Vein of The Gods V0.1
By Shadowgear1004

"**In the Face of Certain Death, We Rise!**"

Step into the wreckage of humanity, where the sky is jagged and the ground is hungry. Whether you navigate the Vein's labyrinth of Thorns and Revenants or brave the Ashlands against the relentless Aragami, one thing is certain: in this world, 'survival' is the most expensive thing you'll ever buy.

Whether you choose to be a sinner, martyr, hero, or ruler, here's some CP to get you started: **1000 Choice Points** to fund your adventures.

Starting Location

Roll 1d8 for your starting location and time period, or pay 50 cp to choose.

1 - Fenrir Far East Branch, 2071:
The first of the New-Types is stationed at the Far East Branch of the Fenrir Corporation. The Aegis Project is in full swing as humanity strives to find true safety from the Aragami threat. But all is not as it seems and soon enough, the truth will be revealed.

2 - Friar, 2074:
The Red Rain sweeps the planet, infecting all it touches with the Black Plague. New-Types have become more prevalent in the field and a project to create automated God Arcs is reaching its end. The Blood Special Forces Unit finds itself caught in a web of conspiracy and the reason they were brought together soon becomes clear.

3 - Port Chrysanthemum, 2087:
The Far East Branch has fallen and the desolate Ashlands are ever-expanding. Mankind's hopes rest on the new Adaptive God Eaters, though many fear them as the AGEs fall far closer to Aragami than previous God Eaters. Denied their freedom and slaves in all but name, the AGEs fight on in the desperate hope that a brighter future awaits them.

4 - The Gaol of the Mists, XXXX:
A city full of bioengineered beings called Revenants that make up the majority of the population. Not long after the Queen died, the city of Vein was surrounded by an impenetrable Red Mist. Those who attempted to pass through it were met with an unimaginable pain, and nothing from outside came in. Those in the so-called 'Gaol of the Mist' were prisoners there. The population within Vein was now predominantly Revenant due to the desperation of Operation Queenslayer and the death of yet more humans at the hands of the Lost.

5 - MagMell Island, 2277:
A familiar but different world with its own version of Revenants, ones who have come out of the shadows to protect humanity, one good place to find them is on an isolated island at the edge of the world. Until a hundred years ago, a Forma Institute was established here, managing the island's ruins and excavating formae. Today, the site is utilized as the base for "MagMell," an organization protecting humans and Revenants from the threat of the Resurgence.

Age and Gender
You need to roll your age using a **1d20 + 1d8**. It is **50 CP** each to freely choose your own age or gender.

Origins

Drop-In [Free]
Congratulations! You exist now. You have no papers, no memories of this place, and a legal footprint the size of a ghost. In a functional society, this would be a problem. Fortunately, this world is currently a chaotic mess, meaning the local bureaucracy is too busy screaming into the void to notice one more undocumented reality-hopper.

Hunter [-100]
Welcome to the career path where the benefits package is just "not dying today." The Hunter's mandate is simple: if you want to save a person, you're probably going to have to punch a different person (or monster) into pulp. Between the blood-crazed Lost, the Revenants who forgot how to "people," and the Aragami which are basically the planet's way of saying it hates us, you're going to be busy. Just remember: danger doesn't always look like a giant toothy nightmare; sometimes it's just a guy with a really bad opinion on ethics. The drawback [Cycle of Compensation] is mandatory if you decide to take this.

Race

Human [+200]
Blood, grit, and a heartbeat that refuses to stop. In a world filled with monsters, you are part of the resistance carrying the weight of a desperate race on your shoulders, surviving on scavenged luck and the bitter, resilient drive to outlast the things that haunt the dark. You are human: battered, outmatched, but still breathing.

Revenant [-300]
Revenants are immortal, vampiric entities formerly human who have been resurrected through the implantation of a scientifically engineered parasite. This transforms the host into a near-invulnerable being; they are immune to conventional illnesses, possess physical capabilities far exceeding the human norm, and enjoy a lifespan measured in millennia. Despite their resilience, a Revenant only dies if their heart is destroyed. One of their greatest powers is their Blood Code, a unique signature power that grants each Revenant a diverse, highly personalized set of powers.

Mutant [-200]
You have attained a unique state of existence identical to the protagonist following their revival by Lou. Neither fully human nor truly Revenant, you are a hybrid who enjoys the apex of both worlds. You possess a Revenant's immunity to conventional illness and physical capabilities that far exceed human limits, yet you are entirely free from the agonizing blood thirst that curses their kind. While you lack a natural Blood Code of your own, your human heritage grants you an extraordinary biological adaptability, making you far more compatible with blood-based powers than a standard Revenant. However, this hybrid nature comes with a significant trade-off: unlike the near-immortal Revenants who can survive as long as their hearts remain intact, you do not possess their eternal resilience and remain mortal.

Perks
Origins get their 100cp perks for free, and the rest are discounted to 50%.

General Perks [Undiscounted]

Natural Lady Killer / Brothers In Metal Arms (-100 CP)
You’re a pretty cute guy but that really doesn’t explain why so many girls are this into you, especially when your personality is honestly quite dim. Still, no one can deny the effect that you have on women, or men if that is the gender you are attracted to. You don’t have any skill in seduction yourself but just being yourself will often charm women around you into having a crush on you, even the ones not normally into your type. Actually doing the things that they like in a guy can quickly progress this from a crush into a full-blown love. Alternatively, you can have this perk work to attract comrades in arms that share your own gender, making you a naturally appealing brother or sister figure to other men or women. Something about you naturally

attracts them to want to become friends with you and fighting together with them will only cement that bond like it was made of steel. You may buy this perk again to take both effects.

Fading Bonds (-200 CP)
The past is never truly gone; it leaves a resonance that only you can hear. By touching an object or standing in a significant location, you perceive vivid "echoes" of history, witnessing events exactly as they transpired. This allows you to see the history of an item or the tragedies of a ruin with haunting clarity. You may even choose to "occupy" the perspective of a person within these visions, experiencing their actions and deeply personal emotions to truly understand their motivations.

Be wary, however, as this resonance is contagious; you can inadvertently drag nearby companions into these visions with you, potentially exposing them to secrets or memories better left forgotten (woof, woof). Beyond mere investigation, this power allows you to serve as a conduit for empathy in the present; you may optionally share feelings, sensations, and intent between yourself and anyone you touch, creating a wordless connection that goes past language.

I Know What I'm Doing (-300 CP)
Most survivors see the Aragami as gods or monsters; you see them as raw material. You are an unrivaled master of development, possessing a terrifyingly deep grasp of Oracle Cell theory. Whether it is designing a bespoke Aragami from the ground up or deconstructing the biological secrets of a fallen "Horror," your work consistently eclipses the standard God Eater programs.

Your brilliance isn't limited to the monsters outside the mist. You have pierced the veil of the Revenant project, gaining enough insight into their parasitic physiology to create your own immortal soldiers.

Carry On (-400 CP)
Your presence serves as a driving force for change, acting as a grounding force that allows those around you to overcome their deepest traumas and oldest fears. Under your influence, allies find the strength to be truly honest with themselves, shedding the mental shackles that hold them back. This clarity of mind naturally awakens latent potentials, bringing hidden talents and dormant abilities to the surface. You are also a natural leader possessing the rare ability to synchronize the efforts of a small unit so perfectly that a five-man team can exert the devastating pressure of an entire army.

Successor of _ (-600 CP, Discounted to Mutant)
Each revenant bloodline carries a unique power inherited from its progenitor. Gula Bloodline possesses massive levels of energy, the potent healing powers of the Luxuria Bloodline and the time-related abilities of the Superbia Bloodline etc. You can choose one of these bloodlines to inherit, making you the cream of the crop compared to others of your bloodline. And if that doesn't satisfy you, you can instead opt to choose to inherit relics of Project Queen which will give you a variety of different abilities related to them. Can be purchased multiple times.

Drop-In

Field of Vision (-100 CP, Discount for Drop-In)
You have developed the ultimate post-apocalyptic superpower: Selective Vision. Your internal compass always points toward your destination with aggressive certainty. More importantly, your "Loot-dar" is now active. Whenever you're close to something that could upgrade your gear, it begins to emit a radiant, holy glow that only you can see. Your companions might think you're staring intensely at a pile of trash, but you know that buried under that rubble is a +1 toaster, and by God, you're going to find it.

Burst Arts (-200 CP, Discount for Drop-In)
Burst Arts are specialized techniques utilized by God Eaters when their Oracle Cells become hyperactive. While these maneuvers typically allow them to punch far above their weight class, you possess the rare ability to trigger them at will, bypassing the need for a standard Burst state.

Executing a Burst Art grants a massive power spike, starting at a 2x damage multiplier that scales even higher with mastery. These techniques are universally enhancing, whether for melee weapons, firearms, or even pure martial arts.

Forma: Formula of Blood (-300 CP, Discount for Drop-In)
Ichor is the special blood in Revenant's body that forms after a while. They use it through their blood codes to power their forma/gifts to perform fests that seem closer to magic. Not only do you gain access to this power system but you generate far more Ichor and its equivalents much faster than others.

To Go Far (-400 CP, Discount for Drop-In)
Why struggle in isolation when you can overwhelm your enemies with sheer numbers? Your presence acts as a force multiplier on the battlefield. While fighting alongside others, your power and that of your allies is significantly amplified. For every ally actively engaged in the fight, the strength of everyone in your party increases by an amount equal to their base strength. For example, with one ally, everyone's power is doubled; with two allies, it is tripled. If no allies are present, your strength remains at its natural level.

Vestiges of The Defeated (-600 CP, Discount for Drop-In)
When a Revenant or a Horror meets their final demise, they leave behind a shimmering residue of their soul and power known as Haze. This volatile essence, while dangerous to handle, is the lifeblood of the Gaol and acts as a catalyst for evolution and currency. With this perk, you gain the unique ability to manifest and harvest Haze from the remains of any enemy you defeat; the more powerful the foe, the more potent the essence you recover. This Haze can be directly incorporated into your being to enhance your physical attributes, sharpen your combat abilities, or refine your supernatural powers over time. Furthermore, your affinity for this essence allows

you to attune to Mistles, the white, tree-like growths that purify the miasma. By resting at an active Mistle, your body is fully healed of all injuries, your internal energies and mundane supplies are completely replenished, and the surrounding area is cleansed of environmental toxins. This attunement also grants you access to a personal storage space and the ability to travel instantaneously between any active Mistles you have previously mapped in the current world.

Hunter

Capable Fighter (-100 CP, Discount for Hunter)
Survival in this world demands more than just luck. You possess the hardened competence of a battlefield veteran, granting you an instinctive grasp of combat. You know exactly where to strike for maximum lethality and possess the tactical discipline to feint, reposition, or withdraw when the tide turns against you.

To Go Fast (-200 CP, Discount for Hunter)
Sometimes the mission requires speed that your allies can’t maintain or perhaps the terrain is simply too deadly for them to traverse alone. In those moments, you don't leave them behind instead, you lend them your back. This allows you to fuse with any willing being (or one firmly under your control). Upon doing so, your forms merge into one, combining your raw physical stats and granting you total access to the skills and techniques of everyone involved. Your combined essence unlocks entirely new abilities and hybrid techniques that neither of you could achieve alone, a whole truly greater than the sum of its parts.

This process is perfectly safe and surprisingly very comfortable which can be initiated or dissolved at will. Just be careful: if you get too good at this, your companions might decide to treat you as their glorified taxi.

I'm Hungry (-300 CP, Discount for Hunter)
You possess the boundless, indiscriminate gluttony of the Aragami. Your digestive system is a biological furnace capable of breaking down anything from toxic waste and metal to literal dirt, without discomfort or illness. This grants you total immunity to all poisons, diseases, and the negative side effects of substance withdrawal or overdose. Furthermore, by consuming non-traditional "food" or hazardous materials, you recover from fatigue and physical injuries at twice the natural rate effectively turning the environment itself into a source of constant regeneration.

The Devil They Made (-400 CP, Discount for Hunter)
Adoptive God Eaters, or A.G.E. for short, represent a new and terrifying generation, warriors widely considered closer to the Aragami than to the humans they defend. Looking at you, the critics are likely right. You possess an incomparable life force paired with a proactive, predatory adaptability that allows your body to rapidly evolve to neutralize environmental hazards and direct physical trauma. While initial adaptations to a novel danger may take several hours,

repeated exposure to the same threat or damage class drastically reduces this incubation period. With sufficient familiarity, your genetic structure can pivot in minutes, or even mere seconds, to counter an active foe in the heat of a duel.

Your strikes hit with a lethality far beyond your physical stature when facing your chosen prey, as you intuitively grasp the exact habits and fighting styles they deploy. Where others struggle to survive a single encounter, you possess the innate capability to dismantle entire nests with cold, systematic efficiency. Precision is your greatest strength: an adaptation designed to eliminate a single individual or a localized threat will always manifest more potently and faster than a broad survival trait. Furthermore, this evolution is fueled by the raw intensity of your internal state. In the heat of a desperate struggle, it is the righteous fury, cold hatred, or crushing despair of your human spirit that feeds the change; the more "human" your passion becomes, the more "monstrous" your physical counter-response grows to meet the challenge.

To Bring Down The Gods (-600 CP, Discount for Hunter)

There are those whose compatibility with power is so great that it becomes a death sentence, think of Lenka Utsugi, whose resonance was so high that his own body and God Arc began to self-destruct under the sheer pressure of his potential. You however are a perfect vessel.

You possess total mastery over your own power; you never need to fear your abilities backfiring, eroding your sanity or tearing your physical form apart no matter how much energy you channel. This stability allows you to exert 200% of your maximum potential at all times without strain, effectively doubling the output of your gifts, weapons and physical capabilities.

Finally as a reward for embracing your true nature as a Hunter you have unlocked the Singularity Mutation Form reminiscent of Julius Visconti's. This is a manifestation of your power at its most primal and predatory. You can manifest this form partially, coating an arm or your weapon in shifting, corrosive scales or transform fully into a beast-like engine of destruction. In this state your strength and speed are among the greatest and your very presence begins to break down the will of those around you.

Items

Items may be imported into similar items, weapons to weapons, clothes to clothes etc.

Any item alterations and upgrades made will be maintained between jumps and are fiat-backed.

All origins get their 100cp items for free, with subsequent purchases being 50% off and all other purchases for that origin discounted by 50%.

Building complexes, unless stated to have an in-world location, will be placed near your starting location in-jump for your stay and will be attached to your warehouse after the jump is complete. They can then be imported into future jumps as desired.

General [Undiscounted]

Blood Beads -100 CP
The lifeblood of revenants, blood beads are a precious and rare resource in this world. With this item, you'll receive a steady daily supply of high-quality blood beads, the purest form of the vital fluid. This supply will be automatically replenished every day, and you can even choose to store and stockpile them for future use. Whether you need to heal or fuel your gifts, this supply will keep you going strong.

Jadwiga’s Traveling Shop -200 CP
A mysterious merchant now follows in your wake, appearing in every world you visit throughout your chain. Whether she’s leaning against a rusted lamp post in a dystopian ruin or setting up a velvet-draped stall in a high-fantasy market, she always manages to find you just when you need her most. She provides a reliable point of trade, offering a rotating stock of high-quality local goods, rare consumables, and utility items that are guaranteed to be "worth your while." While her standard inventory is impressive, she possesses a keen eye for certain rocks.

If you bring her the various "rocks" or unique upgrade materials found in your travels, such as Haze, MJ Series materials, or Queen Tungsten, etc., she can facilitate specialized equipment upgrades or trade for items that are normally impossible to find. She is strictly neutral, keeping your secrets as well as she keeps her wares, and her shop serves as a small, safe sanctuary for as long as you are browsing.

Guardian Heart -400 CP
In the era before the Resurgence, before the uneasy truce where Hunters and Revenants stood side-by-side, this was the standard for those who dared to fight. These Blood Codes were synthesized from the harvested hearts of Revenants, a grim necessity that many saw as a desperate, inferior imitation of true power. While they allow a human to wield gifts unbound from a Revenant's biology, their performance is often seen as limited and lacking compared to the real thing.

However this specific iteration of the Heart possesses a singular, miraculous quirk. Should you ever suffer a blow or a failure that would result in a Chain-Fail, the Guardian Heart shatters in your place. It provides you with a one-time-only second chance, stabilizing your condition and giving you a brief window to correct your mistakes and keep your journey alive. Once this protection is spent, the Heart is gone forever, leaving you to rely on your own strength.

Summoning Token -600 CP
Your bonds are etched in more than just memory; they are anchored by blood and intent. You possess a collection of ornate, crimson medallions that pulse with a faint, rhythmic light. These tokens act as a bridge across space and dimensions. By gifting a token to another, you create a permanent link between your souls.

If you are within the same local universe, the holder can manifest you to their side instantly; alternatively, you may reach out and pull the token-holder to your own location. This summon ignores most conventional seals, dimensional barriers, or "anti-teleportation" wards; if the soul is willing, the call will be answered. The effect lasts for 120 minutes, after which the summoned party is safely returned to their point of origin. While the tokens are functionally inexhaustible over the course of your journey, once a specific token is used, it takes one week to recharge its resonance. If you are summoned into a crisis, you arrive at the peak of your current strength, momentarily purging minor fatigue and debuffs to ensure you can immediately turn the tide of battle.

Drop-In

God Arc -100 CP

A massive, biomechanical weapon forged from the very Aragami you are hunted by. It is a living construct of Oracle Cells, bound to your nervous system via a mechanical Armlet. As a New-Type God Eater, your Arc is a masterpiece of shifting geometry, capable of instantly reconfiguring between a high-caliber firearm, a massive melee blade, and a deployable defensive shield. The most terrifying aspect of the God Arc is its Predator Form, where the weapon transforms into a monstrous, organic maw to "Devour" your enemies. By biting into a target, the Arc harvests Oracle Cells which allows the Arc to synthesize Aragami Bullets, granting you the ability to fire the enemy's own elemental essence back at them. Whether you choose a classic model or a custom-designed rig, it's a useful tool.

Forma-Motorcycle -200 CP

A high-performance vehicle born from a genius sentence to 10,000 years of imprisonment and refined 100 years ago by a MagMell motorcycle enthusiast. Powered by a potent Forma, this motorcycle seats two and features an integrated gliding system for aerial descents. It is "All-Terrain" in the truest sense, maintaining top speeds across any environment, from jagged ruins to shifting sands, without losing traction or power.

Port: Jumper -400 CP

You possess a massive, state-of-the-art subterranean stronghold known as a Port. While the surface is a lethal wasteland, your Port is a marvel of post-apocalyptic engineering, built upon the reinforced foundations of a former Fenrir HQ satellite base. The facility is entirely underground, protected by layers of heavy armor plating and advanced filtration systems; the only visible sign of its existence is a massive, fortified surface gate designed to facilitate the docking of Ash Crawlers. This Port comes fully staffed with a skeleton crew of logistics experts and maintenance technicians, housing enough underground shelters, hydroponics, and research labs to support a thriving population center. In future jumps, this base follows you, seamlessly integrating into the local geography, typically hidden beneath ruins or tucked into mountain ranges, providing you with a secure, self-sustaining headquarters that is notoriously difficult for enemies to locate or breach.

Anti-Aragami Weapon: Odin -600 CP
The Odin is a great feat of engineering, a towering mechanized titan forged in the depths of the former Fenrir HQ. Functioning as a massive extension of the God Arc system, it utilizes a sophisticated multi-core architecture that synchronizes directly with your neural patterns upon linking. Unlike the flawed prototypes of the past, this version has been perfected with flawless energy efficiency, allowing for sustained deployment without the risk of power failure. Most lethally, the machine acts as a massive focus for your own abilities; any perks, supernatural abilities, or internal energies you possess can be channeled through Odin's frame, amplifying their scale and range to a continental degree.

Hunter

Field Reagents -100 CP
You possess a specialized, self-replenishing supply of tactical consumables, providing a diverse arsenal of support items to grant you a decisive edge in the heat of battle. While the supply is not strictly infinite, you can reliably count on having a few essential vials or cartridges on hand whenever a crisis peaks. Notably, these items are not static in their utility; as your own power grows the effectiveness of these reagents scales alongside you, ensuring that a simple medicinal draught remains as vital to your survival in the endgame as it was on your first day in the ruins.

Bullet Editor -200 CP
You receive an exhaustive, recurring supply of Bullet Modules. These modules are fully programmable allowing you to heavily customize both the projectile's trajectory and its elemental damage type, be it Blaze, Freeze, Spark, or Divine. Whether you need a simple rapid-fire shot or a complex, homing "HDH" (High-Definition Homing) laser that orbits a target before striking, these modules can be fine-tuned to your tactical specifications. While only one specialized module configuration can be active within your God Arc's firing chamber at a single time, the sheer versatility ensures you always have the right answer for a target's specific elemental weakness.

Blood Veil: Jails -400 CP
Jails are specialized pieces of Revenant Hunter equipment designed to bridge the gap between human limitation and supernatural power. By allowing humans to safely wield formae, these suits drastically augment physical attributes and defensive thresholds while augmenting them with Revenant-tier powers. Beyond armor, a Jail acts as a high-efficiency conductor for Ichor, the vital fluid required to fuel Gifts. Each unit features a unique mechanical "Drain Attack" ranging from subterranean spikes to massive, conjured claws. Whether you choose a classic model or a custom-designed rig, a Jail is a reliable tool to have for both humans and Revenants.

Bequeathed Formae -600 CP
Blood calls to blood, and yours answers with steel. You have inherited a Unique Formae, a weapon forged from a Revenant Household's legacy. These aren't just tools; they are

extensions of the soul. Whether you take up a blade used by the heroes of the Great Collapse or a custom-forged manifestation of your own bloodthirst, this weapon is peerless. While it respects your current limitations, its ceiling is nonexistent. It grows as you grow, ensuring that your lethality remains absolute across your chain.

Companions

Companions cannot purchase more companions.

Companion Import (-50 CP each or -200 CP for 8)

So you want to create your own crime-fighting sidekick or family? Do you want to rule St. Canard at the head of your own Dreadful Duo, Threatening Three, Frightful Four, Fearsome Five, Sexy Six, Scary Seven, Eviscerating Eight, or even the Nightmarish Nine? Well, import a single companion into any origin and race for 50cp each or eight for 200cp.

Canon Companion [Free]

So if you want to take any other existing character from this world, well then, this option is for you.

Scenarios

Underworld

Project Queen was originally a beacon of hope, an attempt to engineer a generation of Revenants free from the eternal hunger for blood. That hope died with Cruz Silva, though her body was destroyed, her Relics remained, scattered and pulsing with a parasitic consciousness that drove its hosts to a frenzy.

Your Mission:

You take the place of the Protagonist at the beginning of Code Vein 1. You start with the Relic of Blood; if you weren't a Revenant already, you are now, though your power starts at below average. To complete this scenario, you must consolidate the Queen's shattered essence by retrieving every Relic from the Successors guarding them.

The Path of The Hunter: Slay the Successors. It is efficient, brutal and grants you the Relics immediately.

The Path of The Savior: If you wish to spare these living sacrifices, you must first restore their shattered Vestiges. Upon entering their psyche you must bypass the first door to confront the Queen's frenzied consciousness directly. Force her into submission to safely extract the Relic without killing the host.

Every Relic you absorb whispers to you with every piece, the Queen's corruption grows, threatening to turn you into the very monster you hunt. Once the collection is complete, you will fall into a death-like slumber. In the deepest abyss of your mind, you must face the Frenzied

Queen at full power. She wields nigh-infinite Ichor, the Thorns of Judgment and a nigh-peerless regeneration. Defeat her to claim her power as your own or become the vessel for her rebirth.

Reward

The frenzy has ceased, the whispers have died away, and the red fog parts for its true master. You emerge not as a vessel for the Queen, but as her True Successor and gain the perk [False Progenitor]. You have inherited the full magnitude of her power, granting you a near-infinite reservoir of Ichor and a peerless regenerative factor capable of knitting your form back together from almost any destruction. Should you somehow suffer a fatal blow, you possess a "One-Up" resurrection that triggers once per decade. Your very soul now radiates an aura of authority; undead beings and creatures of the night will feel an instinctive sense of awe and terror in your presence, driven by an urge to submit.

As the pinnacle of Revenant evolution, you are permanently liberated from the curse of bloodthirst and capable of sharing this gift with others to permanently sever their dependency on a human diet. If you walk the Path of the Savior, your mercy grants you a final boon: Cruz Silva herself joins you as a Companion, wielding the Queen's full might without the shadow of madness. Furthermore, any CP spent on "Successor of _" perks is fully refunded, as you have earned those powers through your own iron will.

Angry Gods, Vengeful Humans

The Aragami are born from the earth itself, their unrelenting aggression and god-like adaptability have pushed humanity to the brink of extinction. Even with the intervention of the God Eaters, the gap is closing. As each generation of Aragami evolves, humanity is forced into a desperate arms race of biological engineering but the true nightmare has finally arrived: The Devouring Apocalypse.

The Aragami hivemind is no longer content with a slow purge to evolve itself as it is preparing to wake up with its real body, the planet itself that it has parasitized. To jumpstart this planetary reset, the hivemind requires a Singularity. Across the globe, weaker Aragami are vanishing as the hivemind shifts its strategy from overwhelming quantity to absolute quality. The remaining Aragami have begun a cannibalistic frenzy, devouring their own kind to consolidate power. These "evolved" Aragami now possess the strength to wipe out entire veteran God Eater teams single-handedly.

Yet in this dark hour an unlikely hope emerges: the Norami. These humanoid Aragami, severed from the hivemind's control, have been marked for "disposal" by their own kind. This alliance will begin unsteady but a shared death sentence does wonders for cooperation which will begin the counter-attack.

Your Objective: Hunt down and terminate the Twelve Super-Aragami. Each of these monstrosities possess power equivalent to the Crimson Orochi and abnormal abilities that set them apart from any previously seen Aragami while bearing the names of the primordial gods. If even one survives to become the Singularity, the planet wakes and humanity sleeps forever.

Reward
You have lived up to your name God Eater; you have done the impossible: you have decapitated the hivemind and placed yourself upon its throne. You did not merely avert the apocalypse; you usurped it.

The global Aragami collective is now yours to command, its relentless hunger repurposed into a loyal, biological extension of your will. You can direct the evolution of the species and the planet itself, terraforming the world to match your inner vision, whether that be a restored paradise or a fortress of bone and steel. Furthermore, you are now perfectly synchronized with the world's Oracle Cell network; as long as you stand upon the earth, you draw limitless energy from the land. While your instantaneous output remains capped by your maximum capacity, your reserves are bottomless, granting you near-instantaneous regeneration and tireless stamina.

This also follows you to future worlds, allowing the Aragami hivemind to spread and adapt to new environments, systematically bringing the local ecosystem under your absolute control.

The Gods Did Not Die Today, They Were Merely Replaced.

Drawbacks

Cycle of Compensation [Exclusive To Hunter]
You're not supposed to be here; the story has already ended, the memories, the struggles, and promises have been eased. But you're here anyway, whether it's to save someone or to change the ending, or maybe you came to rule over what's left in the end, but there's no denying that you being here is a miracle, and all miracles come with a cost. Your life is intrinsically bound to both ruinous misfortune and astounding fortune. These two forces actively warp reality, ensuring a life of extreme volatility where minor challenges are impossible. Any major instance of Terrible Luck (catastrophic loss, absolute ruin, facing statistically impossible odds) is immediately or eventually guaranteed to be followed by a proportional, often greater, Unique Boon (resource, power, or knowledge) that is specific to the nature of the crisis overcome. This cycle guarantees that you will always be pushed to the brink, yet always acquire the specific, exceptional means necessary to survive and progress along a world-shaping path to get the ending you want.

Time Extender +100CP
You have the option to extend your stay in this world. For every 100 CP you take from this option, you can add another 10 years to your stay. The maximum CP you can gain from this drawback is 800 CP.

Unintelligible-Tongue +100CP
Your voice is burdened by an incredibly thick, archaic, or alien accent that makes even your simplest sentences a struggle for others to decipher. No matter how many languages you know or what translation perks you possess, your speech comes out as a dense thicket of rolling

consonants, mangled vowels, and bizarre local slang that requires listeners to ask you to repeat yourself constantly. This makes any attempt at stealthy communication impossible and imposes a significant penalty on all social rolls, as most people will lose patience, misunderstand your intent, or simply assume you are uneducated or a confused foreigner. In high-pressure situations or heated combat, your allies may fail to understand your shouted warnings or tactical commands entirely, leading to dangerous delays in coordination. While you can still be understood with extreme effort and slow speech, the sheer frustration of the barrier ensures that you are rarely the first choice for a diplomat or a spy.

The Eternal Caballero +100CP

You are cosmically bound to a specific, flamboyant aesthetic that cannot be discarded or hidden, regardless of the setting or your tactical needs. You are perpetually sporting a massive, wide-brimmed Mexican sombrero and a thick, meticulously groomed Mexican mustache that regrows instantly if shaved. These features are essentially "fixed" to your form; if you lose your hat, a replacement appears on your head the moment you aren't looking, and no amount of magic or technology can conceal them for long. This makes blending into a crowd or maintaining a secret identity a functional impossibility, as you stand out in high-fantasy kingdoms, futuristic space stations, and gritty noir alleys alike. Beyond the social stigma of looking wildly out of place, the sombrero's sheer physical dimensions make tight spaces, low doorways, and peripheral vision constant mechanical hurdles. You are forced to navigate the world with the flair of a revolutionary folk hero, whether you're trying to diffuse a bomb or attend a royal ball, ensuring that every witness remembers the "Man in the Hat" with vivid clarity. Optionally comes with a Mexican guitar being played in the background whenever you speak.

Substance Dependence +100 CP

You are deeply entrenched in unhealthy habits, whether it be alcohol, drugs, nicotine, or another substance. This addiction has taken a strong hold over you, affecting both your physical and mental well-being. Whether you struggle to function without a constant supply or find yourself frequently seeking ways to numb your emotions, this dependency can greatly impact your judgment and decision-making. As a result, you will often be distracted, disoriented, or weakened by the need to feed your cravings, making it harder to focus on more important tasks or maintain a level head in dangerous situations.

Naive +200 CP

You possess a certain level of innocence or ignorance about the world, often trusting others more than you should and believing in ideals or promises that may not be as they seem. Your naivety can lead you into situations where you are easily manipulated or taken advantage of, as you struggle to see through the more cynical or manipulative sides of those around you. While this may make you well-meaning and idealistic, it also exposes you to greater risks, especially when dealing with deceitful individuals or darker forces. Over time, you may become wiser, but it will take significant experience to grow out of this vulnerability.

The Motherland's Mandate +200CP

You are possessed by an unshakable, almost supernatural devotion to "Mother Russia," regardless of whether Russia actually exists in your current Jump. Your personality is dominated by a fierce, stereotypical patriotism that forces you to prioritize the glory, safety, and interests of the Motherland (or the closest geopolitical equivalent) above your own survival or the mission at hand. You find yourself speaking in grand, nationalistic oratory, refusing any luxury that feels "Western" or "Decadent," and potentially sabotaging alliances if you perceive a slight against your imaginary or distant homeland. This obsession makes you incredibly predictable and easily manipulated by anyone who can frame their goals as being "for the people" or "for the state." In worlds where Russia does exist, you are a magnet for the secret police or rival intelligence agencies who view your loud, unwavering loyalty as either a threat or a tool to be exploited. Even in the farthest reaches of space or a high-fantasy realm, you will find yourself trying to establish a collective, planting red banners, and making tactical blunders because "not one step back" is your only strategic philosophy.

Blood Lust +200 CP

A deep, uncontrollable craving for violence has been instilled in you, driving you to seek out bloodshed and conflict. The need to spill blood can overwhelm your senses, making it hard to resist the temptation to engage in violent acts. Whether in battle or in moments of rage, your desire for carnage becomes an intrinsic part of who you are. This bloodlust can cloud your judgment, making it difficult to distinguish between when violence is truly necessary and when it is simply driven by an insatiable hunger.

Frenzy +200 CP

You are driven by an uncontrollable bloodlust, causing you to enter a frenzied state where you lose all sense of reason and control. You may resist the frenzy if your willpower is strong enough, but it will become increasingly difficult to do so over time, especially when engaging in combat. If you are unable to control yourself by the end of the jump, it will count as a failure and you will be left with the guilt of any harm you caused while in a frenzy.

The Echoing Silence +200 CP

You are struck by a profound, unshakable loneliness. No matter how many allies you find or NPCs you save, there is a "wall" between you and the rest of the world. You find it impossible to form deep bonds, and your companions (if you have them) feel distant or preoccupied. This doesn't stop you from fighting together, but it ensures you'll always feel like an outsider looking in.

Go To Horny Jail +200 CP

You are now officially the most "down bad" survivor in the post-apocalypse. Your tactical focus has the structural integrity of a wet noodle whenever there's a stray inch of skin or a tight-fitting Blood Veil in your line of sight. You'll find yourself "accidentally" lingering in the hot springs until your skin prunes, and "tactically analyzing" Io's outfit choices while a Lost is actively trying to turn your ribcage into a xylophone. Whether you're trying to sneak a peek during a high-stakes briefing or making inappropriate comments about the "physics" of a God Arc, your reputation is in the gutter and staying there. You're a walking HR nightmare who's one stray comment away

from getting slapped into the next Jump by Coco. Good luck explaining to the successor of the Ribcage that you were "just looking at the architecture."

Three Vices +300 CP Each

You have an overwhelming tendency to indulge in one of three vices: sex, sleep, or food. Your desire for excess in any of these areas often clouds your judgment and can lead to distractions or even self-destructive behavior. Whether you're driven by an insatiable hunger, a constant need for comfort through sleep, or an irresistible craving for indulgence in physical pleasure, your cravings can derail your focus and discipline.

It Killed Me +100/+300 CP

Every time you close your eyes, you are haunted by vivid, hyper-realistic dreams of your own demise. Whether these are memories of past failures or new creative ways to die, they leave you waking up in a cold sweat. While these nightmares cause no physical damage, the mental exhaustion is immense. You will find it difficult to remain truly rested, and the lingering stress will weigh on your mood and focus throughout your waking hours. +300: The nightmares have evolved from mere sights and sounds into a sensory hell. In these visions, you don't just see your death, you feel it. Every blade, every impact and every final gasp is felt with 100% sensory fidelity. Upon waking, your body may be unharmed but your mind is convinced it has been mutilated. The "phantom pain" and the psychological trauma of dying every single night will push your sanity to the brink. It becomes nearly impossible to maintain sanity when your brain is screaming from the memory of a dozen different deaths.

Friendzone +300 CP

You're a really great Jumper, you're like a sibling to everyone! For the duration of this jump, your love life is a total wasteland. No matter how much of a "catch" you are, you have been placed behind an impenetrable "Friendship Wall." You can be the hero who saves the world but you'll still be spending Friday nights alone while your crush tells you all about their new dating life. Love is off the table; I hope the CP is enough to keep you warm at night.

Retirement Age +300 CP

You've somehow managed to catch a case of the "Old Man Pox" in a world of immortal super-soldiers. Your joints now possess the structural integrity of a wet cardboard box and the acoustic profile of a bowl of Rice Krispies. Every time you attempt a flashy anime dodge-roll or a heroic leap, your knees will emit a crack loud enough to alert every Lost in a three-block radius, followed by a sharp, stinging reminder that you aren't as young as your respawn timer suggests. Forget those graceful, high-octane combos; you'll be fighting like a disgruntled grandfather trying to open a jar of pickles. Expect to spend half your boss fights grimacing in phantom agony because the damp weather in the Depths is "making your hip act up again." You're not just fighting for the future of humanity anymore, you're fighting for a comfortable chair and some high-grade ibuprofen.

Diminished Potential +300 CP

The perks you've accumulated across your past journeys have been locked away. That supernatural strength? Reduced to merely human levels. The foreign magic you've mastered? You might remember the theory, but the power won't answer your call. The enhanced reflexes, the analytical abilities, the resistances you've built up, all of them are sealed away. You may retain your memories and knowledge of how these abilities work, which somehow makes it worse; you know exactly what you should be capable of, yet your body, mind, and soul refuse to cooperate. You're fighting this Grand Order as a shadow of yourself, forced to rely on only what you purchase here and whatever natural talent you possessed before you started jumping. It's a humbling experience, watching Servants perform feats you know you should be able to match, if only you had access to your full potential. Your abilities will return at the jump's end, but for now, you're almost mortal again. (Can't be taken if this is your first jump)

The Scorched Earth Impulse +300CP

You are possessed by a persistent, pathological pyromania that demands you leave every conflict and many casual encounters, in a state of total incineration. Whenever you face an obstacle, a rival, or even a mildly annoying bureaucratic institution, your first and most overwhelming instinct is to burn it all to the ground rather than seeking a subtle or diplomatic solution. This isn't just a preference for fire; it is a mental compulsion that makes you feel physically ill and restless until the "problem" is reduced to glowing embers and ash. You find yourself subconsciously sabotaging your own long-term goals by destroying infrastructure you might have needed later, and your reputation quickly shifts to that of a dangerous, uncontrollable arsonist. Even if you are normally a calculated tactician, your strategic judgment is clouded by the "beauty" of the flames, often leading you to stay far too long at the scene of a crime just to watch the structural integrity of a building fail. This drawback ensures that you leave a trail of smoke and destruction across the world, making it impossible to stay in one place for long without the local authorities, and perhaps a few vengeful survivors, hunting you down for your scorched-earth "solutions."

Warehouse Sealed +300 CP

Your personal warehouse, that pocket dimension that's likely carrying everything you've accumulated across multiple jumps, is completely inaccessible for the duration of this jump. All the resources you've stockpiled, the workshops you've built, the safe spaces you've created, the archives of knowledge you've compiled, everything is locked away behind a dimensional barrier you cannot breach. You can't retreat to your warehouse for safety, can't access your stored supplies, can't use it as a meeting place or staging ground. Any companions, items, or resources stored within remain trapped there, cut off from you entirely. You're limited to whatever physical space Chaldea provides and whatever resources you can acquire in this setting. The warehouse will return at the jump's end with everything intact, but until then, you're fighting this war without this personal dimension, without that safety net you might've grown accustomed to having. (Can't be taken if this is your first jump)

Debt-Driven Drudgery +200/+400 CP

You begin this Jump deep in the red, burdened by an inescapable financial obligation to a powerful local entity, be it a megacorporation, a monarch, or a spectral debt-collector. At the

+200 CP level, you are bound to an installment plan that automatically siphons away 75% of all currency, loot, and resources you acquire. Debt collectors, who are always uncomfortably well-armed and skilled, will track you down across the globe to "remind" you of your payments if you try to hide your assets. At the +400 CP level, your debt is deemed unpayable through currency alone, forcing you into five years of hard labor in the "Deep Pits." During this time, you are confined to a high-danger mining colony where your Warehouse is locked and your supernatural Perks are suppressed to peak-human levels. You must meet grueling daily quotas of volatile or soul-draining ore while surviving "accidental" tunnel collapses and hazardous conditions. Only after five years of back-breaking toil is your debt considered settled, allowing you to spend the remainder of your Jump with your full power restored, assuming the mines haven't broken your spirit first.

Trigger Word +400 CP

You have a short fuse when it comes to a specific list of people, objects, or perhaps one particular white-haired "piece of shit" man or a “fucking” spider. This anger is enough for you to go on long rants about them, and god prevents you from seeing them in person, or you might just beat them to death with your bare hands as priority one, ignoring everything else.

Tasty +400

Congratulations, you glorious snack! You have somehow bypassed "attractive" and gone straight to "aromatic," smelling like a five-star wagyu brisket slow-smoked over hickory and left out in a starving neighborhood. You are now the ultimate siren song for everything with a digestive tract, and several things without one. Lost and Aragami will abandon their post-apocalyptic habits to form fanatical, slavering marathon lines just to get a nibble, treating your location like a Black Friday sale where you’re the only item in stock. Don't think your "friends" are any better; God Arcs will "accidentally" slip into Devour Mode the moment you look away, snapping at your ankles like hungry chihuahuas, and your Revenant allies will start looking at your jugular like a refreshing juice box on a hot summer day. If it has teeth, it wants them in you. Better keep running, Meal-on-Wheels!

Unimpeachable Excellence +400 CP

You have convinced yourself and those around you that you are the best, and now you are a prisoner to that reputation. You refuse to accept help, even when overwhelmed, because "the best" doesn't need a hand. If someone else performs a feat better than you, you will obsess over it, neglecting your health or mission goals until you have definitively surpassed them. You cannot retreat from a fight if there is an audience; to do so would be to admit inferiority, and your ego won't allow that.

Lack of Self-Control +400 CP

You have the impulse control of a caffeinated toddler in a fireworks factory. Your "internal monologue" has been replaced by a screaming neon sign that says "DO IT" to every terrible idea that crosses your mind. See a glowing red crystal that clearly radiates concentrated agony? You’re going to poke it. See a terrifyingly large boss mid-monologue? You’re going to throw a pebble at its nose just to see what happens. Your tactical planning now extends about as far as

your next heartbeat, and "patience" is a foreign concept that died with the Old World. You'll find yourself blurting out the exact insult guaranteed to start a brawl, spending all your Haze on shiny trinkets instead of leveling up, and Leeroy Jenkins-ing your way into every ambush the Lost have set up. You aren't just a danger to the Queen; you're a walking "What Could Go Wrong?" segment waiting to happen.

Just Kill Me Already +600 CP
Congratulations, your brain has decided to host a perpetual rave, and you weren't invited to the guest list. You are now the proud owner of a supernatural migraine that makes a lost soul's scream sound like a lullaby. The post-apocalyptic sun isn't just bright; it's a personal insult to your retinas, and every clanging sword-stroke feels like someone is trying to park a tank inside your skull. Simple tasks like "aiming a bayonet" or "not falling over" become Herculean feats when your vision starts tunneling and kaleidoscopic patterns dance across your eyes like a corrupted blood code. Forget tactical callouts, your communication will mostly consist of hissed swears and begging people to stop breathing so loudly. One wrong move, and the sheer sensory overload will have you curled in a fetal position, praying for the Sweet Release of the Mistle just so you can turn the lights off for five minutes.

Successors Imprisonment +600 CP
Like the Successors, you have been imprisoned in a seemingly inescapable prison. You are unable to leave until someone comes to your rescue, be it your companions or the Protagonist. The conditions of your imprisonment are harsh, with limited resources and no means of communication with the outside world. Additionally, your captors may subject you to various forms of torture or experimentation, as they seek to extract valuable information or exploit your unique abilities. The longer you remain imprisoned, the more your physical and mental health will deteriorate, and the less likely it becomes that you will ever be rescued.

Fractured Reflection +600 CP
Much like the Relics of the Queen, your mind is split between two extremes. You suffer from a fundamental instability in your identity. You will oscillate between a manic "Saviour Complex" where you feel obligated to carry the world's weight because only you are capable, and a "Pariah Complex," where you feel like a monster that should have stayed dead. This isn't just a mood swing; it's an identity crisis. You may find yourself undoing your own hard work during a "low" phase because you feel your influence is a blight on the world.

Decisions
You have three choices …

Go To Next Jump
Continue onto the NEXT GREAT ADVENTURE

Stay
Stay and enjoy your current life.

Go Back
Tired of your travels and want to rest back home? Well then, this is for you. Grab this ticket back to your starting point and go see old friends.

Notes
I know I said I was seriously done with jump making but I can't play Code Vein 2 for reasons and I lost all the progress I had on a long-term game I was playing, so now I have too much free time.

The perk Natural Lady Killer/Brothers In Metal Arms comes from the Dies Irae jumpchain. If any jump maker has a problem let me know.

The Twelve Super-Aragami:

- Chaos-Uranus: A colossal, sky-drifting entity that manipulates atmospheric pressure. It can create vacuum pockets to suffocate entire cities or drop "gravity hammers" of condensed air from the stratosphere.

- Aether-Gaia: The living heart of the hivemind. It doesn't fight directly but manipulates the tectonic plates, turning the very ground beneath a God Eater’s feet into a set of crushing jaws.

- Glacial-Cronus: A master of entropy. It leeches thermal energy from its surroundings at such a rate that Oracle Cells, and the God Arcs they power, become brittle and shatter upon contact.

- Fulgur-Rhea: A speed-demon that moves as a sentient bolt of black lightning. It exists in a state of constant vibration, allowing it to phase through solid barriers and strike from within a target’s shadow.

- Solar-Hyperion: A walking star. Its core temperature is so extreme that it melts the environment into glass. It projects "blinding flares" that permanently burn the retinas of any biological or mechanical sensors.

- Void-Mnemosyne: The psychological predator. It emits a frequency that rewrites the memories of those nearby, causing veteran God Eaters to forget how to use their weapons or perceive their teammates as Aragami.

- Oceanic-Oceanus: A massive, gelatinous leviathan that can liquefy its form. It "drowns" its prey in a sea of corrosive Oracle Cells, digesting them before they even realize they've been touched.

- Crystalline-Theia: An entity of pure refraction. It creates thousands of hard-light duplicates of itself, making it impossible to strike the true core while the clones deal physical damage.

- Feral-Iapetus: The pinnacle of physical evolution. It possesses no special energy attacks, only raw, terrifying strength and speed that can punch through a God Eater's shield, and the person holding it, without slowing down.

- Venom-Phoebe: A walking biohazard. It saturates the air with a "Corrosion Fog" that turns a God Eater’s own Oracle Cells against them, causing their God Arcs to begin devouring their users.

- Silent-Themis: The judge of the swarm. It can emit a "Null Field" that instantly deactivates all man-made technology and God Arc functions within a five-mile radius, forcing a purely physical fight.

- Eternal-Tethys: The ultimate survivor. It possesses regenerative capabilities so rapid that it must be destroyed entirely in a single instant, or it will fully reform from a single drop of its blood.

Change Log

V0.1
Created Jump