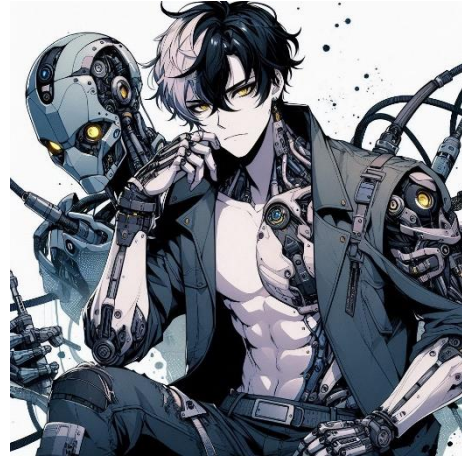


“Hahaha! I feel unstoppable! Can’t wait tae get back tae work—me hands are fair itchin’ for it! Maybe I’ll even fix a few things on this wee planet while I’m at it, hahahaha!”

And so Methros began to make a ruckus in a mountain chain in the Americas, **until Aelia caught him** and slapped him silly. He had fix what he “improved”, and **he learned to fear Aelia that day**.

Scenario 26: Celestial Perfection

Every day with Kyrp is a new experiment—some fascinating, some ridiculous, and some downright hazardous to your well-being. Your Mekthar companion has taken it upon himself to **accelerate your development as a Star Seed**, and though his methods range from borderline genius to completely absurd, it's one of the few times you catch glimpses of him reacting with genuine emotion. Sometimes, a frustrated sigh. Other times, a brief but unmistakable smirk of satisfaction.



One day, Kyrp watches as you absentmindedly juggle small motes of light between your fingertips, a harmless display of your growing Stellar abilities. **That's when it happens—a spark, a flicker of insight in his ever-calculating mind.** He halts his current experiment, his eyes narrowing as he mutters to himself. *"If I can amplify that... if I can push the parameters further..."* Without another word, he storms off, calling for his RoboKyrps, some inferior copies of him that he controls effortlessly. Soon, you learn he's constructing something new—a machine, one that could, in theory, push you beyond the limits that have held you back thus far. But there's a catch: it requires materials from across the solar system, rare elements not easily obtained. Some can be scavenged from Earth, others from deep space, and a few might be found in the hoards of old friends and allies. It's up to you how to gather them—through trade, clever negotiation, or braving the dangers of the unknown.

After weeks of effort and daily check-ins with Kyrp to help calibrate the device, the day of reckoning arrives. You step into the machine, ready for whatever transformation awaits. At first, it feels strange, an unfamiliar tingling in every fiber of your being. Then, pain—sharp and unbearable. **Something is wrong.** Kyrp's calm façade shatters as panic grips him. *"Not enough power!"* he realizes, his calculations having missed a crucial factor. The machine begins to break apart under the strain. Metal plates buckle, and just as one is about to give way, Methros slams his hands against it, holding it back with all his might. Initium, sensing the growing distress, reaches out, drawing away some of your pain and Kyrp's turmoil. Meanwhile, Aelia and Vega rush to Syldri, who, with a nod, sends them sprinting toward the Logos' engine room. There, with Aelia's magic and Vega's stellar energy, they attempt to overload the core, feeding power back into the machine. The energy surge flows into you. This is it—the tipping point. You can feel yourself on the brink of something immense, something *more*. But it's a delicate process you must keep under control. If you make the wrong move, if you lose yourself... you could lose everything.

Scenario Rewards: +200 CP

As the energy stabilizes, **your body and soul align in a way they never have before.** For the first time, Kyrp does not sigh in frustration. He does not analyze, nor does he critique. Instead, he watches with quiet triumph as he realizes—*he did it.* **The experiment was a success.** You have *changed.* And though he'll never outright say it, the way he lingers after everything is over, watching as you test your newfound strength, is enough to tell you just how much this moment means to him.

Perfected Celestial Form (Scenario Perk Reward)

At long last, you have achieved it—the **perfected state of your Celestial Form**. It is no longer fleeting, no longer something you must *reach* for. It is simply *you*. **Your mastery over Stellar Powers has deepened, allowing you to wield up to Tier 2 abilities you have obtained, effortlessly.** You are not yet a Living Star, but the final step is now within reach. The only thing between you and your Becoming is unlocking the elusive conditions required to ascend... but until then, the universe shines a little brighter in your presence.



“It was a success! A bit nerve-wracking, but with the help of everyone... we did it!”

Scenario 27: A Flock of Stars

Life on Earth has been peaceful, and for the first time in a long while, it feels like everyone—yourself included—has had the chance to just *be*. No battles, no cosmic crises, no high-stakes dilemmas. Just simple moments of joy. And no one embodies that more than **Little Dove**. Over the past month, she's made herself right at home, spending her days helping the people of a nearby village. Whether offering advice, healing wounds, or mastering the art of baking *bread*—which she now insists is her new favorite food—she's become a beloved presence among the locals.



It's on one of these easygoing days, as you enjoy the sun-dappled breeze, that **a familiar presence arrives. Then, another. Altair and Deneb have come to visit**—though neither expected to find the other here. Both had simply intended to check on Vega and you, but now, Earth has become an impromptu meeting ground for Living Stars. It's almost amusing to think about. If Aelia weren't already used to all of you, she'd probably be panicking about the sheer number of celestial beings casually wandering the planet.

What's even more amusing is how Deneb and Altair react upon meeting Little Dove. **It's like watching history repeat itself**—just as Vega once did, they fumble over themselves, calling her a *Wise One* in an awkward display of reverence. She, of course, takes it all in stride, as calm and unbothered as ever. But the funniest part? The way they start trailing after her, following her every move like a pair of lost hatchlings. And when Vega, in her usual impulsive way, joins in, you suddenly find yourself watching a procession of Living Stars shuffling after Little Dove like a flock of cosmic ducklings.

Before you can properly process this surreal turn of events, Little Dove turns to all of you with a simple yet unexpected request:

"The village is holding a festival soon. Would you like to help?"

What follows is a whirlwind of preparations. Baking, decorating, organizing—there's so much to do, and somehow, everyone has a role to play. Or, at least, they *try* to. It quickly becomes apparent that most of your celestial companions are *absolutely terrible* at cooking Earth food. Altair nearly burns down the entire kitchen trying to flip a pancake, Vega stares at the dough like it's personally insulted her, and Deneb—well, Deneb just eats half of the ingredients before they even make it into the oven. The only ones who seem to know what they're doing are Aelia, Little Dove, Syldri, and *maybe* you.

But that's the beauty of it, isn't it? Even if they can't cook, there are still ways for them to help. Maybe Deneb's sheer enthusiasm makes him a great taste tester. Maybe Vega's strength can help carry supplies. Maybe Altair, despite his failures in the kitchen, can help by entertaining the children with his stories. This festival isn't just about making the *perfect* dish—it's about being part of something together.

Of course, there's one last challenge: the fact that most of your companions are *very* obviously *not human*. While Little Dove insists everyone *must* attend, some disguises (or at least a creative excuse or two) might be necessary. How you handle that part is up to you.

But in the end, no matter how chaotic the preparations, no matter how many mistakes are made along the way, one thing is certain—this festival will be *unforgettable*. Not because of the food, not because of the decorations, but because for this one day, *everyone*—you, Vega, Deneb, Altair, Little Dove, Aelia, and the rest—come together *not* as cosmic beings or warriors or legends, but simply as friends.

And isn't that what truly matters?

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

The festival is a resounding success—not necessarily because everything goes perfectly (it *definitely* doesn't), but because of the memories made. The sight of Vega begrudgingly flipping pancakes under Little Dove's patient instruction, Altair and Deneb making fools of themselves as they attempt to dance along with the village musicians, and Kyrp (who showed up *at the last minute*) somehow getting roped into a storytelling contest. By the time the festival ends, there's laughter, warmth, and a feeling of *belonging*—a reminder that no matter how vast the cosmos, it's the bonds you forge that truly make it home.

Celestial Kinship (Scenario Perk Reward)

Through shared laughter, teamwork, and the simple joy of being together, something deeper has formed between you and your celestial companions. You are no longer just an ally or a leader—you are *kin*. **This connection grants you an innate sense of where your companions are at all times, as well as a subtle understanding of their emotions, even across vast distances. And in times of need, should you call upon them, they will always come.** For in this moment, beneath the starlit sky of a humble Earth village, a simple truth has been etched into the fabric of the cosmos itself: *You are family.*



“It appears that disguising themselves as humans for Vega, Altair, Deneb, and Cherub, seems to be a much easier task than preparing food.”

Scenario 28: The Girl with the Brightest Smile

Time has a strange way of slipping past you when you travel among the stars. What once felt so distant—flying beyond the sky, touching the vastness of space—now feels almost natural. But among all the wonders you've seen, Vega has remained a constant presence, her energy as bright and boundless as ever.

Lately, though, you've noticed subtle differences in her. The way she looks at you lingers just a little longer. The way she laughs around you feels softer, more personal. And then, one night, **a message reaches you**—private, sent directly to you through a quantum channel.



"Meet me outside. Just you. And... don't tell the others."

It's not like Vega to be secretive, but there's something endearing about the way she phrases it. So, without hesitation, you step outside.

And there she is—waiting with that same beaming grin, her eyes shining like distant suns. Before you can ask anything, **she reaches for your hand**, her warmth seeping into your skin as she eagerly tugs you forward.

"Come on! I wanna show you something."

Before you know it, you're soaring upward, Vega leading the way with effortless grace. Higher than the clouds, beyond the sky—higher, until Earth becomes a distant jewel below. Not long ago, such a thing would have been unthinkable. Now, it's as simple as breathing.

Your journey takes you to the Moon, its quiet surface bathed in soft light. Above you, the cosmos stretches infinitely, and before you, Earth glows like a sapphire adrift in the dark. It's breathtaking. But when Vega turns to you, her expression filled with a quiet kind of happiness, you realize—this moment isn't just about the view.

She doesn't speak with words but with something deeper, **the way stars do**—with light, with thoughts, with the gentle warmth of her presence. She's happy. Happy to be here, happy to share this with you.

Hours slip by unnoticed as you both sit together, talking, watching the Earth spin beneath you. She asks you about your journey, about your thoughts on becoming a star. Then, after a moment's hesitation, her voice quieter than before, she asks—

"Have you thought about where you'll settle? Where will your true body rest among the stars once you Become?"

And then, barely audible, almost uncertain—

"Would you ever... consider being near my system?"

For the first time, Vega seems nervous, her usual boundless confidence faltering just slightly. And as the conversation grows more personal, the realization settles—she doesn't even fully understand why she feels this way. She's just following the warmth in her chest, the quiet longing to keep you close.

She doesn't need a confession, nor an answer—not right now. Just being here, talking, sharing this moment with you, is enough for her. And as she smiles at you, brighter than any star in the sky, you realize that tonight, the cosmos holds no greater light than the smile of the girl sitting beside you.

Scenario Rewards: +200 CP

The night spent with Vega strengthens your bond, solidifying something unspoken but deeply felt. Whether or not she realizes it, something between you both has changed, a shift in the orbit of two celestial souls.

A Bond that Lasts Through Jumps (Reward Perk)

Some connections are fleeting, fading with time and distance. But not this one. What you and Vega share defies simple explanation—it isn't just words, nor just friendship. It is something deeper, something unshaken by space or time.

Right now, this bond is still growing, an uncharted path stretching before you both. What it may become is yet unknown. But tonight, under the watchful gaze of the cosmos, something new has taken root.

A glimpse. A peak. A possibility.

Perhaps, **in the distant future**, when the stars themselves tremble, when her light stands against the endless dark, this bond—*your* bond—will become the beacon that **allows her to shine brighter than anything else in the Omniverse.**



"No words are needed."

Scenario 29: Summons from a Distant Galaxy

The stars whisper your name. Across the vast expanse of space, a message echoes—soft yet insistent, resonating in a frequency only Star Seeds and Living Stars can comprehend. It is a summons, sent from the **Hellion Disk Galaxy**, a distant and enigmatic place far beyond Earth's skies. Each transmission is brief, repeating only your name and a set of coordinates before fading into silence. No sender, no explanation, only an invitation wrapped in mystery. What awaits you there? A plea for help? A hidden truth? Or the beginning of something far greater than you ever imagined? One thing is certain—the journey there will not be simple.



To reach the Hellion Disk Galaxy, you will need to travel through either a Hypergate or a Celestial Corridor, both of which present their own challenges. Vega and Little Dove, after some discussion, suggest a Hypergate located in the Beta Centauri System, but there's a problem—without a Living Star to power it, the gate remains dormant. The other option, though longer, seems more feasible: traversing through a Celestial Corridor. **This path will take you on a series of stops through unknown regions of space, each with its own challenges and mysteries.** A red dwarf system where struggling colonists fight against an unstable planet. A neutron star whose immense radiation keeps a research vessel at bay, its crew unable to approach an enigmatic asteroid—one that is not as lifeless as it appears. A cold anomaly, the last remnants of a long-dead star system, where ghostly figures flicker through the corridors of the *Logos*. The deeper you venture, the more the galaxy unfurls its secrets before you.

At last, the final stop: **the Muly System**. Here resides the **Giant Living Star Muly**, an eccentric being whose celestial form resembles a **four foot tall humanoid girl with a colorful appearance**, glowing with bioluminescent patterns. Despite her immense power, she is no tyrant; rather, she is a host, eager to welcome travelers who make the journey to her domain. One of the moons orbiting a gas giant in her system offers an unexpected haven—lush, vibrant, and teeming with alien life. **Muly, in her playful and enigmatic way, will demand a show of entertainment.** A story, a performance, a display of skill—anything to amuse her. She will not punish failure, nor will she impose any cruel demands, but to disappoint such a grand and ancient being... would you really want to be that kind of guest?

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

Your journey to the Hellion Disk Galaxy has begun, and the first steps have been taken. Along the way, you have encountered those in need, mysteries left unsolved, and a host with an ever-curious nature. Through challenge and adventure, the universe slowly reveals itself, and with it, you gain something more—a deeper understanding of the path ahead. Whatever waits for you beyond the Celestial Corridor, it is will soon be revealed.

Gift of the Star Host (Reward Item)

As a sign of her delight and curiosity, Vanya grants you an enigmatic artifact—small, shimmering, and seemingly unremarkable at first. However, when placed on the ground beneath the night sky, its true nature awakens. The air hums with a gentle, celestial energy, and the world around you feels more vibrant, more alive. Conversations flow effortlessly, laughter lingers longer, and bonds deepen as if the very fabric of reality is enchanted. Soft motes of bioluminescent light, reminiscent of the wondrous night on Muly's moon, drift through the air, turning any gathering into a moment of magic and connection.



Scenario 30: Danger! The Celestial Devourer Appears!

The time of rest is over. After spending days on the habitable moon of the Muly system, you and your companions prepare to depart, setting your course for the Celestial Corridor. The stars shine bright in the vast cosmic sea, but just as the last farewells are exchanged, **an unnatural tremor ripples through the fabric of space**. A presence—vast, terrible—announces itself with a silent, growing pressure. It is not a warning, nor a call. It is inevitability.



The Living Stars feel it first, the way the light of distant stars wavers in **recognition of an old nightmare**. And then it happens—space rends apart at the system’s edge, like flesh torn open by unseen claws. A great abyssal form pushes through, emerging from nothingness itself. **The Celestial Devourer has arrived**. A being of unending hunger, one that has swallowed countless stars throughout history. Muly recoils in terror, scattering her Celestial Form to reinforce the full might of her star-body, but it is futile. FTL travel shatters in its presence. No force in the Kingdom of Stars has ever recorded a true victory against it. The best one can do is run—or delay the inevitable. **And yet, Muly does not run**. She stands her ground, her pride does not allow it and she is not willing to lose her system without a fight, radiating defiance, ready to fight against a monster that cannot be defeated.

It does not see you, not yet. You are small, insignificant compared to the burning feast before it. But choices remain. **You can flee, leaving Muly to her fate**, for the Celestial Devourer does not hunger for something as tiny as the Logos. **You can attempt to fight, though you already know the truth**—no blade, no power, no force known to the stars has ever wounded it. **Or, you can take the third path: stall it, outmaneuver it, convince Muly to abandon her pride and escape while there is still time**. The Devourer is slow, but relentless. If you can distract it, if you can pull Muly away from the system’s gravity well towards the Celestial Corridor, there may yet be a chance for her to survive, but beware: the Celestial Devourer is no pushover and can easily destroy any kind of Celestial Form or Living Star should it land a single successful attack. A gamble against eternity itself. But one that might just work.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP or +300 CP if Muly Survives

The fate of Muly now rests in your hands. If you choose to turn away, the Devourer will claim yet another star, its hunger never sated, and the light of Muly will vanish from the cosmos—one more brilliance lost to the void. But if you stand against fate, if you find a way to pull her from the jaws of oblivion, then she will live, her radiance continuing to shine beside you as you journey onward through the Celestial Corridor. Against a force that cannot be slain, survival itself is a victory—a testament to defiance in the face of the inevitable, but **perhaps someday this creature will meet its match, someone who may command reality itself**.

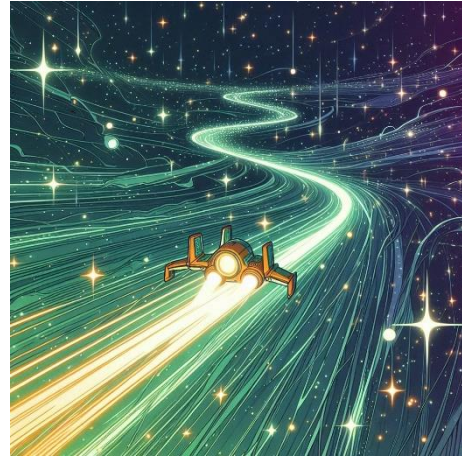
Reward Item: Broken Fang of the Celestial Devourer

*In the chaos of your encounter, whether by sheer luck or some cosmic anomaly, a single fang from the Celestial Devourer broke free, left drifting in space. **The fang is impossibly sharp, seemingly immune to the passage of time, and utterly indestructible by conventional means. It can pierce any material not protected by conceptual or reality-manipulating defenses.** However, its structure resists reshaping or reforging—it remains as it is, a relic of something far beyond mortal understanding.*



Scenario 31: The Celestial Corridor

The moment you cross the threshold into the Celestial Corridor, the chaos of the chase fades into a distant memory. **There is no sound of destruction, no looming shadow of a pursuer—only a quiet serenity, like stepping into a dream.** The corridor does not exist as a place in the traditional sense; rather, it is a path of pure light, stretching endlessly through the void, cradling you and your companions in its gentle current. Whether you rushed inside in a desperate bid for escape or entered with quiet resolve, it no longer matters. The corridor has accepted you, and now, it will carry you forward, just as a river carries a drifting leaf.



The journey is peaceful, almost surreal. **If you were wounded, you can feel the pain ebbing away, as if the corridor itself is mending you with every passing moment.** Outside the ship's windows, the stars seem to shimmer with strange, broken constellations—scattered like fragments of an ancient puzzle waiting to be pieced back together. Tiny motes of luminous dust drift like falling snow, glowing softly in the dark. When you ask Vega or Little Dove about them, they explain that Living Stars leave behind traces of their essence when traveling the corridor—a natural part of their existence, like exhaling a breath. It is not a loss, nor does it weaken them; rather, this scattered essence has a way of giving shape to distant, unspoken wishes, carrying thoughts and dreams to places unknown.

With no urgent dangers or immediate destination to race toward, time slows. **This is a rare moment of peace, a chance to reflect.** You might choose to gaze into the endless river of light, letting your thoughts drift as the Logos glides effortlessly forward. Or perhaps you'll take this moment to speak with your companions, sharing quiet words in the glow of the corridor, seeking comfort after the trials you've faced. Whatever you choose, there is a quiet certainty: **you are safe**, if only for now. And as the corridor carries you onward, you are left with a lingering thought—if even broken constellations can shine, perhaps even the remnants of lost things can one day be made whole again.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

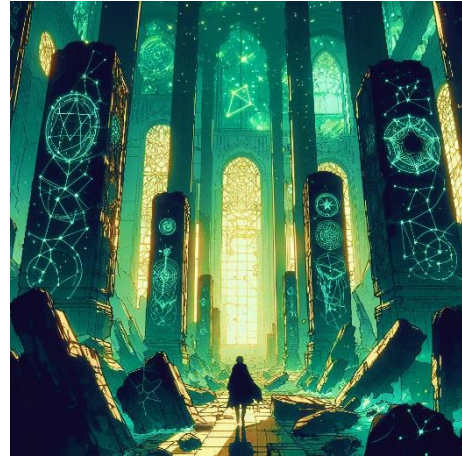
The journey through the Celestial Corridor is a fleeting, yet deeply rejuvenating experience. Though no great battle is fought here, there is value in moments of stillness. **Your wounds have healed, your energy is restored, and your mind feels clearer.** Perhaps you've found a deeper understanding of yourself, or perhaps you've simply taken comfort in the presence of those who travel alongside you. Either way, the journey continues, and beyond the corridor, new adventures await.

A Glimpse of Dreamscape (Reward Perk)

*The Celestial Corridor brushes against the edges of Dreamscape, intertwining reality with the quiet echoes of dreams. Your brief passage through its luminous currents has left a mark upon you, granting you the ability to experience a serene, restorative dream once per week. **No matter how restless your mind or how troubled your thoughts, this dream will always bring comfort—gently overriding even the most harrowing nightmares.** If you bear the weight of curses, afflictions, or other burdens such as drawbacks that twist your sleep into something dark, **this gift will push them aside**, if only for a night per week, allowing you to rest in a dream untouched by fear.*

Scenario 32: A Call from the Cathedral of Stars

The Celestial Corridor cradles you in its gentle currents, an endless river of light carrying you toward the unknown. It is a place of quiet, of drifting thoughts and unspoken reflection, yet something stirs beneath the surface of your mind. **A deep exhaustion settles within your bones**—not of body, but of spirit. It is as if the journey, the trials you have endured, the enormity of existence itself, has suddenly become too vast to bear. The feeling pulls you away, urging you toward solitude. Should you retreat to your quarters, rest does not come as expected. Instead, the moment your eyes close, your consciousness unravels, sinking into the Astral Sea.



When you awaken, you are **elsewhere**.

A vast, unfamiliar expanse stretches before you, yet something about it feels known, as if whispered to you in dreams long forgotten. The air hums with quiet power, and beyond the rolling stardust and drifting ruins, a **colossal structure** looms against the horizon, bathed in the soft glow of ancient starlight. It **calls** to you—not with words, but with something deeper, something woven into the very fabric of your being.

The journey through the ruins is a pilgrimage through the echoes of a forgotten age. **Towering monoliths**, cracked and broken, rise from the void, their surfaces carved with celestial inscriptions that no mortal tongue can decipher. **Bridges of starlight**, shattered and worn, stretch across unfathomable depths. The sheer scale of it all is beyond comprehension—as if this place was never meant for beings as small as you. You press forward, through what remains of **the place where the Kingdom of Stars was born**, stepping through the dust of those who came before.

And then, you reach it.

The **Cathedral of Stars** stands before you in its full, awe-inspiring immensity. This was once a sanctuary, a gathering place for the ancient Living Stars when the **First Star** still burned bright. A place where the great lights of the cosmos **forged their destinies, wove the fates of galaxies, and whispered their dreams into existence**. But those days are gone. Now, the Cathedral stands abandoned, its vast halls shrouded in silence. Faint remnants of its former radiance flicker in the distant domes, struggling against the crushing weight of time. The void-born entities that linger here—small, **astral entities**—watch you with quiet unease. They do not threaten you. **You do not belong here, and they know it.**

And yet, something deeper within the Cathedral **beckons**.

You are free to explore through the **Hall of Starlight**, where history in the form of shattered constellations drift like dust in frozen beams of ancient luminescence. Beyond the **Garden of Creation**, where the remnants of energies from the Creator of the Universe glow faintly as a reminder to those that shone once in this sacred place, their light struggling against the void.

And finally, into the **Chamber of the First Star**, where **destiny itself** was once shaped.

Here, at the heart of the Cathedral, lies the **Throne of the First Star**.

It is broken. Fractured. Its once-pristine form now an incomplete ruin of what it once was. Even in its shattered state, its presence is overwhelming. The weight of history presses upon you, a suffocating gravity of **unspoken stories and**

lost legacies. A wave of emotion crashes over you—**belonging, nostalgia, sorrow.** You expected something here. A vision, a voice, a revelation. But there is **only silence.**

And yet... in that silence, there is **understanding.**

The universe, once vast, now feels **endless.** Its boundaries stretch beyond anything you ever imagined—beyond stars, beyond time, beyond even fate itself. **It is unfinished.**

You may stay as long as you wish, but when you finally turn away, you feel **watched**—not by the shadowed entities, but by something deeper, something unseen. The void swirls, and you are pulled back, the Astral Sea folding around you.

You awaken in your quarters aboard the **Logos**, as if nothing had happened. No time has passed. No proof remains.

And yet, something **has changed.**

Speaking to Vega, Little Dove, or any Living Star about the **Cathedral of Stars** will reveal that **it was abandoned a long time ago.** It is a place lost to the Astral Sea, appearing only by chance, and never in the same place twice. Out of your companions or followers, only **Little Dove alone has walked within its halls before—back when its light still shone upon creation.**

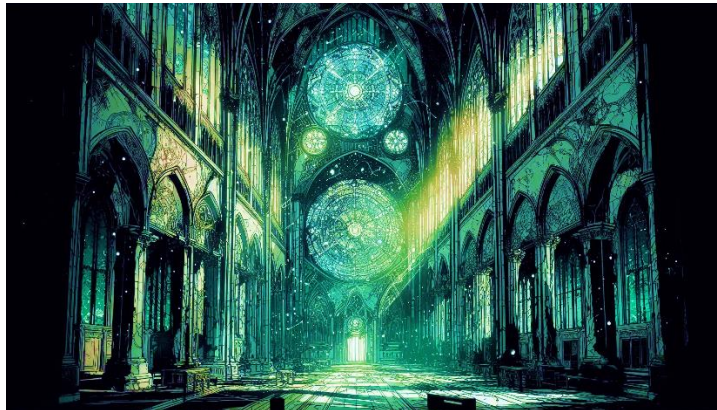
There are no clear answers as to why the Cathedral called to you—or if it even called at all. Perhaps you were not summoned but simply found your way back to a place you were always meant to return to.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

The Cathedral of Stars is no mere ruin—it is a place of memory, of history, of something greater than any single being. Though its halls were empty, they whispered of a time when the First Star shone, when the Living Stars gathered in unity, and when destiny was written in starlight. Though you left without a great revelation or a daunting task, you carry something far more profound—a newfound awareness of the vastness of the cosmos, of the weight of legacy, and of the infinite possibilities that lie ahead. The universe is far grander than you once believed, filled with countless lives and perhaps, it is worth protecting.

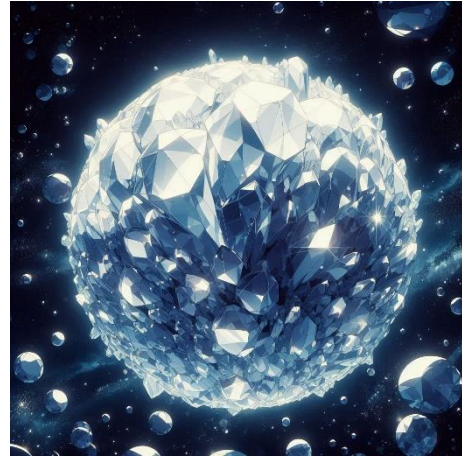
Echo of the First Light (Reward Item)

*A small, star-like crystal materialized in your warehouse as you left the **Cathedral of Stars**—an echo of something ancient, something that still lingers in the Astral Sea. Holding the crystal gives you a sense of kinship, of something that once was and no longer is. The item apparently has no use, and yet it somehow found its way to you, serving as a reminder of an age filled with light.*



Scenario 33: Lighthouse of Vayla

At the far end of the Celestial Corridor, where the currents of light finally fade, lies the Hellion Disk Galaxy—a vast and unfamiliar frontier, far removed from the Milky Way. A place of mysteries, forgotten legends, and wonders yet unseen. If Muly survived her harrowing escape from the Celestial Devourer, this is where she chooses to remain. She grieves the loss of her star system, yet she finds solace in survival, gazing out upon this new galaxy with both sorrow and hope.



But your journey is far from over. Your coordinates guide you forward, leading to a marvel of the universe—the **Lighthouse of Vayla**, an ancient, moon-sized crystal adrift in the void, pulsing with an eerie, reflected radiance. It is a waypoint, a beacon of untold significance, though its purpose remains unknown. The journey to it seems straightforward... until something unexpected crosses your path.

As you near your destination, the stillness of space is disrupted. A vast battlefield stretches before you—an ancient war zone, frozen in time. Massive, broken warships drift lifelessly, their shattered hulls testament to a conflict long past. Some remain eerily intact, while others are nothing more than skeletal wreckage, their forms silhouetted against the distant glow of stars. The **Logos** slows to a cautious crawl, its shields flickering in response to the scattered debris. To push forward recklessly would risk catastrophe, as even a small miscalculation could send the ship colliding with the remains of a lost empire's fleet.

Your scanners reveal no active life signs, but space is deceptive. Time moves differently in the void, and sometimes, the dead do not rest. You have a choice—**navigate carefully through the battlefield and reach your destination, or explore these forsaken relics, seeking lost knowledge, forgotten technology, or perhaps something more.** There are risks, of course. Some wrecks may be unstable, their insides little more than metal coffins waiting to collapse. Others may be infested with strange creatures—spaceborne fauna that have claimed these ruins as their hunting grounds. Yet, within the heart of a derelict warship, ancient secrets and powerful remnants of the past may still linger.

If you choose to explore, what you find will depend on your actions. A salvaged **upgrade for the Logos**, a **weapon of unknown origin**, or a **record of a battle fought for reasons now lost to time**—these are but a few possibilities. But be warned: something in this graveyard stirs. It watches. It waits.

Beyond the battlefield, past the remnants of war, the Lighthouse of Vayla emerges from the darkness like a celestial monument. It is a **colossal, moon-sized crystal**, its surface a flawless array of countless mirrored facets, reflecting the light of distant galaxies in an ever-shifting dance of colors. It emits no power, no life signs, no transmissions. It simply **exists**, an enigma carved by unknown hands and left to drift in the cosmic abyss. And yet, your coordinates mark this place as your destination.

The **Logos'** scanners detect no immediate threats, nor any traces of life—at least, none that conventional instruments can perceive, and neither you nor your companions should you have abilities or senses that permit it. The surface of the Lighthouse holds a **thin, ghostly atmosphere**, too faint to sustain most organic beings. As you set foot upon its crystalline expanse, a strange sensation washes over you—a feeling of standing upon something **older than time itself**.

Then, in an instant, **everything changes**.

A pulse of blinding light erupts from the Lighthouse, engulfing everything in its radiance. Your vision shatters into white, then fades into pure darkness.

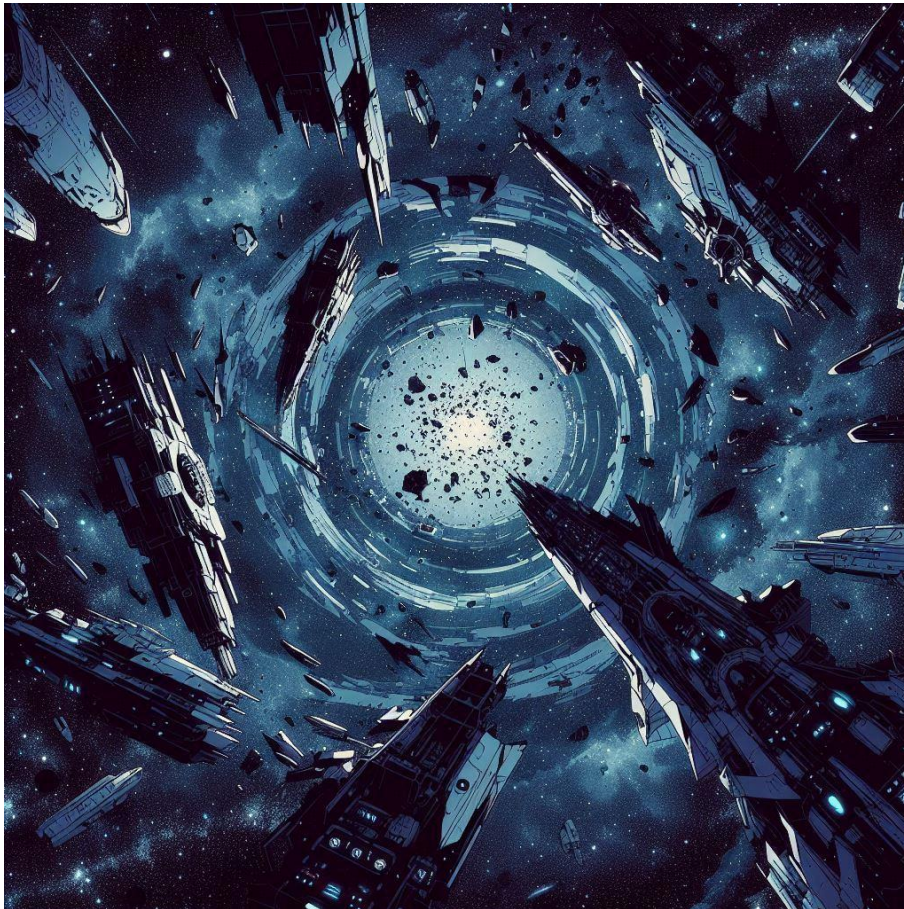
And in that moment, **destiny is set into motion.**

Scenario Rewards: +200 CP

The Lighthouse of Vayla has acknowledged your presence. Whether you came prepared or blind to its significance, your arrival has triggered something beyond comprehension. The path forward is no longer yours alone to decide—**fate has turned its gaze upon you.**

Relic of the Forgotten War (Optional Scenario Reward)

*An artifact recovered from the ancient battlefield. Whether it is a weapon, a piece of forgotten technology, or something more esoteric, it hums with dormant power, waiting to be awakened. Its full potential remains unknown... for now. Depending on your actions and what you find, **a potential upgrade to the Logos is available to you.** This could manifest in several ways: perhaps an increase in speed that surpasses current vessels of its class, or an enhanced defensive system that briefly allows it to face off against the toughest foes. Alternatively, it could unlock a more powerful weapon, capable of taking down much larger adversaries, though it would demand a significant amount of energy. The rewards of your exploration and battles in the ancient ruins are for you to discover.*



The Vision: A Dark Future Revealed

The world turns dark.

Your senses dull, your body fades, and the concept of self becomes weightless, untethered from reality. You are neither awake nor asleep, neither here nor elsewhere. You exist only as thought—an incorporeal consciousness adrift in the void.

Then, a light appears.

It is distant at first, a flickering ember in the all-consuming darkness, but soon it swells, engulfing you in its radiance. It is not warmth you feel, but inevitability—an undeniable truth being forced upon you. The **Lighthouse of Vayla** is revealing what once was, what could be, and what *will* come to pass.



The vision begins with a familiar sight, a place of celestial grandeur that should be currently devoid of life. But now, it is *full*—countless Living Stars, their radiance now filling the expanse of the Cathedral of Stars. **A vision of the past.** Their forms are varied, their presence awe-inspiring, yet something is wrong. **Fear.** It ripples through the assembly like a dying star's final light. They are speaking, debating, yet their voices do not reach you. The chaos halts in an instant as **she** enters.

A woman in white, her presence eclipsing even the Living Stars. She is not one of them, yet the power she carries is undeniable. Two figures follow behind her. One is someone you already know—**Little Dove, yet with a more adult appearance, powerful, gorgeous and full of vitality.** The other... the moment your eyes fall upon him, you *recognize* him, as would any Living Star.

The First Star.

A being of absolute authority, of undeniable gravity. His presence is a pull upon your very soul, a force that beckons trust, friendship, *leadership*. You cannot hear their words, but you *feel* their weight—something terrible looms, a threat beyond even the Living Stars' comprehension. But the **First Star and the Woman in White** do not falter. They take command, rallying those present, forging a plan against the coming storm.

Then, it happens.

The Woman's eyes, in the middle of her speech, shift—her gaze meeting yours directly.

She *sees* you.

The vision then fades gently.

A new sight unfolds.

This is not the past. This is *what is to come*.

You see it—**the final battlefield beyond reality itself.** A war beyond the edge of Nothingness, a place where no light remains. You witness the **Eclipse**, and the terrible fate that awaits the Living Stars. No longer celestial guardians, they have been *consumed*, their light devoured by the abyss.

You watch as **entire multiverses fall.**

Legions rise in defiance, armies formed from the last lights of countless worlds—and they are *crushed*. Mighty Lords, once thought invincible, are **annihilated**. These beings who commanded reality itself **fall in agony**, their power nothing before the endless tide. And beyond it all, you *see it*—the source, the horror that should not be.

A void that breathes.

A hunger that has no end.

A presence **from the Dark Multiverse**, a place where no light has ever existed, where no hope has ever taken root. By witnessing these events it has become aware of you. It turns its gaze toward you. The **cold grasp of something beyond death itself** reaches for your very soul—

And the vision **shatters**.

You are shown one last thing.

A moment in the present, the turning point upon which everything hinges, where everything could change. You see it—the **core of the Laniakea Supercluster**, the heart of where one who would be king resides, the **Palace of the Blazing Monarch**. But even as you witness this grand bastion of power, the vision shifts.

Darkness.

A **lair**, hidden beyond the veil of known existence. And within it, **a singularity given form, a living void**, its terrible eyes opening for the first time in an age.

It has seen Laniakea.

And it is **coming**.

The vision collapses into darkness. A melodious voice, distant yet absolute, lingers as the last echo of the future:

“Seek Sagittarius... stop the collapse...”

Then—**you awaken**.

You are back in the **Lighthouse of Vayla**. The cold void of space stretches endlessly beyond, unchanged, uncaring. **Your companions have seen the Visions, although they have each seen a variation of their role in the future**. Yet, within you, something has shifted. You *know* that something has to be done.

The future has been set in motion, will it repeat itself?

By receiving this vision, you feel stronger, adding +300 CP to your CP pool.

The prophecy has been delivered, the last will of Vayla has reached you. You have glimpsed the final fate of all things, and in doing so, you now walk the path of inevitability. There is no turning back.

The Compass of Vayla (Reward Item)

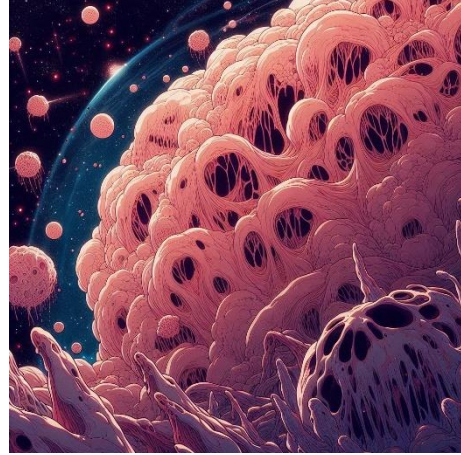
*A fragment of the Lighthouse itself, infused with the echoes of the visions you have seen. Holding it, you feel a pull—an instinctive awareness of **where fate is most fragile, where the future can be changed**. The fragment is indestructible, and will always find its way to return to your warehouse should it be lost or removed from it. As long as the future you have seen is not averted, the fragment will continue to exist. Perhaps should the dark future be truly changed, this item will cease to exist.*



Scenario 34: Excising the Malignathus

The path is set.

You must find **Sagittarius**, the key to preventing the collapse of everything. Little Dove confirms the name, recalling that she once knew "**it**," though even she hesitates to say more. One thing is certain—Sagittarius resides at the **center of the Milky Way**.



The journey back is not without peril. The **Celestial Corridor** remains an option, but the **Celestial Devourer** may still lurk in the ruins of Muly's home system, waiting, hungering. The safer path lies in the **Hypergate**, an ancient portal that can bridge galaxies in an instant. But there is a price—the gate requires the power of a **Living Star** to activate. If Muly survived the Devourer's attack, she could open the gate for you... if you ask her to.

You make your choice.

The voyage through hyperspace is uneventful, save for **Flip** gleefully barking as a school of **space mantas** follows the Logos for hours, their bioluminescent bodies drifting like ephemeral constellations. The journey is peaceful. Then, you arrive.

The **Milky Way** looms ahead, the core of the galaxy beckoning like a beacon of destiny. **One step closer**. From system to system, jump after jump, the distance to the galactic center grows ever smaller. Until you find it.

You almost miss it at first. The star system ahead is... *wrong*. A distortion, a sickness upon reality itself. There are **planets**, but they are no longer planets. There is a **star**, but its light is smothered. Instead, an **amalgamation of grotesque, pulsing flesh** has spread across the entire system, a tumorous blight upon the cosmos. It breathes. It writhes. And within it, **things** are moving.

The **Malignathus**. A **cancer upon reality**, an abomination that grows, **consumes**, and spreads. Its hunger is without end, twisting all it devours into **insectoid horrors of flesh and madness**. Once, there was life here. **An entire civilization, thriving**. Now, nothing remains of them—only **the Malignathus**, and the echoes of their screams.

You are not the first to witness this monstrosity. The system's borders are lined with ancient **warning buoys**, automated beacons that send out a simple, chilling message:

THERE IS NOTHING LEFT. TURN BACK.

Records within the buoys tell of past attempts to **eradicate** the Malignathus. Fleets of warships, superweapons, apocalyptic final measures—all failed. The **Assimilators**, a dangerous civilization known for their ruthless efficiency and desire to conquer other races, once launched a **Stellar Antimatter Bomb**, hoping to incinerate the cancer before it could spread further.

They failed.

The ship carrying the bomb was **consumed**, its wreckage now **entombed within the fleshy labyrinth** of the Malignathus.

And yet, there is a **chance**.

If someone could **infiltrate** the Malignathus, **navigate its nightmarish tunnels**, locate the ship, retrieve the bomb, and **deliver it to the system's star** before escaping—**the entire cancerous mass would burn**. A final **purging fire**, ensuring the Malignathus will never metastasize beyond this graveyard.

A **suicide mission for the mortal races**. The Malignathus is not just flesh. It is **aware to some degree**. It is **watching**. Its depths are filled with **twisted monstrosities**, things that should not exist, things that *bate* all that still lives.

There is no guarantee of survival, and yet, you are not a simple human anymore. **But if you do nothing... it will spread**. One day, another traveler will pass through here. And then another. And another. Until eventually, someone will make a mistake. And when that happens—when the Malignathus finds a way to break free from this dying star system—other places will suffer its fate.

The decision is yours.

Do you **risk everything** to stop this abomination before it's too late? Or do you leave, continuing onward, **knowing that one day, this horror may return?**

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP or +300 CP should you succeed in exterminating the Malignathus

As the Logos departs, whether leaving the Malignathus behind or watching its final embers fade into the void, the weight of your choice lingers. The path to Sagittarius remains ahead, but in the silent hum of the ship, you can't help but wonder—did you make the right decision? And if the Malignathus still exists somewhere, **will you face it again?**

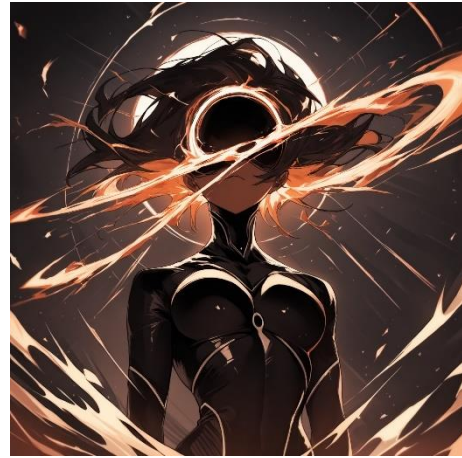
Stellar Antimatter Bomb Schematics (Reward Item)

If you successfully recover the Stellar Antimatter Bomb, you obtain a data storage device (or equivalent) containing the schematics to construct another. These devastating weapons require rare exotic materials and large amounts of antimatter, necessitating specialized facilities for production. When detonated within a star, the bomb triggers a controlled mild nova, incinerating everything within a few light-months of distance from the star if used on a main-sequence star—leaving behind only silence and ash.



Scenario 35: Seeking Knowledge in the Darkest Places

At the heart of the Milky Way, the cosmos bends to an unseen will. The accretion disk of **Sagittarius A*** churns in a slow, endless hunger, swirling with light torn from dying stars. Even with the vacuum of space between you and it, you hear it—a deep, cosmic hum, a whisper that resonates through the fabric of reality itself. It is the sound of matter on the edge of oblivion, a song of destruction and creation, and as a **Star Seed**, you can perceive it in a way others cannot.



Your mission is uncertain, guided only by the cryptic words of **Little Dove**—“Speak to the Black Hole.” But how does one address a being that does not speak? That does not think in time as you do? You attempt everything at your disposal—radio waves, gravitational pulses, transmissions through the **Logos**, even reaching out with your very essence. At first, nothing. Then, something **changes**.

The hum **shifts**. A wrong note in the melody of the cosmos. The **other Living Stars** react with unease just as a sudden **gravitational pulse** lances through space. For a fraction of a second, you feel yourself being **pulled**—not just your body, but something deeper, as if your soul itself is being dragged into the abyss. The **Logos** quickly stabilizes, but you and your companions stumble... but you lose your equilibrium and fall. Not onto the floor—**through it**.

Cold. Darkness. Weightless silence.

You stand in a void absent of all things—no light, no time, no distance. Yet, you are not alone. Before you stands a **woman**, or something resembling one. Her form is motionless, but the singularity that **sleeps where her head should be** betrays her true nature. There is no mistaking it. This is **Sagittarius**.

She **does not move**, but you feel her pull. A force beyond gravity, beyond hunger. A devouring inevitability. Even standing still, you know that one step too close could mean your end. Her voice does not come from her lips but from within your very being.

“**What?**” A question. A demand.

She is listening, and you have one chance to explain yourself.

If you tell her of the **dark future**, the **visions**, the **collapse of all things**, she merely **nods**. She knows about the collapse, **she has seen it**, and yet, knowledge is not free.

“**Payment.**”

One word, but with it comes an unspoken truth—you cannot leave with what she knows **without offering something in return**. Knowledge must be traded for knowledge, something of value for something beyond price. You must decide—**what will you give?** A secret? A truth? A treasure? The choice is yours.

Scenario Rewards: +200 CP

If you meet her price, Sagittarius will **reveal the truth**—the coming collapse is not natural. It is the result of a conflict **between two titans: The Living Singularity** from the **Maw of Tonanzintla** and **the most powerful of the Living Stars**. The victor will not just consume their opponent but **devour the Laniakea Super Cluster itself**, achieving a **critical mass** that will trigger a chain reaction, collapsing the universe into a **premature Big Crunch**. In mere decades, **everything will end**.

And then, you are **back**. Lying on the floor of the **Logos**, as if nothing had happened. But it **did**. The hum of Sagittarius A* is unchanged. The accretion disk still turns. The universe still marches forward toward its doom.

Before leaving, Little Dove will look back, as if looking towards an old friend. The black hole will hum in a different tone for the briefest moment, as in acknowledging her, before returning back to its endless sleep.

You do not know it yet, but what you have offered to Sagittarius will become one of the catalysts that will change the destiny of everything...

Scenario 36: The Maw of Tonanzintla

The truth is clear now. If the future is to be changed, the **Living Singularity must be stopped**.

The Maw of Tonanzintla looms before you, a region of space where light vanishes without a trace. The vast blackness is not mere emptiness—it is a presence, a hunger, and deep within it stirs the Living Singularity of **TON 618**, an entity that should not have a will, yet does. You know what the future holds if this monstrosity is left unchecked, but the path forward is yours to choose. **Do you seek to confront it, to draw out its Celestial Form and fight? Or do you search for another way, a means to weaken it before battle, or even to bind it in some way?** The void offers no guidance, only silence, and the distant pull of something watching from the abyss.



Exploring the Maw yields little at first—drifting wreckage, rogue planets lost to the dark, and the ever-present feeling of being observed. But every action has consequences. Calling out to the darkness may provoke it, attempting to manipulate the gravitational forces here might shift its attention, and gathering allies or resources could give you the edge you need. **The Living Singularity is not a beast to be baited easily**—it will only emerge if it believes there is something worth devouring. If you do nothing, will it remain sleeping for now? Or is it already preparing to awaken, regardless of your choices?

The plan is simple: **lure it out**. Draw its Celestial Form from the depths, force it into battle, and destroy it before it can claim its destined victory, causing the true body of TON 618 to fall into slumber for countless years more. But the execution is anything but easy. The Avatar of TON 618 is no mindless beast. It is cunning, calculating, and—above all else—patient. It will not reveal itself unless it believes it can win. You must be careful, clever, and prepared for a battle beyond anything you have faced before.

And when the battle comes, it will be like fighting the abyss itself. The Avatar of TON 618 is a walking singularity, its body impervious to all but the greatest of attacks. It bends space at will, warps gravity, and devours all light. It is not merely powerful—**it is the most dangerous thing that you have encountered so far**.

Victory will not come easily.

Scenario Rewards: +300 CP

The battle will be long and brutal, pushing you and your allies to the brink, and just when it seems that you are on the verge of triumph, the unexpected occurs.

A portal rips open in space.

From its depths, **chains of bright blue light surge forth, wrapping around TON 618 like divine shackles**. The beast howls, fighting with all its might, its form twisting and writhing in defiance. But the chains hold. They drag it back—back into the portal, into somewhere else. And then—silence. The portal snaps shut, the Maw of Tonanzintla left emptier than before.

For a brief moment, you stand in stunned quiet, trying to make sense of what has happened. Then, a whisper breaks the silence. From inside the Logos, from Little Dove, comes a name. "*Blazing Monarch...*" A name spoken in recognition, someone close to her in the past.

Blazing Chains (Reward Item)

*These brilliant blue chains radiate with searing energy, pulsing with power beyond mortal comprehension. When summoned, they can momentarily **bind any being**, suppressing their strength and sealing away their most dangerous abilities. The chains will **shatter after a short duration**, but in the right moment, this power can turn the tide of battle. However, such overwhelming force comes at a cost. Once used, the **Blazing Chains** must rest for **an entire week** before they can be called upon again.*



Scenario 37: Towards the Heart of the Laniakea Super Cluster

The truth has been unveiled—**TON 618’s disappearance was no accident.** The Blazing Monarch, the greatest of all Living Stars, has **taken** the Living Singularity’s avatar as it was distracted in the heat of your battle, and with it, set into motion the catastrophic chain of events that could bring about the collapse of all existence. The weight of destiny now presses upon you like the gravity of a dying star. **Time is running out.**



Your next destination is the **Heart of the Laniakea Super Cluster**, where the Megalith—the Blazing Monarch’s palace—awaits. There, you may yet **stop the final disaster before it begins.** But can the Monarch be reasoned with? Or will you be forced to stand against the greatest cosmic being ever known?

As this realization settles upon you, a strange quiet takes hold. Your companions understand what is at stake, and one by one, they make their decisions. They cannot face this alone, and neither can you. If there is hope to avert the coming calamity, **it lies in gathering allies.**

- **Vega** will leave first, setting out to find **Altair and Deneb**, her other two true friends. Perhaps this Crisis will require them to bring their true bodies into the fray.
- **Aelia**, desperate, searches for the **Custodians of the Universe**, only to find that they nearly all have perished or vanished into obscurity, griping her heart with sadness.
- **Sildri** reaches out to the **Sylvandar Fleet**, but will they see reason to intervene? And even if they do, do they have the power to stand in a conflicts where Living Stars must thread with care?
- **Kryp**, if his confidence has been restored, may convince the **Mekthar** to rise and fight. The Mekthar are no warriors, but their technologies are capable of bringing miracles.
- **Methros** turns to his ancient master, the **Star Forger**, seeking the wisdom and might of one of the Mythopoetic Gods who has seen ages come and go.
- **Cherub, Initium, and Flip** have no great cosmic forces to call upon, but they are unwavering. **They will stand by your side until the end.**

Only **Little Dove** remains. She looks at you, solemn, eyes filled with countless stars. **“I must reach out to many,”** she whispers. And before you can speak, her form shatters into motes of radiant light, vanishing beyond reality, her consciousness returning to the Riese Cloud where her true body is. She promises she will return when the time is right.

Now, the choice is yours. **Who will you seek? Where will you go?** Each path may bring aid... or end in failure.

And when the final calls for war have been made, the only thing left is to embark on the final journey—through a **Celestial Corridor** that leads beyond the stars, to the gates of the **Megalith**, the palace of the Blazing Monarch.

There, the fate of all things will be decided.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

Your efforts to rally allies will determine the strength of the forces that stand against the coming storm. Whether your calls were answered or met with silence, you have made your choice.

When all is done, the Celestial Corridor opens before you, stretching across the void like a bridge between fate and oblivion. There is no turning back now. **The final confrontation awaits.**

Should you manage to find additional allies during this scenario, a new perk manifests within you:

Alliance Seeker (Reward Perk)

In times of both prosperity and crisis, your skill as a diplomat allows you to break through stubbornness and skepticism with ease. With this perk, forging alliances and gaining support becomes second nature, enabling you to find allies in the most unexpected places. While success is never guaranteed, you will always have a much better chance to persuade others when an agreement is possible compared to if you didn't have this perk. However, this does not extend to those whose only goal is your destruction—some bridges simply cannot be built.



The Megalith

Intermission – The Night before Departure

The night before departure, silence settles over the *Logos*. The ship, though vast, feels smaller in the stillness, each of your companions tucked away in their quarters, gathering their thoughts before the mission ahead.

A knock at your door breaks the quiet. Soft, hesitant.

Should you open it, Vega stands there, a rare trace of uncertainty in her eyes. “Can I come in?” Her voice is steady, but there’s a weight behind it.

If you let her in, she steps inside, her movements uncharacteristically careful. She doesn’t say anything at first, instead finding a place next to you. The silence between you stretches, heavy and unspoken, until finally, she exhales and speaks.

“I’ve been thinking,” she murmurs, gaze drifting somewhere far beyond the walls of your quarters. “About everything. About this journey. About... us.”

Her voice falters.

“For the first time in an eternity, I’m afraid.” She clenches her fists on her lap. “Not for myself. I’ve faced dangers before. But for you. For the others. I can’t stand the thought of losing any of you.” Her breath catches. “Of losing you.”

She falls silent again, waiting. Listening. You have the chance to speak—to share your own fears, your resolve, your thoughts on her, on your companions, on what lies ahead.

Then, without thinking, she leans into you. Her head rests lightly against your shoulder, and for a moment, everything is still.

“What if...” she begins, but the words die in her throat. She doesn’t ask the question. Maybe she’s afraid of the answer. Maybe she already knows it.

And then, without warning, she turns to face you—and kisses you.

It is fire, yet it does not burn. It is warmth, and yet it steals the air from your lungs. For a fleeting eternity, the universe narrows to this single moment. And then, just as suddenly, it is over.

Something shifts inside you, a strange sensation you can’t quite place. **A current of stellar power flowed from you to her in that intense moment, unseen and unfathomable.**

Vega’s eyes widen as realization dawns. Then, just as quickly, her face turns crimson. She stumbles to her feet, her usual confidence utterly shattered.

“I—I should go,” she stammers. Without giving you the chance to stop her, she bolts from the room.

The next morning, she appears as composed as ever—except when your eyes meet. For the briefest moment, the blush returns, and she pointedly looks elsewhere, regaining her usual demeanor.

If you try to bring it up, she either pretends to ignore you or simply shakes her head. “Not now,” she says, her voice firm but not unkind. “Not yet... please.”

One day, she will come to you, ready to speak of what happened.

But today is not that day.



Scenario 38: The Palace of the Blazing Monarch

The *Megalith* is not simply a structure—it is an abomination of impossible scale, a hyperstructure that stretches beyond sight, looming like a cosmic monolith against the void. Its surface hums with incomprehensible machinery, an eldritch engine built to siphon matter from galaxies, feeding the insatiable hunger of its master. As you emerge from the Celestial Corridor, the being responsible for this madness stands before you—**The Blazing Monarch**. His Celestial Form radiates like a dying sun, surrounded by his followers: a host of Living Stars in their true bodies, war fleets numbering in the thousands, and mortal thralls who bow in blind devotion. And beyond them, the *Megalith*, where his true body dwells, reaching ever further into the cosmos, a predator preparing to devour its prey.



Your allies arrive in turn, those you've convinced to stand against him. One by one, they face the assembled might of the Blazing Monarch's forces, but no battle begins—*not yet*. Instead, the Blazing Monarch speaks, his voice resonating like the voice of a god. He *thanks* you, mocking your role in drawing TON 618 out of its lair. He speaks of destiny, of the natural order—of how the Living Stars should not simply watch over the cosmos, but **rule it**. You can try to reason with him, to warn him of the coming collapse, the future in which TON 618 devours all. But he does not care. He already *knows*. And instead of preventing disaster, he intends to **transcend it**—to take the next step beyond a Living Star, to ascend into a **Living Singularity**. The *Megalith* is the key, and TON 618's avatar is the catalyst. He will become the mightiest being in the universe not caring about the consequences, **someone comparable to a Cosmic Lord**, and nothing will stop him. **Not even if his actions are the reason of the collapse.**

Madness. Vega's voice is the first to rise in protest, demanding to know how many lives he will sacrifice. The others that came with you follow—Living Stars, gods, mortals, the First Custodian, even Flip, all united in their rejection of his vision. But the Blazing Monarch merely lifts a hand and turns towards the *Megalith*. **"It is futile,"** he says. **"It has already begun."** And with that, the void erupts into chaos. His entire army surges to life, Living Stars and warships descending upon your forces. The battle has begun.

The war is overwhelming. Even with Vega, Altair, and Deneb in their true bodies, the enemy is vast, and the balance tilts against you. And in the heart of the *Megalith*, the Blazing Monarch is already beginning his transformation. The machine roars as it activates, drawing entire galaxies into its grasp, funneling their essence into him. He is becoming something beyond a Living Star, beyond anything seen before. If he succeeds, he will take the reins of the cosmos itself, reshaping reality in his image. **You must stop him.** Reach the *Megalith*. **End this, before all is lost.**

Scenario Rewards: +300 CP

Extreme Danger! The armies of the Blazing Monarch are closing in, overwhelming your allies in a battle that shakes the very fabric of space. Time is running out. You must enter the *Megalith*—a labyrinth of incomprehensible machinery and eldritch power—to find a way to reach the true body of the Blazing Monarch or stop the machine before it consumes entire galaxies. Every moment spent hesitating means more lives lost. The war outside rages on, the echoes of battle causing the *Megalith* to tremble under the weight of conflict. Your companions fight desperately, but the tide is turning. The fate of the universe now rests on your next move. **Succeed, or all will be lost.**

Scenario 39: The Last Flight of the God Shattering Star [Farewell, Little Dove]

The damage you've inflicted upon the *Megalith* has bought precious time, but not enough. The hyperstructure groans as it begins to repair itself, its colossal mechanisms stirring once more to consume entire galaxies. And then, the sky burns. The gates of the *Megalith* shatter open, and an overwhelming presence emerges—the true body of the Blazing Monarch. His form is beyond titanic, a Living Star so massive that the sheer force of his existence sets the battlefield ablaze. The heat sears through the void, distorting reality itself, and your allies begin to falter. This is it—the final moment. If you don't return to them, they will be lost forever. But then, a ripple. A shift in the cosmic tides. One, two... ten... a hundred. A thousand. *They have come.*



A great multitude of Living Stars, glowing in every color imaginable, appear across the battlefield. Some are brilliant and vast, others are small yet radiate with a power unseen in ages. This is a gathering unlike anything witnessed since the fabled *Age of Light*. At their head is *her*—Little Dove, the smallest among them, a simple white dwarf standing against the greatest of them all. The battlefield stills. The Blazing Monarch halts his advance, his Celestial Form manifesting to meet hers. Their voices—echoing across the stars—are unlike anything you've heard before. “You... why...” His tone is no longer that of a tyrant, but of something else. Something older. “You have to stop,” she replies, sadness woven into every syllable. Then, silence. They speak again, but now in a lost language of the oldest stars, a tongue older than time itself—one you cannot understand. And then, they stop. The moment is gone. “So be it.” The Monarch's voice returns to iron, and in an instant, **he attacks.**

Their battle is like nothing the cosmos has ever seen. The Monarch holds back at first, attempting to subdue her, but Little Dove dodges every strike, moving with grace beyond understanding. But then, the Blazing Monarch grows impatient. He stops playing. The battle shifts—**he is going to kill her.** And so, she does the one thing she cannot take back. **She lets go.** Her small white dwarf form begins to swell, to burn with the last light of her existence. Larger and larger, from a giant to a supergiant, until she nearly rivals the Monarch in size. A pure white star. The battlefield is bathed in pure white radiance, a flame that does not flicker, a light that does not dim. This is *Little Dove*, but also something else—the *God Shattering Star*, the brightest, most powerful Living Star to have ever existed back in the day, second only to the First Star. The Blazing Monarch, for the first time, takes a step back. **A once husband and wife, once bound by love, now locked in a battle that will shake the very fabric of creation.**

As they clash, the cosmos itself trembles. Their blows send out ripples that obliterate entire armadas caught in their wake. And yet, the battle below must continue. **The forces of the Blazing Monarch, still countless in number, rally against your allies.** The war reignites in full force—Living Stars against Living Stars, ships against ships, gods against monsters. *There can be no retreat.* You and your allies must end this battle **now. Not a single enemy can remain**, for every moment wasted is a moment Little Dove does not have. She is burning everything—*everything*—to hold him back. And once that light is spent... she will be gone.

Scenario Rewards: +200 CP

You stood alongside your friends and allies in a battle that will echo through the annals of history—the final stand against the Blazing Monarch's forces. Every last enemy has been vanquished, no Living Star nor fleet remains to serve his tyranny. Victory is yours, but at what cost? As the battlefield stills and silence falls over the war-torn heavens, the Blazing Monarch rises once more, his fury boundless. With the last of his strength, he prepares to unleash a *hypernova*, an explosion powerful enough to annihilate everything—your allies, the battlefield, maybe even the distant galaxies beyond.

But before he can, *she moves.* A streak of white light cuts across the void, faster than thought, brighter than any star. *Little Dove.* She flies like a shooting star, a final act of defiance against the one she once loved. And then—*impact.* The heavens shake as her light collides with the Blazing Monarch, a radiant explosion that pierces even his near-immortal form. A grievous wound, one that brings even him to his knees. But as the light fades, so too does *she.* No final words, no lingering presence. *Little Dove is gone.*

The battle is over. But there is no time to grieve. The Blazing Monarch, wounded and enraged, still remains. The final confrontation is upon you. **This war is not yet over.**

You can feel your perk [Little Dove's Friendship] fading away...

Scenario 40: Against all Odds

Rage. Fury. **The Blazing Monarch is wounded, but far from defeated.** His armies lie in ruin, his dominion crumbling, but his pride remains—a searing, all-consuming wrath that now turns its full force upon you and your allies. No longer only does he fight to ascend, to consume, to rule. Now, he also fights for vengeance. His presence alone distorts the battlefield, gravity bending at his will, waves of searing heat threatening to tear apart anything that dares stand before him. Vega, Deneb, Altair, and the surviving Living Stars rally to oppose him, but even together, **they are struggling to match his sheer, monstrous power.** The rest—mortals, custodians, even gods—are mere embers in his infernal wake, hopelessly outmatched and can do little against him.



And then, he sets his sights on *you*. A primary offender in his eyes, a thorn that has defied him and delayed his plans. His fury takes form—a gravitational force so crushing it bends light, a conflagration so intense it could reduce planets to cinders. There is nowhere to run, no place to hide. The *Logos* maneuvers can desperately keep you alive, but against a foe of this magnitude, it is only a matter of time before even they falter. Your companions can throw themselves into the fray, pushing beyond their limits to buy even a sliver of time. But it will be not enough. The Living Stars strike with everything they have, but some their attacks fail to pierce his defenses, many tired and hurt from the previous battles. And behind him, the *Megalith stirs*, its repairs nearly complete, the great machine preparing once more to consume galaxies.

There *must* be a way. Perhaps the *Megalith* itself holds the key, a weakness hidden within its terrible machinery. Or maybe, the only path forward is a desperate, all-or-nothing attack alongside your companions. Or perhaps, something else entirely—something only *you* can see, something drawn from your experiences, your journey, your power. Whatever the answer, you must find it. The odds are stacked against you. The time is running out. But if you fail now, there will be no second chance.

Scenario Rewards: +300 CP

You have found **a way to wound the Blazing Monarch**—but it is not enough. A mere Star Seed, no matter how determined, **can never hope to strike a decisive blow against a being of such magnitude.** The battle rages, desperation mounting with every passing second, and then—the worst happens.

The Blazing Monarch *grabs hold of you*. His fury burns hotter than ever, his grip unrelenting. Before anyone can intervene, before you can react, he *hurls* you with devastating force—straight into the heart of the *Megalith*. The world becomes a blur of motion, and then, there is only light. Blinding, searing, *all-consuming light*. You are falling, plummeting toward the very core of the hyperstructure, toward the colossal beam of pure, converted energy—the condensed remains of galaxies, siphoned and reshaped into a force beyond comprehension.

A Star Seed cannot survive such power.

The last thing you hear before the light takes you is **the desperate, anguished cries of your companions.**

Scenario 41: Ignition

Agony. Heat. A searing, unrelenting force consuming you from all directions. You are lost within the converted energy beam, where the raw essence of entire galaxies flows like an unbroken river of destruction. The Megalith has become your tomb, and as the unbearable pressure grinds against your very existence, you feel yourself slipping away. Outside, your companions battle desperately against the Blazing Monarch, but they will not last. The war is all but lost. The collapse is inevitable. And you—you're dying.



Then, in the depths of oblivion, you see them. Tiny motes of white light, as fine as dust, drifting through the maelstrom. The remnants of *her*. The last traces of Little Dove. Even here, even at the end, **you are not alone**. But is this truly the end? Will you surrender to fate, to silence, to annihilation? If you still have the will to resist, if you can defy the impossible for just one more moment—you *will bear it*. **The soft, unmistakable coo of a bird.** "*Not yet, my little friend!*" A voice you thought was gone forever. And then you see her, standing before you—not as the small, delicate star you knew, but as she once was, in a time long before memory. The *God Shattering Star*. Her delicate hand presses against your chest, and with a gentle push and her big smile—not away, not to safety, but forward—**she sends you into the fire.**

Something *erupts* inside you, a spark catching onto something far greater, turning into a blaze that cannot be contained. You are *burning*, but not in death—in *creation*. **The final step is here.** You must reforge your body, transcend what you once were, and seize your Becoming. If you succeed, you will rise, no longer a mere Star Seed, but a Living Star—a being of light, fire, and cosmic might. If you fail, you will vanish, your companions will perish, and all will be lost. The choice is not yours to make anymore—you *must ascend*.

Scenario Conclusion

If you succeed, you will complete your Becoming, **ascending to the ranks of the Living Stars**. If you fail... there will be nothing left of you, or of those who fought by your side. But should you rise, should you ignite into something greater—then it is time to end this battle once and for all.

By achieving ignition and completing your Becoming, you will obtain the perk [Living Star], granting you all the powers and responsibilities of your new existence. Should you already have this perk, you'll obtain a refund for a third the CP you paid for it.

Now, step forward.

The universe still needs you.



“Not yet, my little friend!”

Scenario 42: The Kingdom of the Stars

The battlefield is on the brink of ruin. The Blazing Monarch, battered but unbroken, rages with an unrelenting fury. The Living Stars that once stood defiant against him now falter—many have fallen, and those who remain hesitate, fear creeping into their once-radiant forms. Your companions are at their limits, exhausted and wounded, barely holding on. The Megalith, its terrible machinery finally restored, begins to drink in the mass of galaxies once more. And then, **the Blazing Monarch turns his burning gaze toward the Logos.** With a terrible, knowing malice, he surges forward, intent on reducing it—and all aboard—to nothing.



Aelia moves to intercept, but she is dwarfed before the blazing titan. Initium recoils in fear, Flip is powerless against the sheer scale of destruction, and Syldri scrambles for an escape that does not exist. Vega is too far to even try to intercede before it is too late. **The moment of annihilation is seconds away.** And then—*light*. A beam, impossibly bright, erupts from the Megalith, smashing into the Blazing Monarch and halting his advance. For the first time, he recoils—not in pain, but in *shock*. And then, you step forth, burning with newfound radiance. A Living Star is born.

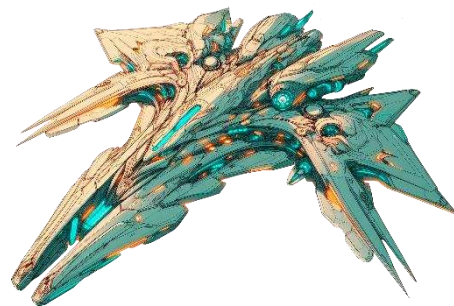
The power of the cosmos surges through you, a force beyond anything you have ever known. The Blazing Monarch, for the first time, faces an opponent who can stand against him. But before the battle can be decided, the Megalith activates once more, its colossal mechanisms shifting to restore him. The Living Stars, understanding what must be done, turn their fury upon the Megalith, tearing into it with the force of dying suns. The Blazing Monarch *roars*, lashing out to stop them, but you—you—must hold him back. The battlefield ignites with stellar detonations, entire sections of the Megalith collapsing as **the Kingdom of Stars is united as one in one final act of defiance.** Your companions are safe beneath your protection. Now, at last, the moment has come. **Face the Blazing Monarch, and change the future.**

Scenario Rewards: +300 CP

Against all odds, through every trial, **you have won.** The Blazing Monarch falls, his form collapsing in the wake of your final battle. The Megalith is shattered, its terrible hunger silenced. The collapse—the doom that awaited this universe and would lead to the dark future you witnessed—has been averted, right? The war is over. But as the dust settles, one question remains: **what has become of the avatar of TON 618?**

The Logos (Scenario Reward)

From this moment onwards, the Logos, the trusty ship you've been traveling with, is now considered a fiat item of yours, with it fully recognizing you as one of its captains. After this jump ends, it will become fiat backed, ready to be inserted in future jumps as it rests within your warehouse. The ship has received a few upgrades, an enhanced shield, a much faster FTL drive, and its magikapacitors have been attuned to work with both magic and stellar power, allowing you to recharge it with ease.



Scenario 43: Changing the Fate of the Universe

The battlefield is quiet, a silence born not of peace but of exhaustion. The Megalith, once an unfathomable horror poised to unravel the universe, lies in ruin—its vast machinery crippled, its purpose shattered. Stars flicker in solemn remembrance, happiness, and mourning those lost in this final war. Yet, despite the grief, there is triumph. Against all odds, against an enemy that defied reason and fate itself, you have succeeded. The Blazing Monarch has fallen, his dream of ascendance and annihilation undone. Your companions gather, their weary voices rising in joy, a moment of respite after an endless struggle. Vega approaches you, her radiant true form orbiting against yours as twin stars in a dance of eternity, a silent acknowledgement of all that has transpired. For the first time, true hope ignites in the cosmos. And then—reality shudders.



A deep, gut-wrenching creak echoes through the void. The Megalith was not merely a machine—it was a prison. And now, with its destruction, the thing it held within it is now free. **TON 618** stirs. The ancient avatar of the monster, the ravenous abyss, the devourer of light itself, has begun to feed. The shattered husk of the Megalith is nothing more than sustenance to it, its mass consumed at staggering speeds. You feel the pull of its gravity as it swells, quickly becoming something worse than before—an entity beyond comprehension, beyond what is was before you confronted it in the Maw of Tonanzintla. The Living Stars react with alarm, but this time, you are not alone. No longer do you stand against the abyss in solitude. The **Kingdom of Stars** is behind you as one. The light of the cosmos burns defiantly, rallying again against the monstrous singularity. **This is the final battle.**

The singularity rages, a vortex of crushing darkness, a force so absolute that even stars falter before it. But the universe will not yield. The Living Stars will attack as one, an unrelenting storm of celestial might. Vega, Deneb, and countless others burn with defiance. And then—disaster. TON 618 turns its malice toward Vega, moving to consume her in a final, fatal blow. You see it too late, ensnared in the beast's gravitational hold. Helpless, you watch as she braces for annihilation—until a streak of blue light sears through the abyss. **Altair, the blazing warrior, the untamed fire of Aquila, hurls Vega away, taking her place in the singularity's grasp.** His light vanishes, devoured by the abyss, content by having saved the one she loves. A moment of silence, then a scream—Deneb's anguish, Vega's horror, the sorrow of every star present. But sacrifice begets fury. Rage. **A fire reignites across the starscape, a fury not seen since the First Star's final stand, back when the fated simultaneous strike by the First Star, Little Dove, and Divanitrika, that shattered the Devourer into countless pieces at the last moments of the Age of Light.** Every Living Star blazes with an intensity beyond reason, their light magnified by sheer will. The **Fury of a Thousand Suns** surges through the battlefield, giving everyone a second wind. The time for grief must be later. The time for hesitation is over. **Right now, it's time to send this monster back to the abyss where it came from.**

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Scenario Rewards: +600 CP

The darkness of TON 618 is vast, but the light of the cosmos will not be extinguished. Success means the destruction of this evil being, and the survival of your friends and companions. Defeating this monster will change the fate of the universe and stop the collapse. The loss of Altair is a bitter wound, but his sacrifice has ignited a power unlike any before. The Living Stars present burn with unstoppable fury, **their strength including yours is multiplied as if each is under the effects of the perk [[The Might/Rage/Love of a Thousand Suns](#)].**

Shine now Living Star, and end the darkness.

Aftermath

With the Living Singularity defeated, its avatar shattered, the nightmare finally ends. The monstrous will of **TON 618** is forced back into its slumber, its ambitions thwarted, its reach severed from the cosmos. The **Megalith**, the machine that once threatened to unravel existence itself, now stands as a hollow, broken monument to a war that nearly ended everything. It will not remain forever—within a century, the **Living Stars** will dismantle what remains, ensuring that its power can never be used again. And yet, there is no true finality in the grand cycle of the cosmos. **One day, the Singularity will awaken once more**, and when it does, another will have to take up the mantle. Perhaps, the **Promised One** spoken of in the oldest records of the **Custodians of the Universe** will rise to meet it. But that is not your burden to bear—not anymore.

If you possess the **Compass of Vayla**, its presence lingers. A quiet reminder that while the collapse of the universe has been prevented, fate is still in motion. The dark future has not yet been completely erased, only held at bay. There is still more to be done, more choices to be made. Yet for now, in this moment, you have **succeeded**. The battle has been won, but at great cost. **Altair is gone. Little Dove is gone.** And perhaps, others who stood by your side in this war are no longer here to see the peace they fought for. The echoes of their sacrifice will never fade, their names etched into the fabric of the cosmos itself. **The Megalith War**, as the survivors have come to call it, will be remembered forever in the light of the stars. For some, this is a time of celebration; for others, a time of grief.

Yet, life continues. Far away from the cosmic battlefield, deep within the forests of Earth, a **hidden cottage** hums with quiet, peaceful life. Here, among the whispering trees and gentle winds, a group of old friends have found solace. A **clumsy angel** fumbles with a recipe, guided by a **serene winged beauty** as laughter fills the kitchen. A **smiling girl** chases after a **tiny dragon**, their playfulness a stark contrast to the battles of before. A **lazily reclining god** basks in the warmth of a fire, unbothered by the passage of time, a **strange being part man and part machine** enjoys nurturing a garden of flowers, while a **curious elven girl** loses herself in well-worn **romance novels**, enamored by human stories of love and destiny. **The grand struggles of the universe feel like a distant dream here.** As for you and **Vega**? That is a tale only you can decide. Yet, in an old recently found star map from the **15th century**, there is an anomaly. A strange record from a time of magic and wonder, one that speaks of the **Lyra Constellation**—where once only **one** brilliant star shone, now, for a brief moment in history of less than a decade, there were **two**.



Drawbacks

Supplement Mode (Free): This jump can function as a supplement, merging with another jump. CP from both jumps remains independent.

Extended Stay (+100 CP each): Need more time? Each instance of this drawback grants you an additional 10 years in the City, up to a maximum of 100 years.

Archaic (+100 CP): You seem to have come truly from the 15th Century, the concepts of modern or alien technology are hard for you to grasp. Even more, space is stressing for you, preferring the more mundane life of living on a planet.

Can't Swim (+100 CP): Not literally, but in the Astral Sea. This means that you are really out of place whenever you enter into the Astral Sea. Becoming less skilled, more vulnerable, and less aware than what you should. Not a good combination when stalked by powerful beings within the Astral Sea.

Dangerous Start (+200 CP): Your jump begins just a few days earlier, you'll start as a normal human with no abilities, perks or powers. You'll have to live in the 15th century as a mortal, but fortunately you won't have to wait too long to get sick with diseases right? Still, you'll be mortal, be careful to not have an accident and chain fail as any lup will be disable. Even worse, on the last day before the night where you become Star Seed, a dangerous situation will manifest. Could be bandits, a dangerous animal, or maybe witch hunters that decided you are one. Survive, and you'll see the light at the sky.



Magical Earth? When? (+200 CP): You don't remember Earth having monsters, creatures, magic and more? Well, it does, and now during your stay in Earth, they are more powerful and coincidentally dangerous to a newborn Star Seed. Expect a few dangerous encounters here and then while on Earth, and try to not make enemies.

Unstable Celestial Form (+200 CP): Your Celestial Form is unstable, and as such it may never be considered perfect. This means that until you Become, you'll be stuck with at most tier 1 stellar powers, and quite a more fragile body compared to more mature Star Seeds.

Limited Stellar Power (+200 CP): Your Stellar Powers require more energy, quickly leaving you exhausted in their use. Any perks or means to regenerate them faster is disabled, and at most you'll have to sleep for 8 hours per day to fully regenerate your reserves once depleted.

Missing Powers (+200 CP): All powers—including out-of-character (OOC) abilities—are locked for the duration of the jump, except those granted by perks from this jump.



Flawed Items (+200 CP): Your fiat-backed items randomly malfunction—often at critical moments—before resuming normal function. Expect frustration.

Adverse Items (+200 CP): Your fiat-backed items develop a mischievous will of their own, actively trying to sabotage you. Keeping them stored in your warehouse is the only way to avoid their antics.

Gotta Earn It (+200 CP): Your Stellar Powers are completely locked. To break this seal, you must become a Living Star through a Becoming. Buying the perk to become one renders this drawback null.

What Happened to Lost and Found? (+200 CP): All fiat protections on your items are gone. Anything used up, lost or destroyed remains that way until the jump ends.

Bad Impressions (+200 CP): You always leave a terrible first impression on potential companions. This effect fades after a few encounters, but by then, the damage may already be done.

Hostile Intentions (+300 CP): All potential companions see you as a threat. They will attempt to harm you or rally others against you. Winning them over will take considerable effort.

Dangerous Individuals (+300 CP): Every major figure in this jump is now significantly more powerful and far more dangerous to you, armed with specialized skills and resources designed to counter you if provoked.

A Close Encounter with the Unlight (+300 CP): During your travels, you and your companions are guaranteed to run into a space anomaly that will eject you all into the Dark Universe. This place is dangerous, and you'll have to find a way to return before it is too late. The Unlight has noticed you, and its hunger for your essence will start to drive it, and the horrors that accompany to soon pursue up. Better hurry, return home, before it is too late. The Dark Universe disables any 1ups or means to prevent death that you may have, making it far more dangerous than what other places would.

Dangerous Universe (+400 CP): More dangerous events are happening across the universe. The Invasion of the Blobs has begun in full force, the Caelorians and the Grunth will go into war in the middle of the jump, and there are whispers of someone called the Void Monarch.



A Threat to Our Plans (+400 CP): Every antagonistic faction quickly identifies you as a major threat and begins actively working against you. Even if you eliminate them, new enemies will continue to emerge.

More Interesting Scenarios (+400 CP): Every scenario becomes exponentially more complex and dangerous. Simple challenges turn perilous, while convoluted plots take on life-threatening stakes. Not recommended for inexperienced jumpers in later scenarios.

Celestial Morsel (+500 CP): The Celestial Devourer has found your scent. It will periodically seek you out, trying to devour you or any stellar system you reside in. This monster is invulnerable, and nothing you can do will defeat or destroy it. Distract it at most, yes, but never truly win against it. Expect never being able to settle somewhere in peace, for sooner or later, it will come.



Marked for Death (+500 CP): The Blazing Monarch has identified you as a potential hurdle for his plans, and from the onset of the jump his agents will begin seeking you to deliver you his judgement. At first opponents just a bit more powerful than you, dangerous enough but still being capable of being defeated by a young Star Seed. But as time passes, more dangerous individuals or monsters will appear, culminating with even Living Stars under his command coming after you. They will not yield, nor will stop, and if they can just incinerate you along with whatever planet you are hiding in, then they shall do it.



Final Choice

The time has come. You have walked this path, **faced the impossible, defied fate itself**, and emerged from the crucible not just as a warrior, but as something **greater**. You are no longer the same being who first set foot in this universe. The cosmos has changed you, and in turn, **you have changed the cosmos**.

But now, **one final choice remains**.

Stay

You have lived as both a **mortal** and now as a **Living Star**, and in doing so, you have carved your place among the universe. Here, you have friends, companions, and perhaps even family—souls who love you, who would stand by you for eternity, if only you would remain. If you choose to stay, your journey here will continue, not in battle, but in a life filled with wonder, discovery, and joy. The collapse has been averted, and perhaps with it, the dark future as well. There is no way to know for certain, but you have played your part. And now, **the weight of destiny must pass to others**.

Return Home

Even the greatest journeys must come to an end. You have traveled far, seen things beyond comprehension, and now, it is time to say goodbye. But you do not return as you once were. You are no longer just a traveler. You are a Living Star. Your home may not yet know of beings like you, but perhaps you are the first. Or perhaps, hidden in the vast expanse of your own reality, others like you already exist. What awaits you there—a peaceful return, or a new adventure entirely? Only time will tell.

Towards Brighter Stories... and to Prevent the Dark Future

This is not the end. You have seen it. The End of All Things, a future too dark to accept. You have taken the first step, but the battle is not over. The universe still needs you. If you continue forward into your jumpchain, if you press on into the unknown, then perhaps, somewhere in the grand journey that lies ahead, you will find the key to stopping that final fate. Not just for yourself, but for everyone—for everyone, for the **dreams** yet to be born, for the hopes that must never fade.

For **light is what that will always stand against the dark**.



Perhaps it's time, for you to meet the Songstress of Dreams...

Should you choose to return home or continue into your jumpchain, and you asked Vega to come along with you. This event will happen as you are about to leave:

Vega's Final Choice

As you stand at the threshold of departure, the weight of the moment settles around you like the hush before the dawn. **Vega steps forward**, her luminous eyes filled with something unspoken—**longing, hesitation, and sorrow**. She wants to follow, to step beyond the boundaries of this universe and into the unknown with you. And yet... **she cannot**.

She has no duties to the people of her star system, no responsibilities anchoring her here. But something else holds her back—**the Vision**. Like you, she has seen glimpses of what is to come, though some visions were meant for her alone. **The First Star fell**, and in the wake of that loss, the enemy will rise again. She has a role yet to play, a place she **must** be when that time comes. **If she leaves now, she will not be here when she is needed most**.

She knows this. And yet, **she still wants to go with you**.

Tears shimmer in her eyes as she lifts her hand to bid you farewell, her voice caught in her throat. Then, just as she prepares to speak, **the Compass of Vayla shimmers**, and the impossible happens. **Her Celestial Form loses its tether to her true body**, yet remains—a presence both separate and whole. **Whatever sorcery, whatever cosmic twist of fate this may be, Vega does not question it**. She sees her chance and leaps forward, **her hands reaching for yours—just as the jump ends**.

Vega's true body remains behind, **but her Celestial Form comes with you**. How is this possible? No one can say for sure. Perhaps it is a cosmic anomaly, a miracle born from the fabric of fate itself. Or perhaps... just perhaps... somewhere, in the unseen currents of the universe, **a little bird coos softly, unwilling to see you part**.



Vega's true body will continue to exist in this universe, capable of forging more Celestial Forms, just as you now can. **But this one—this piece of her—is yours, and yours alone**.

Vega Joins Your Journey

Vega will now accompany you beyond this universe, **traveling as a Celestial Form**, independent of her true body. She retains all the abilities and limitations of such a form, just as you did. However, her connection to her original self is now **severed**—she will no longer know what becomes of the Vega left behind, just as that Vega will not know what becomes of her.

She gains the following Perk:

Star-Crossed (Special Perk)

The impossible has come to pass. Your Celestial Form has broken free from its true body, allowing you to journey across worlds while a version of you remains behind.

Vega's Celestial Form is now independent, able to travel with you across jumps. **Should she ever return to her original reality and find her true body again, she will have a choice**—to remain separate, or to **reunite**, seamlessly merging memories and experiences. For though time and space may pull her apart, **she is still one**.

A Few Months after your Departure

In the vast Lyra Constellation, **the Living Star Vega continues to shine**, as she has for millions of years. Once, she was distant—watching the mortal races live out their fleeting lives from afar, exchanging only the occasional message with **Deneb** and **Altair**, the only ones she truly called friends. But now... **Altair is gone**. Or at least, so it seems. Deep within, she feels as though he is still out there somewhere, his essence lingering in ways beyond her understanding. Perhaps she is right. But that is a tale for another time.

Recently, Vega has turned her gaze closer to home. A colony of **Sylvandar** has begun to settle on one of her planets—a world she once asked **Methros** to shape into something beautiful. He did so with surprising care, and whether by his efforts or **Syldri's** persuasion, the ever-picky space elves have decided to call it home. Perhaps, in time, they will make her system feel less empty.

Or perhaps, **she is no longer truly alone**.

She still misses the **Star Seed** who changed her life—**who changed her**. But she knows that somewhere, in another universe, some part of you still exists. **And here, within her, a part of you remains as well**.

For the first time in her long existence, **she creates a Stellar Shard**. A fragment of her very being, **woven with your essence**—a radiant crystal of cosmic potential. It hums with possibility, with the echoes of shared memories, with the warmth of something that **once was, and perhaps still is**.

She remembers that night. **The kiss**. How she unknowingly took a piece of your stellar energy into herself, a small piece of your essence. And now, she wonders—if she sends this shard with your combined energies into the void, will it carry something of you with it?

At first, she prepares to cast it into the unknown, to let it drift through the cosmos toward some distant fate. But then, she hesitates.

Why send it aimlessly into the abyss, when there is **a wonderful little blue world, filled with wonders to see?**

With a quiet smile, she turns her attention toward Earth.

And she lets the shard go.

It soars through the black, a beacon of starlight streaking toward the distant planet. At near lightspeed, it will take a **hundred years to arrive**. But time means little to a star.

And with a bit of luck, **it will find someone to bond with**.



A hundred years from now there is a young orphan girl from Earth, Aia, as she plays on the beach. Soon her destiny will change, and she will join the ranks of the Star Seed. She will play a bigger role when the Cosmic Lord awakens in the future.

Author's Words

Wow, I can't believe it's been so many months since I began to make jumps again.

Writing these stories and ideas, allowing me to share them with you has been something I didn't think I would find enjoyable, but I really do. This is my **sixth** jump document, the very first chronologically from all the others in the same saga. With this, if you wished to jump them in the 'chronological order', now you can, though you may notice I didn't exactly plan to balance the levels of power between jumps. (Sorry!)

If you want to learn more, or continue the story that begins with this jump, I'm planning on making a set of ten jumps that together set up a connected story.

1. Kingdom of the Stars
2. Interdimensional Academy
3. An Agent at the Service of the Songstress of Dreams
4. Awakening of the Cosmic Lord
5. The City at the Edge of Nothingness
6. Playbook of the Rogue Demon [**To be done!**]
7. Return to the Interdimensional Academy [**To be done!**]
8. The Magical House of Aelia [**To be done!**]
9. Voyages of the Infinitide [**To be done!**]
10. A Clash between Sovereigns of the Cosmos [**To be done!**]

If you want to check my other jumps, here's a link to my Drive Folder. There you can find all of my completed jumps, including others like **SinGod/Luciano'sLogic Excellent Adventure**.

https://drive.google.com/drive/folders/1ihmK8scPmtF3CQR-QXcl96tgCN5OZX7-?usp=drive_link

I want to thank the guys from the Jumpchain discord for all their help, ideas, feedback and support as I made these jumps. Truly it's not easy to make a big jump without motivation, since they take about two months for me to make one, and even these little messages and sometimes smacks do help a lot to not give up.

Champion (Invictus Ultor), Lettie, NinjaMuffin7, ThoughtfullyMad, MN, A4, bossrman, pallidcups, I am Walt Why, SkyWorthy, Thecursedkatana, SonicCody, Maya, MundanitE, pionoplayer, SinGod/Luciano'sLogic, Strange Aeon, TokuSaka, Shaylatio, Mork and Quinn, and any other of the discord friends that I may have missed, thank you a lot.

Finally, I want to give you a big thank you to **You**, my reader, for investing time to check this jumpdoc out. Maybe you'll use it in your own adventures, feel free to spread the word. I hope you like it, and it is fun and entertaining to you.

Changelog

Amazing, the jump is complete after almost two months of steady work.

First release, March 20th, 2025. :]

