

# THE Voodoo Squad ヴードゥー・スクワッド

Voodoo Squad  
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## The Story Thus Far

NDS. National Drug Security. A department created by the American government to handle the influx of drugs and other contraband from foreign countries being illegally smuggled onto American soil. Their current task is to destabilize a Mexican cartel by murdering as many members as possible and capturing their leader to shake down for information.

In actuality, the NDS is one massive sting operation by the CIA, with a habit of making deals with and then disappearing criminal elements. The current operation is not about drugs, but rather about stealing the knowledge of voodoo zombies and the special mold needed to make them from a “zombie wrangler”, or Bokkor, the so-called cartel leader. Supposedly they had a deal in the works, but the witch doctor suspected them of planning to kill her, and has thus set off a minor zombie apocalypse in order to cover her escape.

Unfortunately for everyone involved, the mold used to make zombies has its own ideas about how things ought to go.

+1000 cp

## Origins

This jump has no origins - instead, you gain two floating discounts per price tier for perks, and one floating discount per price tier for items. In the case of both perks and items, any discounted 100 cp purchases will become free. You also gain three infection effects for free - more on those later.

## Age and Gender

By default, your gender is the same as your previous jump, though you may swap it if you wish. Your age is free to pick, but it is highly encouraged that you are old enough to serve in the military, as that is one of the main focuses of the jump.

## On Infection Effects

Infection is this jump’s mandatory amount of weirdness. For the most part, the Infection effect is a secondary ability that each perk and item has. Purchasing an Infection effect requires the base perk, and costs 50 cp regardless of if it’s attached to a 100 cp perk or a 600 cp item. In turn, however, Infection amplifies itself as you purchase more of it.

Using "Networked Ailments" as an example, increased levels of Infection could cause your creations to propagate even faster such that they require half as many infected people to form a conscious mind, gain additional symptoms or resistance to attempts to cure it as the number of infected grow, or even ping off another creations spread to amplify its own.

## Perks

### 100 cp - Lock And Load

Welcome to the first day of the rest of your life, Jumper! Since you've apparently chosen to join some government organization as part of a secret hitsquad, well, it wouldn't be any good to let you go out and about without the skills to back that up now would it? Luckily, you've been through a... modified version of bootcamp, and been taught what you'll need to know. You've got the strength and stamina of a professional soldier, and the know how to strip a gun down to parts, clean it, and put it back together in less than a minute. Actual field experience will have to wait for later, sadly.

*Infection - When you're expected to risk your life day in and day out, is it any wonder that you would find yourself needing a way to vent? Dumb bets, more alcohol than you're actually allowed, or maybe you just can't resist the urge to mouth off to your commanding officer. Normally there would be rules about doing so and punishments for actually doing so, but it turns out the higher ups are willing to waive a lot of them in exchange for you continuing to win, such as spewing more verbal filth than a sewage pipe, even directly to a five star generals face.*

### 100 cp - Gifted Body

Physical fitness is well and good, but some people are just born lucky, with better genes that let them exercise less, eat more, and still end up with more muscle mass than you. Thankfully, you're one of those people, since you're now able to do just that. It's almost like your body was meant to be a rock hard example of masculinity or a very chesty but no less muscular woman. Getting into shape is trivially easy for you, and maintaining it is something you could do with half an hour of exercise a week despite eating fast food nine days out of ten.

*Infection - As if you weren't lucky enough, it seems that this genetic blessing of yours doesn't just make being fit easy, it makes being sexy stupidly easy. Everything that your body doesn't need to grow stronger is somehow directed towards your sexual characteristics - even an ounce of fat in your meals could very well cause your breasts to swell up an extra cup size, and a pound of meat more than you really needed would make your meat all the thicker.*

### 100 cp - Adrenaline Rush

When the going gets tough, the tough laugh in the going's faces. You've got the proper attitude to be a professional, and you know how to make your body work with you rather than against you. Fear, terror, panic, all those wonderful things don't make your body lock up or your hands shake, they help you focus. It's not quite bullet time and it's not quite super strength, but when you're scared shitless you can pull a little bit more out of your body than you normally would be able to. Of course, being a professional, getting scared to begin with is something you can fight off if you need to - there's no point pushing harder than you need to in the early stages after all, not when you might need that extra oomph to drag one of your comrades home later.

*Infection - Speaking of rising to the occasion, something else is also rising - the amount of fluids that your body produces, especially when you get horny. Slightly higher blood pressure, but also more saliva to lick around with or cum to pour deep inside of her. Heck, if you're a girl an extended enough session might make you start to lactate. Remember to stay hydrated!*

#### 100 cp - Out Of Bullets

You know when a terrible time to run out of bullets would be? Right in the middle of a god damn swarm of zombies. Fortunately for you, that's rather unlikely to happen to you on account of the sheer amount of skill and knowledge you have with your weaponry. Not only can you take most guns apart or put them back together in under a minute, but keeping track of how many bullets you've fired is trivial, even if you're using something that goes through thousands of rounds per minute. So is lying to your comrades, actually, as is faking that you have one or two less than you really do. You can't run out now, not when you need to save one for them after all.

*Infection - Speaking of shooting your squad mates in the back, guess why you were actually transferred onto the squad? Not just to fill an empty seat, but because someone higher up knew you were the perfect gal to lie your teeth off without getting caught spying on them. You're just as amazing at keeping track of your lies as you are at actually lying - all the better to not get caught.*

#### 100 cp - Drug Mixer

You know if we're being technical, this particular skill isn't actually relevant at all. Still, if you want it, you can have it. Congratulations, you're now doctor dirty, the saint of sin, the gal who knows how to make the good shit. From weed and meth to other trippy shit, you know how to set up a small operation to start making some drugs, as well as how to tinker with the formula just a little bit in order to make the pretty colors sharper or the side effects softer as you desire. Of course, dosage may vary depending on a couple of different factors, but that's not really something you can control. Or be blamed for.

*Infection - You aren't just good at making a quick buck off drugs, you're really, really good at making and manipulating psychedelics. Want to send a guy on a dream quest to prove he deserves your secret recipe? Well a voodoo girl like you knows just the combination of things to whip up and send them on one hell of a trip. Or you could turn these to a more legitimate medical use, but where's the fun in that?*

#### 200 cp - Captain Bitch

At the end of the day, it doesn't matter how you do your job as long as you do it well. Or, at least, that's the philosophy you're running with for the most part, which is why you're actually a decent leader. You've got a good head under pressure, a decent chunk of experience on solo missions and group tactics under your belt, and enough pull with upper management to have some sway over who you get assigned to work with. Whether it's a team of men with bulging muscles or ladies with bursting bosoms, as long as you can at least partially justify their inclusion on your supposedly elite squad then you'll probably get them. Heck, you can even beat those same skills into them more efficiently than your average captain can too.

*Infection - What's the point of being able to select your own team if you can't load it up with people who are both competent and willing to sleep with you? While technically against military regulations, as long as you provide good results you'll find that fucking around with your team is perfectly within your regulations and not something anyone needs to be disciplined over.*

200 cp - Lieutenant Kicke(da)ss

You know what a great skill set to have is when you're in enemy territory with flawed information? How to tell that things are going tits up and you need to get gone while the getting is good. Following that, you somehow specialize in a fighting retreat - that is to say, providing covering fire and basic medical attention, or even outright carrying a teammate back to your extraction point yourself because you didn't want to leave them behind. You probably can't make sure that everyone makes it back safe with just this, but at the very least you're more than skilled enough to keep your partner alive and mostly well.

*Infection - Fighting alongside someone can be a bonding experience - you outright saving their life, however, that's cause for celebration. Call it whatever you want, being the one to rescue the damsel in distress makes it easier for you to push for a hero's reward... even if you're a woman pushing the rest of your team to gangbang you, or even throw a small orgy.*

200 cp - Sergeant Spy

All warfare is based on deception, and so information, both accurate and flawed, are a currency all their own. That's why you're not just a consummate liar, but a trained actor as well. Whether you're introducing yourself as a blushing maiden on her first deployment or a cold ass bitch who has lost count, you can be sure that something as simple as feelings won't trip you up. And all the while they laugh and joke about the new girl, you've probably already stolen their wallets, social security number, tapped their phones, and started taking notes on the existing power structure and how best to break it.

*Infection - If half of being a spy is collecting information, the other half is obviously delivering it or making use of it. You're grade A manipulative with what you manage to gather up, pulling on people's heartstrings with your fake backstory because you know they have a weakness for sick mothers, or get extra rambunctious at the thought of deflowering a virgin.*

200 cp - Horror Movie Tactics

The cops are at the door, you can't find your gun, and all your friends are high as a kite. What do you do? Kickstart a zombie apocalypse to buy yourself some time to run away. You aren't a trained soldier and you might not even know how to shoot a gun - what you do have is an imagination worth a damn, which is why you're stupidly good at fear tactics, preparing a battlefield with traps, or straight up using the terrain against your foes. This also makes you surprisingly stealthy - if you can't stand up to them in a straight fight, well, first off don't fight straight, but secondly don't let yourself get caught in the first place.

*Infection - Most people don't really conflate sex and violence into one thing outside the occasional bout of hatesex, but you do it surprisingly well. You don't just rig the floor to collapse when someone walks over it, you rig it for them to get stuck in such a manner that resembles nothing more than a kabeshiri - that is to say, they get stuck in an eminently fuckable manner.*

#### 200 cp - Networked Ailments

So here's a funny thing - drugs you design, plagues you kick off, parasites you design, all the various forms of infection and illness that you create and propagate, you know those things? They now get stronger the more people they are touching. One person smoking custom weed might get a good buzz, ten would go on a real trip, and hundreds of thousands of simultaneous users would see them high as a kite from half the dosage. Just imagine what this would do to an actual disease or a biological superweapon, not just a hit of weed. Just keep in mind that this is only the ones that you specifically have a hand in making and intend to work like this - if you just wanna make some good weed then you still can.

*Infection - The strength of your creations increasing as more people use them is one thing, but you want to give the CDC some real nightmares? They also grow smarter the more people are using them. You do need a rather high number to reach critical mass, some hundreds of thousands, which you may have problems with if it doesn't linger in the system, but once you hit that point... Well. Zombies.*

#### 400 cp - Don't Quit Now

As a soldier, your job isn't to die for your country, but to help the poor fool on the other side of the battlefield die for theirs. To no one's surprise, you're now tough as nails, with a body that takes a licking and keeps on ticking - even if you've been fucked into oblivion, shot once or twice, and haven't eaten in a few days you'll still have enough gumption left in you to shoot some zombies and run for your life. Hell, as long as you don't go guzzling down infected fluids like you would a cold beer after a hard day of work, you might even be able to burn it out of your system before you really qualify as sick. Just uh, remember that the minimum dose for a mind controlling mold is pretty fucking small, and if you get more than that in you you're fucked in more ways than one.

*Infection - So funny story, it turns out that your body is just one absolute freak of nature, and that having sex while actively infected with something will rapidly burn it out of your body. Your milk and cum might be more liquid infection than sexual fluids, but shooting as much of it as you can out, and thus having less of it in your body, will help you resist its effects. Of course, that won't help much if you infect them and they pump it right back into you.*

#### 400 cp - You Wouldn't Believe The Day I've Had

Boy, have I got a story for you. It's the kind of thing that brings a tear to their eyes about how manly you are despite being female, the kind of thing that makes them want to buy you a cold one for a job well done. And perhaps more importantly, the kind of thing that explains why you've got bite marks all over your tits, the crotch ripped out of your pants and cum running down your legs, and generally look like you're a whore who just got done with a dozen men rather than a soldier reporting in. ...In other words? You can bullshit up the best excuses in the entire goddamn world and make almost anything seem reasonable, if only for a little while.

*Infection - Alright, I take that back. Apparently you're not so much explaining things as you are walking the walk like an alpha bitch and just not acknowledging anything is wrong and scaring anyone who asks into submission. I'm not really sure how this works on a mechanical level, but as long as you aren't embarrassed by the cum dripping out of you, people will generally tend to ignore any... unkemptness on your part. Combine the two and you can probably get away with a hell of a lot.*

#### 400 cp - 'Weak' To Monologues

Sometimes, the only reason for a person to go check on the critically important and heavily defended thing is to check that it's still there, such as after they caught a thief sneaking in. Someone like you. You're now a masterclass in manipulation and psychological warfare, with a speciality in what I'll call 'controlled failures'. Did you actually get caught, if it was part of the plan all along? Or were you just messing with them until they start to gloat and give you the confession that you needed a recording off in order to move on to the next stage of your plan? It's a bit of a strange interrogation tactic, to be the one getting beaten up, but you can't deny its effectiveness. Just try not to let them shoot you.

*Infection - You exist in this weird state of simultaneously paying full attention to everything around you and paying no attention to the things around you. You could in fact be spying on a conversation being held on the other side of a room by lipreading, while in the middle of an orgy. But as far as anyone else is concerned, with a cock up your ass and down your throat, you couldn't possibly be listening in, right?*

#### 400 cp - An Offer You Can't Refuse

God, the CIA. Don't you just love their off the books deniable assets policy? For one reason or another, you're absolutely knee deep in something that they'd love to get their hands on - maybe an actual criminal cartel, or maybe an old 'tradition' such as the Bokkor that could be the beginnings of the next mk ultra. Either way, you've got a good chunk of knowledge about the underworld surrounding you, and a certain swagger that practically attracts shady offers the way a rotting corpse attracts flies. Just remember to cheat them for all their worth.

*Infection - Speaking of cheating, you know what would be hilarious? If the first time they tried to use the knowledge and goods they bargained from you, it blew up in their faces. You are stupidly good at throwing booby traps into your assistance, whether it's arranging for ever so slightly off info on a cartel, or just taking over a safehouse with the power of voodoo magic right before they try to kill you.*

#### 400 cp - Massive Myxomycete Milkers

Drugs, especially hard drugs like the cartels deal in, are generally considered to be pretty bad for you. Fortunately, you aren't doing those - unfortunately, you're either a Bokkor yourself or know one, and thus are messing around with zombie mold. More specifically, you've infected yourself with a variant strain of some kind that's fucked around with some of your brain synapses, but not in the way the zombie wranglers can control you with. This leaves you mostly immune to their manipulations, though you may find yourself getting unreasonably aroused to certain songs or beats.

*Infection - Oh, right, your brain. Turns out that wasn't the only thing the mold messed around with. Your body is more or less permanently in a state of hypersexuality - so much so that your biological clock is ticking backwards, leaving you more fertile than humanly possible. There are other things, such as abruptly realizing your breasts generate milk in absurd quantities, or being able to cum more or less endlessly if you're male, but thankfully you aren't infectious.*

#### 600 cp - My Callsign Is Queen Bitch

There's few things more useless than military prowess in a hentai world, but if you've the inclination to try and head off the situation then this is what you're going to need to do it. You are, simply put, a little bit absurd in terms of competence. Reaction speeds just a smidge below superhuman, able to disassemble, clean, and reassemble just about any weapon blindfolded, and capable of dealing out a dozen headshots without even bothering to aim. If something is capable of exploding, you know how to rig it up to do so and in a dramatic manner to boot. Honestly, you're the kind of thing you find in an action movie more often than real life. Still, hopefully this will be enough to prevent that zombie apocalypse.

*Infection - With supreme competence comes supreme bragging rights - turns out, your skillset and exploits are great for showing off. On top of that, you now know a bunch of ways to get free drinks at the bar, and your rank and skill somehow correlates to your chances of getting lucky. Given you have this, that should mean you're always getting some.*

#### 600 cp - Mold On The Mind

Normally, when something as dangerous as the Myxomycete gets into your system you're basically a goner. This is made worse by the mold itself having its own agenda, but for some reason you aren't quite in the same amount of danger as others would be. Instead of just being another body in the molds hive mind, you're a central node that it basically adores. Maybe your body is sensitive in all the ways that it is learning to love, or you're just of a better breeding stock - details like that don't actually matter. Still, the important part is that while you're still entirely at the mercy of having your body taken over, it will be utterly loath to put you in any actual danger once it has taken you over. Better still, bits and pieces of bleedover will cause it to direct its actions in ways you find pleasing - you might not be able to stop it from killing your squad, but you can direct it to your enemies.

*Infection - Apparently your body isn't the only thing the mold finds pleasing about you, your mind is just as valuable to them. Well, up until a certain point where skill stops being an issue. Whether it's the mold using you as it's primary body or a ghost possessing you, infecting you has a tendency to make them slightly stronger. Your knowledge of tactics might make the mold smarter, or your access codes might represent an opportunity it won't want to pass up. In any case, the cost to this is that as the thing controlling you makes use of your skills and knowledge, it also starts being more like you. Given a long enough period, and it might forget that it wasn't you to begin with.*

#### 600 cp - Certified Intense Asshole

Field agents are all well and good, but they often get mixed up in personal bias or incomplete information. You on the other hand, you're a department head in one of the alphabet soup agencies, which means you've got *connections*. It wouldn't be beyond your reach to plant a spy in another agency's field team, or even steal one of them outright by promising a promotion and a transfer. At the end of the day however, your speciality is black sites and other off the books operations - not just putting a bullet in someone's head, but making them disappear and squeezing them for all their worth. Zombies... Just imagine what you could do with the power to control those. For the sake of the nation, of course.

*Infection - Making threats vanish is all well and good, but sometimes you need to arrange something inconvenient for your allies. Luckily, you've got a small stockpile of blackmail material on your coworkers, everything from them sleeping around in such a way they could get fired, to having dug up the skeleton in their backyard. As it turns out, refusing to cooperate with you is a terrible idea.*



#### 600 cp - Traditions Are Marketable

Voodoo magic, Bokkors, zombies... in theory, these are nothing more than a series of drugs and cons, a scary story told to make someone high as a kite think that you have the power of illusion. In theory. For you, however, in each jump you may select a minor religion, cult, or some such to be given a foothold into. You won't actually have any outright supernatural powers, but with the right dosage you could very well fake it for a time. Maybe you have a great deal of skill with the use of aerosolized hallucinogens that occur 'naturally' in a certain kind of mushrooms that often grow in circles? They might have a tendency to destroy your sense of time but vastly increase your stamina, such that a lesser man would assume he'd been kidnapped by fairies - how else could he have awoken on the far side of the nation?

*Infection - Alright, let's get into the good stuff. Whatever theme you rolled with above, it now actually does edge into the supernatural. That hallucinogen? It somehow unlocks a part of the brain that genuinely does let people teleport, if without much control. Or maybe you've got some herbs that are part of a beauty routine that give people an elfin appearance, and some strange traits...*

#### 600 cp - Why Destroy The World When You Could Fuck It

Right then, I've got something for you. A nice little ball of *logic* for you to take with you into future worlds. From here on out, pretty much every disease out there is gonna have a few things in common with the mold. Instead of just reproducing endlessly and destroying your body in the process, disease itself is now a horny little slut. In other words, if you're sick you're gonna want to get laid, because the virus inside you also wants to get laid. Better still, this reduces the lethality of pretty much everything by dozens of times, because it can't help you help it get laid if you're dead. Sadly there is a minimum level of health where throwing your body out of equilibrium will kill you no matter what, but quite frankly those people were going to die anyway. Everyone else will be fine.

*Infection - Remember when I called disease a horny little slut a minute ago? Well, turns out it's YOUR horny little slut. The little ball of logic I gave you is making them focus on you whenever possible, ostensibly because you have the nicest body to hang around inside of and they want to fuck you just as much as they want to feel what it's like for you to fuck.*

## Items

### 100 cp - Military Kit

The armed forces can get extremely anal about competency and certifications, but congratulations, you pass. You've got a full loadout for delving into hostile territory, plus an extra gtfo bag. Guns, grenades, radio, more guns, field rations, spooky knockout drugs that probably aren't legal, everything you'd need to knock over a cartel and extract a vip willingly or otherwise. Except an extraction method, that is. I mean, you might be able to call someone on the radio, but that's more likely to give away your position than anything else.

*Infection - The normal loadout is for chumps. Go ahead and pick something a little extra. Maybe an interrogation kit full of dubious drugs, or a fucking anti-material rifle. I hear bitches love cannons. Might be a bit impractical to actually use, but if you want to drag it along with you then I'm not going to tell you no.*

### 100 cp - Information Dossier

They say that knowing is half the battle, so as long as you have these then you should be off to a good start. These dossiers are, for lack of a better phrase, a set of partially un-redacted files that cover a range of topics, such as your teammates accomplishments and "accomplishments", or a peek into the truth behind why the team being sent to deal with a cartel needs a spy on it. Never quite enough to get the full picture, your bosses would probably shoot you themselves if they thought you knew that, but enough that you're not running blind.

*Infection - On the other hand, your bosses do love their deniable assets - so clearly you'll deny you have these assets. Welcome to the wonderful world of documentation, otherwise known as the personal notes of a dozen scientists, field agents, and maybe even the zombie bitch herself. They're a bit much to sort through, but if you wanted to try and restart the project a decade down the line... Oh, and these were all supposed to have been destroyed, so if anyone asks, you don't have them.*

### 100 cp - Reed Pipes

What, a girl's not allowed to have a hobby? You've got to do something for fun in between violating the sanctity of the grave and murdering people. Pick a musical instrument, preferably something handheld or easily moved. No double bass, please. That instrument is now something passed down through your family, from witch doctor to zombie wrangler, throughout the generations. Which, uh, isn't actually all that useful on its own, which is why they also come with a few pages of sheet music that contain songs that will let you control the zombies.

*Infection - Well, I stand corrected - it turns out being fuck old really does make your instrument better. Whether because it's more akin to a solid block of wood than an actual instrument, or because trace amounts of the mold cause your notes to vibrate harder, controlling the zombies is now much easier than before.*

### 100 cp - Tainted Drugs

What, were you expecting a criminal to run a tight ship and only sell good product? Nah, they cut that shit with whatever the fuck they can, if they think they can get away with it. And you now have a decent amount that has been laced with the Bokkor's Myxomycete. Not enough to really 'infect' a person from a single dose, it would take close to a dozen for that to happen, but it's been spliced in there in such a way that the drugs have a slightly better kick with less side effects. Well, less immediate side effects - the drugs might be safer for your interference, but there's no accounting for human stupidity, and an overdose is still an overdose.

*Infection - Speaking of an overdose, it turns out you put a little much in the drugs. Still not enough to count as infected, but doctored in such a way that more of it heads to the head than it would normally. Give it two or three doses and you might be able to start affecting them through music, the way you would a zombie.*

### 200 cp - Laser One

Right, you needed an extraction - congratulations, you're now important enough to the military, armed forces, CIA, whoever, that you've got a chopper on standby to pull your ass out of the fire at basically all times. It's decently armed, but really the important part is that when I say at all times, I mean literally at all times. Just set off a flare somewhere and inside half an hour you'll have the chopper bearing down on you to give you a ride. The pilot won't even ask questions, he doesn't get paid enough for it. ...Or maybe he was staring at your boobs instead of listening to the briefing on why he needed to pick you up.

*Infection - Helicopter not enough for you? Go ahead and grab something else. Car, plane, tank, you name it, whenever you need it, it's yours. Don't go thinking you can confiscate Air Force One for your own ends, but if you need to borrow a jet to get your team where it needs to go before the window of opportunity closes, we can make that happen. Just don't try and give the pilot a blowjob midflight if you actually want to make it there intact.*

### 200 cp - Holdout Pistol

Do you have any idea how many bullets a soldier will normally carry around with them? Well, it depends on the weapon, but for something that's semi-auto it's about six extra clips or just short of 200 rounds. And that's if they're only carrying the one gun. As it turns out, you're not. You've got a little something extra, a decent but nothing really special handgun. What is special, however, is how easily people seem to forget you have it. Unless they're directly looking at or touching it, it's like the thing is practically invisible. The perfect weapon to just freaking shoot them with once their back is turned, right?

*Infection - I mentioned bullets, didn't I? There's never enough of the darn things, especially not during a zombie apocalypse. Luckily for you, your holdout pistol has one shot left in it. Even if you're completely out, even if you've run it dry, as long as you leave it alone for... maybe ten minutes, there will be one bullet left in the chamber. Have fun with that.*

#### 200 cp - Mold Crystals

Myxomycete is a hell of a thing, and if you get too much of it in your system then you're utterly fucked. The question then becomes, what's the most effective way to get it into someone's system? Taint their normal drugs? Plot out a daring scheme to put it in the water supply? Well, whatever you end up with, you've got enough to get you started. A nondescript briefcase has made its way into your possession, and inside that case are a small handful of vials containing small 'crystals' of mold. It's quite pure, so there's more here than you think, but you'll need to farm some more of it if you want to, say, infect a military base or a small village with it.

*Infection - Logically, the best way to make more mold zombies is with some zombies, but that's a little bit too noticeable for me. Instead, you've got a small drug lab set up somewhere out of the way. With it, you can safely but slowly make more of the stuff - about another vial every week or two.*

#### 200 cp - Missing Persons Case

Whether you're a government agency or a drug cartel, everybody needs disposable pawns, so you've gone out and grabbed some. Literally grabbed, they very much don't want to be here. There's about a dozen of them, and they optionally come with blackmail intended to scare them into obedience if you need to keep them around long term. If not, well... Your choice between hobos, homeless, unlucky passerbyers, or the recently deceased, whichever would be more beneficial to your goals. I don't think the slime mold can outright raise the dead, but you won't know until you try now will you?

*Infection - Quantity has a quality all its own, but having both is clearly the superior option. That choice above between a few different kinds of people who won't be missed? Ignore it, you've got something better. The government has set you up with some false drug testing paperwork, such that a number of terminally ill, bright eyed but lackadaisical, and yes, homeless guys, will walk themselves right into your parlor to help you test out this new miracle drug that may or may not be the cure for cancer.*

#### 400 cp - Task Force J

I don't know if you're still harboring delusions of military prowess mattering in a hentai world, but if you are then allow me to introduce you to your crew. This small strike team are your subordinates, your allies, and probably your fuckbuddies, and you'll be shooting up more than a few criminals with them over the coming years. They're all hilariously competent at facing ordinary foes, but I'm afraid they don't have much experience with zombies or other such strange things outside of movie night. Still, against human opponents you can't be beat.

*Infection - Your crew isn't just competent, they're decorated. In and of itself that doesn't mean all that much, but what it does mean is that when you're on a mission, you can requisition more and more cool toys from whichever military base you're working out of to get things done.*

#### 400 cp - Sign On The Dotted Line

Ah, I love the smell of betrayal in the morning. Your career with the military has been somewhat storied, but thankfully it's now coming to an end. Not because you're retiring, but because you've spied on enough people to get transferred to one of the spook agencies like you actually wanted when you first joined. All you have to do is sign your name on this stack of paperwork, and congratulations, you're a spy. Oh, and this paperwork? You get it back in future jumps, you have a... not quite open invitation to join those kinds of agencies, but the option to do so. Your starting rank will be determined by the number of people you've betrayed, backstabbed, or otherwise given your chosen agency dirt on up until that point.

*Infection - Or, because that sounds like work, we can backdate some of those deeds you need. At the very least, you now have the bare minimum rank of a moderately respected agent due to one mission in the past where you probably took out a drug lord, the team sent to take out the drug lord, and brought them some souvenirs. Do that enough and you might even end up as the director of the organization.*

#### 400 cp - Bokkor Village

In order to really have some fun, you need to go off the beaten path. This quaint little town looks and mostly acts like the kind of place that only ever sees visitors when they stop to get gas or take the wrong exit on the highway, where all the kids moved out to the big city to chase their dreams years ago and as a result it's slowly dying... and, truthfully, it is those things. But buried somewhere in this town is a tradition, and that tradition is kind of freaky. If you aren't already a Bokkor, then this would be the perfect place to learn to become one. And if you are one, well, it's always nice to have an equal to test your skills against, or even a teacher to learn some of the more esoteric arts.

*Infection - Or maybe, you're the teacher imparting lessons to would-be Bokkors? The town isn't just a town, it's your stronghold against the modern world. Every single person here has been dosed with something pleasantly unpleasant that makes them extremely agreeable to your suggestions. The perfect place to lay low from the law if you need to, or to gather up resources and brush up on certain mixtures.*

#### 400 cp - Mysterious Vial

The Myxomycete is a wondrous thing, but subtle is not something it does well. Once someone has it in their system, the infection becomes blindingly obvious. However, what if we were to splice the mold with something else, maybe mix in a few additives... Why, the ones in this vial right here, for example? No matter what you mix it in with, it cuts the symptoms down to almost nothing without sacrificing any of their actual power. In short, a man infected with this upgraded mold would be entirely contagious, entirely at the mercy of the Bokkors song, and incredibly confused and angry that some lady with a pipe was able to manipulate his body. It wouldn't be until he got shot a couple of times and she ordered him to keep going that anybody would really notice anything wrong with him.

*Infection - Mind control by a voodoo witch isn't generally the kind of thing that can be considered a side effect, but what if we could throw in a dash of something on top of all of that other stuff that made even that less visible? With this little extra bit, the mold will infect the brain in such a way that the Bokkors song won't seem at all unusual to the infected. They'll simply obey without ever thinking anything was wrong, that they shouldn't be taking orders from her.*

#### 600 cp - Civilian Armed Forces

The military is one thing, but it's never a good sign when a civilian organization is rocking strike teams and military hardware. Luckily for you, someone must have utilized a hell of a lot of loopholes while dotting their t's and crossing their i's, because you are now the proud owner of what looks like a fairly ordinary skyscraper, but contains within it what would pretty easily be mistaken for a military base, complete with attack helicopters and tanks. As for why I said 'mistaken', well, you don't exactly answer to the military. Civilian organization, remember? Which means that if you want to put together a team of 'civilian contractors' who could easily be mistaken for a member of the American military to kick in a drug lord's shit, and arm them with bazookas, sniper rifles, and seven different kinds of grenades, you absolutely can. Heck, people won't even question all this for the most part - you have permits.

*Infection - As a civilian organization, you would naturally assume that you lack the ability to project your force. Sure you've got some toys, but using them is probably iffy, right? Well, no. Not really. You have a decently put together spy network that is constantly churning out rumors and intel on various topics. Most of them are a bit on the strange side - like, who believes zombies are real in this day and age? - but they have enough potential that you might want to check some of them out.*

#### 600 cp - Shady Facility

Out in the middle of nowhere, Mexico, there's an old run down mansion. It used to belong to a cattle wrangler or something, but he moved out ages ago. These days it's your base of operations, having a surprisingly well kitted out drug lab in the basement. Not quite enough to supply drugs on an industrial scale, but a decent chunk of them can be churned out from just this. Beyond that, the house itself is surprisingly nice, as its former owner went all in on showing off how rich he was by installing a decently large pool in the middle of the desert. And a home movie theater. And a few other odds and ends I'm sure you'll enjoy. If you're actually interested in selling those drugs you have the capacity to make, this will also come with a decently sized staff of dealers to help you move your product.

*Infection - All of that? Ignore that. You don't own a mansion, you own a ghost town on a mountainside. All that stuff is still there, just a bit more spread out. More importantly, however, is that while on paper the town is abandoned, in truth it's a proving ground of sorts, with the layout of the town making it a natural fortress. There's a natural spring of the mold beneath it and quite a few zombies in storage - in short? It's a zombie town, the perfect place for you to practice. Or launch an invasion.*

#### 600 cp - Deep Jungle Cave

Deep in the Amazon Rainforests, there's a seemingly unimportant cave. If you explore it, however, you'll notice that it just keeps going, down and down and down into the earth. Someone has been down here before, going by the decayed ropes that were likely used to ease passage. At the very bottom, the ground and walls are slick with fungal growths. If you're fool enough to breathe the air here, you'd quickly find yourself a zombie - and even quicker, realize that all this mold is alive. Much like the mind that formed from the Bokkor, the CIA, and the NDS, all this mold is connected by 'false neurons'. In the past, it was likely worshiped as a god, and sacrifices offered. Until it was forgotten. If you were arrogant, you might be able to tame it, use it for your own ends. Maybe cut it into pieces until it was more manageable. If you were insane, maybe you'd just set it free and see what happens. I know I'm interested in what you'll do with it.

*Infection - Well that's interesting - it seems I was mistaken previously. Rather than being a mind preserved by time that you've stumbled across, it's a group of hapless explorers who have stumbled across you, the mind in the mold. There were just enough of them to form a circuit to wake you up, which means that now you're free. Do have fun with this, won't you?*

## Companions

### 50 cp / 300 cp - Companion Import / Export

In this fucked up parody of a Resident Evil game, what could be more fun than bringing your friends along with you? Luckily, I have the power to enable you to make them suffer right alongside you. For a mere 50 cp you can import a companion into the jump with 600 cp to spend as they please, companion a character of your choosing (assuming they still live by the time the jump ends), or even outright create your own under the same rules as an import. Want a male soldier who acts like he's one of the Expendables? Or maybe some kind of sexy secretary who is also a damn good sniper? I can make that happen. For a lump sum of 300 cp, you can instead gain a total of eight companions, split between the three above options any way you want.

### 50 cp - Heavy Artillery Specialist VMPR (Free with My Callsign Is Queen Bitch)

Under normal circumstances, the local police - or hell, even the actual military - wouldn't be allowed anywhere near the kind of operation an NDS strike team would be running. Under normal circumstances, off duty police girls don't get taken hostage by a mad scientist only to kick his ass and impress the team sent to hunt him down. After being co-opted by the team and given some extra training, she found out that she had a surprising affinity with huge cannons. While she doesn't entirely enjoy the constant comments about the correlation between the size of her breasts and the size of her preferred weaponry, she does enjoy putting a terrorist or two down like the dogs they are. After being loaned to your team, she's been learning more and more about more fixed emplacements in the search of an even higher caliber of bullet to shoot. There's this one Ukrainian rocket truck she's been trying to get her hands on, maybe you could help her out with that?

### 50 cp - The Woman In The Red Dress (Free with My Callsign Is Queen Bitch)

On a day to day basis, most organizations are either very interested in where their information comes from, or don't give a shit as long as the source is known to be reliable. This particular woman, being an example of the latter, doesn't actually work for your team as she prefers to be freelance. Simply put she's a retrieval specialist - the NDS could send an entire strike team to kick in someone's door, or they could shell out a bit more to send her in to sneak past everything and do it quietly, helped along by her possessing a plethora of spy gadgets including the classic grappling gun. Oddly enough, there was one instance where they chose to do both, probably to have you kill her on her way out and take the package for yourself. Luckily for her, you ended up saving her life and she grudgingly admitted that she owed you a favor. While outwardly she seems content to give cryptic hints, intel, and the occasional important piece you need to progress, whether that be a key or perhaps some object you're tasked with recovering that she wasn't paid to, then immediately dipping for the actual job she was paid to do until your paths cross again in order to make up for it, sometimes you get the feeling she thinks she owes you a lot more given how...charged your conversations can be. Or how you sometimes find yourself with some hefty hardware that she just...found lying around, at points where you would really need such firepower but don't have it easily on hand.

### 50 cp - Daily Life With Zombies (Free with Certified Intense Asshole)

The CIA, as an intelligence agency, is very fond of knowing as much as they can about things. Often to the point where those things start to feel uncomfortable about how much the CIA knows about them. And this fine lady here is part of how the CIA does that. While at first glance she probably looks like nothing more than a christmas cake of an office lady, she's actually roughly on par with Captain Sara and her team in terms of combat effectiveness. That said, she doesn't see action often - she spends most of her time dealing with information breaches on projects that the CIA would rather the public not find out about. More often than not, this means convincing some rather stupid guys not to fuck around and find out what some parasite or virus will do to a bunch of teenagers if they drop it in a mall. For "research purposes", of course. Thankfully she's getting something of a vacation by dealing with you instead - whatever secret project you're working on, she'll make sure it stays secret.

50 cp - The Right to Be a God (Free with Certified Intense Asshole)

For every ten drug dealers in the world there's always an outlier aiming for grander heights than just profit. And yet, even in that already small group there are those who aren't satisfied with "just" control, and seek to dominate, to prove themselves completely and utterly superior to the rest of the human race, by any means necessary. One such lady thus had the brilliant idea of producing a modified variant of the myxomycete for her own exclusive use...but unfortunately, while working undercover in an operation against one of her fronts she was discovered and forced to infect herself with a prototype in order to survive, and thus while she has gained an amazingly curvy body on top of almost-superhuman physical capability and reflexes that appears rather deceptive at first glance, she has to procure stabilizing drugs to keep the mold from eroding her mind while still maintaining her strain's specific benefits. And seeing as the materials don't come cheap and she's constantly working on more efficient doses, you're often the person she calls up for...let's say, convenient test subjects. In return, she supplies her scientific expertise as she pleases, though if you prove yourself to be a worthwhile investment, perhaps even someone to call an equal, she might be interested in more...delicate matters. Just be prepared for her grandiose speeches every time she presents a project; she's far from modest, as you might tell.

50 cp - Exiled From Lunacy (Free with Traditions Are Marketable)

Agents going rogue or groups of soldiers being charged with treason for not following orders aren't the strangest thing to happen, but every now and again you'll see a civilian doing something similar. This particular doctor used to work with a Japanese pharmaceutical company but was eventually fired for being both utterly insane with her proposed projects, and utterly obstinate with what she was actually assigned to do. Ultimately, she stole the better part of an entire laboratory and walked off with quite a bit of proprietary information. Naturally, the company, and the organizations they were in bed with for those projects, have been quietly trying to reclaim her before she sells it to another nation. You likely stumbled across her while she was pretending to be a back alley doctor in order to earn the money she needs to finish her magnum opus - a cure for death. Or at the very least, for as many things as she can shove into a single pill. Unsurprisingly, such a thing would put most healthcare companies out of business, hence them refusing to grant her resources to work on it. If you've any to spare, I'm sure she'd be quite grateful.

50 cp - Strength is Everything (Free with Traditions Are Marketable)

Might be shocking news, but the American government sometimes sends people to die for the sake of a power-play and political corruption, then covers it up and thinks the problem is solved. Only this time, someone survived their mission and wanted the people responsible held accountable for her team's deaths. Being ex-special forces, she makes for a formidable opponent, a shockingly agile brickhouse specializing in guerilla tactics, close-quarters combat, and knife-play to such an extent that she hardly seems human at times, but even such a woman knows she can't execute her revenge by herself...so for whatever reason, she's teamed up with you. Maybe she thinks you have the resources to strike at the corrupt politicians that sent her and her comrades to die, or perhaps a project of yours might give her the opportunity to pull such a thing off by herself; whatever the case, her brush with death has left her obsessed with strength...both in terms of gaining it and worshipping it, and thus those stronger than her or who can give her more power.



50 cp - Joshi Kosei Of Yin And Yang

Sometimes, when your bosses promise you backup, you get a squad of heavily armed men who could reasonably assault a fortress by themselves. And sometimes you get a single high school girl who talks like a samurai from 400 years ago and seems to think you're her liege lord. Hailing from the land of the rising sun, this young lady is not actually old enough to join the military, but has been training for most of her life in various arts of war, from tactics and strategy, to various guns and the sword, and of course her clan's traditional exorcism style. Yes, you heard me. It is, despite what you might be expecting, not an actual form of magic. Rather, it is a somewhat ritualized form of self hypnosis that allows the girl to convince herself that she can, in fact, swing her sword fast enough to launch a blast of wind, or to kick off the ground with such force that she can scale a building by running up its length. Naturally this wreaks havoc on her body afterwards and a single engagement where she goes all out can put her out of action for weeks - but if you really need a lot of people dead very quickly, look no further.

## Drawbacks

### +0 cp - Unfolding Fan

An impending zombie apocalypse will generally put a crimp in any plans you might have to kick back and relax, but the mold isn't exactly the only plotline that you might stumble across while you're here. If you wish, you can have a number of other things occur in the background, such as the school system dehumanizing their lowest scoring students, or certain parts of the government dehumanizing and heavily training anyone who speaks critically of them. You may even find a shady organization messing around with brain parasites, or the military rolling out cybernetic weapons platforms. I don't imagine those things will last very long in the face of all these zombies, but if you want to deal with them on top of all this, be my guest.

### +100 cp - Loose Lips And Loose Hips

If you woke up thinking you might die today, would you bother to be polite? Would you go to work, or would you go to a bar - or maybe even a brothel? While you might not have done that, you apparently live your life close enough to the edge that you don't feel the need to hold back on your vices. In other words, much like the men serving under Captain Sara, your sense of delicacy is pretty much null. If you're attracted to a woman, you'll probably proposition her three or four times a day unless she kicks you in the balls hard enough to send you flying. Now, you do have some sense of timing, you're not going to start trying to woo a girl in the middle of a firefight, but you probably would interrupt a mission briefing. You also have at least one other minor vice, such as smoking or drinking that you probably indulge in a bit too much.

### +100 cp - B Movie Health Insurance

Tell me something, jumper. Whichever organization or faction you choose to align yourself with in this world, did they offer you dental? I really hope so, but as it turns out they've since decided to renegotiate your contract after coming to the conclusion that you weren't as important to them as they thought you would be. In short, you're expendable. If they send you out on a mission and you don't come back, eh, who cares? If you're military, then this simply manifests as you more or less being constantly and *slightly* short on resources, or your extraction being just a bit slower than anticipated. Not enough to get you outright killed, that's somewhere else, but you'll know they aren't prioritizing you. If you're not military? Well, I have no doubt that a drug lord would end up using you as a test subject to showcase their product. Beyond that, use your imagination.

### +200 cp - Public Enemy Number One

We're not friends anymore. Why? I can't be friends with someone like you, it would be terrible for my reputation. You see, you've gone and gotten yourself on the most wanted list. America really doesn't like you right now. Or was it Mexico? Or Japan? Or Puerto Rico? It doesn't actually matter, the point is that someone has declared you not only a criminal, but a really important one. Expect more than a few spies trying to hunt you down, and the occasional hitsquad from whatever government you pissed off if you do anything big in the future. I suggest moving into the boonies somewhere, maybe striking a deal with the spooks of another nation. They could probably be convinced to defend you if you had something interesting to offer them.

#### +200 cp - Biological Hazard Rhamnousia

The Myxomycete mold is a very interesting substance, and it makes sense that certain portions of the American government would seek to control it. Unbeknownst to them, however, they are not the first ones to discover the Bokkors. Across each of the seven major continents, a cult of sorts that is obsessed with transhumanism has unleashed a number of other substances with similarities... and many differences. Unlike the mold, which is largely interested in sexual pleasure, the minds connected to the other six infections are more varied. One is quite prideful and seeks to absorb the others and become perfect. Another is quite slothful, and can barely be bothered to exert any influence. A third sends everything it touches into a berserk rage. As you might imagine, this 'competition' between these seven deadly horrors is likely to cause an immense amount of damage to the world. Was it worth it?

#### +300 cp - Starting On A High Note

Well, if you desire to make a foolish decision then far be it from me to do anything but enable you to do so. You now have a most unusual health condition - whenever you hear music, you'll find your sense of rationality rapidly escaping you. A song about violence and fighting would leave you irrationally angry and very likely to lash out at anyone nearby. A song about misery and sorrow might cause you to temporarily act as though you were clinically depressed. A song about sex, drugs, and rock and roll would probably cause you to start attempting to force yourself on the first person you lay eyes on. Unfortunately for you, simply not listening to music isn't a valid solution, as any sufficiently rhythmic set of noises, such as someone tapping their foot impatiently, has the potential to trigger this. I would suggest staying the hell away from the Bokkor, they might notice and decide to take advantage - and they're just musically inclined enough to not only figure out what triggers you, but start to piece together how and create a song of control from it.

#### +300 cp - Can't Eat Till I Find The Cat Hair

As you enter the jump, you're going to be given an extra companion. Her name is Maya Yoshida, a quiet and somewhat easily flustered young woman, and you and your companions are quite convinced that she's been with you for several worlds now. Or, something to that effect - I'm not sure how this would manifest if this is your first jump, but the point is that you're going to trust her completely. Unfortunately, she's a spy. Maybe for the CIA, maybe for a criminal organization, maybe for the KGB, or maybe her backstory is that she's from some world where the Nazi party never fell out of favor and she has decided to try and reinstate it here. In any event, and as you might expect, she's going to betray you. Leave you behind, shoot you in the back, sell your secrets to the competition, maybe even pull some of your favorite toys out of the warehouse. Now, as a jumper, you likely have different standards for what qualifies as fatal, so I doubt any of this will actually kill you. Still, seeing your dear friend betray you like that will be quite painful. Oh, and as something of a mercy, anything she does steal from you will be replaced at the end of the jump.

The End

Stay Here  
Move On  
Go Home

Thanks to Locke24 for ideas and some of the OC's.