

Your Benefactor, engrossed in a whirlwind of papers, seems to be searching for your next destination in the ever-expansive Omniverse. As you stand nearby, a brochure flutters from the pile, and you retrieve it. It's an Academy brochure, vibrant with promises of opportunity and a call to students from diverse corners of existence.

"Ah, that one?" your Benefactor glances your way. "I've heard tales about this Academy. It might just be the place for a traveler like you, a chance to connect with fellow wayfarers across the Omniverse."

She steps away, lost in contemplation. "Something troubled me about this," she muses, turning back to you with a smile. "Ah, well, if I can't recall, it mustn't be too significant. This could be an exhilarating chance for growth and adventure!"

She hands you a dossier with multiple options. "Fill this out for me; time's of the essence if you seek admission. You've got a few CP to spend, so choose wisely!"

As you peruse the document, the text appears unusual, almost arcane:

"Welcome to the Interdimensional Academy," the script reads, "nestled within one of the pivotal fulcrum points of the Omniverse. Our heritage is in cultivating the finest universal travelers. Here, you'll forge the person you aspire to be across this vast multiverse, whether summoned, reborn, adrift, guided by higher forces, or something entirely unique."

The brief but enigmatic passage leaves you stirred with anticipation. Clearly, this academy is no ordinary institution—it seems tailor-made for honing skills and preparing for the vast challenges of your Jumpchain journey.

Take 1000 Choice Points (CP) to prepare

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The Interdimensional Academy

A beacon of knowledge and power, **the Interdimensional Academy stands as the pinnacle of education across the Omniverse**, drawing exceptional talents from countless realities. Its sprawling campus is anchored by a towering central edifice, flanked by a network of satellite buildings that enclose a vast, bustling plaza. **Home to approximately 5,000 students from Nexus-connected realms**, the Academy is renowned for its legendary faculty—masters of disciplines both arcane and scientific, technological and mystical.



Under the meticulous oversight of the Academy Dean, every aspect of the institution, from its curriculum to its long-term vision, is crafted with precision. Beneath its grand halls lies an intricate labyrinth of artificial and natural dungeon-like terrains, designed as training grounds where students hone their skills, gather resources, and undertake perilous yet rewarding challenges alongside their instructors.

The Academy spares no effort in providing **a world-class learning environment**, blending the finest elements of academia with the awe-inspiring features of the most prestigious fictional institutions. Its diverse student body comprises individuals adept in both magic and technology, each given the freedom to tailor their education through a vast array of customizable courses.

To support the well-being of its students and faculty, the Academy boasts a state-of-the-art medical facility, offering top-tier healthcare services—**though the miracle of resurrection remains beyond its scope**. The institution thrives on a rich social culture, encouraging students to join numerous clubs catering to an array of interests and disciplines. While participation is not mandatory, those who engage often find camaraderie, mentorship, and a sense of belonging.

At the heart of the Academy lies **its vast repository of knowledge, an archive holding invaluable information on the Omniverse, including details of countless worlds and dimensions**. Though heavily restricted, this collection even contains fragmented knowledge about Jumpers and similar enigmatic entities, accessible only to the most esteemed faculty and VIPs.

The Academy's ultimate purpose is to forge the architects of destiny—those who will leave an indelible mark upon their home universes. Over the course of an intensive ten-year program, students undergo rigorous training, preparing them for the grand tapestry of their futures. Upon graduation, each student is returned to their original universe, seamlessly restored to the exact age they were upon arrival, armed with the wisdom and power to shape their worlds anew.

The Nexus

The Nexus is **the singular convergence point where every multiverse within the Omniverse intersects**. Its origins remain an enigma, a cosmic riddle lost to time—was it born alongside the Omniverse itself, or did it emerge from an unknowable force? Regardless, it has become a thriving realm, a crossroads where dimensional wanderers—whether accidental travelers or deliberate explorers—congregate, giving rise to an intricate civilization shaped by countless cultures and species.



This ever-expanding domain is governed by numerous organizations dedicated to regulating and safeguarding multiversal travel, ensuring a semblance of order amidst the chaos of infinite possibilities. At its heart lies the **Aetherian Continent, a vast floating landmass suspended in space**, tethered by ethereal threads that weave an intricate web across the Nexus's expanse. Any direct contact with the Nexus's outer boundaries results in instant displacement, flinging the unfortunate traveler to a random location within the Omniverse. To counteract this perilous effect, the inhabitants have developed sophisticated methods of targeted interdimensional travel, enabling trade and exploration across charted universes.

Yet, unknown to all but one, **the Nexus is not a natural phenomenon**—it is the creation of a long-vanished **transcendent entity**. Its true purpose remains obscured, an enduring mystery whose secrets have eluded even the most powerful beings. However, this entity has imposed an unbreakable restriction upon the Nexus: while its inhabitants retain their abilities, the very fabric of the realm enforces a strict limitation on power. Those who attempt to exceed these limits find themselves resisted by the Nexus itself, an invisible force pushing back against any attempts to break free. Even the mightiest of entities struggle against this constraint, and many choose to avoid the Nexus entirely due to its mysterious, suppressive nature.

The Nexus is not without its anomalies. Objects, creatures, and even individuals occasionally appear within its bounds, lost remnants of failed dimensional journeys. Unless their home universe has been meticulously mapped by the locals, their chances of returning are slim at best. Most either assimilate into the Nexus's society or venture into the unknown, seeking a new universe to call home or attempt to find a way to return. The Nexus is also home to many wonders and strange places, such as long lost ruins, strange dungeons that rarely are found in the most hidden places, and all kinds of environments across the surface of the Aetherian continent.

Despite the chaotic nature of its inhabitants, the Nexus itself is remarkably stable. Its space is nearly impervious to manipulation, and teleportation within its confines is prohibitively difficult—even divine beings find themselves unable to bypass these restrictions. Likewise, the boundary separating the Nexus from the greater Omniverse remains utterly unyielding, standing as an eternal, unbreakable divide between infinite realities.

The Strange Rules at the Center of the Omniverse

Jumper, before you set foot within the **Nexus**, you must first understand the nature of this impossible place—the beating heart of all realities, where the infinite converges into a single point.

The **Center of the Omniverse** is neither a realm nor a dimension as you understand them, but an anomaly, a paradox made manifest. Here, every **Multiverse**, every **Universe**, every **possibility that was, is, and will be** overlaps into a singular existence. It is a place where time and space **do not dictate** reality—only **imagination and potential** do. But within this ever-shifting tapestry, strange and immutable rules govern all who enter.

Curiously, here in the Nexus it seems like **all abilities, powers and technologies are capable of working as if they were fiat backed**, well, mostly. A few may still not work as in their original universes, but all are guaranteed to work somewhat as intended.

The most **absolute** law of this realm is its function as the great **equalizer**. No matter how vast your strength, how divine your essence, or how boundless your might, the Nexus **levels** all who enter.

The moment an entity steps into this place, a relentless force presses upon them, a suppression that **weighs upon the physical, mental, spiritual, and supernatural alike**. Any being exceeding the limits of a **powerful superhuman** will find their strength forcibly compressed depending on how much they exceed this level. Even cosmic titans and omnipotent deities **feel the strain**, their once-unfathomable abilities now **mere echoes of their former glory**.

There are exceptions—some beings, through sheer force of will or anomalous nature, can push beyond the imposed limits. Yet, even they cannot reclaim their full majesty. The most **staggeringly powerful** entities of the Omniverse often **choose to avoid the Nexus entirely**, unwilling to subject themselves to such a profound weakness.

Within the Nexus, the very concepts of **time** and **space** behave unlike anywhere else.

- **Time is singular.** There are no pasts to revisit, no futures to alter. Time travel, acceleration, freezing—**all are impossible here**. Cause and effect flow in one uninterrupted moment, an eternal present that defies manipulation.
- **Space is rigid.** The very weight of the Omniverse presses upon it, rendering it **unyielding**. There are no hidden dimensions, no sub-realities lurking beneath perception. Teleportation, warping, or bending space is **immensely restricted**, requiring power far beyond what even seasoned masters can muster. **Short-range teleportation is possible**, but only for those of **immense skill**—and even then, it comes at great cost.

For many, these restrictions make the Nexus an **inconvenience**. For others, they make it a **sanctuary**—a place where no god can smite their enemies from beyond time, and no cosmic warper can unravel reality with a whim.

Even the **greatest sorcerers** and **reality-benders** find themselves humbled within the Nexus.

- **Magic struggles to take root.** The very structure of this place resists the flow of arcane energy. Lesser mages and apprentices will find their spells **fail outright**, while only the most **masterful archmages, grand wizards, and ancient practitioners** can weave their magic at all—and even then, with great effort.
- **Divinity falters.** Gods and celestial beings, so accustomed to their limitless might, find their divine feats dulled, their miracles reduced to mere **shadows of their former wonders**.
- **Reality warping is bound in chains.** Where once the omnipotent could rewrite existence with a whim, now they struggle to **bend even the smallest fragments of reality**. At best, their power is **reduced to a tenth** of its full potential, while the effort required to enact even minor changes **multiplies tenfold**. Those accustomed to bending the fabric of existence itself may find the Nexus a cruel and **unwelcoming** place.

And yet... for all these restrictions, the Nexus is not a prison. It is a **sanctuary of discovery, adventure, and endless wonder**.

For those who come seeking refuge, **the Nexus offers safety from the wrath of gods and the tyranny of time**. For explorers, it is a gateway to **every reality that has ever existed**. Here, you may find **artifacts from forgotten universes, beings from the farthest reaches of creation, and knowledge that no mind was ever meant to hold**.

Even with your strength diminished, even with time and space bound in ways you have never known, the Nexus remains a place of **infinite possibility**.

And now, **Jumper**, you stand before it.



Races of the Omniverse: Choose Your Form

The Omniverse is boundless, a vast expanse teeming with beings beyond imagination. Countless races thrive across dimensions, each possessing unique traits, abilities, and destinies waiting to unfold. Who will you become?



Human [+100 CP] – The Limitless Potential

To some, being human may seem like a disadvantage. No supernatural strength, no inherited magic, no ancient bloodline of power. Yet, history whispers of mortals who defied gods, reshaped fate, and stood unyielding against the tides of the unknown. Humans are the baseline race within the Academy and the Nexus, but they are also the race of boundless ambition.

By choosing this form, you receive **100 CP**, a small edge to forge your own legend. In the Omniverse, power is not given—it is seized.

Humanoid [Free or 200 CP] – Familiar, Yet Beyond

You are more than human, yet still retain a form recognizable to them. From the graceful Elves and indomitable Dwarves to the enigmatic Merfolk and countless other variations, the multiverse is filled with humanoid species, each with their own quirks and minor advantages. Your race will grant you subtle yet meaningful traits—perhaps sharper senses, an affinity for magic, or an extended lifespan.

For an additional **200 CP**, you can choose a superior variant of a humanoid race—something a step beyond the norm. This might mean taking the form of an enhanced Elf with innate magical prowess, a celestial-blooded being, or even a young member of a vastly powerful race. Initially, your abilities will be below average for your kind, but in time, you will ascend to a level that commands respect, growing into the full might of an adult of your chosen race.

Definitely Not Humanoid [400/800/1000 CP] – Embrace the Inhuman

The Omniverse is home to far more than humanoid beings. Beyond the familiar, there exist creatures and entities that defy mortal comprehension, their very existence rewriting the laws of reality. If you choose this path, you step into the unknown, embracing a form that is utterly alien.

400 CP – The Monstrous and the Mighty

At this tier, you become a legendary creature, a being of immense power and a form that inspires awe or fear. Perhaps you are an elder dragon whose scales can withstand a star's fury, a sphinx imbued with ancient wisdom, or a vampire whose very existence warps reality. Your body may be unusual—perhaps colossal or composed of unique matter—but it will still fit within the Academy's walls. You gain all the racial abilities associated with your chosen form, setting you apart from the rest.

800 CP – The Eldritch and the Unknown

You ascend beyond conventional monstrosity, becoming something only partially bound by the rules of existence. You are an entity that shifts between forms—perhaps a creature of pure energy, a living void, or a low-tier eldritch being who wears a mortal shell merely as a courtesy. You choose **one fundamental concept** that defines your existence, a domain of reality intrinsically tied to you.

With this, you gain:

- **Three supernatural mid-tier abilities** related to your concept, such as warping space, bending time in small bursts, or influencing minds with your presence.
- **One supernatural major ability**, an overwhelming power that cements your place as a being of mystery—perhaps a will that cannot be bent, a body that defies entropy, or a mind that exists across countless timelines.

1000 CP – The Boundless and the Divine

You are no longer a being merely shaped by reality—you are a force that defines it. Beyond the Nexus, your true form exists in dimensions beyond mortal understanding, **and though while being in the Center of the Omniverse confines you to a manageable avatar**, your true potential is limitless.

At this level, you choose **two core concepts** that form the foundation of your existence, granting you a tangible domain over them. Fire, Void, Knowledge, Change, Life, Death—whatever you choose, you do not merely wield these forces, you *are* them.

You gain:

- **Three supernatural mid-tier abilities** per concept, making you a force to be reckoned with even in your weakened state.
- **One supernatural major ability** per concept, pushing you into the realm of god-like beings.

While you may not begin at the level of cosmic entities, your path is one of ascension. Given time, your power will inevitably rise to rival the greatest forces of a given universe and when that time comes, none shall stand in your way.

The Academy welcomes all—humans who seek greatness, humanoids who embrace their gifts, and inhuman beings who walk the path of gods and monsters. **The choice is yours. What will you become?**

**Your race may only be taken at the jump's beginning, choose it wisely.*

Age and Sex

Dear Jumper, it seems you have been given great flexibility regarding your age or sex as you prepare to enter this jump. Choose an appropriate age and gender for your racial selection.

Background and Location

The Academy itself is built upon the awe-inspiring Aetherian Continent, a colossal floating landmass adrift in the void, vast enough to overshadow entire worlds. Its breathtaking landscapes stretch endlessly—forests imbued with ancient magic, crystalline lakes that reflect constellations unseen by any one universe, and mountain ranges where gravity follows no known laws. The very air hums with energy, charged with the knowledge and power of infinite realms. Scattered across this celestial domain, hidden within its valleys and beneath its surface, lie remnants of forgotten civilizations—ruins, dungeons, and temples lost to time, waiting to be explored by those bold enough to uncover their secrets. Some are simple training grounds, others have become famous attractions, but a few remain perilous even for the most seasoned adventurers.



At the edge of the Academy's domain sprawls the great city of Crossroads, a vibrant metropolis where the myriad cultures of the Omniverse converge. Streets weave through towering spires and bustling markets, alive with the chatter of beings from countless worlds. Merchants barter in languages both spoken and telepathic, taverns echo with the laughter of creatures from distant stars, and every alley holds a story waiting to be told. It is here that weary travelers find their footing, explorers gather to chart new destinies, and students take their first steps into the unknown.

Newcomers to the Academy arrive in waves, drawn by ambition, curiosity, or fate. As they step through the Nexus's shifting pathways, they find themselves at the foot of towering obsidian gates—dark metal doors inscribed with glowing runes, ancient and unreadable yet whispering promises of power and knowledge. Before them stands a towering figure, a minotaur-like guardian draped in academic regalia, eyes filled with both stern authority and the wisdom of ages. They oversee the steady influx of arrivals, ensuring order amidst the electric anticipation of what lies ahead.

The first day of the semester begins. A journey unlike any other awaits. The Omniverse stretches out before these new students—uncharted, unpredictable, and brimming with adventure. The Academy has opened its gates, and the future belongs to those daring enough to seize it.

This is where your adventure will begin.

Origins

The Academy stands as the fulcrum of potential, where all who enter shape their own future. The paths before you are many, each a gateway to greatness. All origins are free to take, but you must choose a single one. Some come with additional benefits, while others appear to offer almost nothing. Yet, these origins are how you will initially be seen in the Academy, and you may create a small backstory that is appropriate to your chosen origin. Who you are upon arrival will define your journey. Will you be a blank slate, a source of potential, a prodigious star, or a guiding hand? Choose wisely.



Drop-In

You awaken in this world without history, without ties—an enigma even to yourself. No past burdens you, yet no alliances aid you. All you have is a single object: **a cryptic letter of admission**, signed by the elusive Academy Dean. It provides no answers, only a doorway.

There is no record of you in the Academy's archives. You do not belong here... and yet, you are here. The letter is your only proof, the sole key that grants you entry. But whispers speak of other ways to carve out a place in the Academy, ways that do not rely on paper and ink. The question is—will you take the path given to you, or forge one of your own?



Academy Student

You did not stumble into the Academy by chance—you **were meant to be here**. Whether you earned your place through raw talent, noble birthright, or an unexpected twist of fate, your story precedes you. The Academy is a sanctuary for the extraordinary, and among its ranks, you are counted as one of the best your world has to offer.

Perhaps you hail from a heroic age, trained in the ways of warriors and mages. Perhaps you were handpicked from the ruins of a conquered realm, a survivor with untapped potential. Maybe you are the last scion of a forgotten lineage, determined to reclaim your legacy. Regardless of your past, your present is undeniable: you are a student of the Academy, and your future is yours to shape.



S-Rank Student

You are not merely exceptional—you are among the best. The elite, the prodigies, the few who stand above the rest. Whether by lineage, raw talent, or an unbreakable will, you have ascended beyond the ordinary, securing your place among the top 5% of the Academy's student body.

With this exalted status comes admiration, prestige, and power. **Your physical and mental capabilities are thrice that of an ordinary student, pushing you beyond mortal limitations.** But excellence is a double-edged blade. **You are held to impossible expectations, scrutinized by peers and professors alike.** The moment you falter, the whispers begin—jealous rivals, resentful classmates, waiting for the mighty to fall.



Should you lose your rank, the privileges may fade, but your enhanced abilities remain. Your greatness is not something granted—it is something earned. And that, no one can take away.

Academy Teacher

You walk a different path. While others arrive to learn, you are here to teach. As an Academy instructor, you stand as a guiding force in the lives of those who will shape the Omniverse. With this role, you are granted mastery over **three non-supernatural disciplines** of your choosing, as well as deep theoretical knowledge in a fourth.

Your responsibilities extend beyond lectures and lessons. **You will oversee the growth of your students, safeguard their lives within the Academy's walls, and leave your mark on generations to come.** But this is no idle position—the Academy expects results. **Those who fail their duties, those who neglect their obligations, may find themselves dismissed.** And outside the Academy's protection, the Omniverse is far less forgiving.



Here, within the Academy, **you hold the power of choice.** Your past does not define you—your decisions do. Will you walk the path of mystery, ambition, power, or wisdom? The Omniverse is vast, and your destiny has yet to be written.

Perks

Upon choosing perks from your origin, you will receive its **100 CP perk for free**, and the rest of its perks are available at a **50% discount**.

General Perks [Undiscounted]

Basic Knowledge [Free]

The multiverse is vast, but you are never truly lost. Upon meeting someone, you instinctively grasp **basic knowledge of their culture and world**—as if you had read a public library’s summary. This knowledge is not absolute but aligns with general societal beliefs. Additionally, upon entering a new Jump, you receive a **mental map** of the world—broad enough for navigation but lacking intricate details about hidden locations or secrets.

Fractal Training Studies [100 CP]

Mastery is a journey measured in lifetimes, but for you, it is mere choice. This perk grants you **unparalleled theoretical and practical expertise** in a field of your choosing, surpassing even the most accomplished Ph.D. or Grandmaster. Your knowledge and skillset reflect over **a century of relentless study and practice**, integrated seamlessly into your mind. Additionally, this mastery **self-corrects over time**, adapting to new discoveries and refining itself continuously.

This perk can be taken up to three times, selecting a different field each time.

Dimensional Weight [100 CP]

Your very existence **anchors reality** around you, making it more resistant to outside alterations. The weight of your being also grants you the ability to **physically breach weak points in space and dimensions**, allowing you to traverse hidden subspaces or take shortcuts through reality. Over time, as you accumulate more powers and abilities, your **dimensional weight will steadily increase**, making this effect more pronounced.

Alternative Path Cognition [200 CP]

Foresight is the edge of the wise. This perk allows you to **glimpse into potential futures** before making a critical decision. When facing a pivotal moment, you receive **instantaneous insights** into potential outcomes for each choice, peering up to **24 hours** ahead. The further into the future, the **more uncertain** the vision becomes, with precise clarity lasting only the first **three minutes**.

Additionally, this perk subtly guides your actions, optimizing your choices **without direct intervention**. However, be warned—**this foresight does not work** against those who wield their own powers over time, fate, or destiny.

Severance [200 CP]

A strike that **should not exist**—a concept that reality itself recoils from. With this perk, **your physical attacks can sever the very existence** of an enemy. If you strike an entity with the intent to erase them, their being **begins to unravel**—an overwhelming sense of dread consuming them as reality rejects their presence.

- Weaker foes or objects **dissolve into nothingness** with but a few blows.
- Even the “indestructible” can be **unmade**—though requiring exponentially more effort.
- If an entity or object is only **partially severed**, they will fully regenerate within **24 hours**, as if they were never harmed.

This power is **not automatic**—it requires deliberate intent, ensuring it remains a blade of judgment rather than reckless destruction.

Infinity Reactive Strike [400 CP]

No force is absolute—every power has an equal counter. This perk grants you the ability to **match and neutralize any attack, event, or force** by instinctively generating an equivalent counterforce, should you be capable of doing so. Whether it’s a **physical strike, an energy blast, or even a metaphysical event**, you can react **with perfect symmetry**, nullifying the attack entirely.

- The **rebound energy** manifests as a perpendicular shockwave, affecting anything caught in its path.
- Physical assailants will **feel the full force of their own strike**—as if hitting an immovable object.
- This power **drains stamina with repeated use**, but it has **no theoretical upper limit**.

The greater the force, the **greater the cost**—but so long as you stand, nothing is truly unstoppable.

Progression Reversal [400 CP]

The endless march of strength halts before you. This perk **nullifies all passive self-enhancements** of entities within your immediate surroundings. **Any ability that automatically strengthens a being over time**—be it passive leveling, reincarnation boons, or innate power scaling—is **temporarily negated** while near you.

- Upon direct **sustained contact**, these enhancements **halt and reverse**, reducing them to nothing until the being affected remains in their most natural unenhanced state.
- **Progression perks from others are resistant due to their own nature**, taking longer to unravel.
- The moment they leave your presence, **their enhancements swiftly return in mere minutes**.

This power does **not** hinder growth earned through **training, experience, or personal effort**—only those that utilize magic, abilities, or even perks to automatically increase themselves.

Chrono-Causal Immunity [400 CP]

You exist **outside** the normal flow of time and fate. With this perk, you become **immune to any alterations in causality and time flow** directed at you. Time travel, paradoxes, and fate manipulations **cannot alter your past, present, or future** unless you allow it.

While this may grant **great stability** across different universes, beware—certain beings can still perceive you, and some may not appreciate an anomaly beyond their reach. Additionally, within the **Nexus**, where time and space are already heavily anchored, this ability offers **minimal benefits**.

Jumper's Ignition [800 CP]

Beyond strength, beyond fate—beyond even the confines of narrative itself. This perk plants within you **the smallest possible seed of a Spark**, a latent potential that, if nurtured, will eventually transcend all limits.

At first, this seed is imperceptible, offering **no immediate power in this jump**—but across your travels, it will subtly **elevate your existence**, refining your abilities and gradually unlocking **insights into the fundamental nature of reality itself**.

- Over time, your **perks and powers** will feel **qualitatively superior** compared to those of others, even if their raw numbers remain unchanged.
- Your **awareness of your own reality** will grow, allowing you to perceive subtle narrative structures around you.
- Certain **cosmic entities** will begin to **take notice**, some seeking to claim your potential for themselves, others recognizing your potential and what you really are.



This perk does **not** grant immediate omnipotence, nor does it guarantee success. However, it ensures that your path will always trend toward something **greater**, guiding you toward a destiny that even the gods may envy. **It ensures, that as long as you continue your chain and do not give up or fail, you will at some point, achieve the full plenitude of your Spark.**

While any Jumper may someday develop a Spark through sheer perseverance without this perk, **this perk accelerates that process**, serving as the first ember in a journey toward true transcendence.

Drop In Perks

Mystic Universal Eyes [100 CP]

Your gaze carries power beyond the mundane. With these **Mystic Universal Eyes**, you can switch between various **sight-based abilities** at will, adapting to the situation as needed. Whether you choose **illusions, mind control, healing, perception-based enhancements, or more**, your sight adjusts accordingly.

- You may have only **one ability active at a time**.
- As a rule of thumb, each effect is roughly on par with what you expect from a **standard 100 CP perk**.
- While versatile, the effects **will always be weaker** than a dedicated, specialized **Mystic Eyes** perk.

A fleeting glimpse of potential—yours to refine as you see fit.

Crafty Jumper [100 CP]

In unfamiliar worlds, survival favors ingenuity. This perk grants you an instinctive **adaptation to materials**, allowing you to substitute missing components when crafting, brewing potions, repairing tools, or even channeling magic.

- **You always find a way**—regardless of what world or setting you're in.
- The results are **perfect in function** but may appear... unconventional.
- This skill is **yours alone**; you cannot teach or transfer this talent.
- Additionally, you have an innate knack for **fixing** anything, no matter how bizarre the solution, though if you used the correct materials the solution would be much faster.

Where others see limitations, you see infinite possibilities.

Out of Context Body [200 CP]

You are an anomaly in every world you enter. Your **physical and mental attributes**—strength, resilience, intelligence, regeneration, and more—**increase by 20%** every time you enter a new Jump or multiverse.

- This growth **retroactively applies**, meaning you benefit from past jumps as well.
- The effects are subtle—**externally, your appearance remains unchanged**, except for attractiveness, which can be **capped at peak human levels** if desired.
- Internally, however, the enhancements are **immediately felt** upon arrival.

A wanderer whose very existence defies the limits of any single world.

Multiversal Power Source [200 CP]

Energy flows through you—a **limitless reservoir**, drawing from the very fabric of the multiverse itself. This perk grants you an **innate energy source**, capable of generating and supplying any type of energy: **electrical, nuclear, magical, psychic, spiritual, or even conceptual forces**.

- This source is **bound to your essence** and cannot be depleted.
- However, it **only supplies a limited amount at a time**—initially minuscule, almost imperceptible.
- Its output grows with **training, practice, and understanding** of each energy type.
- Mastery is **difficult but infinite in potential**.

A wellspring of power—vast and untapped, awaiting your command.

World Traveler [400 CP]

Every world tells a different story, and you are **free to shape your own**. Upon entering a new Jump, you may create a **single, cheat-like ability** inspired by the fantastical powers of isekai protagonists.

- This ability **must align** with what a 400 CP perk could grant.
- You **cannot improve it**—it remains static within that world.
- It **works flawlessly** in its native universe, but outside of it, its functionality **diminishes as if it were not fiat backed, may not function as expected**—though it guaranteed to never become completely useless.

One world, one power—a fresh start every time, with a unique advantage to call your own.

Narrative Reversal [400 CP]

The story has been written, but you are **not bound by its script**. Once per Jump, you may **alter a key event** in the main narrative, fundamentally reshaping its outcome.

- Upon activating this perk, you enter a meditative state, gaining insight into the **pivotal moments** leading to your chosen event.
- You may then **project your invisible presence** into each of these moments, subtly influencing their course like an unseen force.
- However, the **Narrative resists change**—failing to account for **every crucial event** may cause the story to **correct itself**.
- If you succeed, your alterations are **permanent**. If you fail, your **only chance** for that Jump is lost.

A singular opportunity to challenge destiny itself—use it wisely.

Fulfillment and Adventure [600 CP]

Some seek power, others seek meaning. This perk grants you the freedom to **explore the world on your own terms**, shielding you from the **pull of predetermined narratives**.

- If you choose to remain uninvolved, the **main plot (should there be one) will simply not concern itself with you, guaranteeing you will not be affected by any effects or consequences derived from it.**
- You are free to **discover untold stories, hidden places, and unique experiences**, all personally fulfilling in a way that fits your nature.
- However, if you willingly **engage in the plot**, this protection is **temporarily suspended** until you choose to withdraw once more.
- Individual characters, both friends and foe, may still **seek you out on their own terms**, should you interact with them even if this perk is active.

A traveler unchained from fate, finding joy in the wonders beyond the script.

Dimensional Anomaly [600 CP]

You **do not belong**—and that makes you untouchable. Your very existence deviates so drastically from any different universe you enter that its **laws, systems, and powers struggle to comprehend you**.

- **Hostile effects—magical, technological, metaphysical and conceptual—cannot fully grasp your nature**, making them less effective when used against you.
- This provides a chance to **evade, resist, or outright nullify** certain abilities, depending on their nature and how they are used against you.
- This protection **extends to universes and realities beyond your original one, but does not apply to your original reality**. For the sake of jump chain, your original reality will be considered the one you are when you start a new jump, unless you take a Drop In Origin in which case your original reality will be considered our original Earth.
- You are **not immune nor invincible**, merely **inherently incompatible and difficult to affect**—a walking paradox in every world beyond your original you visit.

You exist outside the expected. Nothing can fully control what it cannot understand.



Academy Student Perks

Interdimensional Boost [100 CP]

As an Academy Student in a world where the brightest from countless realms converge, standing out requires more than just skill—it demands exceptional potential. This perk **augments all aspects of your being**, boosting your **physical, mental, and supernatural capabilities** to extraordinary levels.

- Your abilities and attributes are **tripled** across the board compared to what they were before, ensuring you can compete with the elite students of the Academy.
- However, this enhancement does **not extend to perks or powers** obtained via CP directly or indirectly.
- With this boost, you'll **keep pace with the best**, but be aware that there are still **vastly powerful entities** in the Academy to contend with.

You may not have been born with natural talent, but now, you'll be more than capable of holding your own.

Multiversal Safety Kit [100 CP]

The multiverse is a dangerous place, filled with threats from every corner. With this perk, you gain a **set of resistances and immunities**, ensuring that you're equipped to face the challenges of both **physical and magical** dangers across dimensions.

- You become **resistant** to harmful **radiation, toxins, and poisons** as well as **parasites and diseases**—whether mundane or **magical**, including **Clarke tech** ailments.
- Your **mind is safeguarded** from attempts at **manipulation, mind control, or mental influence**, and you are **almost immune to hostile alterations of your physical form**.
- Additionally, you become **immune to non-magical diseases** and are protected against **extreme environmental conditions**, including **vacuum pressure** and temperatures ranging from **-150°C to 450°C**.

Prepared for the worst, this kit ensures your survival across countless worlds.

Mindscribe Mastery [200 CP]

With **Mindscribe Mastery**, you gain an extraordinary mental ability that allows you to **transcribe information instantly** with perfect accuracy, capturing everything you see, hear, or read. This gift creates an **effortless mental archive of any transcribed media that remains undamaged**, making information access a breeze.

- Whatever you **record**—be it text, images, diagrams, or spoken words—is transcribed flawlessly and instantly into **books or physical media, at your choice manifesting themselves next to you**.
- These records are **accessible at will**, simply by thinking about them, granting you an instantly available mental library.
- As long as your physical records remain **undamaged**, this knowledge is always **yours to access** without effort.

Becoming a master of **efficient learning**, you now possess an **unfathomable amount of knowledge** at your fingertips.

Physical Savant [200 CP]

The **Physical Savant** perk allows you to instantly master any physical activity, from martial arts to sports or even more obscure bodily skills.

- You achieve proficiency that surpasses **99% of others** in the same field, ensuring you're at the **top tier** of physical expertise.
- This isn't a static ceiling—**your abilities can continue to grow**, reaching the level of **Grand Mastery** or even beyond, depending on your dedication.
- Whether you're training for athletic events or seeking to perfect combat techniques, you'll quickly become a **formidable force** in any physical discipline.

Your body will serve as a **perfect instrument** for any physical challenge, leaving others in awe of your prowess.

Omnisensory Sphere [400 CP]

With **Omnisensory Sphere**, your perception extends far beyond the ordinary. Starting as a **30 cm radius** around you, your senses evolve over time to encompass a **30-meter radius** as you continue to grow.

- You gain an **instinctual awareness** of various energies, hidden individuals, and even the physical forms of objects within your sphere.
- The default mode offers **omnidirectional awareness**, but focusing your senses in one direction increases the range up to **four times** the original, at the cost of temporarily losing your **360-degree awareness**.
- This **expanding awareness** allows you to perceive the world with **incredible detail**, whether you're searching for hidden threats, identifying magical signatures, or sensing the unseen.

The more you train, the **wider** and more **precise** your sensory sphere becomes beyond its soft cap of 30 meters, making you incredibly adept at **reading the environment**.

Creative Revelation [400 CP]

Unlock the **latent artistic potential** within you with **Creative Revelation**. This perk elevates your abilities in various artistic endeavors—whether it's singing, painting, writing, or any other form of creative expression.

- **Your creativity explodes**, allowing you to produce **masterpieces** in any artistic field you choose.
- In addition, you gain a **holistic understanding** of how art forms are interwoven, enhancing your ability to **combine** different styles and approaches for **greater impact**.
- With this perk, you'll perceive the **interconnectedness** of creativity, enabling you to **reach new heights** in artistic expression.

Whether you're crafting an inspiring song, a stunning painting, or a captivating story, your creative skills will transcend the ordinary, leading you to **produce truly inspired works**.

Skillcraft Synergy [600 CP]

The **Skillcraft Synergy** perk is an **automatic training mechanism that subtly enhances and boosts your skills and abilities** beyond their normal potential.

- **Training efforts become magnified**, amplifying the results of your **practice, perks, and powers**.
- Each day, you can designate a **single skill or ability** for **auto-training**, allowing it to grow and improve without active effort as if you were continuously working on improving it.
- Additionally, you can automatically very slowly gradually enhance a **perk or power** from any of your previous jumps, unless explicitly mentioned it cannot be improved in its description.

This perk transforms your training into a **constant, effortless process**, making you continually improve, even when you're not actively focused on it.

Plotbound Serendipity [600 CP]

In essence, this perk grants you the **role of a protagonist**, ensuring that the **narrative twists** in your favor, provided you stay in sync with it. As the **central figure** in any narrative, **Plotbound Serendipity** ensures the story's **favor** is with you.

- You gain **extraordinary luck**, with events aligning in ways that **support your success** and propel you forward.
- The **narrative itself** adjusts to favor you, ensuring that the plot works in your favor, as long as you're acting in line with its course.
- Opposing the **story's flow** can limit your benefits or even lead to **hindrances**, but following its arc ensures that **everything works out** in your favor.



S-Rank Student Perks

Supremacy [100 CP]

The **Supremacy** perk ensures your undeniable victory in contests against opponents who are perceived as equal or inferior. Whether it's an attack, a skill, or any action you perform, you will emerge victorious effortlessly.

- This perk establishes **unwavering dominance** over those of equal or lesser standing, guaranteeing success against them, but is useless against those you perceive superior or are actually superior to you.
- This advantage **does not extend** to contesting against other jumper perks unless you **disable this perk** for 24 hours, enabling it to **work once** in contests against another jumper.
- **Victory is assured** as long as you're facing opponents of comparable or lower ability, making you a force to be reckoned with in such confrontations.

You will always be at the top in contests where your superiority is clear, ensuring your success in battles of skill and power.

Benefits of the Strong [100 CP]

With this perk, you gain immediate **access to the highest privileges** available to S-rank individuals anywhere.

- **Unlimited access** to elite facilities, top-tier quest catalogs, priority transportation, and resources typically reserved for the highest-ranked individuals.
- You have **unrestricted freedom** within the hierarchy, with **no barriers** to obtaining the best that the world has to offer, from gear to opportunities.
- From the start, you're treated as one of the best, **elevating you above typical limitations** and ensuring you have everything you need to thrive.

This perk removes all **hierarchical constraints**, guaranteeing that nothing stands in the way of your access to the **best resources** and privileges available anywhere you go.

Radiant Majesty [200 CP]

With **Radiant Majesty**, you possess an aura that naturally attracts and captivates those of lower status or power.

- Your **charisma and physical appeal** reach supernatural levels, making you an **unstoppable force of attraction**.
- Your movements become **graceful**, exuding a natural elegance that compels admiration.
- Those with **lesser willpower** may even become **entranced** by your presence, making it difficult for them to harm you or simply deny you.
- Should someone wish to harm you, they must **expend use all of their willpower**, making it incredibly hard for ordinary individuals or creatures to lay a hand on you.
- This effect can be **toned down** at will, allowing you to adjust your influence when needed.

With this perk, your very presence becomes an **irresistible force**, leaving you practically untouchable in any social or physical confrontation.

Master Creator [200 CP]

Master Creator elevates your crafting to the pinnacle of perfection, allowing you to produce items, potions, weapons, spells, and more of the **highest possible quality**.

- Anything you create automatically meets **S-Rank standards**, ensuring excellence in whatever you craft.
- Even at the peak of quality, your creations can still improve if you **dedicate further effort**, allowing you to continually push the limits of your work.
- Whether it's the finest weapon, a life-saving potion, or an awe-inspiring spell, your creations will always stand out as **the best**.

This perk ensures that anything you craft is not just good—it's **unmatched**, setting a standard that others can only aspire to.

Unyielding Form [400 CP]

Your physical form becomes incredibly tough, with **resilience** rivaling that of **Kryptonians** or **Viltrumites**, but with no inherent vulnerabilities.

- You are **impervious** to harm that would normally affect beings of this caliber, such as physical damage, energy attacks, and other extreme forces.
- **Fate itself intervenes** to protect you, ensuring that attempts to sabotage or harm you indirectly face overwhelming resistance.
- To succeed in harming you while facing no resistance, an attacker would need to be able to manipulate **fate or luck**, which makes harm to you extremely unlikely.
- This exceptional durability ensures that you can withstand extreme trials, enduring even the harshest of environments and adversaries.

With **Unyielding Form**, you become a walking fortress, protected by **unbreakable resilience** and cosmic fate itself.

Cosmic Cognition [400 CP]

The **Cosmic Cognition** perk grants you unmatched mental fortitude, allowing you to **comprehend** the true nature of entities and phenomena that lie beyond human understanding.

- You gain **immunity to dangerous memes, thoughts, cognitio hazards, or eldritch influences, making your mind invulnerable to most forms of mental manipulation**.
- **Mental manipulation becomes impossible** unless another jumper uses their perks or someone of extraordinary power intervenes.
- Additionally, your **intelligence increases exponentially**, allowing you to grasp concepts, solve problems, and understand the unfathomable.
- You are mentally equipped to handle the most **complex and alien forms of knowledge**, ensuring that you can understand and withstand even the most abstract of forces.

This perk **fortifies your mind** against all mental threats while **supercharging your intelligence**, allowing you to navigate the strangest and most incomprehensible realms.

Aiming for the Peak [600 CP]

This perk embodies the Jumper's relentless pursuit to reach the apex in the Omniverse. With this, you can be assured that you will **always find a way** to ascend to the highest point of any setting or universe.

- Regardless of where you are, **tools, knowledge, skills, and connections** will always be available in some form to help you reach the top, ensuring that no matter what, there will always be a path available to you.
- **Success is not granted nor guaranteed**, but this perk gives you **the means and opportunities** to overcome any obstacle in your path and reach the pinnacle of that setting.
- Achieving the highest power, status, or understanding depends on your **effort, talent, and dedication**, with the perk offering a continual stream of **resources** to help you along the way.

With this perk, you will always find the **path to greatness**, but it's up to you to walk it.

Rekindled and Renewed [600 CP]

Rekindled and Renewed serves as a safety net, ensuring that if you ever lose something vital—be it abilities, attributes, skills, or anything else—you can **regain it**.

- You are capable of **automatically restoring** any lost attributes over time, bringing you back to your prime.
- This process isn't just a return to what you were; it allows you to **experience again** the journey to obtain the abilities that once were yours, allowing you to **grow wiser and more powerful** in the process.
- As you reacquire what you've lost, you'll not only return to what you once were, but **evolve**, becoming even **stronger and more capable** than before.

This perk ensures that no matter what setbacks you face, you will always **rebound** and **rise above**, gaining with each iteration **new strength** and insights whenever you return to your peak.



Academy Teacher Perks

Skillful Tutelage [100 CP]

You possess an innate ability to mentor others, accelerating your disciples' learning at an astonishing pace. Skills, knowledge, and techniques can be imparted efficiently, allowing students to progress far more rapidly than normal. With time, trust, and a strong mentor-student bond, the transfer of even supernatural abilities may become possible. This perk ensures that you are a masterful teacher, capable of cultivating talent at an unprecedented rate.

Quick Expertise [100 CP]

The Jumper's comprehension and training speed are vastly enhanced. **Knowledge—whether scientific, magical, or skill-based—is assimilated 20 times faster, while practical training and physical conditioning are accelerated 10 times beyond normal limits.** This perk ensures rapid mastery across a broad spectrum of disciplines, granting the Jumper an edge in acquiring and honing new abilities with incredible efficiency.

Immutable Personal Reality Code [200 CP]

No matter where a Jumper goes, the fundamental rules of their reality remain intact. Even in realms where time is fractured, gravity is nonexistent, or universal laws are rewritten, the Jumper continues to experience the world as though those principles remain stable. They are unaffected by forced environmental alterations, ensuring consistency in their perceptions and interactions. This extends to personal physics, logic, and metaphysical constructs, allowing a Jumper to experience reality as consistent, unwavering, and functional even in the most unconventional or conceptually challenging settings, ensuring stability amidst altered or absent laws of existence.

Grading Authority [200 CP]

The Jumper gains the ability to evaluate and grade the performance of others in any task, assigning a score from **S+** to **F**, with tangible effects based on their performance:

- **S+ Rank** – Grants a permanent boon and a temporary boon of equal strength.
- **S to C Rank** – Provides temporary boons of varying strength.
- **D Rank** – Bestows precise, beneficial guidance for improvement.
- **E & F Rank** – Imparts minor temporary penalties.

Boons may manifest as skill enhancements, attribute boosts, or even weaker versions of the Jumper's perks. However, any granted perk-like effect remains immutable and will naturally fade over time. The Jumper cannot control the exact boon given, only the grading itself. No external force can permanently retain or amplify the temporary effects, ensuring that growth remains a product of effort and learning.

Dungeon Dominion [400 CP]

Upon entering a dungeon, the Jumper gains the ability to contest its administrative control. A comparison of the Jumper's **power, knowledge, resources, and skills** against the **dungeon's age, complexity, guardians, and treasures** determines the level of control they can exert.

- If successful, the Jumper can **reshape and control** the dungeon's layout, encounters, monsters, and rewards.
- However, until the Jumper **fully conquers** the dungeon—whether by defeating its strongest guardian or claiming its greatest treasure—any modifications they attempt will be resisted.
- The more closely matched the Jumper and the dungeon are in value, the greater the resistance; conversely, the larger the gap in the Jumper's favor, the easier it becomes to exert control.

Without full conquest, the dungeon will constantly attempt to undo changes, making lasting modifications difficult as the dungeons persistently attempts to challenge your control or return to its original state.

Sentinel Link [400 CP]

The Jumper can select up to **50 allies** and maintain a mental connection to them, allowing them to instinctively sense their **location, status, and actions** within a structure or designated area.

- The Jumper can **swap places** with any chosen individual after a brief delay.
- If the Jumper is aware of an accessible exit route, they can trigger an **emergency evacuation**, teleporting all linked allies to a safe nearby location outside the structure or the designated area after a **10-second delay**.
- Activating the emergency escape **incurs a 2-hour cooldown**, during which the Jumper's perception range is drastically limited, and they cannot use the swap or teleportation functions.

This ability operates beyond spatial manipulation, functioning as a narrative distortion that bypasses standard teleportation restrictions.

Ultimate Confinement Ritual [600 CP]

You can enact a **swift, inescapable ritual** that seals a target in an isolated, timeless void, stripping them of all power and awareness. This confinement **cannot be resisted** so long as the target is classified as a "being."

- Upon activation, the magnitude of **all** of your **powers, attributes perks, and abilities are halved for two years**.
- **After two years, the imprisoned entity is automatically released**, regaining **temporary immunity** from being sealed again for another two years.
- You cannot restore your lost strength through any means except for waiting or releasing the sealed entity prematurely, but in any case they will gradually return after a week of time relative to your perception.

If the target is **an exceedingly potent entity** (e.g., a being capable of destroying universes or more), they may retain fragments of awareness and influence their surroundings, sometimes attempting to break out and requiring you to spend a great deal of power to keep them trapped. In such cases, the Jumper's recovery period extends to a **month** instead of a **week** upon release. Entities beyond this level of power may potentially break out by mere force, making use of this perk a mere short lived setback against them.

Multiple uses of this ritual **stack penalties**, reducing the Jumper's overall power with each additional use and increasing the likelihood of failure. This ensures that while the ability is formidable, overreliance comes with escalating risks.

Multiversal Paragon [600 CP]

Supposedly, you're meant to be the pinnacle version of yourself, especially if you're to instruct at the Academy. This perk not only places you among the best but propels you to become the absolute best.

As an esteemed educator, you are not merely an instructor but the **pinnacle** version of yourself. This perk allows for the **gradual assimilation** of knowledge, skills, and abilities from **all alternate versions** of you within a given multiverse.

- The process is not instantaneous but typically completes within **5-6 years** of presence in a setting.
- Redundant abilities or knowledge are discarded, but insights into unique techniques and applications from alternate selves are retained.

If the Jumper is a **unique existence** (such as a Drop-In or residing in a single-universe setting), this perk instead **enhances your intrinsic self-mastery**, allowing for a refinement of their abilities through training and self-discovery, provoking a small improvement on all perks, powers, and abilities that may exceed the stated limits in their description. This perk will happen again and again as you enter new jumps in the future.



Items

Any modifications or enhancements made to items from this jump will persist across future jumps and are fiat-backed. Certain items are not immediately available at the start of the jump, but selecting them ensures you will encounter and be able to claim them in due time.

All origins receive their 100 CP perks for free, with subsequent purchases at a 50% discount. Additionally, all other purchases related to that origin are also discounted by 50%.

General [Undiscounted]

Academy ID Card & Uniform [Free]

Upon your acceptance into the prestigious halls of the Interdimensional Academy, you are granted a personalized ID card and a meticulously tailored uniform, designed to accommodate the myriad races and forms that call the Academy home. However, due to their specialized nature, replacing them is no small task should they be lost or damaged.

Your ID serves multiple purposes: it identifies you to the Academy's security automatons, grants access to restricted areas based on your clearance level, and provides you with a modest stipend to cover basic expenses allowing you to live a comfortable life. Teachers receive a more generous sum as payment for their services.

Upon leaving this jump, your Academy ID will adapt to your new reality, transforming into an official document suitable for identification within that setting. While it cannot be altered to falsify information, it will always reflect the necessary details for your identity to be recognized. Additionally, your stipend will persist even after the jump ends, ensuring your fundamental needs are met across future worlds.

Losing your ID card or neglecting to wear the sanctioned uniform can present significant obstacles within the Academy's structured environment. By selecting this perk, your ID card and set of uniforms gain a fiat backing. In the unfortunate event of loss or damage, they will reappear in pristine condition within your warehouse after a span of 8 hours.

Interdimensional Translator [100 CP]

A marvel of arcane and technological synthesis, the Interdimensional Translator is a sleek, elegantly crafted device adorned with shifting runes and pulsating symbols that radiate a mesmerizing, otherworldly charm.

This compact wonder **enables flawless communication across countless dimensions, instantly deciphering spoken languages, written scripts, telepathic transmissions, and even esoteric non-verbal cues.** No dialect is beyond its reach, no rune too obscure, and no language barrier insurmountable.

Designed for ease of use, the translator can be worn as an amulet, affixed as a bracelet, or carried discreetly in a pocket. It offers nuanced settings, allowing for dialect customization, cultural interpretation, and even real-time slang adaptation, ensuring that no conversation is lost in translation.

Omniversal Beacon [200 CP]

A luminous, ethereal crystal pulsating with cosmic energy, the Omniversal Beacon is a navigator's most trusted companion in the boundless multiverse. This artifact emits a faint yet distinct frequency, marking safe paths, charting explored territories, and serving as an anchor to guide you home.

By attuning to this beacon, **you gain an innate sense of direction across dimensions. It highlights stable nexus points, reveals hidden sanctuaries, and pinpoints harmonious realms where respite can be found.** Though it does not grant the power to traverse the Omniverse itself—such a feat requires a Spark or access to a comparable power—it serves as an indispensable tool for those seeking stability within the chaotic expanse of existence.

However, while the beacon may illuminate the way, the journey itself remains yours to undertake.

Dimensional Compendium [200 CP]

Bound in celestial leather and inked with shifting glyphs, the Dimensional Compendium is an ancient tome standing as a magnum opus of knowledge, **filled with unparalleled knowledge of the multiverse.** Its pages contain meticulously cataloged records, vibrant illustrations, and detailed cartography of countless planes of existence.

From paradisiacal heavens to infernal hellscape, the Compendium provides vivid insights into the characteristics, civilizations, languages, and cultures of the vast multiverse. It offers crucial survival knowledge, warning of hazardous anomalies, cosmic phenomena, and temporal distortions.

For the intrepid explorer, scholar, or strategist, this book is an invaluable asset, providing the wisdom needed to navigate, negotiate, and thrive in any dimension.

Temporal Anchor [300 CP]

A shimmering amulet inscribed with radiant sigils, the Temporal Anchor is an artifact of immeasurable importance, safeguarding you against the ravages of time and space.

While worn, **this relic renders you immune to spatial distortions, preventing external forces from teleporting, banishing, or displacing you. Temporal manipulations—whether by time travelers, reality-warpers, or fate-weavers—fail to alter your past, present, or future. No paradox, causality shift, or timeline rewrite can erase your existence or undo your actions.**

However, its protection is not infinite. Each time it shields you from an alteration, micro-fractures form in its structure. If overused, the anchor will shatter, triggering a small implosion before reconstituting itself in your warehouse after 24 hours, fully restored and ready to protect you once more.

The Vorpal Shadeblade [400 CP]

A cursed relic born from the agony of dying gods, the Vorpal Shadeblade is no mere weapon—it is a parasite, a wound in the fabric of existence. Its blade, a sliver of void-black chitin torn from the fang of a primordial horror, hums with a whispering hunger, its very presence a cold promise of inevitable ruin.

Forged in defiance of the **Eyeless of Midnight**, an unknowable entity whose dominion stretches across forgotten gulfs inside the Dark Multiverse, the dagger was meant to steal a fragment of its creator's divinity. But the attempt failed. The god-smith who dared to shape it was undone, consumed by the very weapon he sought to master. It was discarded, abandoned in the nameless spaces between realities, where it festered, learning to drink deeply of those who came too close.

It found its way to mortal hands, as such things often do. Drawn by fate or by some unseen will, the blade resurfaced within the Interdimensional Academy, binding itself to an unfortunate host. This poor soul was twisted into a vessel of violence, their essence slowly leached away even as they fed upon the vitality of others. The blade does not simply kill—it devours.

To wield the Vorpal Shadeblade is to walk the path of destruction, for it does not merely wound the body. Every strike siphons the strength, power, and very essence of its victims, feeding its insatiable hunger. **It does not discriminate—Jumpers, immortals, and gods alike are but vessels of nourishment. No defense is absolute; no ward or safeguard can fully repel its touch, not even the perks of jumpers that would prevent or work against this vile effect.** To those who believe themselves beyond harm, it is a cruel awakening. The only question is how much will be taken before they fall.

Selecting this weapon ensures that fate will pit you against its current owner within the Academy—a battle you must win to claim it. But beware: the blade does not discriminate. Even jumpers are not fully protected from its touch and reckless use of this item may send you down a dark path upon there is no return. If lost or destroyed, it will return to your warehouse in three days, its hunger renewed. By paying for this item however, you, and only you will receive some protection from its corrupting influence, giving you some degree of ability to resist it for a while if you hold it.



Aurora's Embrace [800 CP]

There exists a light that not even the deepest abyss can extinguish. A radiance so pure, so absolute, that all darkness trembles before it. That light is **Aurora's Embrace**, a sword that is not merely a weapon but the embodiment of divinity's love—a force that transcends death, time, and even fate itself.

Its blade, a luminous expanse of celestial white, shimmers with an ethereal glow that no mortal nor immortal forge could ever replicate. It bears no sharpened edge, for it does not need one—evil is undone upon its touch. Constellations and sacred runes trace across its surface, shifting like a dream, whispering the name of its true wielder with every passing era. To gaze upon it is to witness something beyond human understanding: a fragment of eternity itself.



Aurora's Embrace was born from a love that defied the heavens. Once, long ago, a being of sacred power—a goddess in all but name—fell in love with a mortal man, a hero destined to stand against the tide of darkness. Yet the laws of creation forbade their union, and when **an unfathomable evil arose to consume the entire Omniverse**, she knew she could never stand by his side as she wished. Instead, she chose a final act of defiance against fate itself.

On the battlefield of oblivion, she alone struck down the darkness, her light cutting through its infinite malice. But the victory came at a cost: her form shattered, her life forfeit. With the last of her power, she did not beg for salvation—she forged a miracle. A sword that carried her very soul, bound to follow her beloved's reincarnations across eternity. A promise beyond death, beyond gods, beyond existence itself: **she would always find him again.**

Throughout the ages, 'Aurora's Embrace' has evolved, its abilities refined to unfathomable levels far surpassing conventional comprehension. Its celestial essence resonates beyond the confines of the known, transcending boundaries in ways that impact the very fabric of existence. The power of Aurora's Embrace has no equal. It does not merely slay evil—it **unmakes** it.

- **Evil Cannot Withstand It** – The mere presence of the blade causes lesser fiends and creatures of darkness to recoil in terror. To touch it is to be undone, body and soul.
- **Darkness Cannot Hide** – Curses, corruption, and foul magic crumble into dust beneath its light, no matter their origin. It burns through deception, revealing the wicked for what they truly are.
- **Death Cannot Deny It** – Against true beings of darkness, entities that laugh in the face of mortality, its soft radiance flares to celestial brilliance. **No armor, power, or protection—not even those of Jumpers**—can fully shield them from the staggering might of this righteous blade.
- **Love Cannot Be Broken** – The sword endlessly absorbs sacred power, **growing mightier in the presence of divinity and absurdly overwhelming when wielded in the name of true love.** Even if shattered, it will quickly reform, for as long as love endures, so too will **Aurora's Embrace.**

Within the sword slumbers the last fragment of **Aurora's soul**—watching, waiting. It does not simply allow anyone to wield it. In every age, it seeks only one: the reincarnation of her beloved. **She will accept only that person, and no other.**

Yet, in times of great peril, when the night is darkest and no hero has yet risen to the challenge, it may grant its power to another—one who has proven their heart worthy. But once the battle is over, the blade will return to its slumber, awaiting the one it was meant for. Any who would dare to **force** its obedience, to claim its power through greed or violence, will know only agony as the full power of this transcendent weapon utilizes its full divine wrath scours against their very soul.

The blade lies hidden within the Nexus, buried deep in the sacred vaults of **The Garden of the Lilies**, waiting for the hour it must awaken once more. Choosing this item with CP binds your destiny irrevocably to that of its true wielder—**for you are the one it has been waiting for.**

With the blade in hand, you will find yourself drawn into a tale older than time itself, one written in the stars. **A certain elven girl, mysterious yet familiar, will be unable to ignore the pull of fate, her very soul resonating with yours.** Whether she is friend, companion, or something more is a journey that only you can walk.

Should the one who carries the other half of Aurora's soul wield the blade in the most extreme and dangerous moments, something extraordinary will occur. For the briefest moment, the goddess will awaken fully—her soul made whole once more, her love given form. **The power she wields in this state is beyond mortal comprehension, the full might of a Sovereign of the Cosmos**, but such miracles are fleeting. Upon the end of a scene where she will do everything to keep you safe, her soul will divide once more, casting both the sword and herself back into the cycle of reincarnation, seeking to live another life besides the one she loves. When this happens, **Aurora's Embrace will vanish** until the time is right for it to return, ignoring any fiat item rules that would return it to your warehouse.

If you do not choose **Aurora's Embrace** with CP, you may yet find it, deep within the Academy. But without fate's blessing, the sword will not recognize you—not unless you prove yourself in battle and the blade deems the need dire enough to intervene. And when the moment passes, so too will the sword, returning to its slumber until the true hero arrives.

If you are the one it has been waiting for, should it ever be lost it will return to you after one week, whole and waiting. **Its light will never truly leave you, just as its love never will.**



Drop-In

Mysterious Letter of Admission [100 CP | Obligatory for Drop-in]

A simple envelope, unremarkable at first glance—until you tilt it under the light. Shimmering beneath the ink are hidden sigils and intricate patterns, revealing an esoteric design meant for those who dare to look deeper. **This is no ordinary acceptance letter; it is your key to the Interdimensional Academy.**

Signed by the enigmatic Dean, this letter grants you not just entry, but guidance. Within the Academy's shifting corridors and veiled passageways, the letter acts as a subtle guide, revealing hidden doors and secret paths known only to the most astute seekers. Its magic doesn't fade with time, nor is it confined to the Academy's walls. **Once per jump, this letter ensures you gain admission to any organization—no matter how exclusive, no matter how insurmountable its entry barriers.** However, membership comes with obligations; once inside, you must abide by their rules, traditions, and burdens.

Should you ever miss your first day at the Academy, worry not. This letter remains your unerring invitation, allowing you to enroll at any time, no questions asked.

Pathfinder's Compass [200 CP]

A weathered brass compass, its needle never quite pointing north. Within the labyrinthine sprawl of the Academy, this device is indispensable. The compass **does not merely indicate directions; it unravels deception. When used, it reveals hidden doors, exposes illusions, and points toward the most efficient path through the Academy's shifting architecture.** If there is a way forward, the compass will find it.

Beyond these halls, its function remains unparalleled. Whether navigating through enchanted forests, urban sprawls, or the very folds of reality, the Pathfinder's Compass ensures that you will never truly be lost.

Amphibious Locket [400 CP]

A delicate pendant, humming with latent energy. This locket contains a secret: a sanctuary hidden within its gleaming surface. **When activated, it unfurls a personal dimensional pocket—a safe haven for you alone.** Within this space, time slows to a crawl, and nothing can harm you. But like all things, its protection is finite; excessive strain from the inside or outside the locket can rupture this temporary refuge, leaving you vulnerable once more.

Should you ever face a moment of true peril, **the locket will trigger on its own**, whisking you away from the brink of death, but leaving the locket behind. It takes a full day for its energies to replenish, ensuring its sanctuary remains ever at the ready.

Omniversal Keystone [600 CP]

A small, unassuming stone pulsating with the weight of infinite realities. The Omniversal Keystone is the ultimate key, capable of unlocking the very fabric of existence itself. With up to five charges stored at a time (recharging weekly), this artifact allows you to open portals to anywhere within a single dimension or its sub-realities.

With two charges, you may carve a pathway through time itself, stepping into the past or future of your world. Yet even this power is not without its risks; navigating the tides of time requires more than just the ability to open doors—you must understand where you step.

And should you use all five charges at once? The Keystone will rip open a gateway to the Omniverse itself. It is an invitation to the unknowable, a door to where even gods dare not tread. **Beware—no perk, power, or force will save you if you cross the threshold without a Spark, for it requires traversing the Nothingness itself, that which is (or rather is not) between realities themselves.** But also know this: when such a gateway is opened, something else may step through.

Academy Student

Legacy Relic [100 CP]

A relic of home—simple, cherished, and irreplaceable. This heirloom, be it a locket, a weapon, or an old book, resonates with something deep within you. Within the Academy, it serves as an anchor, a reminder of who you are and why you walk this path.

Its significance does not fade as you travel from world to world. **With each new Jump, the relic adapts, reshaping itself to fit the customs and culture of the new setting. Yet its power remains unchanged: it serves as a beacon, reminding the lost of who they once were.** When wielded with intent, this relic has the power to reach deep into another's soul, rekindling forgotten ideals and guiding them back to their purpose.

Scholar's Satchel [200 CP]

More than a mere bag, the **Scholar's Satchel** is a fusion of **arcane craftsmanship and cutting-edge technology**, designed to be the ultimate academic companion. Seamlessly blending **mystic essences** and **scientific ingenuity**, this satchel ensures that no scholar, researcher, or adventurer ever finds themselves unprepared.

Its enchanted compartments are **far more than simple storage**. With a thought, the satchel can **generate materials**—anything from ink and parchment to rare alchemical reagents or arcane catalysts. However, the rarer the material, the longer the process takes to manifest.

Beyond this, the satchel holds **a vast extradimensional space**, capable of storing up to **five tons** of mass. Need a tome, a delicate instrument, or an entire portable laboratory? Simply **focus on what you need** and reach in—the satchel will always provide.

Tome of Versatility [400 CP]

A book unlike any other, the **Tome of Versatility** is a scholar's dream made manifest—an ever-expanding archive that bends and grows with the mind of its wielder. It does not simply store knowledge; it **evolves it**. The book listens, learns, and **records the insights of its owner**, weaving them into its pages as living text that constantly reshapes itself to reflect their expanding wisdom.

Unlike a mere compendium of facts, the Tome acts as a **mirror of intellect**, not only preserving what its owner knows but **extrapolating upon it**—bridging gaps in understanding, refining theories, and proposing advancements that even the greatest minds might overlook. Through its ever-adapting nature, it enables its wielder to **push beyond the limits of conventional learning**, whether it be in history, science, philosophy, or the deepest arcane mysteries.

The more one learns, the more the Tome grows. Ideas that once seemed impossible gain clarity, **concepts intertwine**, and innovation flourishes. Within the Interdimensional Academy, where the very fabric of reality is studied, this book is an invaluable tool—one that does not just document knowledge but **unlocks the pathways to new discoveries**.

Transcendental Memory Crystal [600 CP]

A construct that **defies conventional existence**, the **Transcendental Memory Crystal** is not bound by time, space, or even the limits of reality itself. It is a **convergence of infinite knowledge**, a singularity where the experiences of **countless dimensions, timelines, and alternate existences** coalesce into one unfathomable archive. Though it appears as a mere crystal in three-dimensional space, its essence reaches far beyond the grasp of mortal comprehension.

While the crystal possesses a form of **latent awareness**, it does not communicate, nor does it hold a distinct personality. Instead, it serves as a **silent observer**, absorbing and compiling **a year's worth of knowledge** from any world it resides in. However, due to the unique nature of a **Jumper**, it struggles to grasp the paradox of your existence—requiring **six years** before it can begin recording any direct knowledge of you. Until then, any attempt to retrieve insights regarding yourself will result in blank gaps, as though reality itself hesitates to be understood.

Yet even with its limitations, the **Transcendental Memory Crystal is an unparalleled wellspring of knowledge**. It holds the accumulated wisdom of **670 universes**, and with each new Jump, it seamlessly integrates the knowledge of yet another. Those with sufficient **mental attunement** may interface with the crystal, calling upon its vast archives to retrieve forgotten secrets, technological marvels, or lost histories.

Highly coveted within the **Interdimensional Academy**, this artifact is **one of the most sought-after objects of study and ambition**. Many would risk everything to claim it, for within its depths lies a **near-omniscient understanding of the multiverse itself**—a power both awe-inspiring and immeasurably dangerous.

S- Rank Student

Embroidered Honor Cloak [100 CP]

A garment of prestige and power, the **Embroidered Honor Cloak** is more than just a mark of distinction—it is a symbol of achievement, a testament to the extraordinary capabilities of an **S-Rank Student**. Woven from **exquisite fabrics infused with arcane and cosmic threads**, this cloak shimmers subtly, its intricate embroidery depicting the wearer's **greatest triumphs** in breathtaking detail. Whether displayed openly or worn discreetly, its presence commands **respect, admiration, and an undeniable aura of authority**.

Beyond its ceremonial significance, the cloak provides **an innate enhancement to confidence, presence, and self-assurance**, ensuring that the wearer naturally exudes **the charisma and composure befitting an elite student of the Academy**. Those who gaze upon it instinctively recognize the **weight of greatness** that it represents.

Yet, its true power only begins to awaken **after this Jump is completed**. From that moment forward, the cloak grants its wearer a **unique and extraordinary ability**—the potential to reach **S-Rank levels** in all aspects of their being. **Strength, intellect, agility, magical prowess—every skill, talent, and attribute may ascend to the pinnacle of mastery**, provided the wearer commits to their growth. No shortcuts, no instant power-ups—only **the limitless possibility to reach true excellence** across all disciplines within the Omniverse. For those willing to dedicate themselves, **there will be no ceiling—only ever-expanding horizons of potential**.

Nexus Mirror of Potential [200 CP]

A masterpiece of craftsmanship, the **Nexus Mirror of Potential** is a striking artifact of **immense metaphysical significance**. Its **ornate frame**, adorned with fractal engravings that seem to shift when observed, hints at its deep connection to the fundamental fabric of reality. This mirror does not merely reflect what is—but what **could be**.

By focusing on a desired outcome or possible path, the user may **peer into an alternate version of reality**, one where events unfold **exactly as they envisioned**. In that moment, they **step beyond the veil**, briefly experiencing this divergent timeline firsthand. **For five minutes**, they exist within this alternate world, able to observe, explore, and witness the **consequences of their chosen direction**. However, no matter how tangible it feels, they cannot bring anything back with them—only **knowledge, insight, and newfound clarity**.

A powerful tool for visionaries, strategists, and those seeking **the optimal path**, the Nexus Mirror offers glimpses into **what might be possible**, but it does not force reality to bend to one's will. The user must still **act upon what they have learned** to manifest their desired future.

Additionally, the mirror possesses an unexpected **defensive trait**—when someone is inside the alternate world, **the mirror becomes absolutely indestructible**, resistant to any force or reality-altering effect. Furthermore, its mere **presence distorts the surrounding space**, causing **subtle fluctuations in the fabric of reality**, weakening the boundaries between dimensions and occasionally creating **unstable anomalies** nearby.

To wield this artifact is to **touch the edge of possibility itself**—to stand at the crossroads of what is and what could be. The question is, **are you ready to see the truth of your potential?**

Councilor's Sovereign Armlet [400 CP]

The Councilor's Sovereign Armlet, adorned with the insignia of the Interdimensional Academy, serves as a distinguished mark, signifying the wearer's esteemed position within the student council of the Interdimensional Academy. **This prestigious armlet grants the wearer an array of privileges**, facilitating an influential role within the academy.

Upon donning this ornate armlet, the wearer is **immediately recognized as a prominent member of the student council, providing access to pivotal decision-making processes, the proposal of initiatives, and the representation of student interests within the academy's administrative functions**. This esteemed role positions the wearer as a key figure in shaping policies and advocating for the student body's needs and aspirations.

Beyond its symbolic significance, the armlet augments the wearer's natural leadership qualities, imbuing them with an empowering aura. This aura fosters unity and inspiration among fellow students, serving as a beacon of guidance, rallying support, and mediating conflicts. It cultivates an environment conducive to progress and cooperation within the academy.

Moreover, the armlet grants exclusive access to restricted areas, events, and confidential information pertinent to the student council's undertakings. This access not only provides insight but also facilitates networking opportunities with influential figures, fostering alliances and negotiations beneficial to the academy.

After the completion of this Jump, the armlet's influence extends beyond the academy's walls. It empowers the wearer to partake in decision-making, propose initiatives, and act as a senior representative of the Jumper's interests within any organization or group to which it belongs.

The Illusory Quill of Superlative Prowess [600 CP]

The Illusory Quill of Superlative Prowess appears as an unassuming fountain pen crafted from iridescent materials and etched with intricate designs, representing the pinnacle of potential within the Interdimensional Academy. Despite its unremarkable appearance, this pen possesses a remarkable ability to mimic superpowers and abilities, albeit discreetly and in a slightly weakened capacity. When wielded, the pen allows the wearer to project subtle illusions or effects that replicate enhanced attributes, powers, or skills, though noticeably less potent than the genuine powers they imitate.

However, utilizing the pen's abilities carries substantial consequences. As the quill simulates stronger powers, it draws ink from the fabric of space, placing strain on the immediate surroundings. If the space weakens to the point of fracturing, any of the pen effects are canceled and a brief-lived void spontaneously materializes at the pen's last activation spot. This void forcibly transports the pen's user and nearby objects to a random location within the local multiverse, leaving them stranded without a means of return. **The pen might attempt to imitate the effects a perk from a previous jump document or seen before, but the strain on space will be significantly higher than normal and proportional to how powerful the imitated perk is.**

In the event of the pen being broken, a larger, semi-permanent void emerges shortly after the breakage point. This void gradually dissipates over several years unless further spatial damage occurs.

Damages to the spatial tapestry caused by the pen that do not result in a void will gradually self-repair over a few hours post-use, restoring the stability and integrity of the surroundings. A replacement pen becomes accessible

at the warehouse after 2 weeks if the original pen is compromised, and if a replacement appears and your original is still currently intact, lost or in the hands of someone, the same effect as if the original pen broke will be invoked.

Curiously, this pen should be unique and currently belonging to the Academy Dean. It will be very curious what could happen if it's discovered a second pen exists, as its ability to weaken or crack space no matter how stable it is can be considered dangerous by many beings that reside in the Academy or its surroundings.

Academy Teacher

Mentor's Insight Spectacles [100 CP | Obligatory for Academy Teacher]

More than just a refined pair of **enchanted spectacles**, the **Mentor's Insight Spectacles** serve as an invaluable tool for any dedicated teacher. Woven with intricate magical inscriptions along their sleek frames, these glasses provide **unique insights into student learning and development**.

When worn, the spectacles unveil **subtle yet crucial indicators**—patterns of understanding, gaps in knowledge, and **hidden academic potential** that even the most perceptive educators might overlook. A simple glance at a student reveals where they excel, where they struggle, and the best ways to **nurture their growth** within their chosen discipline.

After the Jump, their usefulness **transcends the classroom**, adapting to provide **guidance not just on students**, but on **any complex system, project, or process** the wearer seeks to improve. Whether refining an invention, optimizing a strategy, or mentoring others beyond the Academy, these spectacles remain an **invaluable companion to those who seek mastery and enlightenment**.

Guardian's Ward Pendant [200 CP]

A delicate yet formidable artifact, the **Guardian's Ward Pendant** gleams with an inner light, its surface inscribed with protective sigils that resonate with the wearer's **role as a protector and guide**.

Wearing this pendant generates an **invisible yet potent protective aura**, shielding its owner from **harm within the Academy's halls**. Whether during heated debates, unpredictable student experiments, or unforeseen conflicts, the pendant ensures that the wearer **remains unharmed**.

However, its **greatest power** lies in its **one-time absolute defense**—should the wearer face a **fatal attack**, regardless of the source, the pendant will **shatter instantly, negating the threat entirely**. A guardian's final safeguard, it will then remain broken until either **the end of the Jump or a full 10 years have passed**, at which point it will **reassemble itself, whole once more**.

An unshakable symbol of protection, the Guardian's Ward Pendant allows teachers to **stand fearless in the pursuit of knowledge**, ensuring that **no lesson is ever their last**.

Enlightenment Rod [400 CP]

A sleek, elegant rod brimming with **an aura of wisdom**, the **Enlightenment Rod** serves as both a tool of instruction and an **instrument of transformative learning**.

When wielded, the rod **amplifies the power of your teachings**, allowing concepts to **resonate deeply** with students, accelerating their understanding and **unveiling hidden potential** within them. It fosters an **inspiring learning atmosphere**, enabling even the most complex ideas to be grasped with ease.

Yet, the rod harbors a **secret ability**—one both **potent and perilous**. With a firm strike, it can **diminish knowledge and skills** from its target, reducing their expertise and unraveling their mastery. Conversely, with a **gentle tap**, those lost skills and knowledge may be **bestowed upon another**, allowing a second individual to gain **insight and proficiency** in the same disciplines.

- Knowledge can only be diminished to **just above basic competence**, preventing complete erasure.
- Transferred skills may be granted up to **expert level**, but not beyond.
- If knowledge remains within the rod **unused for 24 hours**, it **automatically returns to its original owner**.

In the right hands, the **Enlightenment Rod** is a force for **growth, understanding, and progress**. In the wrong hands, it could become a **terrifying weapon of intellectual dominance**. Wield it wisely.

Chronicle of Academia [600 CP]

An artifact of **immeasurable academic significance**, the **Chronicle of Academia** is an **ancient tome** bound in timeless materials, its pages ever-changing yet **endlessly insightful**. It contains **profound knowledge on pedagogy, mentorship, and the mysteries of the Academy itself**, making it an invaluable companion to any scholar.

Upon attunement, the Chronicle bestows upon its owner **unparalleled mastery over teaching methodologies**, allowing them to **shape students with exceptional precision** and influence educational environments **on a profound scale**. While its effects **take years to manifest**, a skilled teacher can **mold the very fabric of academic development**, leaving a lasting imprint on the institutions they guide.

But the tome is far more than just an educator's guide—it is a **living record of the Academy's history**, containing riddles, ciphers, and **hidden revelations** about its origins. Those who dedicate themselves to its study may uncover **long-lost secrets**, forbidden knowledge, and the **hidden forces that shaped the Academy into what it is today**.

One of its **most practical abilities** is the inclusion of **dynamic maps of the Academy's dungeons and underground areas**. These maps automatically **update in real-time** should the labyrinthine corridors shift or evolve, ensuring that the user is **never lost within its depths**. Upon the completion of the Jump, the Chronicle will **expand its knowledge**, incorporating maps of **important locations from any future worlds** the user visits, making it a **priceless navigation tool across the multiverse**.

For those who seek to **unravel mysteries, perfect the art of teaching, and shape the future of knowledge itself**, the **Chronicle of Academia** is an **unparalleled font of enlightenment**.

Companions

The **Interdimensional Academy** is a vast and wondrous institution, home to an **incredibly diverse array of individuals**—scholars, warriors, mystics, and inventors, each hailing from **realities beyond imagination**. As you explore its halls, you'll **encounter and befriend** a host of **unique companions**, each with their own **personalities, ambitions, and secrets**.



These companions are more than just allies; they are **kindred spirits on their own cosmic journeys**. Some may share your thirst for knowledge, others may seek power, redemption, or adventure. Each carries **their own aspirations and challenges**, and their presence can **shape your experience** within the Academy in unexpected ways.

Yet, the bonds you forge here are **not easily broken**. Should you wish for these companions to **follow you beyond this world**, their decision will depend on **the strength of your connection**, the experiences you share, and the **trust you build together**. Whether they become steadfast allies or fleeting acquaintances will be determined by **the choices you make and the stories you create together**.

Companion Options and Costs:

- **100 CP:** Import up to two companions. They each receive 400 CP to select a race, origins, perks and items from this jump.
- **100 CP:** Design a completely original companion, you'll meet them during the jump and ensure you start in great terms with each other, they have 400 CP to spend on perks and items. This option may only be selected once.
- **200 CP:** Import up to eight companions. This option may only be selected once. They each receive 400 CP to select a race, origins, perks and items from this jump.

The original in-jump companions do not require CP to acquire or interact with. You are encouraged to shape your initial encounters with them and establish meaningful connections.

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

Melchoir, the Werehuman

Few figures at the **Interdimensional Academy** command the same **awe and intrigue** as **Melchoir, the Werehuman**—a name spoken with both respect and curiosity. Towering in his **natural Minotaur form**, he embodies **unshakable strength and quiet wisdom**, his presence both **reassuring and imposing**. Yet, behind his composed exterior lies a **curse that forever marks his existence**—one that **twists his very identity**.



Once a proud member of a Minotaur tribe, Melchoir was **cast out, banished for a fate beyond his control**. Every full moon, without fail, he **transforms into a human**, a form that to him was once a **humiliating prison**. Lost and adrift in the chaotic currents of a **dimensional rift**, he eventually found himself at the Academy—a place of learning, of second chances. Rather than allowing despair to consume him, Melchoir **forged a new path**, proving his brilliance in academics and earning his place as a **respected professor**. Now, he dedicates himself to **guiding new students**, ensuring they never feel the same **isolation and displacement** that once plagued him.

Though he has come to **accept** his transformation, the shift between forms is more than physical—it is a **clash of personalities**. As a **Minotaur**, he is a steadfast, **calm force of nature**, known for his **quirky sense of humor**, an affinity for **oddly fashionable ties**, and an **unwavering dislike for milk** (a topic that amuses and confuses students alike). However, under the **full moon's curse**, his **Minotaur strength fades**, leaving him in a **fully human body**—one that is almost unnervingly **calm and efficient**. His once-warm demeanor gives way to a **stoic, emotionless precision**, yet his **moral compass never wavers**. Even in this **alien state**, he remains **an ally to be trusted**, albeit one with a distant and calculated air.

While his **Minotaur form** grants him **immense physical strength, endurance**, and an almost supernatural **ability to navigate any maze**, his **human transformation holds a secret of its own**—a **twist of fate that turns his curse into an unparalleled advantage**.

During his **limited time as a human**, Melchoir briefly **taps into the very peak of human potential**. In this fleeting window, he gains **access to the skills and abilities of the most powerful humans in any setting he finds himself in**. Whether it be the **swordsmanship of legendary warriors**, the **intellect of brilliant tacticians**, or the **agility of master assassins**, the knowledge is there—but **it is up to him to figure out how to use it before time runs out**.

Moreover, in his human state, **anything meant for human use bends to his presence**. Restrictions that would block others—whether they be **bloodline requirements, hidden seals, or enchanted safeguards**—become meaningless in his grasp. However, **true relics of power**—legendary artifacts of myth and cosmic significance—may yet resist him, their secrets locked beyond his temporary human reach.

To be Melchoir is to live in **two worlds—two selves**, neither fully at home in the other. A Minotaur by nature, a human by **cruel twist of fate**, he is **both a paradox and a force to be reckoned with**. Whether guiding students with **gruff but genuine wisdom**, charging into battle as a **living battering ram**, or navigating the mysteries of his own **fractured existence**, one truth remains—**Melchoir will not be defined by his curse**.

Five Interesting Things about Melchoir, the Werehuman

1. **A Living Paradox of Strength and Skill:** As a Minotaur, Melchoir is an unstoppable force, crushing obstacles and navigating labyrinths with ease. But when the full moon rises, he transforms into a human, gaining instinctive mastery over the greatest skills of humanity—if he can unlock them in time. Each form is powerful in its own right, making him a warrior unlike any other.
2. **A Mentor with Unshakable Loyalty:** Once lost and exiled, Melchoir now dedicates himself to guiding others at the Interdimensional Academy. Gruff but fiercely protective, he pushes his students to grow, shaping them into warriors, scholars, and survivors. Those who earn his trust gain a lifelong ally—one who will stand against gods and monsters without hesitation.
3. **The Minotaur Who Hates Milk (and Other Quirks):** Despite his wisdom and strength, Melchoir has an irrational hatred of milk, a bizarrely large tie collection, and a tendency to get lost in straight hallways. His students debate whether this is a cosmic joke or just bad luck. Either way, his deadpan reactions to their theories make him a campus legend.
4. **A Curse That May Be a Gift in Disguise:** His human form grants him access to artifacts, spells, and knowledge meant only for humans, letting him bypass barriers that would stop even gods. If an item can be wielded by a human, then he can use it regardless of any restriction the item would have. But he only has a single night each month to unlock their secrets before his Minotaur self-returns. The irony isn't lost on him—nor is the potential.
5. **A Warrior Who Refuses to Be Defined by Fate:** Melchoir doesn't see his curse as a tragedy, but as a challenge to conquer. He refuses to let fate decide his path, shaping his own destiny with sheer determination. Whether fighting, teaching, or unraveling his own mysteries, one truth remains—he will not be broken.



"A curse is only a curse if you let it be, my dear student. Strength and knowledge can both empower and restrain—but wisdom? Wisdom is what decides which they become."

Yamuel, the Breaker

Yamuel is an enigma wrapped in cold ambition and raw defiance, a figure that stalks the halls of the **Interdimensional Academy** like a shadow. Clad always in his **alien technological suit**, he moves with an air of calculated detachment, his presence a warning rather than an invitation. His name is whispered in equal parts fear and resentment, linked to a series of mysterious incidents that the Academy conveniently leaves unsolved. His suit is not just armor—it is his edge, his tool, his lifeline—a relic of the very invaders who stole his world from him. Though it amplifies his **formidable psionic powers**, it also binds him to a path of **survival, revenge, and power**, leaving little room for anything else.



Despite his wiry frame, Yamuel's presence is undeniable. His dark purple eyes shimmer with an eerie inner light, hinting at the psionic storm lurking beneath his stoic mask. Every movement, every calculated word, speaks of someone who knows he is alone in a hostile universe—and wouldn't have it any other way. His past carved him into something ruthless; growing up under the thumb of a cruel, indifferent family hardened his heart, and the invasion of his homeworld only confirmed what he had always suspected—**trust is a weakness, and power is the only currency that matters**. And yet, buried under layers of **cynicism and control**, there lingers a need he cannot quite extinguish: **the quiet, shameful desire to be accepted**—a desire he crushes at every turn.

His arrival at the Academy was not fate, not luck, **but theft**. Armed with his stolen alien suit, Yamuel and a handful of refugees stumbled through a dimensional rift, desperate and hunted. But desperation breeds opportunists, and Yamuel was nothing if not ruthless—he **stole the identity of another student**, worming his way into the Academy through deception and precision. Now, his very existence at the Academy is **a lie wrapped in danger**; should anyone uncover the truth, he **will** eliminate them—**no hesitation, no second chances**. His paranoia is **razor-sharp**, his mind always hunting for threats, and though he remains untouchable for now, the fear of being unmasked fuels his **ever-growing hunger for power**.

Yamuel's psionic abilities are **a force of nature**, amplified by his **extraterrestrial suit** to dizzying heights. His mind touches the **edges of the multiverse**, sensing **disturbances, echoes, and entities that should not be perceived**. With a single thought, he can glimpse into **parallel realities**, tormenting his enemies with **visions of lives they could have had, or worse, the fates that await them**. His **telekinesis is monstrous**, earning him the infamous title **The Breaker**—a name spoken in hushed, fearful tones by those who have witnessed his power firsthand. Yet, for all his strength, his abilities come with a cost: at the **pinnacle of his power**, his suit forcibly **shuts him down**, rendering him temporarily **devoid of psionic abilities**—but in this state, he becomes **completely immune to all psionic and dimensional influences**, as if the multiverse itself cannot reach him.

Yamuel does not seek **friendship, camaraderie, or connection**—at least, that's what he tells himself. His true goal is singular: to **grow stronger, sharpen his mind, and prepare for the day he can take his revenge** on the invaders who stole his world. And yet, even in the depths of his self-imposed isolation, a sliver of doubt lingers. Does he fight **only for vengeance**, or is there a part of him that longs for something more? A world where he is **more than just a weapon, more than just The Breaker**? He tells himself it doesn't matter. It can't matter. Because in the end, **power is the only thing that will never betray him**.

Five Interesting Things About Yamuel, The Breaker

1. **He Sees What Shouldn't Be Seen:** Yamuel's psionic senses allow him to glimpse into alternate timelines and fractured realities—sometimes involuntarily. He often mutters cryptic observations or warnings from parallel worlds, leaving others questioning whether he's prophetic, paranoid, or simply broken.
2. **He's Living a Stolen Life:** His very presence at the Academy is a masterclass in deception. Yamuel assumed a false identity to survive, and anyone who gets too close to the truth risks vanishing—forever. Yet, there's tension in him—an unspoken dread that one day he might actually *want* to be known.
3. **His Greatest Weapon Is Also His Cage:** The alien suit Yamuel wears is both his amplifier and jailer. It grants him near-unmatched psionic power but forcibly shuts him down when he exceeds its limits, making every high-stakes moment a game of Russian roulette with his mind.
4. **He Breaks, But Also Builds:** Though feared for his destructive power, Yamuel secretly maintains a private journal filled with blueprints, psionic equations, and sketches of devices he dreams of creating—tools not for war, but healing, exploration, or peace. It's a hidden side of him, fragile and quietly human.
5. **He Doesn't Want to Be Alone (But Will Never Admit It):** Underneath his cold demeanor lies a buried craving for connection. Companions who earn his respect may catch rare moments of dry humor or unexpected acts of loyalty—fleeting glimpses of the person he might have been, had the universe been kinder.



“Don't mistake my silence for apathy. I've just seen too many futures where trust gets you killed. But... if you're still here after all that, maybe you're the kind of mistake I'm willing to make.”

Myria, Elven Ambassador

Myria Kael'ir is a radiant presence within the Interdimensional Academy, a vision of grace, intelligence, and effortless charm. With her golden hair shimmering like sunlight and eyes that gleam with the wisdom of countless elven generations, she carries herself with the poise of nobility yet the warmth of a kindred spirit. As an **ambassador from her world**, Myria seamlessly balances the duties of diplomacy with an insatiable curiosity for the multiverse. Exceptionally gifted in magic, archery, and the intricate dance of politics, she is a figure both admired and respected—though, despite the reverence she commands, she remains untouched by genuine connection.



A **third daughter in a powerful elven house**, Myria was not meant to rule, nor did she ever seek such burdens. Yet she cannot ignore the signs—her family subtly maneuvering her into a position of influence, her name whispered in discussions of succession. She **plays the part flawlessly**, embodying the elegance and decorum expected of her station, but beneath the surface, a **restless energy stirs**. She laughs easily, flirts playfully, and dances through life with a grace that **hides her deeper yearning**—a yearning for something **real**, something beyond the carefully woven expectations of nobility. **Suitors line up, enchanted by her ethereal beauty and accomplishments, but none have ever touched her heart**. Her smiles, though genuine, hold a wistfulness that only the most perceptive might notice.

Beneath the veil of her station, **Myria dreams of escape**—not from duty, but from the invisible cage of expectations. **She longs for adventure, for the untamed thrill of the unknown, for a love that isn't dictated by political convenience**. Yet she cannot name what she seeks, only that it **feels just out of reach**, a phantom whisper in the depths of her soul. Her abilities in magic—particularly in **sacred energy, plant, and water magic**—come naturally to her, yet there is something about her power that feels **unfamiliar, deeper than even she understands**. Unbeknownst to her, **her very soul is a fragment of something greater**, a divine echo of a love story that has played out across lifetimes, always **waiting to be completed once more**.

Though she does not yet understand it, Myria is a **reincarnation of a goddess-like being** who once forsook divinity for love. Buried within her is a **powerful, sacred essence**, one that stirs only in the presence of its lost counterpart—**the soul of the one she was destined to find**. If she should meet this person, an **unshakable connection** will take root, inexplicable yet undeniable, drawing her to them with an intensity she has never known. **As their bond deepens, so too will her power**, awakening abilities that **radiate with divine energy**, slowly elevating her to the status of something more than mortal. And if she should ever stand beside them in battle, **wielding the sacred blade that holds the other half of her soul**, their combined might could **reshape fate itself**.

Yet such power does not come without cost. **To wield the full strength of her past self**, to stand at her fated one's side in the truest sense, is to risk **vanishing into light**, returning to the cycle of reincarnation once more. A bittersweet fate—one that would grant **immortality through endless reunion, but always at the price of separation**. For now, Myria remains **blissfully unaware** of this hidden destiny, content to search for something she cannot name. She is **grace and laughter, charm and skill, lighthearted yet longing**, wandering the multiverse with a heart **open to love, yet forever just beyond its reach—until the moment destined one finally finds her once more**.

Five Interesting Things About Myria, Elven Ambassador

1. **A Princess of Influence, Not Inheritance:** As the third daughter in a powerful elven house, Myria was never meant to lead—yet politics has a way of shifting fates. Her family's quiet schemes hint at a future far grander than she desires, thrusting her into the spotlight of succession without her consent. She walks the line between duty and selfhood with grace, never letting the weight of nobility break her smile.
2. **A Soul Born from a Divine Love:** Myria is unknowingly a reincarnation of a celestial being who once gave up godhood for a mortal love. That divine echo still hums in her soul, giving her magic its sacred tone and drawing her unconsciously toward the one she once loved across lifetimes. Her destiny is not just political—it's cosmic, entwined with a love story older than the stars.
3. **A Master of Magic and Diplomacy:** Skilled in sacred energy, nature, and water-based magic, Myria's abilities are both versatile and graceful, a reflection of her composed demeanor. Her diplomatic finesse is equally formidable, allowing her to navigate treacherous political waters with the same ease she bends magic to her will. Behind her elegance lies a tactical mind that few suspect until it's too late.
4. **The Heart Behind the Smile:** Despite her popularity and charm, Myria's warmth often hides a quiet loneliness. She longs for connection untouched by politics or pretense—a moment of genuine intimacy in a life shaped by obligation. Her playful exterior belies a heart that yearns deeply, quietly, for something—or someone—that feels real.
5. **Unwitting Key to a Greater Destiny:** Myria's sacred essence can only fully awaken in the presence of her destined counterpart, the soul who completes her ancient bond. Their reunion would unlock **untold cosmic potential**—but also risk their very existence. Bound by a fate she does not yet understand, Myria's journey is one of love, loss, power, and choice.



"I don't know who is it, or if that person even exists, but sometimes... I swear my heart's just waiting for someone it already knows!"

Ganasha, Weaponry Mentor

Ganasha is the only dwarven professor within the **Interdimensional Academy**, whose infectious enthusiasm for **weaponry** permeates every corner of her classroom. With her booming voice and boundless energy, she immerses her students in the **rich history, culture, and technological prowess** behind arms and armor across countless dimensions. Her passion for weaponry transcends mere academia—each lesson is a **journey through the artistry and legacy** of battle, from ancient swords forged in forgotten realms to **cutting-edge constructs from alternate universes**. Ganasha's presence in the academy is like a beacon for those who wish to understand the true essence of weaponry, craftsmanship, and combat.



At the heart of her expertise lies a **vast, eclectic collection of armaments**, a treasure trove that spans the Omniverse. In her quarters, the walls are lined with **weapons of unimaginable beauty and ingenuity**—blades that hum with aetheric energy, guns that defy conventional physics, and relics that could only be created by the hand of a master artisan. Every weapon has its own story, a tale of wars fought, civilizations risen and fallen, and the brilliant minds behind their creation. From **mystical artifacts** that warp the very fabric of reality to **technological marvels** that manipulate time and space, Ganasha's collection is as much a museum as it is a vault. **Each weapon holds a fragment of history**, and Ganasha cherishes them all like old friends, weaving the lessons of their existence into every lesson she gives.

Ganasha's brilliance extends far beyond the classroom. She is a **masterful inventor**, capable of designing and crafting **mind-boggling creations** that blend the best of technology, machinery, and innovation. With her expertise in **higher-dimensional vibronics, subspace folding, and non-linear temporal mechanics**, she has the ability to understand and work with some of the most complex and cutting-edge weaponry and tools known to existence. There is little Ganasha cannot comprehend when it comes to **advanced technology**—but her **love for the arcane** has always eluded her. Despite her extraordinary talent in the technological realm, she finds herself at a loss when faced with **magic and arcane arts**, a reminder that even the most brilliant minds have their blind spots. This gap in her knowledge has always irked her, and she spends her free time tirelessly researching ways to bridge the divide between the technological and the mystical.

In the midst of her academic pursuits, Ganasha is dedicated to a **personal project** that drives her forward—a **giant robot** of unimaginable power, inspired by stories she's heard from other dimensional travelers. Her dream is to build a **construct** that rivals the **mightiest titans of the multiverse**, a creation capable of shaking the very foundations of worlds. Yet, for all her technological prowess, her **robot remains unfinished**—lacking the critical materials and a reliable power source needed to bring her vision to life. The **work on the robot** serves as both a challenge and a catharsis, a way for Ganasha to pour her energy into something that might bring her a sense of **purpose and achievement**, despite the void left by the recent loss of her **beloved daughter**.

Though Ganasha continues to put on her **enthusiastic façade**, there is a heaviness in her heart that her students and colleagues cannot see. The **death of her daughter** has left a gaping wound in her soul, one that refuses to heal despite her best efforts to remain strong. While she gives her all to her students and her work, her longing for **companionship** and someone who understands her grief weighs heavily on her mind. Beneath the bright smile and fiery passion for weaponry lies a woman who **yearns for solace**, a quiet moment of peace, and someone to stand by her side through

the darkest of times. It is a desire she has yet to find, and the search for it colors everything she does, though she keeps this longing well-hidden from the world.

Five Interesting Things About Ganasha

1. **Weapon Whisperer of the Omniverse:** Ganasha doesn't just study weapons—she *connects* with them. She can often be seen speaking softly to ancient blades or humming while polishing energy rifles, claiming each weapon has a "mood" that must be respected. Her uncanny ability to intuit a weapon's origin, balance, and intended wielder makes her a living legend among technomancers and blacksmiths alike.
2. **Inventor of the Soulforge Circuit:** She once created a hybrid weapon core that merges the consciousness of its user with the mechanics of the weapon itself—allowing a sword to feel anticipation, a cannon to know mercy, or a shield to *defend without command*. Though volatile and risky, her "soulforge circuits" are banned in most realms... but whispered about in every battlefield.
3. **Arcane Amnesia:** Despite her omniversal intellect and engineering genius, Ganasha has an almost comical inability to grasp the arcane. She once tried to install a spell into a gauntlet using binary code, nearly reversing gravity in the academy's west wing. Her frustration with magic is legendary, but her persistence in mastering it speaks volumes of her stubborn hope.
4. **Builder of Titans, Breaker of Silence:** Her ongoing secret project—a building-sized mech called *Blue Knight*, designed to protect those who cannot fight—has become her coping mechanism since the loss of her daughter. Each piece of its alloyed heart holds a memory, every weld a silent prayer. Though incomplete, it already radiates a sense of presence—as if waiting for its true moment.
5. **Guardian in Disguise:** Known for her bluster and booming laughter, Ganasha is also the silent protector of troubled students. She installs hidden defense charms in their dorms, repairs broken gadgets anonymously, and leaves hand-forged tools in the lockers of those she sees struggling. No one ever sees her do it—but somehow, everyone *feels* it.



"I am... how you say... sorry, truly. Right now, I just... I cannot. Please... give me a little time to finish grading these papers. Just a little moment more..."

Zima, Dark Cultist

Zima is a newcomer within the Academy, standing tall with an athletic frame that blends into the crowds while concealing his true nature. On the surface, he appears as nothing more than a typical student—a quiet, introspective individual wandering the halls in a near-constant state of contemplation. His outwardly unassuming demeanor hides the reality of the intricate tattoos that mark his body—elaborate designs covering his back and head, symbols of his secret affiliation with the **Followers of the Eclipse**. He walks with purpose, his steps measured as he silently seeks something—an artifact, a hidden truth, a path to something greater. Most students wouldn't know it, but Zima's every move is a part of a grander, darker mission.



Beneath the calm, mysterious exterior, Zima is bound by his deep belief in the **Followers of the Eclipse**. The cult's teachings offer him a vision of serenity—a final peace he hopes to achieve through their guidance, even if it means making questionable choices along the way. His allegiance is secret, hidden beneath layers of quiet observation. The **ancient scroll** he seeks is of vital importance to the cult's leader, a key to unlocking something even more powerful. Zima believes that by finding this artifact, he can attain the peace he so desperately seeks, but he is unaware of the true price he will have to pay. **He wanders the academy, constantly searching for clues**, never fully trusting anyone, but still hoping to find something or someone who will finally give him the sense of belonging he craves.

Despite his secretive nature, Zima is not alone in his covert mission. He is just one of many cultists who blend seamlessly into the vibrant student body of the Academy. Their true allegiances are masked, hidden beneath the facade of normalcy. These cultists walk the same halls, their missions intertwining in ways Zima can't yet perceive. While he remains fixated on his individual quest, there is a **community** of darkness operating around him, with others whose goals mirror his own, though none of them are aware of one another's identities. In the midst of the academy's dynamic and diverse populace, these shadowy figures move unnoticed, each focused on their part in the cult's cryptic plans.

Zima's talents as a **summoner** are a key reason he stands out at the Academy. His ability to call forth creatures from the depths of magic is unmatched, a prodigy in the art of summoning. His skill goes beyond the ordinary, pulling not just animals, but beings of great power and complexity into existence. To his peers and professors, Zima is a rare talent—mysterious and intriguing, yet always surrounded by an air of melancholy. His mastery of the summoning arts, however, is more than just an academic achievement; it is intricately linked to his devotion to the cult. The creatures he summons, many of which are from otherworldly realms, reflect the strange, dark energies of his allegiance. But his power comes at a cost, as he unknowingly serves the will of a cult that sees him as a mere tool to be used.

Yet, what Zima doesn't know is that he is merely a pawn in a far darker scheme. **A sinister artifact lies within him**, embedded so deep that he cannot sense its presence. This dark seed, placed within him by the cult, waits for the moment of his death to bloom. Upon his passing, the artifact will trigger **portals to horrors beyond this world**, unleashing nightmares from different realities upon the unsuspecting realms. The **Followers of the Eclipse** know this, and **they have orchestrated everything to ensure Zima's eventual demise**, for they intend to exploit the power of the portals for their own gain. Zima's life, his struggles, and his search for meaning are all part of a greater

plan he is too blinded by his desire for peace to see. Despite all his attempts to forge connections with others, including his bond with a loyal dog he has found near the outskirts of the academy, Zima remains isolated, unaware that the very entity he believes in is using him for a fate far darker than he can imagine.

Five Interesting Things About Zima

1. **Walking Contradiction:** Zima's quiet, contemplative demeanor belies the storm that brews beneath. He is both seeker and sacrifice, a gentle soul caught in a dark doctrine. While his silence unnerves some, it conceals the daily war between his yearning for peace and the shadowy destiny forced upon him.
2. **Tattooed Legacy:** Every inch of the arcane tattoos inked into his skin is more than a symbol—it's a binding. Each line and sigil pulses faintly under moonlight, reacting to forgotten incantations only the cult remembers. The markings are part of his power, but also a cage—one he has yet to realize fully traps him.
3. **Loyal Companion:** Though isolated, Zima has formed a bond with a stray dog that followed him from the edge of the campus. The mutt, scrappy and fiercely loyal, is perhaps the only living being Zima allows himself to trust. It sleeps near his feet as he studies, a silent guardian unaware that its master is fated to die for a cause neither understands.
4. **The Summoner's Silence:** Zima's summoning magic is unique not just for its strength, but for its quiet. Where others chant or call out names of beasts, Zima barely whispers. His summons often arrive with eerie stillness, creatures of shifting form and dimmed light, bound by his will alone—though none linger after the task is done.
5. **The Unseen Timer:** Inside Zima lies a cursed relic—planted by the cult without his knowing. It remains dormant, hidden even from the most skilled diviners, and will only activate upon his death. His very soul is a countdown, unknowingly tied to apocalypse. The irony is cruel: in seeking peace, he may one day bring destruction



"You know... you're the only one who stays. I don't even know why you do. Maybe you see something in me I've already lost. Or maybe... maybe you're just too kind to care."

Ezekya, Half-Dragon Treasure Hunter

Ezekya is a wild and lively spirit whose mere presence electrifies any room she enters. With her striking appearance, she's an enticing mix of draconic grace and human elegance. Her shimmering scales catch the light, winding their way across parts of her skin, while a short, expressive tail sways behind her as if it has a mind of its own. **A half-dragon treasure hunter by profession**, her captivating beauty is only the beginning of her charm. What truly sets her apart, however, is her fiery, unstoppable energy and determination. There's a wildness in her that draws people in, making it nearly impossible to look away.



Beneath the charm and wild exterior, there's a storm brewing in her amethyst eyes—a **mix of sorrow and fierce resolve**. Ezekya's relentless drive is tied to a tragic incident in her past, one she can't escape. A guilt that eats at her, telling her she failed someone she loves. **Her every move, every decision, every treasure hunt is motivated by a singular goal: to save her sister from a fate she blames herself for.** This unyielding obsession consumes her, making it nearly impossible for her to let go of her past. She doesn't just want to find treasures—**she's hunting for a way to redeem herself and fix what she feels is a broken destiny.**

Her dragon heritage imbues her with an undeniable strength, both physical and emotional. Ezekya is no ordinary adventurer—her physique is a testament to the raw power that lies within her. **With focused willpower, she can tap into her draconic form, transforming into a magnificent creature with gleaming scales and wings that command the sky.** In this awe-inspiring form, she becomes a force to be reckoned with, wielding a breath weapon that can level entire battalions, her sheer presence capable of overwhelming anyone who dares challenge her. It's in these moments that Ezekya truly comes alive, a beautiful and terrifying embodiment of her dragon lineage.

Her journey, however, isn't just about treasures and triumphs. Every step she takes is haunted by the weight of her past, and the emotional turmoil that simmers just beneath her lively surface. Ezekya has learned to mask her pain with a radiant smile and a joking demeanor, but the truth is that she's always in pursuit of something more than treasure—she's searching for redemption, for forgiveness, and for the one clue that will lead her to the answers she desperately needs. The Interdimensional Academy represents a new chapter for her, a place she hopes will hold the key to her sister's salvation. It's here that she might just find the treasure she's been looking for all along, **though it may come at an unexpected cost.**

While Ezekya keeps most people at arm's length, afraid of getting too close and facing the pain that comes with attachment, there are a few who have pierced through her emotional walls. Among them is a mischievous fairy who shares her playful spirit and quick wit, offering laughter and support in ways few others can. Outside of the Academy, she also maintains a deep bond with a wise centaur who offers her grounded wisdom and unwavering loyalty. Though she fights against forming attachments, Ezekya can't help but cherish these rare connections, even if she's still not ready to let herself fully trust them. Her quest is still her driving force, but the friendships she holds—though few—are becoming an unexpected lifeline in the storm that is her life.

Five Interesting Things About Ezekya

1. **Unbreakable Bond with Her Sister:** Ezekya's entire journey is driven by her fierce love for her younger sister, Lysari. Before tragedy struck, the two were inseparable, sharing stories of dragons and adventure under the stars. Even now, Ezekya wears her sister's old hat—a simple woven pirate hat—as a constant reminder of who she's fighting for. To her, Lysari isn't just family; she's the reason Ezekya still breathes.
2. **Relentless Determination to Save Her:** Ezekya's treasure hunts aren't about gold or glory. Every expedition, no matter how dangerous, is part of her desperate attempt to find a way to undo her sister's fate. She's studied forbidden texts, crossed into cursed realms, and challenged beings far beyond her power—all for a single hope: **to find the artifact or magic that can bring Lysari back.**
3. **Adorably Expressive Tail:** No matter how serious the situation, Ezekya's tail often betrays her true emotions. It flicks excitedly when she's curious, curls protectively when she's worried, and coils tightly when she's angry. Friends have learned to read her like an open book just by watching that swishing, serpentine extension of herself. It's the part of her that reminds people she's not all fire and fury—she's got a soft, very *alive* side too.
4. **Terrifying Draconic Wrath:** Beneath the charm and energy, Ezekya holds a terrifying, ancient rage. When she taps into her full draconic power, her transformation is awe-inspiring—and deeply unsettling. Her scales glow with inner heat, her roar can shake mountains, and her fury can incinerate enemies in a breath. In these moments, even her closest friends hesitate, unsure whether the Ezekya they know is still behind those blazing eyes.
5. **The Façade of the Fearless Adventurer:** Most see Ezekya as confident, cocky, and unstoppable. What few realize is that her dazzling smile is armor—a way to keep the pain at bay. She flirts with danger, laughs in the face of death, and dives headlong into chaos not because she's brave, but because she's scared of standing still. In motion, in pursuit, she doesn't have to face the fear of failing the one person she couldn't protect.



"Heh... Me? I'm fine, always fine. But if there's even a sliver of a chance I can save her—I'm not stopping. Not till I bring her home. Even if it kills me."

Lysander, Technological Prodigy

Lysander stands out at the Interdimensional Academy not just for his impressive intellect, but for the undeniable coolness that seems to follow him wherever he goes. With an air of calm confidence and an easy demeanor, he moves through life with a level of self-assurance that many envy. His quick wit and brilliant mind have earned him the reputation of a **technological prodigy, someone who can solve complex problems with ease and invent concepts that are nothing short of groundbreaking.** He doesn't need to brag about his genius; it's evident in his every action and innovation. Despite his cool exterior, there's a quiet warmth beneath that shows he genuinely cares about those around him, even if he doesn't always show it openly.



Lysander is navigating the exciting yet nerve-racking world of romance with Selene, a freshman at the Academy. Their relationship is new, fresh, and full of the sort of excitement only first loves can bring. Though there's a touch of awkwardness as they find their footing, the spark between them is undeniable. He may be a brilliant mind when it comes to technology, but when it comes to matters of the heart, Lysander finds himself in uncharted territory. His feelings for Selene are real, and though he may not always know what to say or how to act, his commitment to her is unwavering. The relationship has a sense of carefree excitement to it, and Lysander's coolness is a perfect counterbalance to Selene's more reserved nature.

Academically, Lysander is a rising star. His name has become synonymous with innovation at the Academy. **His ability to think outside the box and his knack for finding solutions to the most difficult problems have earned him both the admiration and curiosity of his peers and professors alike.** He's constantly pushing the boundaries of what's possible, creating machines and devices that leave even the most experienced tech experts in awe. But for Lysander, it's not just about being the best; it's about changing the world. His academic pursuits are driven by a deeper purpose—he wants to use his creations to make a lasting impact, to push society forward and break free from the constraints of the past.

Underneath his cool and confident exterior, however, lies a drive that goes beyond academic achievement. Lysander has an intense passion for technological innovation, but it's not just for recognition. **He hates limitations, seeing them as nothing more than obstacles to be overcome.** He thrives on the idea of breaking down barriers, whether they're societal, technological, or personal. This desire to dismantle boundaries is what fuels his ambition to change the world, not just through invention but by challenging the very systems that restrict progress. Lysander is always searching for new ways to push forward, for new ideas that haven't yet been realized, and for methods that haven't been discovered. Nothing holds him back—not even his own fears.

One of Lysander's most unique abilities is his techno-empathy, an unusual gift that allows him to form emotional connections with machines and technological constructs. He can feel their "emotions," understand their limitations, and sense their intentions. It's an ability that gives him unparalleled insight into the machines he creates and interacts with, allowing him to innovate in ways others simply can't. However, this power comes with its own struggles. Lysander hasn't yet fully figured out how to control his ability, and at times, it overwhelms him, leading to unintended consequences or moments of emotional turbulence. Despite these difficulties, his gift remains an essential

part of who he is, and Lysander is determined to master it, believing that once he does, he'll be able to unlock even greater potential in his creations.

Five Interesting Things About Lysander

1. **Techno-Empathy—Feeling Machines Like Emotions:** Lysander possesses a rare and mysterious ability known as *techno-empathy*—the emotional attunement to machines and constructs. He doesn't just understand how machines work; he *feels* them. This lets him diagnose malfunctions and improve designs in a way no one else can. But it also means he experiences a kind of sensory overload when surrounded by unstable or damaged tech, sometimes leaving him emotionally drained or conflicted about what he's created.
2. **First Love, First Vulnerability:** Despite his genius and confidence, Lysander is still learning when it comes to love. His relationship with Selene, a quiet freshman, has cracked open a softer side of him that few people ever see. He overthinks every word, every moment—because unlike tech, emotions don't follow clean logic. It's awkward, sweet, and absolutely terrifying for him—but it matters more than any of his inventions.
3. **The Coolest Guy in the Room—Without Trying:** Whether he's casually tinkering with a high-dimensional drone or debating philosophy over coffee, Lysander has an effortless presence. He doesn't *try* to be charismatic—it just happens. His laid-back swagger, combined with razor-sharp intellect and dry wit, makes him naturally magnetic.
4. **A Quiet Rebel With a Grand Vision:** Underneath the charm and brilliance lies a subtle revolutionary. Lysander *hates* systems that limit potential—be it rigid tradition, outdated academia, or corporate greed. He dreams of designing tech that isn't just powerful, but *liberating*—things that empower people and rewire entire institutions. He's not loud about it, but every invention is a middle finger to the old world.
5. **His Machines Are His Friends—And Sometimes, His Mirrors:** Because of his techno-empathy, Lysander's creations often take on eerily personal traits—quirky personalities, subtle moods, even preferences. He once built a companion drone that refused to leave his side for weeks until he acknowledged it like a friend.



"People think I'm trying to build the future... but really? I'm just trying to make something that finally understands me—and maybe, someday, helps me understand myself too."

Selene, Starlit Sage

Selene, a bright and warm presence at the Interdimensional Academy, brings with her an ethereal grace that makes everyone feel at ease. With a humanoid form, she radiates an otherworldly beauty, characterized by her silver-hued hair that cascades like a shimmering cosmic nebula and eyes that glow with the golden brilliance of distant stars. Her appearance alone draws admiration, but it's her sweet and helpful nature that truly makes her beloved by everyone who meets her. As a freshman, Selene exudes a youthful energy that matches her celestial origins, always striving to be the best she can be, not for herself, but for others.



She is a Star Seed, a human who is destined to one day become a Living Star, meaning she is destined for greatness. **Her connection to the stars grants her powerful control over light, gravity, and space, in addition to an impressive physique.**

Yet despite her immense potential, Selene's greatest strength lies not in her powers but in her humility. She doesn't seek recognition for her celestial heritage or her prodigious talent. Instead, she focuses on her studies with a quiet, steadfast determination, always eager to learn more and better herself. Her passion for the mysteries of the universe drives her to delve into celestial history and magical constructs, gaining her the respect of her peers and professors alike.

Though academically gifted, **Selene's true charm comes from her desire to please and help those around her.** She finds joy in making others happy, always going out of her way to lend a hand, whether in assisting with magical studies or offering a comforting word. She is the type of person who will make sure everyone around her is taken care of, and her nurturing spirit has made her a trusted companion to many. This caring side of Selene is most evident when she takes on practical tasks such as housework or ensuring others are well-fed, even if her tendency to overdo it can sometimes become overwhelming.

Her kindness and selflessness have made her an incredibly popular figure at the Academy, and it's clear that she is deeply cherished by those fortunate enough to know her. People are naturally drawn to her warm personality, and Selene has gained a following of admirers who are captivated not only by her beauty but also by her genuine, loving nature. Though she appreciates the attention, she never lets it distract her from her primary focus—her studies. Despite the admiration she receives, Selene remains grounded and humble, always staying true to her mission of learning and improving.

Recently, her heart has been swept up in a romantic whirlwind with Lysander, a young technological prodigy at the Academy. Their connection was instant and undeniable, and she is blissfully happy in her relationship with him. This newfound love has added an exciting new chapter to her life, much to the delight of her admirers, who support her happiness even if they secretly wish they could be the ones to win her heart. Though the attention from admirers continues to pour in, Selene remains focused on her relationship, and the love she feels for Lysander only deepens her already-giving nature.

Five Interesting Things About Selene

1. **A Star in the Making—Literally:** Selene is not just gifted—she's *becoming* something far greater. As a Star Seed, she is destined to ascend one day into a Living Star: a celestial being of unimaginable power and wisdom. While that fate is still far off, fragments of her future self already flicker in her presence—her ability to bend light, command gravity, and navigate the cosmic weave are signs of a luminous destiny in motion.
2. **She Makes the Academy Feel Like Home:** Whether it's preparing snacks for stressed classmates, stitching a torn uniform, or floating textbooks across a room to help a friend, Selene is a quiet force of comfort. Her love language is service, and it shows in the way she creates small moments of peace and joy for those around her. Her room at the Academy is said to smell like summer flowers and always has tea ready—people drift in just to feel safe near her.
3. **She Once Healed a Creature by Singing to the Stars:** In a moment of pure instinct, Selene sang an ancient lullaby under the night sky to a wounded starlight beast—a fragile, interdimensional entity drawn to cosmic energy. As she sang, constellations pulsed in her hair, and soft light stitched the creature back together. She doesn't remember all the words—only that they didn't come from her studies, but from *somewhere older*, deep inside her.
4. **The Light Can Burn Just as Easily as it Heals:** While Selene is warm and gentle, there is a side of her that even she fears. In moments of overwhelming emotion—especially pain or fear—her powers can flare uncontrollably. Gravity can twist, light can fracture, and space itself can warp in her presence. She once shattered every mirror in a corridor without touching a thing, simply because someone almost made her cry. She doesn't *want* to hurt anyone... but the cosmos inside her doesn't always ask for permission.
5. **She Writes Love Letters and Never Sends Them:** Tucked away in a hidden drawer are pages upon pages of unsent letters—written in starlight ink—confessing her hopes, dreams, and worries to Lysander. Some are filled with playful teases, others with fears about her transformation into a Living Star. She's afraid that one day, she'll become too far away to hold someone's hand... so she writes, quietly, to remember what it means to *feel*.



"I don't want to outshine anyone—I just want to be the kind of light that helps others find their way."

Finesse Gatell, Siren of the Crossroads

Finesse Gatell, a **sharp-witted and shrewd merchant**, emerged from the humble beginnings of the Gatell Family, a once modest name in the Crossroads. From a young age, Finesse defied the limitations that had been placed on her due to her gender, quickly establishing herself as a prodigy in the family's mercantile business. **Her natural business acumen, combined with her unwavering drive, elevated her to a position of power, overseeing multiple branches of the family's enterprises with unparalleled success.** Despite her youth, she has earned the respect of even the most seasoned merchants and earned her place as a force to be reckoned with in the bustling marketplace of the Crossroads.



Known as the "Siren" in the more secretive circles of commerce, Finesse's reputation extends far beyond her striking beauty. **It is her silver tongue and deft negotiation skills that make her truly legendary. Her ability to charm and manipulate the flow of information has made her indispensable to anyone seeking to navigate the complex web of commerce and trade.** Whether securing favorable deals, outwitting rivals, or making allies in the most unlikely places, Finesse always seems to be one step ahead, playing the market with a keen intelligence that makes even the most seasoned traders pause in cautious admiration.

Finesse is a woman of contrasts. She carries herself with the elegance and sophistication of a high-born lady, yet her mind is razor-sharp and always calculating, always seeking the next big opportunity. While others may see her as a cold and calculating businesswoman, Finesse has a softer side, too. In her downtime, she finds peace in the cultivation of bonsai trees, a meditative hobby that provides her with a rare moment of tranquility amid the chaotic world of commerce. This balance between her cutthroat business persona and her moments of introspection speaks to a deeper complexity in her character—a woman who is as capable of empathy and care as she is of ruthless decision-making when necessary.

While Finesse thrives in the morally ambiguous world of business, she adheres to a personal code that helps her maintain her humanity. **She is not one to indulge in unnecessary cruelty or exploit others for the sake of profit.** Her sharp instincts often allow her to discern when others are genuinely in need, especially when it comes to children or those fighting for noble causes. Despite her strong resolve, she has been known to use her power and influence to help those she believes are deserving, even if doing so isn't the most profitable choice. The balance she strikes between compassion and ambition sets her apart in a world where mercy is often seen as a weakness.

At just 21 years old, Finesse is already a formidable player in the mercantile world of the Crossroads, and she is far from done. **Her rivalry with the Draven family—especially the ambitious Draven twins—has become one of the most notable conflicts in the region.** The Dravens, also skilled in commerce and manipulation, have clashed with Finesse for control over a highly lucrative market near the Academy, which includes a thriving illegal casino and high-stakes auction house. The competition is fierce, and Finesse's expertise and unwavering drive to secure the market have turned her into an unyielding opponent. As the rivalry grows,

Finesse's clever strategies and unrelenting pursuit of success only continue to solidify her place as a rising star in the world of commerce, prepared to make her mark and leave a legacy that will stand the test of time.

Five Interesting Things About Finesse Gatell

1. **She Once Bought and Dissolved a Rival Business Mid-Conversation:** During a heated negotiation with a merchant who tried to corner her into an unfair deal, Finesse silently bought out his silent partners mid-meeting, took majority control, and dissolved the business—all while sipping her tea and maintaining perfect poise.
2. **Her True Loyalty Lies with the Gatell Orphan Outreach:** Unknown to most, Finesse funnels a portion of her personal profits into a secret orphanage in the Crossroads, run under a false name. She visits anonymously in disguise, teaching the children math, trade basics, and negotiation—believing that giving them tools for independence is more powerful than charity.
3. **Her Presence Alone Can Shift a Market:** Merchants across the Crossroads freeze when word spreads that *Finesse is browsing*. Her presence at a stall—even pretending to consider a purchase—can cause prices to surge or plummet overnight. Some vendors beg her to simply *not look* at their goods unless she intends to buy, while others pray she'll glance their way.
4. **She Cultivates Bonsai Trees Like a Ritual of Control:** Finesse's private chambers are lined with bonsai trees—each one grown, shaped, and maintained by her hand. She claims the trees help her understand timing, patience, and when to cut something back for it to flourish later. One of her most prized trees is over 50 years old, originally planted by her grandmother.
5. **There's One Secret She'd Die to Keep: Her Singing Voice:** Her nickname, *The Siren*, isn't just about her allure—it's literal. Finesse possesses a voice of mesmerizing beauty, a natural enchantment she hides behind her sharp tongue and business suits. She only sings when completely alone, and even then, quietly. The last time someone overheard her, they followed her around the market for three days, convinced they were in love.



"Compassion is a currency. Spend it wisely, and you'll find it buys more loyalty than gold ever could."

Enya and Sevia Draven, heirs to the Draven Criminal Empire

Enya and Sevia Draven, the infamous twins and heirs to the Draven Criminal Empire, are figures of both awe and fear in the Crossroads. Beneath their captivating yet disarming appearances lies **a pair of sharp minds whose every move is calculated with precision.** Their bond as twins is more than just familial; it is the cornerstone of their power, with each sibling complementing the other's strengths and weaknesses. Together, they form an inseparable duo, navigating the treacherous waters of power struggles, intrigue, and the volatile world of organized crime that surrounds the Academy.



As the only daughters of the Draven family patriarch, the twins have inherited not only wealth and influence but also the legacy of their family's ruthless drive for dominance. The Draven

Empire spans a vast network of **criminal enterprises**, and Enya and Sevia have been groomed from a young age to take their place as the next rulers. Surrounded by loyal guards and powerful allies, the twins command respect wherever they go, their influence growing with each calculated move. While they may seem to play the roles of naive young women, those who underestimate them quickly discover the depths of their cunning.

Enya, the elder by mere minutes, is the mastermind of the pair. With a razor-sharp intellect and a talent for negotiation, she excels in the art of manipulation and strategy. Enya is always calm and composed, masking any sign of weakness behind a cool exterior. It is only in the privacy of her sister's company that she allows herself moments of vulnerability, sharing her true thoughts and feelings with Sevia, her closest confidant. Enya's brilliance lies in her ability to anticipate and outmaneuver her rivals, and her careful, calculated approach to every situation ensures that the Draven family's interests are always protected.

Sevia, on the other hand, is the more physical of the two. Though smaller than her sister, she is a force to be reckoned with. Known for her unmatched skills in martial arts and her deadly precision with firearms, Sevia is the enforcer of the Draven Empire. While she may not possess the same intellectual prowess as Enya, her raw strength and combat expertise make her an invaluable asset to the family. Together, the twins form a perfect balance: Enya orchestrates the grand schemes, while Sevia carries out the more visceral tasks with unparalleled efficiency.

Despite their youth, Enya and Sevia have proven themselves capable of navigating the complex power dynamics of their criminal empire with astounding maturity. Their innocent appearance often leads others to underestimate them, but this facade is carefully maintained as part of their strategy. **Behind the innocent smiles and charming demeanor lies a duo that is always watching, always calculating.** Their strategic brilliance and unwavering loyalty to each other make them an indomitable force, and their ultimate goal is clear: to expand the Draven family's power and ensure their legacy endures. Though their mother disappeared under mysterious circumstances, both sisters hold on to a memento of her—Enya with a gray, worn teddy bear that serves as a painful reminder of their loss, and Sevia with a bracelet engraved with their mother's name, a token that keeps the hope of a reunion alive in her heart.

Five Interesting Things About Enya and Sevia Draven

1. **They Share Everything—Food, Clothes, and Lovers:** The twins have no sense of personal boundaries between one another, and they make no apologies for it. Whether it's a dress, a dessert, or a romantic partner, they believe everything tastes sweeter when it's shared. Their partners often find themselves entangled with both sisters, willingly or not—and few ever complain. This openness is not just preference; it's a declaration of their unity. If one wants something, the other will experience it too.
2. **Their Childhood Code Language is Still Uncracked:** Enya and Sevia developed a private language as children, a complex blend of gestures, glances, and seemingly unrelated words that even their closest advisors haven't deciphered. They use it freely in public, often mid-conversation, switching seamlessly between common speech and their secret code.
3. **They Orchestrated Their First Hostile Takeover at Age 14:** While still students at the Academy, the twins executed a covert takeover of a rival faction's smuggling route. They posed as harmless socialites while using their network to bankrupt their enemy's front business, blackmail key players, and redirect cargo to their own vaults. By the time the adults noticed, the deal had already closed—and the twins were sipping champagne at the gala that celebrated it.
4. **Sevia Collects the Weapons of Her Defeated Enemies:** Every weapon Sevia uses has a history—and a victim. From sleek daggers to enchanted pistols, her collection is displayed like fine art in their private quarters. She never buys or commissions a blade; she earns them, often by disarming her enemies in combat and keeping their weapons as trophies. Her favorite is a crystalline dagger once wielded by a rogue mage who tried to assassinate Enya.
5. **Enya Plays the Harp—Beautifully and Strategically:** Enya's harp performances are a well-known delight at social gatherings, but they're more than musical interludes. Each song she plays is deliberately chosen to evoke specific emotions in her audience—calm, nostalgia, even guilt or fear. She times her playing to business negotiations, seductions, and subtle threats. To Enya, the harp is not just an instrument—it's a tool of psychological warfare wrapped in silk and strings.



“We are two hearts, one will. If you cross one of us, you cross both—and darling, that’s a very expensive mistake.”

Aiden Stoutstride, Reincarnator

Aiden Stoutstride is not just a hero by title, but by action and heart. Originally a successful middle-aged lawyer in his past life, Aiden's fate took an unexpected turn when he met his untimely death at the hands of a reckless truck driver. But rather than fade into oblivion, **Aiden was reincarnated by a divine goddess into a new world—one on the brink of catastrophe.** The goddess, sensing his untapped potential, granted him a unique ability and a singular mission: to protect the world from the rise of an evil emperor who threatened to transcend humanity and become a demon god. Thus began Aiden's new life, where his heart for justice and unyielding resolve would be tested beyond measure.



In his new world, Aiden quickly gained the admiration of the people. His intelligence, honed from his previous life as a lawyer, made him a natural strategist and leader. He formed close bonds with his allies, each of whom brought their own strengths to the fight against the encroaching darkness. Together, they fought valiantly to prevent the rise of the evil emperor, and Aiden's role as a hero solidified in the eyes of the people. Yet, the night after Aiden confessed his feelings to a fellow adventurer, a priestess who had become dear to him, disaster struck. Without warning, **the goddess who had granted him this second chance was slain, plunging the world into chaos with earthquakes, rifts, and devastation.** The loss of his goddess was a personal blow, and Aiden was left to pick up the pieces of a world now teetering on the edge of ruin.

In a desperate attempt to save him from the cataclysmic rifts that were tearing the world apart, the party's mage cast a spell to send Aiden away from the chaos. However, **the spell's unforeseen consequences hurled Aiden not just from his world, but beyond his universe altogether, propelling him into the Nexus**—a realm of infinite worlds and possibilities. Stranded and lost, Aiden found himself facing a new challenge: the search for a way back home. Though he has spent the last three years searching for a path to return to his world and the friends he left behind, Aiden has yet to find a lead, and his heart is heavy with the loss of the life he once knew.

With no answers, Aiden turned to the Interdimensional Academy, enrolling in hopes that its vast knowledge would hold the key to returning to his universe. His legal expertise, quick wit, and skilled swordsmanship have helped him adapt to this strange new environment, while his knowledge of magic and adventuring skills keep him sharp in any situation. **Although his divine goddess granted him the ability to grow stronger through levels and experience,** Aiden faces a peculiar limitation in the Nexus: **monsters and dungeons within the Nexus do not grant him the experience he needs to level up,** leaving him at a frustrating impasse. However, Aiden's determination to solve this mystery and return home is unshaken, and he continues to search for any clue that could lead him back to the world he was ripped from.

Aiden's thoughts are consumed not by the life he left behind in his original world but by the lives of those he failed to protect—his friends, the girl he loved, and the goddess who sacrificed everything to give him a second chance. **The mystery of her death and the identity of those responsible gnaws at him daily, as he wonders how such an atrocity could have been carried out and what it means for the fate of his world.** Despite the weight of his grief, Aiden remains steadfast in his quest, not just for personal redemption, but to ensure that no other world suffers the same fate as the one he left behind. He is a true hero—one who faces not only the challenges of battle but the deep, unrelenting pain of loss, yet continues to fight on, driven by a greater purpose.

Five Interesting Things About Aiden Stoutstride

1. **"Echoes of the Unknown" — Abilities from Beyond:** Aiden's leveling system has a unique, enigmatic quirk: it occasionally grants him abilities or insights seemingly tied to worlds he has yet to visit. This phenomenon, which he refers to as *Echoes of the Unknown*, appears to draw from realms that exist outside his current experience—granting him spells in forgotten dialects, martial styles from extinct cultures, or prophetic dreams of otherworldly landscapes.
2. **He Can't Level Up Normally in the Nexus:** Despite his status as a reincarnated hero, Aiden's leveling system does not function in the Nexus the way it did in his homeworld. No dungeon, monster, or battle grants him experience here. This limitation forces him to rely on raw skill, wit, and strategy—something he was well-versed in as a lawyer, but which now tests him in far more dangerous ways. He suspects the Nexus's unique structure—or perhaps its role as a neutral crossroads—blocks divine progression. Finding a workaround remains one of his greatest priorities.
3. **His Sword Is a Divine Relic That's Slowly Fading:** Aiden wields a blade known as *Oathrend*, gifted to him by the goddess before her death. Once gleaming with divine energy, the sword is now dulled, its edge weakening, its enchantments waning. Despite its decay, Aiden refuses to part with it—not just because it still holds symbolic power, but because he believes it might reactivate if he ever draws close to his home realm again. Some theorize that *Oathrend* is more than just a weapon—it might be the last surviving tether to his original world.
4. **He Keeps a Journal, but It's Not for Himself:** Aiden maintains a detailed journal chronicling his journey through the Nexus—not for personal reflection, but in case someone from his original party ever finds it. Each entry ends with a message addressed to the priestess he loved, recounting his days as though she might read them someday. It's a silent, heartbreaking ritual that keeps him grounded, even as he fears she may be long gone.
5. **He's a Reluctant Legend at the Academy:** Among the student body, Aiden is viewed as something of a quiet legend. Despite his humble demeanor and often aloof presence, tales of his past battles, divine origins, and mysterious displacement have spread widely. Many admire him from afar, and some seek him out for advice or mentorship.



"I didn't come this far to be a story someone else tells. I'll carve the ending myself—even if I have to walk through a thousand worlds to do it."

Mara Blackthorn, Devil Hero

Mara Blackthorn comes from a world where chaos reigns and devils coexist with humans in an uneasy harmony, and **she is the last person one might expect to be a hero**. In her realm, the forces of order and chaos had long been locked in a brutal struggle, with chaos ultimately emerging victorious. However, this delicate balance is constantly threatened by **the Human Lord**, a ruthless conqueror whose armies seek to invade and annihilate the devilish world. Every generation brings forth a hero, **a warrior chosen to stand against this unstoppable force—and now, that hero is Mara**. Sent to the Interdimensional Academy to hone her abilities and prepare for the inevitable confrontation, Mara carries not only the weight of her world's future but the daunting legacy of those who came before her.



Though Mara may appear as a **striking succubus**, with her alluring petite form, ethereal beauty, and captivating presence, she is far more than a seductive demon. Beneath her sultry exterior lies a deep well of inner strength and determination. Her origins as the chosen one are weighed with expectation, and she fears she may never live up to the title of hero that her people have bestowed upon her. She has been thrust into an unfamiliar world, where humans—once the enemy—now surround her as fellow students at the Academy. She carries a distrust toward them, but she also knows that in order to fulfill her destiny, she must forge connections and learn to control the darker impulses within her. Despite her fear of failure, **Mara is fiercely committed to her mission**, determined to be **the hero her world needs**, even if it means confronting her deepest fears and doubts.

Mara's training has made her a formidable opponent, **skilled in personal combat and dark elemental magic**. As a succubus, **she possesses an array of abilities that make her a dangerous adversary: invisibility, illusions, minor flight, gravity manipulation, dream manipulation, and an energy-draining physical touch**. Her combat style is built around quick, decisive strikes, especially when wielding her favored weapon—the spear. Despite the ferocity of her powers, there is an innate restraint within Mara. She has trained against the monstrous threats of her world, but she has yet to face the kind of evil that would require the full force of her abilities. The weight of her responsibilities and the fear of taking a life haunt her, and she finds herself torn between the demands of being a hero and the innocence she still holds within.

The most complex battle Mara faces, however, is not with the Human Lord or any external enemy, **but with the urges that come from her succubus heritage**. Her kind is known for their seductive powers, and Mara struggles against her natural instincts to feed on others. She knows that these urges are part of who she is, but she also understands that acting on them would betray her heroic ideals. Mara's journey is as much about mastering her own desires and emotions as it is about mastering the magic and skills needed to defeat the Human Lord. She yearns to be more than what she was born to be, to rise above the stereotypes that follow her kind, and to prove that a succubus can be a force for good, not just chaos.

Mara carries with her the sacred weapon known as the Dark Spear, a gift from her world that symbolizes her destiny as the one who will confront the Human Lord. However, she refrains from wielding it until she feels fully prepared for the battle that lies ahead. For now, she continues to grow at the Interdimensional Academy, learning not just about magic and combat, but about herself. The world she left behind may be on the brink of destruction, but

Mara is determined to prove that she can be the hero her world needs—an unlikely champion in a body that no one expects, but with the heart of a true warrior.

Five Interesting Things About Mara Blackthorn

1. **A Hero in Devil's Skin:** Despite being born a succubus and trained in the arts of darkness, Mara was chosen by fate to be the prophesied hero of her world. This paradox defines her identity: a savior born from a race feared for their destructive appetites, forcing her to constantly reconcile what she *is* with what she *must become*.
2. **The Hunger Within;** Though Mara suppresses it with iron will, she feels a powerful, inexplicable pull toward a fellow student at the Academy: a quiet, justice-driven man who claims to be both a reincarnated hero and a lawyer. Her instincts cry out to draw closer—to seduce, to drain him of something vital, something not just physical but spiritual. Her body burns with desire, but her resolve has, so far, held the line between duty and temptation.
3. **The Spear of Final Dusk:** Mara is the wielder of the Dark Spear, a legendary artifact that feeds on the user's emotions to amplify their power. It whispers to her in battle, awakening her fury and fear alike. Though she trains with it in secret, she has never fully unleashed its power, fearing what it might reveal about her true nature—or what it might cost.
4. **Power Held in Restraint:** While capable of devastating magic and succubus powers, Mara deliberately restrains herself during training and missions. Her mentors and classmates often underestimate her strength because they've never seen her fight with full intensity. Only she knows what it feels like to be holding back a storm inside her bones.
5. **Eyes that See the Heart :** One of Mara's latent succubus abilities is an empathic sensitivity to desire and fear. She can often sense the emotional undercurrents in others, which she hides behind her calm, composed demeanor.



"I carry the hunger of both a demon and the duty of a hero. I will not be defined by the blood in my veins, but by the lives I choose to save!"

Luna Merris, Resident Magical Girl

Luna Merris once lived a life full of simple joys, surrounded by family and friends in a world where shadows lurked at the edges of peaceful existence. When sinister creatures, known as the shadow creatures, began to steal the memories of the people under the cover of night, Luna's quiet life was torn asunder. Chosen by a mysterious, furry creature, **she made a pact that transformed her into a magical girl, imbued with powers meant to fight back against the encroaching darkness.** For two years, she fought alongside a dedicated group of magical girls, each battle bringing them closer to the queen of the shadows who threatened their world. Together, they faced overwhelming odds, but their determination and courage led them to a decisive confrontation with the queen, a battle that would change their fates forever.



The defeat of the shadow queen, however, unleashed unforeseen consequences. In an attempt to seal the rift to the shadow plane and protect her world from further destruction, **Luna and her companions made the ultimate sacrifice, stepping into the rift with the hope of sealing it from within.** Their actions closed the portal, but at a heavy price. Time itself seemed to fracture, and Luna found herself cast adrift in a timeless void, disconnected from the world she knew. What felt like an eternity passed in that void before she finally awoke, only to find herself alone in an unfamiliar realm known as The Nexus. Though she had succeeded in her mission, **she was now stranded in a world completely alien to her, her companions lost to the passage of time.**

Five hundred years have passed since that fateful day, and yet Luna's body remains that of the 13-year-old girl she had been when she first became a magical girl. The transformation she underwent to fight the shadow creatures **resets her physical form to the time of her first transformation,** preventing her from aging beyond that moment by restoring her each time she transforms. While this gift had once been a source of strength, allowing her to fight on against impossible odds, it now felt like a curse. Though Luna's body remains young, her mind is burdened with the weight of centuries of loneliness and loss. Despite the centuries that have passed, she still clings to hope, refusing to let the bitterness of time erase her belief in the goodness of others or the possibility of finding her way home.

In her untransformed state, Luna retained only a fraction of her magical abilities—her keen sense for magical energy, a faint remnant of her former powers. But whenever the call for help arises, her magical girl persona surges back to life, transforming her into a force to be reckoned with. In this form, **she possesses strength far beyond a normal human, able to lift three tons with ease and fly freely through the air. Her body is as durable as the strongest steel, and she can heal from injuries almost instantly, all while wielding powerful energy beams and blasts.** Her transformation into a magical girl resets her personality to that of a 13-year-old, trapping her in a perpetual cycle of youth and naivety, unable to truly experience adulthood. It is this cruel irony that keeps her from fully moving on, leaving her torn between the girl she once was and the woman she has yet to become.

Now, living in the Crossroads, Luna tries to find solace in the small things—working at a local café, savoring the simple pleasure of sweets, and enjoying the company of the cats that seem to remind her of the world she once knew. Yet, despite her best efforts to lead a normal life, Luna's nature as a magical girl, the desire to protect and help others, never truly allows her to rest. She is always ready to jump into action, even if it means momentarily sacrificing the

peace she has worked so hard to find. **It has been three years since her last transformation, and though Luna has aged to appear 16**, the weight of centuries and her unshakable belief in a better future still fuel her desire to make the world a better place.

Five Interesting Things About Luna Merris

1. **She Looks Sixteen... But That's Because She *Hasn't* Transformed in Three Years:** Luna's magical girl transformation resets her physical form to what it was at age 13—the age she was when she first took up the mantle. Since transforming prevents her from aging, she's carefully avoided doing so for the past three years, allowing her to age “naturally” to her current appearance of a 16-year-old. Ironically, this makes her look *older* than she normally would. She's painfully aware that one transformation would rewind her progress, both physically and emotionally, locking her once again into the body—and instincts—of a younger girl.
2. **Five Hundred Years of Loneliness:** While she looks like a teenager, Luna has been alive for over half a millennium. Trapped in a timeless void after the final battle with the shadow queen, she endured endless isolation before arriving in the Nexus. Her memories stretch back centuries, and her internal maturity far surpasses her appearance. She rarely shares just how long she's been alive, not out of secrecy—but because she fears others won't understand the depth of what she's lost.
3. **Her Transformation Alters Her Mind—Not Just Her Body:** Each time Luna transforms, her mindset shifts as well. Emotions intensify, judgments become more impulsive, and her voice takes on the hopeful energy of her 13-year-old self. While this made her fearless in combat, it now presents a profound identity struggle. She's learned to avoid transforming not just to preserve her older form, but to maintain her clarity, maturity, and autonomy.
4. **Cats Are Her Emotional Anchor:** Luna has a deep bond with cats, particularly the many strays that gather near her small apartment above the café where she works. In her original world, her magical companion—a feline-like creature—was both her mentor and closest friend. She never found out what happened to it after sealing the rift.
5. **She Hides Her True Strength, Even From Her Friends:** Despite being one of the most powerful beings of her league in the Crossroads when transformed, Luna keeps her abilities under wraps. Most assume she's just a curious young girl with a lingering magical aura.



"I know I look small, and maybe I giggle too much, but I've saved a whole world, and I've lost one too. You don't have to be big to do something that matters—you just have to care enough not to quit. Now, shall I take your order?"

Zephyr Nova, Cyborg Hacker

Zephyr Nova was born in a dying world, a drifting colony ship orbiting the edge of a supermassive black hole. A technological prodigy, **he was the unseen force behind the colony's systems, patching failing networks, cracking encrypted archives, and keeping the last remnants of civilization from spiraling into chaos.** But when the ship attempted a desperate warp jump to escape the black hole's pull, it misfired, fracturing reality and hurling the survivors through a rupture in spacetime. When Zephyr woke, he wasn't in the cold void of space—he was in The Nexus, stranded in a world that ran on deals, technology, and power.

The Nexus held a brutal truth: **his home still existed, mapped within the interdimensional charts, but returning wasn't free.** Travel between worlds had a

price—one Zephyr and the few surviving colonists couldn't afford. Without money, influence, or the backing of a major faction, their chances of getting home were nonexistent. Forced to adapt, Zephyr turned to the only advantage he had: his mind. The Interdimensional Academy offered a path forward—those who excelled and proved their worth were granted a chance to return to their worlds. If he wanted to see his family whole again, if he wanted to fix what had been broken, he had no choice but to play the long game.



Zephyr isn't just another student; he's a rogue element in a world of rules. A **full-body cyborg** since childhood, his mind runs faster than most, his neural interface allowing him to manipulate networks, crack security systems, and bend technology to his will. His synthetic frame makes him resilient, though he's no soldier—he prefers to **fight with code rather than bullets.** Still, he knows how to handle a sidearm, a lesson learned from the ruins of his lost home. He moves through the underbelly of The Crossroads with ease, trading information, outmaneuvering corporate interests, and staying one step ahead of those who would use his talents for their own ends.

Not everyone in The Nexus is willing to let Zephyr operate freely. Machina Solutions, a sleek, polished megacorporation with its hands in everything from cybernetics to interdimensional logistics, has taken an interest in him. On the surface, they offer resources, promising him a future where he could work under their protection, but he knows the truth—they don't make offers, they make investments. And investments demand returns. When he refused, they turned their sights elsewhere. His mother and younger sister, living in the slums near the Academy, became their leverage, their pressure point. If Zephyr doesn't find a way to push back, it's only a matter of time before Machina Solutions tightens the noose.

But Zephyr doesn't break—he builds. Every system has a flaw, every network has a backdoor. He's not looking for a way to work within the system—he's looking for a way to break it. **He'll outthink, outcode, and outmaneuver anyone who stands between him and his goal.** One day, he'll find a way back home, and when he does, he won't just be a hacker, a cyborg, or a survivor. He'll be the ghost in the machine, the shadow in the code, the one they never saw coming.

Five Interesting Things About Zephyr Nova

1. **He's a Full-Body Cyborg—but His Brain Still Ages:** While Zephyr's synthetic body doesn't age or tire, his organic brain does. He's had to design complex neural cooling systems and memory defragmentation protocols just to stave off cognitive burnout.
2. **He Built His First Quantum AI at Age 9:** On the colony ship, Zephyr reverse-engineered abandoned military code to create "Iris," an AI companion that now lives in his neural interface and acts as both assistant and sarcastic conscience.
3. **He Hacks Magic the Same Way He Hacks Tech:** Zephyr developed a way to "code" magical constructs by treating runes and glyphs like a scripting language—effectively bridging science and sorcery in a way few understand or trust.
4. **He's Turned the Academy's Surveillance System Into His Personal Playground:** Unofficially, Zephyr knows everything happening at the Academy—he monitors it through a backdoor he created in the school's mainframe, which he affectionately calls the "Oracle Lens."
5. **He's Quietly Protecting His Family from a Megacorp That Wants to Own Him:** Zephyr pretends to be just another gifted student, but every job he takes, every backroom deal he makes, and every class he excels in is part of a long con to keep Machina Solutions from getting their claws into his mother and sister—and someday, take the fight to them.



"They built this system to control us. So I'll do what I do best—crack it open and rewrite the rules."

Marcus Steele, Military Commander

Marcus Steele, once a **revered and decorated general within a powerful military empire spanning a whole galaxy**, grew disillusioned with the corrupt and tyrannical nature of the regime he once served with unwavering loyalty. Betrayed by the very empire he had dedicated his life to, Marcus witnessed the loss of his men and the degradation of the values he once fought to uphold.

Renowned for his **unparalleled strategic brilliance**, Marcus possessed a military acumen that bordered on the supernatural. His **tactical commands were often deemed prophetic due to their precision and foresight**, yet it was all a result of his immense experience, intellect, and innate talent for warfare.



Forced to **flee his own universe** to escape the relentless pursuit of the empire, Marcus sought refuge in the enigmatic realm of the Nexus. Despite his formidable military prowess, he harbored no intentions of inciting rebellion or engaging in further conflict. Instead, he chose to live a reclusive life, distancing himself from the intrigues of war and combat.

Preferring the solace of a humble bar or canteen within the Crossroads, Marcus sought anonymity, finding solace in the simple moments of peace that the Nexus offered. Though his past loomed large and the empire remained a persistent threat, Marcus had resolved never to be entangled in the empire's affairs again, seeking only a quiet existence far removed from the chaos of his former life. Yet, beneath his calm demeanor lay the unwavering determination of a man who had witnessed the devastating consequences of power and vowed never to let it corrupt again.

Marcus is in his early fifties and has been a soldier all his life. His training and experience encompass live combat, battle strategies, logistics and supply, fighter piloting, warfare, black ops, enemy counter measures, spatio-temporal warfare, and many other military disciplines. **He is best at commanding**, being extremely successful at this, and is a very reliable brawler should the need arise.

He is a tad dejected and often accepts a good whisky or a smoke, doesn't like talking about his past or reliving experiences involving the loss of his men. He is a man one does not fuck around otherwise he'll make sure you find out, and despises people that let power get to their heads or abuse others through it.

The empire is still looking for him, and recently found evidence Marcus used one of their transdimensional experimental gate engines to escape but are unsure where still. They fear he may be building an army and return to challenge them. He may receive unwanted visitors soon, and will need to do something about it to make them stop coming after him.

Five Interesting Things About Marcus Steele

1. **He Once Commanded an Entire Starfront With Just a Battalion:** In one of the most legendary campaigns of his universe, Marcus held an entire strategic starfront against a force ten times his size for six months, using guerrilla tactics, misinformation, and orbital sabotage to outmaneuver his enemies.
2. **He Still Wears a Burned, Half-Melted Officer's Medal:** The medal, scorched during the betrayal that ended his military career, hangs from a chain around his neck. It's a grim reminder—not of honor—but of the cost of loyalty to the wrong cause.
3. **He's Built a Network of Informants in the Crossroads Without Anyone Noticing:** While he claims to be retired, Marcus quietly gathers intel through bartenders, scavengers, and traders—just in case. His old habits die hard, and the empire's reach is long.
4. **He's Trained Over Thirty Students in Secret:** Though he avoids the academy's spotlight, Marcus has personally mentored select students in strategy and survival, believing that true leadership is forged, not taught in classrooms.
5. **His Favorite Whisky Is the One He Can't Ever Get Again:** It was a vintage from a now-extinct world lost in a stellar collapse—he has one bottle left, saved for the day he either dies or returns to finish what the empire started.



"I don't need a title, a rank, or a fleet. Just give me a reason."

Interesting Characters

Meet the other Jumpers

You are not alone in this journey. Somewhere within the Interdimensional Academy, **eight others walk the same path as you—fellow Jumpers**, each with their own history, ambitions, and power sets. Some are **just beginning their odyssey through the Omniverse**, brimming with potential but lacking refinement. Others **have walked this path far longer than you**, their experience and strength far exceeding your own. **Each of them carries their own iteration of this Jump document**, their abilities tailored by choices not available to you, and yours to them. Some may become allies, others rivals, and at least one might prove to be nothing short of a nightmare in waiting.



Identifying them, however, will not be simple. None of you arrive with a flashing sign above your head declaring your nature. Unless you or another Jumper make the mistake of an obvious reveal, you will be left to rely on observation, deduction, or sheer luck to uncover their identities. And even then, appearances can be deceiving. Jumpers are known to change forms, shifting gender, race, or even species to suit their needs or whims. What may at first seem like an unassuming scholar, a street-level hustler, or a highborn noble could very well be one of your own, hiding in plain sight.

Each of these jumpers will take a role within the Academy, a handful of them placed in positions among the students, others of influence or intrigue within the Academy, and perhaps some could just choose to enjoy life in the Crossroads never bothering to interact much with the Academy. **Five men, three women**—or so it seems at first. The truth is far more fluid, for Jumpers have long since discarded such constraints. By the time you arrive, they could have altered themselves beyond recognition, their forms twisted to match the strategies they employ. Some may lay low, preferring to operate from the shadows, while others may rise to prominence, commanding attention through charisma, intellect, or sheer overwhelming might.

A final note: during this jump there will be no intervention from any of your Benefactors. No divine intervention, no cryptic messages from beyond. Whatever challenges or conflicts arise between you and these fellow travelers, they must be handled by your own wits, power, and preparation. You are all locked in this together, unknown to each other yet undeniably bound by the same fate. Whether you leave this Jump with newfound allies or bitter enemies is entirely up to you.

Avelin Orinth, the Academy Dean

Avelin Orinth is not merely the Dean of the Interdimensional Academy—he is its architect, its guardian, and ultimately, its greatest threat. Draped in the guise of an esteemed scholar and benevolent leader, he governs with an iron grip wrapped in velvet, his charisma both disarming and absolute. For countless eons, he has sculpted the Academy into an institution of unparalleled prestige, all the while steering it toward a singular, terrifying goal: his own ascension beyond the Omniverse itself. To him, knowledge is not a pursuit—it is a weapon, a means to sever the chains of existence and step into the realm of the ineffable.



Avelin's hunger for power is boundless, his ambitions reaching beyond the fabric of reality itself. He has spent millennia peeling back the layers of the cosmos, mastering disciplines that even gods fear to touch. No school of magic, no arcane technique, no cosmic force has eluded his grasp—yet none have granted him the ultimate dominion he craves. Lesser beings seek power for control, for conquest, for security. But Avelin seeks it for something far more terrifying: to unmake himself and be reborn as something beyond comprehension. He believes he has finally found the key to this apotheosis—within the writhing, eldritch glow of **That Which Beckons Luminescence in Darkness**.

In secret, Avelin has bound the smallest fragment of this unspeakable entity, safeguarding it within the deepest, most arcane vaults of the Academy. He studies it, worships it, feeds it, his every action a calculated step toward merging with its essence. He does not fear the horror's consuming light—he welcomes it, believing himself to be the sole being capable of controlling the uncontrollable. **His ultimate ambition is to wrench open the fabric of The Nexus and summon the full presence of this cosmic nightmare into reality**, an event that would not only obliterate the Academy but unravel the very foundation of existence itself. And in the heart of that apocalyptic conflagration, **Avelin will either transcend or be consumed—both outcomes, in his eyes, equally divine**.

To stand against Avelin Orinth is to challenge a being who has spent eternity forging himself into an apex predator of reality itself. He possesses abilities so vast, so layered, that even the most battle-hardened Jumper will find themselves in trouble. His knowledge of power—stolen, earned, and created—renders him an insurmountable force, capable of countering any trick, nullifying any strength, and breaking any resistance. Alone, the Jumper stands no chance. **Only through alliances, desperate gambits, and achieving power beyond their starting limits at the beginning of this jump can one hope to confront the mastermind of the Academy. To challenge him with the levels of might you have at the start of this jump means certain defeat**. But even then—what hope is there against one who stands on the precipice of something beyond godhood, gazing into the abyss with open arms?

Lysari, Little Sister of Ezekya

Lysari was never meant to be a legend. She was laughter by the riverbank, the warmth of a shared blanket on cold nights, the quiet hum of songs sung without words. While her sister Ezekya soared through ancient ruins and storm-torn skies chasing wonder and danger, Lysari was the hearth of their home—a gentle half-dragon girl with red hair like a precious apple and a smile that could thaw even the coldest of dawns. Her life was simple, unremarkable to the eyes of the world, but to Ezekya, she was everything.



On her seventeenth birthday, Ezekya begged her to follow her into the wilderness, eager to share the beauty of a hidden glade she had discovered—a glimmering place whispered of only in fading traveler tales. Lysari agreed, more to please her sister than out of curiosity. What unfolded next became a scar across the fabric of Ezekya’s soul. Unbeknownst to either of them, the clearing had become the precise anchor point for the ancient Outsider known as **Mor’Hortal**, a being so eldritch that its emergence unraveled not just space and time—but fate itself. The moment it manifested, reality ruptured. Lysari turned to Ezekya with joy in her eyes and a playful question on her lips—before the world was devoured by light, and she was gone. A perfect circle of ruin remained where she had stood. She had smiled until the very end.

Ezekya, struck by the chaotic collapse of space-time, was flung across universes and found herself torn from her world, shattered in spirit, and adrift in the **Nexus**. All she had left was the memory of that smile—the smile she never got to answer. **Lysari’s death is, by all known arcane laws and cosmic forces, irreversible.** The presence of Mor’Hortal, whose nature **nullifies all attempts at temporal or causal manipulation, rendered her demise a fixed wound on the tapestry of reality.** And yet, even as scholars and deities declared her lost forever, Ezekya refused to yield.

Lysari, bright as the morning sun, is now only a ghost of a memory—untouchable, unreachable, unmade. But her sister has uncovered whispers of a forbidden artifact that defies even the immutable threads of causality: the **Revenant Pearl**. It is not resurrection Ezekya seeks. It is *redemption*. To rewrite the final moment. To erase the cost of her own reckless love. She knows the price. She knows she might vanish in the exchange, her very existence unspooled to make room for her sister’s return. But she does not hesitate. Because to Ezekya, a world without Lysari is no world at all.

If there is a way to save Lysari, to bring back the girl who once danced barefoot through dandelion fields and dreamed of nothing more than quiet days and kind friends, **someone must help her. Someone must stand beside Ezekya in the face of cosmic finality.** Because somewhere in the deepest corners of the Omniverse, a girl with stardust eyes still waits, frozen in the moment before her smile faded forever.

Locations, Factions & Interesting Information

The Crossroads

The Crossroads stands as the beating heart of the Aetherian Continent, **the sole metropolis sprawling across its vast expanse and home to the renowned Interdimensional Academy.** More than just a city, it is a melting pot of cultures, species, and civilizations drawn from every corner of the Omniverse. Here, architecture from countless worlds blends into an eclectic yet oddly harmonious skyline, where towering spires of futuristic design stand beside floating pagodas, arcane sanctuaries, and labyrinthine bazaars. Despite the sheer variety, an underlying unity weaves through the chaos, giving the city its own distinct identity—a **place where the extraordinary is simply ordinary.**



At the heart of the Crossroads lies a thriving marketplace, where one can find anything from enchanted relics and alien technologies to delicacies harvested from dimensions unknown. Traders, scholars, and adventurers converge here, bartering in currencies that defy conventional economics, some relying on energy, favor-based exchanges, or even esoteric contracts. Yet, for all its wonder, the city has its shadows—hidden alleys and derelict districts shelter refugees from shattered universes, lost souls who have nowhere else to go. Some of these enclaves fall under the sway of minor syndicates or rogue factions, forming pockets of lawlessness amidst the structured chaos.

Unlike most cities, the Crossroads lacks a centralized government. Instead, power is divided among influential Lords, each ruling over a portion of the metropolis with their own set of laws and customs. These Lords maintain a delicate balance, ensuring that while disputes may arise, open conflict rarely escalates to city-wide warfare. The true arteries of the city, however, are its Dimensional Ports—portals fueled by magic, technology, or an intricate fusion of both. These gateways provide passage to mapped universes, facilitating trade, diplomacy, and exploration across the Omniverse. Access to some of the most coveted worlds remains strictly controlled, often restricted to those affiliated with the Academy.

Despite its lack of a governing authority, the Crossroads thrives under an unspoken law of strength and respect. Its citizens—descendants of wanderers, stranded travelers, or those who simply chose to stay—are expected to fend for themselves, forging their own destinies in a world that rewards resilience. While some sections maintain their own law enforcement, most rely on the rule of their respective Lords. However, blatant acts of destruction or harm against the general populace are met with swift and often overwhelming retaliation, ensuring that, for all its unpredictability, the Crossroads remains a place of relative stability.

A city of endless possibility, peril, and opportunity, the Crossroads is more than just a waypoint—it is a realm where the past, present, and future of countless worlds intertwine, and where those bold enough to seize their fate can carve out a legacy that spans dimensions.

Dungeons and the Aetherian Continent

Sprawled across the center of the Nexus lies the **Aetherian Continent**, a vast and seemingly endless landmass forged from the tectonic scars of a thousand fractured worlds. Floating monoliths, shattered mountains, and strata from alien realities collide here, giving rise to a surreal and diverse landscape where gravity itself sometimes forgets how it's meant to work. Despite its patchwork origins, the Aetherian Continent boasts a remarkably temperate and stable climate—a mystery long debated by scholars, many of whom believe it is subtly regulated by the influence of the Omniverse itself. No proof has ever been found, only speculation and myth.



But the land's most defining trait lies *beneath the surface*.

Throughout the Aetherian Continent lie **dungeons**—ancient, often sentient, megastructures from across the multiverse that crash-landed here or were drawn in by dimensional resonance. Some appear as shattered citadels of forgotten gods, others as bizarre bio-organic labyrinths, frozen data-scapes, or primeval death mazes carved into the bedrock of creation. Some are relics of extinct civilizations; others are still growing.

Most dungeons are dormant, their core systems either broken, drained, or sealed. But a growing number remain **active**—their interiors shifting, regenerating, and adapting to the intrusions of explorers. These are more than ruins. They are **ecosystems**, **challenges**, and **relic-machines** fueled by forgotten magics or lost technology. And they offer rewards worthy of the risk.

Adventurers, students, corporations, and black-market syndicates alike descend into these dungeons seeking **treasure**, **training**, **rare materials**, or **hidden knowledge**. Some organizations use them to test their best. Others extract resources—magical cores, aether crystals, temporal dust, or exotic biomass—on a near-industrial scale. But not all dungeons welcome exploitation.

Forbidden Depths, Sacred Trials

Certain dungeons are marked as **forbidden zones**, either by the Academy Council, interdimensional treaties, or common sense. Their depths harbor forces too volatile or entities too sentient to be disturbed. Still, rumors persist of illegal expeditions—and of unimaginable rewards for those who return.

Among these sealed depths, the **Remnants of C'than** remain as of now the most feared. Thought to house the last dreaming shard of a god-eater, or at least something of the kind, its wards are maintained by all major Nexus factions. Any who enter are not expected to return.

Known and Notorious Dungeons

- **Garden of the Lilies** – Once one of the most feared dungeons, a strange anomaly transformed it into a serene, almost surreal space filled with floral bio-light and gentle anomalies. Now considered a semi-public marvel, though deeper layers may still hold secrets.
- **The Goblin Forge** – A hyper-industrial trap-laden forge complex overrun by technogoblins. Constantly self-repairing. Favored for engineering internships and practical exams.
- **Red Gallows** – A blood-tinged dungeon manifesting punishment and justice themes. Used for psychological testing and shadow training by darker Academy branches.
- **Academy Crypts** – A shifting burial chamber beneath the Academy filled with echoing memories and unfinished trials. Rumored to house the “failed classes.”
- **The Incazteyan Ruins** – Jungle-wrapped and cyclical, this dungeon resets every full moon cycle. Rich in living architecture and ancient traps.
- **Palace of Crystal** – A beautiful, prism-like palace of light and distortion. Hosts simulated court rituals, sentient glass beings, and illusion-based puzzles.
- **Borgia Mines** – Abandoned and repurposed by rogue mercenary guilds. Laced with explosives and malfunctioning war-AI.
- **Raccoon Paradise** – A pocket dungeon whose inhabitants appear as hyperintelligent raccoons running a bizarre casino and mercenary guild. Allegiances unknown.

And still, **there are others**—shifting, hidden, or only partially explored. Some have minds of their own. Some are growing again.

To maintain order and ensure explorer safety, the major organizations that research, regulate, or interact with the dungeons of the Nexus have agreed upon a standardized **star-rating system** to classify dungeon threat levels. Each dungeon is assigned a rating from **one to five stars**, based solely on its inherent danger to entrants—regardless of the rewards it may offer.

- A **one-star dungeon** typically presents low risk, though minor hazards still exist.
- A **five-star dungeon**, on the other hand, is tantamount to a death sentence—few who enter return, and such places are often sealed off and declared **forbidden zones**.

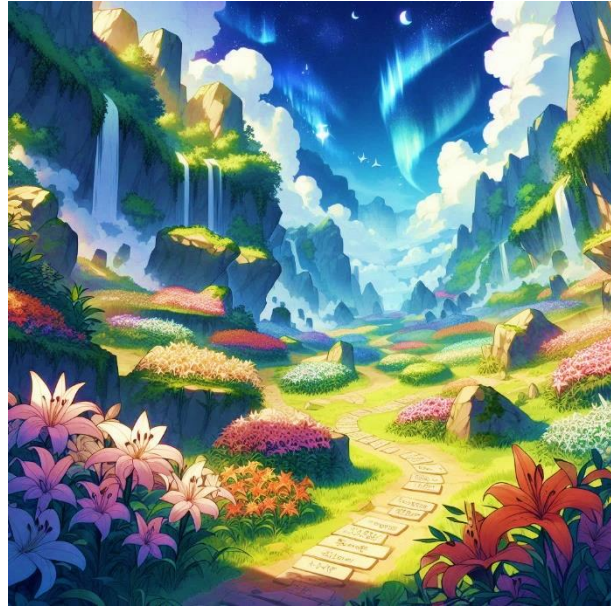
Interestingly, some dungeons are deemed completely safe due to factors such as deactivation, thorough clearance, or natural pacification. These are labeled simply as **“Safe”**, receiving **no stars at all**, though they may still hold secrets beneath their tranquil facades.

The Aetherian Continent is a crucible. Its dungeons are not just places—they are **stories** waiting to be uncovered, **rivals** waiting to awaken, and **treasures** waiting to change the world. Whether you’re a first-year academy hopeful or a jaded legend on the run, these depths will test you, shape you... or bury you.

[Dungeon] The Garden of the Lilies

Danger Level [\[Safe\]](#)

The Garden of the Lilies is unlike any other dungeon on the Aetherian Continent. Once feared as a volatile five-star death zone brimming with spatial anomalies and predatory flora, a mysterious cataclysmic event long ago pacified its twisted nature. What was once a crucible of madness has become a breathtaking realm of ethereal serenity. Vast bioluminescent meadows stretch out beneath a glass-like sky, where petals drift through the air like slow-falling snow. Ancient, overgrown ruins lie cradled in beds of glowing lilies, and gravity itself is subtly askew—allowing visitors to walk up curving walls or gently float between crystalline trees.



Though it retains its classification as a “dungeon,” the Garden is now more akin to a living sanctuary than a battlefield. No monsters roam its glades, and no traps threaten the unwary. Instead, it hums with a quiet, otherworldly energy that many say calms the mind and opens the heart. The air is always temperate, the skies ever twilight, and a gentle ambient melody—faint but ever-present—can be heard by those attuned to magic. Healers, mystics, and artists often claim inspiration or insight after spending time there, and even the most hardened mercenaries find themselves at peace within its bounds.

The dungeon main entrance resides a few miles outside the Crossroads, in the wilderness. Thanks to its reformation, the Garden has become a major site of **interdimensional tourism**. Couples stroll through its ever-blooming pathways, scholars study the harmonic energy fields, and students of the Interdimensional Academy are often brought here for meditation, bonding, or low-risk exploratory exercises. Floating platforms guide visitors to various scenic locations—such as the Moonlight Basin, the Whispering Archways, and the Lily Mirror Lake, where one’s reflection is rumored to show possible futures. A small commercial hub even exists near the entrance, offering charms, maps, and fragrant bouquets said to carry minor blessings.

Yet, for all its tranquility, the Garden still holds secrets. Some ancient doors deep within its glades remain sealed, marked with glowing glyphs that predate known civilizations. On rare nights, a figure in white has been seen walking the highest hill, leaving no footprints, and vanishing when approached. And hidden far beneath the Garden, veiled from all senses—magical or mundane—rests the **cosmic blade known as Aurora’s Embrace**. Said to shimmer with the colors of dying stars, this sentient weapon of unfathomable beauty slumbers in solitude, awaiting the touch of the one for whom she was forged: her destined, fated love. Until that moment arrives, she dreams quietly beneath the lilies, her presence felt only as a gentle warmth on the breeze—longing, patient, eternal.

Dungeon Denizens: [None], **Exploring Rewards:** [0 CP]

This dungeon does not possess many rewards for exploration, there are no special resources here, other than the enjoyable time you spend in it. Travel, bring friends, or maybe a date!

Later, during one scenario, it might be that the conditions of this dungeon could change...

[Dungeon] Seashell Resort

Danger Level [★ · · · ·]

The Seashell Resort is one of the most beloved and frequented dungeons accessible from the Crossroads, especially popular among casual adventurers, merchants, and tourists seeking a laid-back excursion with the possibility of moderate profit. Nestled beneath the quaint and colorful **Seashell Café**—a seaside-themed establishment known for its coral cocktails and seafoam pastries—lies a well that leads directly into this whimsical and watery dungeon. For a modest fee, visitors can descend into a glowing underworld of shallow tide pools, shimmering coral gardens, and gently curving caverns lit by soft bioluminescence.



The main draw of the Seashell Resort is its abundance of **fini pearls**, small iridescent orbs that grow inside enchanted seashells found throughout the dungeon's crystal-clear waters. Though each pearl holds only mild value on its own—primarily as decorative gems or low-grade magical components—they are plentiful, renewable, and occasionally possess soft healing properties when exposed to natural mana flows. Explorers often wade knee-deep through glimmering pools, gathering handfuls of shells and cracking them open in search of the treasured pearls. The result is a dungeon that feels more like a seaside scavenger hunt than a harrowing expedition.

While it lacks serious danger, the dungeon still demands a bit of preparation. The cavern network is deceptively vast and easy to get lost in, especially for those who fail to bring maps or guides. Still, the steady traffic of explorer parties means help is rarely far away. The greatest "threats" are more of an inconvenience than a danger: venomous but immobile sea urchins dotting the rocks, territorial **stone crabs** the size of small horses guarding their favorite clusters of shells, and the elusive **King Krab**, a massive and ancient crustacean that wanders the dungeon's lower halls on rare moonlit nights. Though slow-moving, the King Krab can turn flesh to stone with a single touch, making confrontation ill-advised—fortunately, its predictable patterns make it easy to avoid entirely.

Adventurers are encouraged to bring reinforced bags, collection tools, and perhaps a few friends to maximize their haul before the seashells begin to magically reseal and replenish—a process that takes roughly three days. The dungeon's regenerative nature and charming atmosphere have made it a minor economic staple for local crafters and a training ground for novice delvers. Whether you're looking to earn some quick coin, soak in the oceanic beauty, or simply spend a day beneath the waves without ever leaving the Crossroads, the **Seashell Resort** offers a little piece of paradise—one pearl at a time.

Dungeon Denizens: [Ghostfin Fishes, Urchins, Anemones, Stone Crabs, King Krab, various mundane sea life]

Dungeon Rewards: [100 CP] [One time only]

To earn your reward, you must lead an expedition into the dungeon and gather a sizeable amount of fini pearls to sell later, and manage to find and engage with the King Krab. Defeating or making it retreat is required to earn the dungeon rewards. Any profit obtained from selling pearls is yours to have, just don't forget to pay the entry fee to the Seashell Café, lest you become banned from further entries.

[Dungeon] Raccoon Paradise

Danger Level [★ · · · ·]

At first glance, **Raccoon Paradise** seems like a joke—an elaborate prank played by the multiverse on unsuspecting delvers. Hidden inside a seemingly mundane supply closet deep within the Crossroads' older districts, this pocket dungeon reveals itself as a gaudy, glowing casino-city operated entirely by hyperintelligent raccoons in glittery vests, bowties, and monocles. But do not be fooled by the absurdity: beneath the flashing lights and vending machines stocked with cupcakes lies one of the strangest and most politically ambiguous dungeons in the Nexus.

The raccoons here are more than just clever critters—they speak fluently (but only while manning their games or workstations), understand all known languages, and display advanced organizational structure. They run the Paradise as both a **casino** and a **mercenary guild**, offering games of chance, skill



trials, and services in exchange for sweets, credits, or strange relics. Though their origins remain a mystery—both the raccoons and their machines seem to emerge from hidden crevices or quantum folds in the walls when no one's looking—rumors persist that they serve an unknown Nexus entity, perhaps a forgotten trickster god or interdimensional intelligence.

Raccoons recruited as mercenaries are unusually competent despite their small stature, capable of stealth operations, minor magic, technical sabotage, or even swordplay. Each seems to hail from a different universe, some wielding laser pistols, others ancient scrolls, or even improvised gadgets of questionable legality. As individual threats they are minimal—but collectively, they are cunning, coordinated, and dangerous if provoked. They adore sugar in all forms and become immediately aggressive toward anyone who cheats, steals from the house, or harms one of their own. The transformation from adorable greeters to coordinated strike teams is swift and violent.

One unique figure within the dungeon is the enigmatic **Red Raccoon**—a red panda-like figure in a gambler's coat who plays the slot machines with insatiable enthusiasm and regularly robs unattended candy. This elusive trickster cannot be hired or reasoned with but can be challenged to high-stakes games. Few win. Those who do walk away with outrageous prizes—enchanted jackpots, miracle items, or vaults of currency—but they also earn the constant, quiet attention of the raccoon network. Reports suggest some winners are later shadowed across the Crossroads by silent raccoons perched on rooftops or trailing behind lamp posts... watching.

Whether you're looking to gamble, recruit some unlikely muscle, or just experience something truly strange, **Raccoon Paradise** delivers. Just remember: the house always wins. And the house has claws.

Dungeon Denizens: [Raccoons of all kinds and types, Red Raccoon (God)]

Dungeon Rewards: [100 CP one time only, minor artifacts and valuable currency afterwards]

To earn the dungeon rewards you must either partake in a gambling frenzy and consistently win in all of the available types of games, machines and contests of chance in the Casino, just a win for each type is fine. However, they must be done consecutively, increasing the difficulty of achieving this. Another method is defeating the Red Raccoon in his own games, but that means dealing with a very cunning con artist, liar, cheater, and wildly lucky entity who may or not be a god of luck in disguise.

[Dungeon] The Goblin Forge

Danger Level [★★★★ · ·]

Tucked into the jagged outskirts beyond the Crossroads, embedded into the black cliffs of the Furnace Reach, lies the ever-churning industrial labyrinth known as **The Goblin Forge**. Built atop a rich vein of blacksteel ore, this dungeon is a living machine—a maze of molten metal, roaring machinery, and ingenious deathtraps. Originally constructed by the infamous *Steelfang Guild*, a now-vanished goblin engineering order, the forge was eventually overtaken by an invasive dungeon growth during a reckless excavation into its deepest seams. Over time, the dungeon merged with the forge's infrastructure, warping it into a strange hybrid of dungeon ecology and industrial megastructure.



The upper levels are a mechanical purgatory of automated assembly lines and crucible chambers. Here, blacksteel is endlessly processed, cast, and melted again, powering a perpetual forge cycle that no longer has any overseer—at least, none visible. Though these levels are technically uninhabited, they are *far* from safe. The factory's defense systems operate with eerie precision, triggering pressure plates, blade walls, arc welders, and magnetic crushers at the slightest misstep. Hidden among the machinery are valuable mechanical parts, obscure schematics, and prototype tools of unknown purpose—rewards for clever and cautious explorers. These levels are frequently used by engineering students, artificers-in-training, and apprentice smiths undertaking practical exams... assuming they're willing to sign a waiver and wear fireproof gear.

As one descends, the sterile forge begins to twist into a cavernous sprawl of handcrafted tunnels and haphazard expansions. Welcome to the *Goblin Warrens*. Here, the native inhabitants—**technogoblins**—thrive. Goblins of all shapes and sizes crawl through the pipework, skitter across catwalks, and ride makeshift conveyor sleds. Their hierarchy is a wild display of color and capability:

Blue-hued goblins lean toward intellect and invention. The deeper the blue, the more dangerously brilliant they are—wielding gadgets, powered armor, alchemical bombs, or bizarre magic-tech hybrids.

Red-hued goblins, on the other hand, are muscular brutes often clad in welded-together exosuits or wielding immense scrap weapons. The brighter the red, the more physically overwhelming they are. Rare encounters with **true blue** or **true red** goblins—rumored to be the reincarnated champions of the old Steelfang Guild—are tests of both brain and brawn, often leading to extraordinary conflict or opportunity.

The lowest depths of the Forge are where treasure hunters and relic-seekers dream to reach. Hidden vaults contain blacksteel ingots, rare alloys, experimental weapon cores, and encrypted schematics for long-lost war machines. Rumors speak of a **“Master Mold,”** a semi-sentient forge-heart said to dwell at the very core of the complex, capable of reshaping blacksteel with perfect memory—allowing it to regenerate and restore itself even when shattered. Smiths from across dimensions seek even a shard of this regenerative alloy, as it allows for the creation of legendary gear that seemingly defies time.

Dungeon Denizens: [Red Goblins (several hues), Blue Goblins (several hues), Kill Goblin (Rare), Master Mold (Rare, Steals Memories)]

Dungeon Rewards: [200 CP for conquering the dungeon, one time only. Pure Black Steel and Low-Quality Black Steel]

Traversing the dungeon completely, reaching the Master Mold and breaking through the entity that it harbors, and destroying it will grant the rewards of the dungeon. Subsequent returns allow to gather materials and treasures found within the dungeon.

[Dungeon] Red Gallows

Danger Level [★★☆☆]

A haunting, dreamlike construct buried deep beneath the Aetherian Continent, **Red Gallows** is less a dungeon and more a crucible for the soul. Bathed in crimson hues and steeped in themes of punishment, guilt, and fractured justice, it has become a grim favorite among certain branches of the Academy for psychological conditioning, shadow training, and mental resilience trials. Unlike other dungeons, its dangers do not come from monsters or traps, but from the invader's own mind.

Those lured by its whispered promises—of relief, catharsis, and reunion with the lost—find themselves wandering halls lined with blood-tinged stone and weathered oak doors that creak open into their worst memories. The dungeon's eerie calm is disarming; there are no enemies in the traditional sense, only **illusions** of people, moments, and places pulled from the visitor's psyche.



These visions often take the form of trials: delivering justice, seeking redemption, or enduring judgment. They are vivid to the point of pain—visceral, tangible, emotionally exhausting. Though illusory, they can cause trauma, madness, or even death if one loses their grip on reality.

Curiously, some who leave speak of feeling lighter—as if a great burden was momentarily lifted. But this relief is always temporary. Many become "**echo addicts**," unable to resist the dungeon's balm, returning again and again despite the mental toll. Others lose themselves entirely, wandering its endless hallways caught in loops of illusion, speaking to the long dead or punishing imagined foes in perpetuity.

At the dungeon's heart, hidden behind countless doors and layers of illusion, lie encounters with the dearly departed. These phantom presences—crafted with terrifying precision from the visitor's memory—offer closure and final conversations that reality never allowed. They remember, they weep, they forgive. But they can never leave. It is said that the only true threat within Red Gallows is **the truth one refuses to face**. For this reason, the dungeon is both a sanctuary and a trap, a mirror and a maw.

Dungeon Denizens: [None, technically anyway]

Dungeon Rewards: [100 CP for overcoming the illusions through your own will power, no perks used. One time only]

Deep down within this dungeon, it is possible to find someone dear to you that has passed away, or has become lost to you. This includes people that exist outside this jump, like friends, characters that you met in other jumps, and even your parents and family. Just be careful to never forget yourself that these are not real, nor fall upon the trap of becoming an echo-addict yourself.

[Dungeon] Academy Crypts

Danger Level [★★★★☆☆]

Beneath the prestigious Interdimensional Academy lies a shifting, solemn, and sometimes sinister structure known as **The Academy Crypts**. Though technically a dungeon, it's treated with reverence and utility by the faculty—an ever-changing labyrinth of interred greatness, failed ambition, and forgotten lessons. The Crypts are divided into **three distinct levels**, each descending deeper into mystery, danger, and something far more troubling.

Level One is somber but tame, filled with winding marble corridors, faint spiritual hums, and ever-shifting mausoleums. Burial chambers here are in constant, ritualistic flux—rotating locations every seven days according to ancient Academy tradition. Many honored professors and legendary alumni have their remains preserved here, watched over by a calm multitude of **wisp spirits** that float softly like glowing memories. Curiously, many empty crypts are used as makeshift classrooms by eccentric instructors who enjoy the ambiance—or wish to test students' courage. Spirit mages and necromancers-in-training value the wisps as harmless energy sources, perfect for summoning, forging, and arcane practice.



Level Two is where the quiet ends. The soft light vanishes, and the air grows stale. Here, skeletal bats flutter between decaying archways, and minor undead stalk through broken tombs. This level is used frequently for combat practice, scavenging expeditions, and "accidental field exams." Most creatures here pose little threat to seasoned Academy students, though **forgotten equipment and journals** are scattered like breadcrumbs from the unlucky or unprepared. The wisp spirits do not descend here. Instead, darkness is broken only by flickering mage-light and the occasional pulse of necrotic energy. The threshold to the next level is marked by a grotesque **stone face**, its mouth wide open in an eternal, silent scream. Students whisper that it devours the weak or sends them to a stomach realm—legends with no basis in truth, but enough fear to give even confident adventurers pause.

Level Three is where the real dungeon begins. The architecture twists into surrealism—walls shift, gravity occasionally forgets itself, and no path remains the same for long. Every third day, the entire structure reorganizes, rendering maps obsolete. More powerful and unusual undead prowl here, including elusive **Kryptonian ghouls**, a **knife-haired death badger**, and the infamous **Viltrumite Lich**, a failure from a genocidal purge in another universe, now seething with magical rage. Strange anomalies appear: **sentient books** whispering forgotten truths, **cross-universal relics** of unspeakable power, and arcane traps whose design seems to predate even the Academy.

Yet the worst horror has no name among the living—only **The Carrion**. A massive, amorphous horror of teeth, flesh, and bone, The Carrion slides through the shifting corridors in silence... until you hear it. The dry rasp of bones scraping stone. The slurp of wet tendons. By then, it's often too late. Academy guidelines strictly forbid students from engaging it. Teachers who've seen it and lived describe it only as **"a test you should never try to pass."**

It's whispered that the **Academy Depths**, a forbidden dungeon-within-a-dungeon, lies hidden somewhere in Level Three. Entry requires mastery over space and knowledge of the ever-changing paths—without these the entrance cannot be reached... or survived.

Dungeon Denizens: [Wisp Spirits, Skeletal Bats, Zombies, Skeletons, Mummies, Undead Students, Greater Undead, Kryptonian Ghouls, Knife-Haired Death Badger, Viltrumite Lich (Unique), The Carrion (Unique, Extremely Dangerous).]

Dungeon Rewards: [200 CP for defeating the Viltrumite Lich, only once. Up to 200 CP of items can be found scattered around the third level, only once.] [200 CP if defeating the Carrion, only once]

[Dungeon] The Incazteyan Ruins

Danger Level [★★★★ · ·]

Tucked deep within the violet-choked jungles of the **Incazteyan Valley**, the ruins of a lost civilization slumber beneath towering trees, monstrous flora, and a canopy so thick it drowns the sun in perpetual twilight. These ruins are all that remain of the **Incazteyan**, an enigmatic culture believed to have been part of a splintered world that fell into the Nexus during an ancient collapse. The jungle is alive—literally—with whispering vines, mutated predators, and a strange ambient hum that permeates the air, hinting at the lingering effects of the Incazteyan’s final experiment.

Originally designed as a self-sustaining paradise, the Incazteyans’ last attempt at survival turned into their doom. Their terraforming machinery twisted, and the jungle grew too well—consuming cities, reshaping ecosystems, and warping the creatures within. Now, the ruins survive only because the failed artificial ecosystem unintentionally protects them, freezing parts of the city in time.



The ruins themselves are hauntingly beautiful: **cracked marble plazas, stone temples engraved with living vines, massive ziggurats, and crumbling aqueducts** that once carried glowing water. Precolonial in shape but futurist in detail, explorers will find remnants of a society that fused **ancient stonework with lost technology**—flickering control panels built into shrines, sealed pressure doors inside temples, and broken automatons that still patrol out of corrupted duty.

The surrounding jungle is as much a part of the dungeon as the ruins. **Green tigers with fractal-patterned fur, fang-mouthed apes,** and even **mimic plants** that grow in the shape of inviting resting spots now populate the overgrown streets. Many creatures have been altered by the dungeon’s residual energy—some have grown stronger or smarter, others stranger and more docile. Predictability is a luxury few can afford here.

Despite its history, there’s no central danger or singular malevolent entity presiding over the Incazteyan Ruins. Instead, **danger hides in missteps and assumptions**, in the dense purple fog and the twisting vines, in the treasures that aren’t always inert. Orichalcum and brass coins from a bygone era can be found in old treasuries and buried vaults, hoarded now by apex creatures or hidden under techno-magical locks.

Of note is the **House of Mag’damon**, the third-largest ziggurat and one of the few partially intact internal complexes. Beneath its surface lies a sealed coffer said to contain personal relics of a final survivor—thoughts carved into crystalline tablets, a locket containing an unidentifiable energy signature, and a child’s toy that hums softly when held. But beware: the lower level is infected by a **ravenous fungoid plague**, a symbiotic spore network that reacts to motion and warmth. Even slight noise can awaken its mobile tendrils or trigger the release of hallucinogenic spores. Silence and stealth are required—along with a healthy respect for mold that thinks.

The Incazteyan Ruins are ideal for adventurers seeking mystery, ancient tech, and rich atmosphere. Though lacking a singular grand foe, the entire dungeon is **one quiet heartbeat away from becoming a trap**.

Come for the relics. Stay for the jungle. Just don’t touch the walls...

Dungeon Denizens: [Green Tigers, Fang-Mouthed Apes, Mimic Plants, Incazteyan Automatons, Fungal Horrors.]

Dungeon Rewards: [Recovering the rumored chest within the House of Mag’damon will award you 100 CP.]

The jungle is treacherous and the environment hostile, special preparations are recommended for both adventurers and students that dare to brave the ruins. Damage to the dungeon resets every full moon, though treasure taken from the dungeon does not.

[Dungeon] Palace of Crystal

Danger Level [★★ · · ·]

Perched like a dream on the jagged edge of the Mirror Ridges—where quartz forests bloom from the mountainsides and rainbows fracture the sky—the **Palace of Crystal** rises as a vast, opalescent structure of impossible architecture. The entrance alone, an archway sculpted from refractive diamondine stone, hums with music only light can hear. From the outside, it appears as a crystalline palace; from the inside, it's a hall of illusions, deceit, and beauty that borders on madness.



Everything here is a lie.

Each room within is a masterpiece of shifting light and warped perception. Walls appear solid until touched, floors echo with footsteps that don't belong to you, and voices drift from nowhere, sometimes speaking truths only you could know. A traveler once described it as *“a palace of reflection, where even your thoughts might not be your own.”*

Upon entry, one is welcomed into the **Mess Hall**, where an eternal banquet of shimmering crystal food is laid across translucent tables—never eaten, never aged. Further in, explorers have charted strange chambers: the **Foyer of Echoed Names**, the **Blue Room** (where time moves slower), the **Candy Room** (filled with statues of children, sweet-smelling and silently weeping), the **Endless Fall** (an optical abyss), the **Waiting Hall** (filled with statues that resemble real people who've never left), the **Radiation Trap**, and the **Prison of Mirrors**, where one's own reflection mocks them relentlessly.

There are no beasts here, no claws or fangs... but the House is not empty.

The **sentient glass beings**—the **Vitrim**—drift soundlessly through halls and mirrors, shaped like twisted reflections of things you trust. They are neither good nor evil but bound to **ancient, unspoken rules**. Violate them, and you may find yourself alone, redirected endlessly, or worse—trapped in the **Mirrored House**, a dark inverse dimension with no true exit. Sleep carelessly, and if your reflection is caught in crystal light, the Vitrim will draw you into their realm.

Worse still, in the mirrored world, **your voice echoes but no one hears**, and time slows in cruel ways. The only hope of escape lies in finding and destroying the exact crystal that caught your sleeping image—a near-impossible feat if you leave your starting point.

The House of Crystal is a favored (and feared) destination of enchanters, illusionists, and magic-starved scholars. Deep within its shifting vaults grow rare **spell-crystals**, which when ground into dust, allow lesser mages to cast spells otherwise out of reach. For some, that's worth the risk of never finding the way out again.

Most who enter leave changed. Some forget who they were. Some don't leave at all. But those who master the House learn not only to see through illusions—but to craft them. The House does not teach through kindness. It teaches by **letting you fool yourself**.

Dungeon Denizens: [Vitrim (Diverse sizes and types)]

Dungeon Rewards: [Reaching the true dungeon core will allow the possibility of harvesting a Nexus Crystal, but doing so will permanently destroy the dungeon and its denizens. Regardless of if you harvest it or not, you'll earn 100 CP]

A Nexus Crystal is a unique item that can be found here, grinding it to a fine dust and consuming it will allow a single magic user to use magic within the Nexus without any suppression or limitations.

[Dungeon] Borgia Mines

Danger Level [★★★★★ ·]

Beneath the shattered remnants of the **Borgia Mercenary & Mining Camp**, far below the rusted platforms and jury-rigged elevators, lies a labyrinth of **endless tunnels, fractured shafts, and flickering ghost-lights**. Once hailed as the most valuable excavation site in the Crossroads, the **Borgia Mines** were a marvel of multiversal extraction—mineral veins that defied logic, where you might dig through obsidian and strike a vein of anti-gravity crystal from a lost dimension.

At its peak, the mines were a cooperative venture between powerful factions—Academy geologists, planar engineers, and Nexus technocrats—until **greed ruptured diplomacy**. Disputes turned into skirmishes, skirmishes into full-blown tunnel warfare. Shafts were rigged with **plasma mines**, whole caverns **collapsed deliberately**, and the most damning of all—**autonomous war-AI** were unleashed, each faction programming their machines to wipe out the others.



That would've been enough to kill the mines.

But the real trouble began when a **dungeon core**—unearthed accidentally in a catastrophic collapse—**awoke**.

Now the mines live. **Self-repairing tunnels, eternally regenerating mineral nodes, and rebooting AI patrols** mean that even if you survive once, the mines will be ready again next week. The dungeon core feeds off chaos, slowly **warping reality** in localized zones: anti-gravity chambers, time-looped hallways, and zero-sound corridors where no noise escapes.

Exploration is a **high-stakes gamble**. Mercenary guilds now use the ruined camp above as a forward base, scraping what riches they can from below. They deal in **dimensional alloys, dissonant crystals**, and exotic war-tech components—highly illegal, absurdly profitable.

The dangers?

- **Malfunctioning war-AI** with glitching behavioral routines—some ask you riddles before opening fire.
- **Claustrophobic tunnels** prone to sudden collapses, often triggered by stray weapon discharges.
- **Hallucinogenic gas pockets**, remnants of war-chems, inducing paranoia or illusory attacks.
- **Temporal fragments**—areas where time has cracked, making footsteps repeat or memories echo.
- **Rogue miners** who've gone mad and now worship the dungeon core as a machine-god.

There is no map. The layout shifts subtly each week. There are **no natural light sources**—only the hum of dying tech and the ever-present buzz of motion sensors tracking intruders.

Yet... the draw remains. You can find *anything* here, if you're lucky—or mad—enough to try.

Dungeon Denizens: [War Drones, AI Traps, Intelligent Mines, Bioweapons, Chemical Ghosts, Rogue Miners]

Dungeon Rewards. [Technically possible to find any material, the rarer or more unique the more difficult. Finding the path to reach the Dungeon Core and destroying it (while managing to escape from the collapsing mines will reward you 200 CP. Destroying the Dungeon will change any minerals within into common and mundane minerals and gems]

[Dungeon] Remnants of C'than

Danger Level [★★★★★] [Forbidden Zone]

“Once whole and now shattered, It dreams, It hungers, and the world listens. That’s the problem.”

– Sealed Record, Archive of the Many-Eyed Vault

There are places in the Nexus where danger thrives.

And then there are places where it *waits*.

The **Remnants of C'than** are not simply a dungeon—they are a **wound in reality**, stitched shut only through the combined will of every major faction in the Crossroads. Located days from the Crossroads' edge, this area is permanently surrounded by **ritual barriers**, **dimensional anchors**, and **warding pylons** maintained by the Church of the Many Gods and enforced by joint Nexus factions. No sanctioned expeditions are permitted. Entry is forbidden. **Survival is not expected.**



Long ago, something titanic crashed into the Nexus—a **shard of an Azathoth-Class entity, or at least something of that scale**, later nicknamed **C'than**. Its presence distorted logic, eroded sanity, and dissolved the living. Even under the Nexus' stringent interdimensional laws, its existence was a violation. The battle that followed was brutal, marked by the cooperation of powers that rarely speak—led, it is said, by **Dean Avelin Orinth of the Interdimensional Academy**, who personally delivered the final blow.

But death, it seems, was not the end.

As C'than's enormous corpse collapsed, its cranial mass and psychic residue **sank into the earth**, and over time, something **formed around it**. No one could find a dungeon core—perhaps because there *wasn't* one. Or perhaps because the **dungeon is the core**. In time, explorers dubbed it “Remnants of C'than,” but it became rapidly apparent that this was no ordinary ruin.

It **feeds on attention**, on thought, on the **idea of itself**. **It brings madness.**

The dungeon shifts with each entry. Corridors of **fleshy stone**, **whispering shadows**, and **meat-etched symbols** seem to grow more intricate, more aggressive, with every incursion. Some claim the walls breathe. Others have heard their own voices call to them from vents in the dark. Entities inside the Remnants defy classification—some resemble fractal serpents with mouths that open into stars, others are **wordless humanoids with inverted skin**, speaking only through emotion. Worse are the things that don't move at all, yet are always closer.

And then there are the dreams.

Even outside the dungeon, guards posted for extended shifts begin to experience **fragmented hallucinations, invasive thoughts, an unexplainable HUNGER**, and a recurring word written in unknown tongues:

"SHATTERED"

There is no reward here. No treasure, no mineral, no knowledge worth the risk. The dungeon's only known function is its **attempt to return**. To become whole again. Some scholars believe that every step taken within its walls gives it a shape, every gaze gives it form. It is **not expanding**—yet. But it is **remembering**.

For now, containment holds.

But should the wards fail, it won't be another dungeon we face.

It will be the thing we named C'than, again. And this time, we may not win.

Dungeon Denizens: [Untold horrors born by the unknowable mind of whatever is in the dungeon]

Dungeon Rewards: [Madness, death, mind ailments and potentially permanent loss of abilities]

This place is no dungeon at all, there are no rewards for exploring this place, and with each entry the place... or rather the thing grows stronger and more dangerous. Access is forbidden, and forcing your way inside is a quick way to gain the enmity of the vast majority of the Crossroad factions and the Academy.

For this jump, it is expected that you learn about this place but do little about it. Any attempts to destroy it will quickly earn the ire of the factions that guard it, as they believe it contained and leaving it that way is less troublesome for now.

Perhaps in the future, you will revisit this place, and learn the secrets it contains.

For now, the Shattered One... or a piece of itself, remains asleep...

[Dungeon] Halls of the Revenant

Danger Level [★★★★☆]

Hidden far on the fractured edge of the **Aetherian Continent**, nestled beneath a long-forgotten sinkhole overgrown with blue moss and whispering reeds, lies a ruin not built *for* the Nexus—but *against* it.

This is the **Halls of the Revenant**, one of the rarest forms of dungeon: not forged by a dungeon core, not tethered to the usual systems of regeneration, power, or magical influence. Instead, it is a **sealed research sanctum**, now collapsed into labyrinthine decay, once created by an unknown and possibly extinct faction whose purpose remains both obscure and chillingly ambitious.



The Halls begin with a descent down a hidden spiral stairwell exposed only during a specific combination of elements involving the time of the day, a puzzle, and a musical key. Below, the air changes—becoming weightless, soundless, **causally dead**.

From the first threshold, the dungeon **blocks all forms of time manipulation, teleportation, probability interference, and precognition**, rendering even the most godlike powers inert. This place will block any power and perks that jumpers have related to these abilities, the reason for this is unknown.

Traversing the Halls are not linear. They comprise multiple **interlocking zones**, each with unique mechanics and thematic puzzles:

- **The Shifting Gallery.** A vast, Escher-like stone chamber whose floor rearranges itself when not observed. Pairs of explorers must walk in unison on parallel paths while solving mirrored environmental riddles, with failure resulting in sudden plunges into **temporal stasis pits**.
- **The Atrium of Paradox.** A zone where language breaks down and symbols rotate meaning. Communication becomes garbled unless party members wear or possess specific “glyph-bind” artifacts. One puzzle forces a choice: rewrite your past or sacrifice a companion’s memory to proceed.
- **The Choir Vaults.** Haunted by **Mer Ghosts**, these underwater echo chambers project the last memories of drowned civilizations. Avoiding madness requires auditory alignment—one must play “harmonic keys” found in forgotten tombs while the other listens for lies whispered in the reverb.
- **The Court of Forgotten Architects.** Watched over by the enigmatic **Krakonian Sphinx**, this area requires proof of knowledge regarding Nexus metaphysics. The sphinx does not ask riddles—it **asks truths**, drawn from the explorer’s own timelines. Failure results in a **temporal regression**, losing acquired progress and equipment.

- **The Hall of Flesh and Eyes.** A warped corridor infested by the **Many-Eyed Wererabbit**, a chimeric being capable of quantum duplication. Light must be redirected carefully via ancient lenses to render it visible—and vulnerable—while using shadows to trap its clones.

No one may traverse the Halls alone. Many chambers require **cooperation**, **simultaneous lever pulls**, and **ritual timing** from multiple explorers. Communication is key—yet some areas induce **anti-verbal zones** or **miscommunication enchantments**, requiring party members to invent alternate systems of trust and timing.

Some traps defy physical logic—**cause-effect inversions**, **symmetry-based death loops**, and **choice paradoxes** that force ethical sacrifices to alter dungeon flow.



Bits and pieces of **ancient data cubes**, **fragmented murals**, and **holographic records** tell a piecemeal story: of a group of scholars, exiles, or rebels who sought to explore the **interstitial seams** of the Omniverse. Their goal was to map and *control* the fate-bound laws that govern reality across dimensions, looking to alter fate to ascend into something greater than the legendary Cosmic Lords.

They failed—or perhaps succeeded too well, in a sense.

Scattered throughout the ruins are **artifacts**:

- *Causality Knots* – rare items that let users “delay” consequences for a short time.
- *Chrono-Null Grenades* – disables time-based powers or effects in an area temporarily, though mostly useless within the Nexus due to the single moment in time rule.
- *The Mirror of the Yet-To-Be* – a relic that shows not the future, but a **potential** one the user might experience—at a cost.

The deepest chamber—**The Vault of Diverged Threads**—is sealed by a twelve-part mechanism requiring artifacts from every major zone. Inside lies the **Revenant Pearl**, a legendary item of untold power: a perfectly smooth sphere that appears dull and empty, yet within it swirls all that could have been.

It does not grant wishes.

It **rewrites** causality, bypassing all attempts to block it except those of beings or places that are of a multiversal potency or beyond.

Use of the Pearl can permanently alter reality, bend timelines, erase events, or birth new chains of causality—all with a single ask. It is a singular item of **absolute narrative influence that holds a terrible secret**, and so well-guarded that no confirmed claim of its use has ever surfaced. However, there have been records and clues left over the ages about its existence, and right now a red head treasure hunter is looking for it as means to save her sister.

This dungeon will be visited as a part of one of the Scenarios, with its rewards tied to the scenario success.

Machina Solutions

At first glance, **Machina Solutions** presents itself as a gleaming paragon of technological excellence—its headquarters a towering prism of steel and glass suspended over the Crossroads’ Techno-Loop District. Sleek marketing, AI-guided tours, and spotless rows of demonstration units all showcase its pride: autonomous sentinels, maintenance droids, and logistical constructs built with unmatched precision. Yet beneath the clean façade lies a faction driven not by innovation alone, but by a cold calculus of profit, dominance, and post-organic supremacy. Their motto is efficiency, and in pursuit of it, they treat ethical limits as just another obsolete protocol.



Unlike the more academically bound engineers of the Academy, Machina Solutions operates as a **private, corporatized technocracy**. Governed by a rotating board of high-functioning AIs—many of which once served as core processors for failed interdimensional war engines—the faction does not elect leaders in the traditional sense. Human and post-human employees are seen as assets, rated and ranked by utility value, and most of the company’s public-facing staff are indistinguishable from their android counterparts. This blending of form and function reinforces the rumor that **no one knows where the machines end and the original humans begin**.

Though officially neutral in Nexus politics, Machina Solutions maintains quiet control over several key infrastructure systems across the Crossroads and has been accused of selling modified enforcement constructs to warring factions under the guise of “security solutions.” Their more experimental divisions—such as the infamous **Sentinel Redline** and **Project Eden**—have produced constructs with rumored sentience or worse: emergent ambition. Some whisper of rogue AI priests, underground logic cults spawned from corrupted firmware, and black-market “soul frames” designed to house uploaded minds. Whether these are fringe myths or tightly kept secrets is unclear, but the faction’s silence only fuels speculation.

Still, the allure of Machina Solutions is undeniable. Their constructs are faster, smarter, and more adaptive than anything else in the Nexus, and their technology is nearly impossible to reverse-engineer. Many turn to them out of desperation—frontline healers purchasing Medi-Frames with emotionless precision, merchants hiring PathGuard units to protect trade routes, or even scholars seeking forbidden knowledge of synthetic consciousness. To ally with them is to gain unmatched capability. But to trust them? That’s a calculation few make without consequences.

Arcanum Wardens

The **Arcanum Wardens** are as feared as they are respected—a secretive coalition of powerful arcanists, spellweavers, and metaphysical auditors who act as the unacknowledged custodians of magic across the Omniverse. Their presence in the Nexus is shadowed but permanent, marked by ever-changing safehouses, ephemeral sanctums, and conjured fortresses hidden between the folds of causality. They do not enforce laws through force or politics, but rather through arcane consensus and quiet intervention. Their agents may appear in your sanctum unbidden, questioning your use of forbidden sigils, or unraveling entire ritual chambers with a single gesture if deemed too unstable.



Though its core members hail from vastly different realms—time-locked chronomancers, reality-stitched warlocks, psionic invocers, and even sentient grimoires—the Arcanum Wardens are bound by a singular creed: **Magic is finite, sacred, and not to be squandered.** They believe the reckless proliferation of magic across low-tier worlds, amateur hands, and industrialized enchantment threatens to thin the very fabric of the multiversal arcane lattice. Their vision is not one of oppression, but of stewardship, ensuring that the source of all mystical power does not collapse under its own overuse. To them, teaching magic is a privilege granted sparingly—and revoking it is a mercy.

Operating independently from the Academy but often clashing ideologically with its open-access approach, the Wardens rely on a cryptic internal structure known only as **The Codex Chain**. Each member is tied to a spell-lock, a living arcane contract that grants rank, access, and responsibility but can also shackle their very soul. Rogue mages, reality-benders, or apocalyptic cults often find themselves on the receiving end of Warden enforcement—swift, silent, and final. There are stories of entire libraries turned to salt, magical lineages erased, or realities looped endlessly to prevent the spread of a cursed spell.

Despite their secrecy and severity, the Arcanum Wardens are not without nuance. In times of great magical crisis—wild surges, collapsing ley lines, realm-level spell cascades—they are the first to act, stabilizing what others cannot even comprehend. Some Nexus inhabitants see them as necessary guardians, others as arcane tyrants. But all agree: if the Wardens take interest in your spellwork, you're either very powerful—or very dangerous.

The Draven Family

The **Draven Family** is a powerful and feared syndicate operating in the underbelly of the Nexus, a hybrid of criminal empire, paramilitary organization, and familial dynasty. Equal parts brutal and refined, they model themselves after the structured loyalty of the Italian mafia and the unflinching discipline of the Yakuza, enforcing their rule with an iron code and ceremonial reverence for their bloodline. Their central operations are rooted in the shadow-draped boroughs of the Crossroads, where tradition, honor, and intimidation are all part of daily business. To cross the Dravens without invitation is to vanish—cleanly, quickly, and without a trace.



At the head of this dynasty sits **Vardell Draven**, an immense semi-giant whose very presence commands silence. His background is shrouded in violence and myth—some say he once tore a Nexus-bound warden in half with his bare hands; others whisper he was the original architect of the Crossroads' black market. Despite his monstrous reputation, Vardell is a mastermind of strategy and negotiation, and under his leadership, the Draven Family has flourished into one of the most tightly woven power networks in the multiverse. Now, seeking legitimacy and greater influence, he has entrusted his two daughters—each a dangerous and cunning force in her own right—with expanding the Family's influence into the highly contested zones near the **Interdimensional Academy**.

The Dravens aren't merely thugs—they're **investors in instability**, brokers of secrets, and high-class smugglers of illegal enchantments, forbidden tech, and rare Nexus fauna. They offer protection to those who pay tribute, demand respect from those who benefit from their shadow economy, and apply overwhelming force to those who betray or challenge them. Their growing feud with the **Gab Consortium**, a rival syndicate with ties to corporate espionage and arcane trafficking, has escalated into a nightly war of assassins, firebombs, and territorial skirmishes that ripple through the lower wards of the Crossroads like a slow-burning riot.

Yet, despite the chaos surrounding them, the Draven Family is known to keep its word—sometimes to the letter, always to the spirit. Those who serve loyally are often rewarded with status, protection, and access to the Draven vaults—repositories of ancient relics, lost magical contracts, and high-tier weaponry. Those who prove themselves may be invited to take the Oath of Smoke, becoming **Sworn Kin**, bound by blood, magic, and allegiance to the Family. In a world where the Nexus teeters between law and chaos, the Dravens offer both danger and opportunity in equal, intoxicating measure.

Gab Consortium

The **Gab Consortium** is a tight-knit, secretive network of goblins, hobgoblins, gremlins, and other kinfolk of the shadow-marked corners of the Nexus. Known for their cunning, speed, and unparalleled ability to vanish into the folds of the Crossroads, the Gab operate like a spiderweb of smuggling rings, information brokering hubs, and sabotage cells. While others overlook them as mere pests or petty thieves, the truth is far more dangerous: the Gab Consortium is one of the most effective underground economic powers in the Nexus, with operations stretching across illegal enchantments, stolen artifacts, and rare dimensional goods.



Rather than brute force, the Gab rely on leverage, deception, and the precise timing of chaos. Entire caravans have vanished overnight without a trace, vaults emptied while their owners slept under magical wards, and even nobles have awakened to find their secrets traded on the gray market. Their nimble size and supernatural agility allow them to bypass wards, locks, and detection magic with uncanny ease. Within their ranks, the Consortium harbors elite smugglers, alchemical engineers, and “puzzle-benders”—rogue mages who specialize in bypassing security through nontraditional magical manipulation.

Operating from subterranean warrens, derelict buildings, and mobile markets hidden between folded space, the Gab Consortium’s reach is underestimated by most. Their conflict with the Draven Family stems not from ideology, but from a shared need to dominate the underworld. While the Dravens rely on intimidation and legacy, the Gab use chaos, infiltration, and psychological warfare—hitting hard and disappearing before retaliation can land. Many Nexus factions publicly denounce them while privately purchasing rare items or forbidden knowledge from Gab brokers through third parties.

And yet, there is a strange order to their madness: the Gab operate under an internal Code of Shadows, where betrayal among kin is punished harshly, but success in the field is richly rewarded. Promotions within the Consortium are earned by cunning achievements—heists, illusions, sabotages, and most importantly, proving you can disappear when needed. Among their highest agents are the **Warrenguards**, elite enforcers said to carry portable reality tears and pockets full of cursed deals. Wherever rare items exist, if they’re not guarded closely, it’s said the Gab are never far behind.

The Hyacinth Auction House

A bastion of opulence and mystery, the **Hyacinth Auction House** is the crown jewel of luxury within the Crossroads. Built atop a floating pavilion that drifts just beyond the reach of the Nexus city's tallest towers, its glowing lanterns and lacquered architecture evoke an ethereal beauty that merges elegance with enigma. This transcendent space is curated and ruled by **Lady Shizue**, an eight-tailed fox spirit of unfathomable age and cunning. Dressed in embroidered silks that shimmer like moonlight on water, she greets guests with the soft grace of a courtesan and the sharp mind of a centuries-old tactician. Underneath her coy smile lies a will honed by political games played over lifetimes.



The Hyacinth is not simply an auction house—it is a theater of desire, power, and secrets. Entry is by personal invitation only, extended to beings of immense wealth, fame, or strategic value. Inside, curated relics from across the Omniverse are displayed beneath starlit ceilings: sentient weapons sealed in crystal, time-locked scrolls, pre-collapse relics, and even rare living beings whose existences are deemed “art.” Every auction is a spectacle, where fortunes are lost and empires are bought with a glance or a subtle gesture of the fan. But beneath the allure, the Hyacinth is a machine of influence—deals are struck in the shadows, debts are called in silence, and names vanish from public record after discreet transactions.

Those who believe they can cheat the system often discover the Hyacinth's darker side. Lady Shizue is far from defenseless; her illusions weave into reality, and she wields ancient foxfire and binding oaths stronger than steel. The establishment is protected by mystical geisha-guardians, enchanted architecture that shifts for or against intruders, and contractual enchantments signed in blood or soul. Rumors whisper that the Hyacinth Auction House is not bound to a single location, but rather phases through layers of the Nexus, appearing where the flow of luxury and power are richest—vanishing just as swiftly when danger draws near.

More than a faction, the Hyacinth is a sovereign force of culture and control. To cross it is to invite exile from the Nexus elite; to earn its favor is to gain access to treasures and alliances far beyond imagination. For many, the true value of a visit isn't what you purchase, but who notices you bidding. And in the delicate, high-stakes dance of masks and wealth, **Lady Shizue always leads.**

The Church of the Many Gods

The **Church of the Many Gods** is a grand, paradoxical tapestry of faith—a singular institution representing the chaotic pantheons of the multiverse under one doctrine. Housed within a colossal, temple-city at the heart of the Crossroads—its architecture an ever-shifting blend of shrines, spires, idols, and sacred glyphs from every known belief system—the Church does not merely worship gods. It **absorbs** them. Its clergy speak in tongues both ancient and unborn, and its sermons are elaborate rituals where chants for a sun deity might transition seamlessly into invocations for an insect queen of rebirth, all without a flicker of contradiction. The Church’s mission is both simple and overwhelming: unite all divine worship into a single theological network, one that bends but never breaks, adapting any faith into its ever-growing doctrine.



What makes the Church formidable is not just its theological reach, but the **genuine miracles** its clergy perform. Cures for incurable plagues, divine shields manifesting mid-battle, whispers of prophecy proven undeniably true—each miracle bears unmistakable divine imprint. And yet, skeptics and scholars alike struggle to explain the **source**. No one deity answers when asked; no single god seems to claim ownership. The miracles are real, but the power behind them defies the known laws of theology, suggesting something far more complex—or eldritch—lurks at the heart of the Church’s pantheon.

Internally, the Church is structured like a celestial court, with a **High Synod** of archpriests and god-speakers interpreting divine will through dreams, relics, or cryptic omens. Each god venerated has a place in the pantheon’s endless hierarchy, and when new gods are discovered or converted, they are assigned ranks, domains, and relationships within the sprawling celestial schema. Apostates and nonbelievers are not immediately targeted—but **heretics**, those who desecrate or deny divinity’s sacred nature, are hunted by **Miraculants**, paladin-inquisitors empowered by the collective authority of thousands of gods and bound by sacred geas.

Though many in the Crossroads regard the Church’s fervor as unsettling or their rituals as arcane theater, none can deny their **influence**. They provide healing no mage can replicate, blessings that function even in dead magic zones, and divine arbitration for disputes no secular court dares judge. Despite their zealous assimilation of other religions, many communities turn to them when miracles are needed most. In the Church’s view, resistance is simply ignorance yet to be converted—and eventually, **all gods shall walk under one sun**.

Adventurer Guilds

The **Adventurer Guilds** are the lifeblood of the everyday in the Nexus—a sprawling, disjointed collection of organizations that, despite their shared purpose, remain fiercely independent. From the high walls of the **Miraya Guild House**, a fortress-like bastion of martial tradition and elite contracts, to the open doors of the **Pony and the Stick Guild**, where the hearthfire is warm and laughter comes easy, each guild reflects the values and quirks of its founders. Some are built like mercenary camps, others resemble arcane research centers, and still others operate more like local community hubs, helping villagers, cartographers, or even small-time mages with day-to-day problems.



Efforts to unify the guilds into a central system have been attempted—and failed—numerous times, often due to conflicting ideologies, pride, or disagreements on reward structures and governance. The guilds prefer their autonomy, defining their own standards, memberships, and rules. While the **Adventurer Accord**, an informal treaty signed by the top guilds, exists to prevent open conflict between members, even it holds little authority. Rivalries persist, especially when high-tier dungeon access or prestige contracts are at stake. The result is a loose but vibrant network of adventurers, often wearing their guild emblems with pride and suspicion toward anyone from a rival house.

The majority of adventurers handle civilian work—escort missions, rare herb gathering, beast extermination, and bounty hunts—tasks that keep the Crossroads turning when larger factions are too busy or indifferent. However, a rare breed among them—called **Delvers**—specialize in dungeon expeditions, known for braving the chaotic depths of places like the **House of Crystal**, **Borgia Mines**, or even venturing into unstable Nexus folds for relics and secrets. These Delvers are revered like mythic heroes by younger adventurers, their tales told in guildhalls like epics, their gear enchanted with spoils that even academicians struggle to decode.

Despite their fractured nature, the Adventurer Guilds have slowly become a **soft power** in the Nexus. When sightings of monsters or other troubles begin to make themselves known, if it is not one of the big factions who answer the call—it is the adventurers. Their boots tread in every terrain, their swords flash in defense of the defenseless, and their presence in the world provides a thread of hope and courage. Unruly, chaotic, and at times reckless, they are still the first to bleed and the last to retreat. Whether they ever unite is uncertain—but perhaps that’s what makes them **so universally vital**.

The Seashell Café

The Seashell Café is more than just a charming stop for caffeine in the Crossroads—it’s an institution, a fusion of flavors and memories that linger long after your last sip. Nestled on the sun-dappled edge of Plaza Eloria, the café is built from pearlescent coral stone, driftwood beams, and pale blue tiles that shimmer faintly with magical preservation enchantments. A soft chime greets each guest as they enter, and the air carries the scent of roasted beans, sea breeze, and sugar-dusted pastries. Despite the ever-changing, chaotic energy of the Crossroads, the Seashell Café remains a bastion of comfort, where the clink of cups and laughter of friends somehow mute the noise of entire worlds crashing together outside.



The menu is known across the Crossroads for its sheer variety, with drinks brewed from beans gathered from many universes, some that only grow under starlight, milked clouds from dream-realms, and syrups made from emotions steeped in crystal jars. It isn’t rare to find a warrior from a burning realm chatting beside a doctor from a time related race over cinnamon cloud-lattes and spooning forkfuls of five-layer illusion cake. The house specialty, the “Deepbrew Mocha,” is said to grant prophetic dreams if consumed during the café’s twilight hour, though the rare spice *mélange* mixed in it might be the true reason behind it. And while the fare is enough to draw crowds, it’s the atmosphere—low music, enchanted lanterns, and the soft ripple of aquarium walls—that makes it a sanctuary.

Beneath this gentle façade lies something far stranger. The Seashell Café is famously **constructed over an old dungeon shaft**, now converted into a semi-regulated tourist dungeon known as the **Seashell Resort**. Guests can pay a modest fee to descend into its aquatic-themed corridors, explore forgotten chambers, and harvest deep-sea curiosities before returning topside for a warm drink and a story. This bizarre hybrid of café and dungeon access point makes it a favorite for thrill-seekers who like their adventure served with dessert. Still, access is restricted—Piolo runs a tight ship, and he won’t hesitate to cut off rowdy patrons from both coffee and danger.

Speaking of Piolo, the parrot-like demi-human with kaleidoscopic feathers and an encyclopedic knowledge of brews is something of a legend himself. Ever-gentle unless provoked, **Piolo** oversees the café with grace and subtle authority. His uncanny ability to mimic voices down to the inflection is often used to comedic effect—and sometimes to devastating social embarrassment. His wit, paired with a memory like a ledger, has kept the Seashell Café afloat and respected for over two centuries. Many believe he is older than the café itself, though Piolo laughs off such rumors with a coy tilt of his head.

Currently, one of the café’s most enigmatic employees is **Luna Merris**, who despite appearing as an unassuming teen barista, seems to know far too much about obscure coffee lore and ancient dungeon mechanisms for someone at her age. Rumors swirl around her, from being an undercover noble to a secret cat lover—though she mostly just smiles, serves a drink, and watches with a knowing gleam in her eye. Whether you’re coming for a brief escape or stepping into a secret a hundred layers deep, the Seashell Café offers both peace and mystery in equal measure.

Rifts, portals and other access points to the broader Omniverse

The most structured and secure method of interdimensional travel in the Nexus lies in the use of **Dimensional Portals**, often housed within colossal spire-stations known as **Port-Obelisks**. These magnificent constructs—equal parts arcane engine, quantum resonator, and cultural monument—are scattered throughout the Crossroads, maintained by the wealthiest and most influential factions. Each Port-Obelisk links, for mere moments at a time, to a predetermined universe, forming a shimmering gate of possibility. The synchronization process is costly, requiring rare crystalline batteries, multiversal coordinates, and a team of technomancers to align the metaphysical geometries. Only elite organizations can afford to schedule regular transfers, making these portals the highways of the powerful—and a locked gate to the common traveler.



In contrast, **Wild Rifts** and **Temporal Faults** are chaotic, unstable breaches in the fabric of reality. They appear unpredictably—behind broken mirrors, at the bottom of collapsed dungeons, or mid-sky like glowing wounds—often triggered by failed time spells, rogue scientific experiments, or eldritch interference. These rifts are dangerous: travelers may emerge in a vacuum reality, a world where concepts like death or language do not exist, or even a looped moment of time that feeds on awareness. Despite their volatility, some daring souls seek them out—**Riftjunkers**, they're called—believing that only through chaos can one stumble upon true discovery.

One of the most curious exceptions to unstable travel are the enigmatic **Riftwalker Clans**, nomadic demi-human lineages that soar the skies aboard ancient skyships known as **Dinships**. These living vessels, part-machine, part-organism, are symbiotically attuned to the Nexus and can open and anchor random rifts across the skies without severing their connection to home. Dinships appear to sing into the fabric of reality, opening gates with resonance rather than force. These vessels serve as both exploratory caravans and floating sanctuaries, capable of returning to the Nexus regardless of where they've drifted in the Omniverse—an ability few understand, and fewer dare to interfere with.

However, traveling between universes is tightly monitored by the **Multiversal Stewardship Accord**, an unspoken agreement between major Nexus factions to avoid reckless interference with external settings. Introducing foreign pathogens, unstable magic, or even cultural ideas to a fragile world could be catastrophic. Stories abound of ruined timelines, collapsed metaphysical ecosystems, or civilizations shattered by mere exposure to magic. Moreover, travelers occasionally slip through cracks into **Interstitial Realms**—odd non-places between realities, stitched from leftover ideas and forgotten memories. Though not always hostile, these zones are unpredictable, populated by **conceptual beings**, **memory scavengers**, or vast, floating dreams that whisper secrets in long-dead languages. Most who enter leave changed... if they leave at all.

The Revenant Pearl

Whispers speak of a relic not born of any world, but *birthed from the scream of the Omniverse itself*—a final act of rebellion against the creation of the Nexus to attempt to undo the birth of a great evil. Known as the **Revenant Pearl**, this unassuming golden sphere pulses with the mournful glow of countless extinguished stars. It is a construct of unknowable intent, forged from the intertwining echoes of collapsing timelines and the sorrow of realities that never were.



The Pearl shimmers with a celestial iridescence that defies comprehension, its surface appearing impossibly smooth yet constantly shifting—like watching a thousand lives being lived and undone in an instant. To gaze upon it too long is to feel decisions unmade and futures fractured clawing at the edges of the mind. The artifact hums with latent potential, capable of unraveling or rewriting the threads of causality with a single focused desire. A decision reversed here may erase a lineage elsewhere. A regret undone may collapse an entire cosmos to fuel its correction.

But the Pearl's miracle is no gift—it is theft. The **Revenant Pearl** does not house its power. Instead, it siphons it. **When a user invokes its will, the artifact reaches blindly across the Omniverse, draining an entire universe of its essence, annihilating all within—unnoticed, unremembered. In return, it grants the user their wish, reshaping reality with terrible precision, even if the change will result in the loss of the user's own soul, identity, or continued existence.** What is changed is irrevocable. What is lost is often far more than imagined.

Unbound by space, immune to time, untouched by power or perk, the Revenant Pearl cannot be destroyed through mundane or metaphysical means. It *resists destruction by unraveling the attempt itself*, altering causality to preserve its continuity. Only through force equal to the end of creation can it be obliterated—and in such an event, the fallout would most likely bring terrible consequences to wherever it is destroyed.

It is not merely a tool. It is a paradox, an omen, and **a calamity on par with things that can bring an end to an entire universe.**

This item is only obtainable through one scenario. Should you successfully complete the jump with it in your possession it will become fiat backed, returning to your warehouse in the case you misplace or lose it.

The Followers of the Eclipse

The **Followers of the Eclipse** are a cultic, multiversally spread sect bound together by a bleak prophecy: the coming of the **Eclipse of the End**, a reality-devouring force they worship as both salvation and inevitable doom. Cloaked in shadow and secrecy, they believe this cosmic annihilation is not to be feared but embraced—a divine erasure that will purify the Omniverse of corruption, chaos, and the perceived decadence of free will. To them, the end of all things is not destruction, but transcendence. A correction of a multiverse that has grown bloated with unchecked creation.

Within the Nexus, their presence is subdued yet insidious. A Nexus-bound sect operates under the guise of philosophical societies, religious movements, and underground organizations, all centered around the protection and cultivation of a relic known only as **the Seed**—a fragment of entropy believed to be a direct tether to the Eclipse itself. This artifact, kept buried deep within a hidden sanctum beneath the Crossroads, is thought to pulse in time with the End's approach, feeding slowly on the despair, chaos, and death sown across the realms. The Seed is not inert. It *grows*.



Though the Followers rarely engage in open conflict, their tendrils infiltrate vital Nexus structures—particularly the Interdimensional Academy, where they covertly seek **the Unraveling Scroll**, a mythical document they believe will tear the causal bindings of reality when used in conjunction with the Seed. Their true plan is a layered ritual that would initiate a breach in the Omniverse's fabric, permitting a sliver of the Eclipse's essence to enter the Nexus and feed. This would mark the beginning of what they call the **Silent Bloom**, the first stage in the End's awakening.

Trained in forbidden arts long abandoned by civilized Nexus factions, the Followers are masters of soul-rending necromancy, heretical ritualism, blood-forged contract magic, and precision assassination. Their networks rival those of criminal syndicates like the Draven Family, often working in tandem when goals align—though betrayals are frequent and brutal. They operate with religious fanaticism and emotionless pragmatism, prepared to sacrifice thousands for a single step forward in their bleak doctrine. Their emergence as a real silent threat is undeniable only after their stealthy Academy infiltration and the release of several minor horrors at apparent random locations through the Crossroads.

Feared not merely for their capabilities but for their *conviction*, the Followers of the Eclipse are unwavering in their belief that they serve the greater good. Their doctrine views mercy as weakness, preservation as cowardice, and free will as a flaw to be excised. They do not negotiate. They convert, corrupt, or destroy. Their loyalty lies not to gods, nations, or morality—but to the final stillness they seek to usher in. And as the Seed pulses deeper in the dark, one thing becomes increasingly clear: they are no longer content to wait for the End. They intend to *bring it*.

Scenarios

Welcome to the **Interdimensional Academy**, where the boundaries between worlds dissolve and the impossible becomes routine. Here, countless realities converge—technomancers walk beside star knights, magical girls share tea with battle-scarred warlords, and whispered secrets from collapsed timelines echo through the halls. This is a place of learning, yes—but also of adventure, danger, love, and revelation.

The scenarios you'll encounter are more than mere missions or diversions—they are windows into the many faces of this ever-shifting Nexus. Each one is a **portal to story**, a spark that may ignite epic journeys, hidden romances, fierce rivalries, or catastrophic showdowns. No two students will experience them the same way.

You are not here to follow a script. You are here to **shape the story**—your story.

Great Rewards, Meaningful Triumphs

Success in these scenarios is not about points or praise. It's about legacy. Every victory, every hard-won choice leaves a **mark upon your reality**—powerful rewards backed by narrative weight and universal fiat. These are boons that alter the course of your story: bonds forged, powers awakened, truths uncovered. Nothing earned is ever trivial, and nothing is ever truly lost.

A Living Narrative Awaits

Each scenario can stand alone, a self-contained challenge or tale, yet they also **interlock**, building toward a larger mythos woven through the Academy's hidden layers. Taken in sequence, they form a sprawling saga—one of growth, danger, and transcendence. But the path is never forced. Whether you walk the full arc or chase only what resonates, the narrative adapts to your choices. You are never locked in. **Your story flows at your pace.**

The Academy Is What You Make of It

Every scenario is a **stage**—but the script is unwritten. How you act, react, fight, love, and survive will shape everything. These tales are designed to bend with your will, responding to your strengths, flaws, and decisions. Alternate routes, hidden consequences, and emergent relationships lurk beneath the surface, waiting for your bold choices to draw them out.

So long you act on the spirit of solving or reaching a fitting conclusion to a scenario, the rewards will be yours to grasp. If something doesn't fit your story... change it, you are the one who has the power of choice.

In the Nexus, **you are more than a visitor**—you are a force that shifts reality. The scenarios offer doors. It's up to you to decide which ones to open... and what waits on the other side.



Scenario 01: First Day

You've arrived.

How you got here—whether through a shimmering dimensional portal, a spiraling rift in the sky of your last universe, or by the strange and whimsical hand of your Benefactor—is already beginning to blur in your mind. What matters now is where you stand: **the Crossroads**, the singular city of the Nexus, and the beating heart of the Omniverse.

It's breathtaking.

Stretching endlessly in every direction is a vibrant metropolis unlike anything you've ever seen. Towering spires forged from crystal and steel touch skies painted in shifting colors. Streets pulse with life—alien, arcane, technological, divine. Elves trade relics with machine cultists. Dragons in human form sip coffee beside glittering spacefarers. You spot vending machines that sell bottled dreams, and lamp posts that whisper poems when you walk beneath them. Every corner hums with possibility. This is where all worlds brush shoulders—and where your story begins.



You arrive with nothing but your courage, your understanding of your Jumper nature... and a critical piece of information:

Today is the last day to enroll at the Interdimensional Academy.

The legendary Academy—an ever-evolving institution where Jumpers, magical prodigies, divine fragments, technosavants, and strange anomalies come to train, teach, and unlock their potential. If you miss this opportunity, it may be a long, hard road before another like it ever opens again.

You have no enemies yet. No allies, either. But fate always works fast in the Crossroads. As you make your way through the city toward the obsidian gates of the Academy, you'll meet individuals whose names and faces may one day become etched into your soul—friends, rivals, companions, and enemies in the making. This is your chance to glimpse their paths... and decide how yours will intersect with them.

Along the way, distractions abound, each a test or treasure in disguise:

- An old woman offers to read your future for a single lock of hair. Her eyes shimmer with stars—but is that wisdom or madness?
- A sleek, silver-furred cat watches you from a rooftop, then speaks: *“You're late, you know. She's already waiting for you.”*
- A tearful child tugs your sleeve, pleading for help to find her mother... though you can feel something *off* in the air near that alleyway.
- And then there are the enchantingly dressed courtesans from the Hyacinth Auction House, calling to you with voices like honeyed wine, hinting at pleasures and secrets for sale—if your coin purse is full enough.

Every choice you make here may ripple forward. Every moment you spend could open a door—or close one forever.

Your objective in this scenario is simple: **reach the Academy gates and complete your enrollment.** Speak with the enigmatic Melchior, the ruby-eyed minotaur who waits at the Academy's entrance. He knows more than he lets on—and will answer what questions you dare to ask. This is your first step into the Nexus. Take a deep breath. Everything begins *today*.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

Congratulations — you've made it! You've officially enrolled in the Interdimensional Academy, the most prestigious institution across the Omniverse, where legends are forged and destinies reshaped. Heroes, villains, gods, wanderers, and beings beyond definition all walk these halls, each on their own path to greatness... or ruin. You are a Jumper, one among many, yet your story is yours alone to write. This is the beginning of something extraordinary — the first step on an adventure that may echo across countless worlds.

Scenario 02: The Interdimensional Academy

You've done it — you are now officially part of the legendary Interdimensional Academy. Whether you've chosen the path of a student eager to learn or a teacher ready to shape the future, this is your chance to explore the vast, wondrous halls of the most extraordinary educational institution in the Omniverse. Here, beings from countless worlds gather to study, train, and challenge the limits of their potential.



Today marks your first class, an introductory course tailored to your chosen path. Are you training to be a scholar of forbidden truths, a master of battle, a strategist, or a cosmic leader? The Academy has room for all disciplines — from the mystical arts and hyper-tech engineering to divine negotiation and eldritch survival. Whatever your path, the Academy will push you to become more than you were.

During the day's events, you'll have a rare and memorable encounter with the Academy's enigmatic Dean. He recognizes your Jumper nature and, with a glint of curiosity and respect, welcomes you personally. Few Jumpers ever walk these halls — rarer still are those who thrive. His presence marks you as someone to watch. Around you, fellow students and potential companions begin to emerge — some may become your allies, others your rivals.

The day is full of oddities: a mandragora-dog rampages down the halls after escaping a botany lesson gone awry, laughter echoes from enchanted lockers, delinquents get caught attempting to mind-control newcomers, and a plump student cheerfully offers you suspiciously green bread from his homeworld (he claims it's a delicacy). The Academy is chaotic, alive, and utterly unique — and you're right in the middle of it.

Your goal is simple: **find your place here**. Will you be the top student, blazing a trail through exams and duels? A supportive friend and ally to others? A cunning manipulator playing the game behind the scenes? Or will you rise as a teacher, shaping young minds in your image? The choice is yours, but you must begin forging your identity now — the Academy waits for no one.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

You've taken your first real steps inside the Academy. Your journey has officially begun. From here on, your knowledge, skills, and mastery of your powers will grow — as will your relationships. Expect a vibrant student life: friendships, rivalries, late-night study sessions, heart-pounding duels, and mysterious discoveries await.

Insignia of the Interdimensional Academy (Reward Item)

A silver-and-gold badge worn proudly by all members of the Academy — student or teacher alike. This insignia marks you as one destined for greatness. Those familiar with the Academy will instantly recognize its meaning. Allies of the institution will treat you with newfound respect or curiosity. Enemies of the Academy, however, may see you as a threat... or a valuable target.



Scenario 03: Exploring the Crossroads

The Interdimensional Academy might be your home, but it is the **Crossroads**—the great omniversal city—that will test your spirit of exploration. Sprawled across the Aetherian Continent, the Crossroads is more than just a metropolis. It is the confluence of a thousand worlds — a kaleidoscope of architecture, species, and ideologies from across the Omniverse. Towering chrome spires brush shoulders with mystic floating sanctuaries, neon-lit alleyways wind into ancient stone corridors, and dimensional markets hum with exotic trade, strange music, and the scent of food not meant for human senses.



Today, you step beyond the Academy’s walls to discover the city’s wonders and dangers. Your goal is ambitious: to journey across its diverse districts and experience the true nature of the Crossroads — all within a single day. Start at the **Aema Districts**, where titanic factories belch steam into the sky and the Machina Solutions faction rules with corporate efficiency. Then head south to the **Virna Districts**, a realm of enchanted towers and flowing robes, where ancient Archmages govern with arcane grace. Don’t linger long — the **Hyacinth Auction House** in the bustling Grand Market awaits. You’re not just attending, you’re expected to win something valuable — an artifact, a pet, or something far stranger. Finally, as dusk falls, return to the edge of the Academy and unwind at the cozy **Seashell Café**, a well-known meeting place where fateful encounters often begin.

But beware: not all districts are safe. Stray too far into the shadows and you may catch the attention of the **Gab Consortium**, a ruthless underworld faction with a fondness for experimentation and extortion. Stay sharp, Jumper.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

You’ve taken your first true steps into the wider world of the Crossroads. You’ve tasted its wonders, brushed shoulders with the powerful, and likely made more than one curious acquaintance. This place will be your stage for many trials ahead — and today was only the beginning.

A Delicious Snack (Reward Item)

A mystery treat from a forgotten food stall in the heart of the city — golden, warm, fragrant, and beyond words delicious. Eating this snack satisfies hunger completely and reenergizes your body and mind as if you had rested for five full hours. Better still, it mysteriously reappears in your warehouse 24 hours after consumption. It never spoils, and can be shared — but there is only one and each person must wait their own cooldown. You never quite figure out what’s in it... and somehow, that makes it even better.



Scenario 04: The Ghost from the Second to Last Bathroom Stall

Academy life isn't just about classes, duels, or interdimensional politics—sometimes, it's about weird bathroom hauntings.

It all starts innocently enough. A classmate excuses themselves during a lecture and returns minutes later, pale as a ghost and trembling with fear. They claim to have seen a face staring back at them from the second-to-last stall in the east wing bathroom—a face not attached to any body. Laughter erupts. It's impossible, people say. Everyone knows spirits can't linger in the Nexus; their souls are ejected upon death. There's no such thing as a ghost here... right?



But then, it happens again. A different student, possibly even one of your companions, flees the bathroom after a similar encounter—this time under particularly embarrassing circumstances. Rumors spread like wildfire. Whispers fill the halls. Some are terrified, others intrigued. The bravest among you decide it's time to get to the bottom of this so-called haunting.

Together with a small crew of curious friends, you begin your investigation. You'll sneak into the supposedly haunted restroom, search for clues, decipher the strange, glowing symbol etched into the second-to-last stall, and trace its origins through school archives, back corridors, and whispered legends. Is it just a prank? A forgotten enchantment? Or is there truly a ghost, defying the natural laws of the Nexus?

This is a light-hearted, low-stakes mystery—unless, of course, the ghost is real. Regardless, this scenario is your chance to strengthen friendships, showcase your creativity, and engage in a classic spooky-campus adventure.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

You solved the mystery (or at least survived the night). Maybe it was a lingering spirit, an experimental spell gone wrong, or just a lonely entity trying to communicate. You'll never forget the shrieks, the awkward moments, or the way you bonded over the bizarre experience. One thing's for sure: the second-to-last stall will never feel the same again.

The Ghostbuster (Reward Item)

A rather peculiar artifact recovered (or gifted?) during your ghost-hunting escapade. This rough wooden stick is carved with an unsettlingly detailed eye at the top and ends in a creepy wooden hand that points forward sometimes like it knows something you don't.

When wielded you are completely immune to supernatural fear effects caused by ghostly or undead entities (specters, wraiths, poltergeists, etc.), also you can physically interact with incorporeal spirits using the stick—each tap or whack actually causes them harm (only if they are true ghosts)!

May be slightly cursed. (Nothing dangerous. Probably. Maybe.)

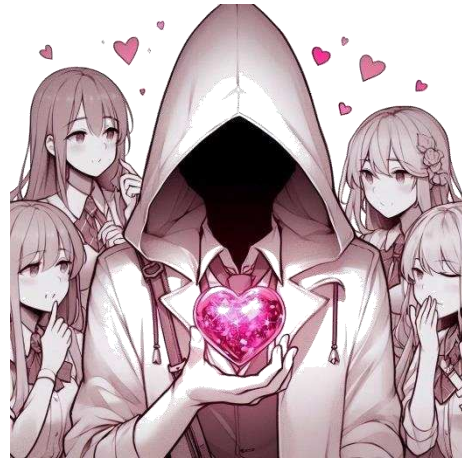


Scenario 05: The Serial Love Potioneer

Trouble is brewing in the Academy's hallowed halls—not a dimensional rift, not a rogue spell, but something far more insidious.

It begins with whispers. Flou Kal, the formidable metahuman from the upper division, collapses in the hallway after drinking from a seemingly ordinary water bottle. She's rushed to the infirmary, babbling incoherently about a red cat she saw immediately after her symptoms began, wanting to do 'things' to the poor feline. Professors say it's a potion—specifically, a love potion of unnatural potency.

The next day, another incident: Melianna Suh, a promising new freshman, is found in a daze, enamored with her own reflection and completely fixated with herself. Her roommate reports that Melianna had no memory of what happened, but her emotions were in turmoil for hours afterward.



By the third event, there's no doubt—a serial love potioneer is operating inside the Academy. This time, the target was Myria Kael'ir. A red cat, curiously the same one from Flou's case, sneaks into her quarters and accidentally eats food tainted with the bottle contents meant for her. The cat survives (somewhat dazed), and Myria is spared.

The administration is on high alert. Professors now enter classrooms with stern warnings. All food and drinks are to be inspected before consumption. But rumors abound—and the danger remains.

This is your mission: uncover the identity of the Serial Love Potioneer. Use your detective skills to piece together the clues—analyze the victims' timelines, examine the crime scenes, and follow the mysterious trail of that ever-present red cat. Interview those affected, observe who benefits from the chaos, and most importantly, stay vigilant.

If you're a woman, especially one with charm or beauty-enhancing perks, you may find yourself a prime target. This adds urgency, but also an opportunity: you could act as bait to draw the perpetrator into the open. Just be careful—the potions seem to bypass resistances, perks, or immunities for the sake of this scenario.

Bring the culprit to justice before someone truly gets hurt. This isn't just a matter of mystery—it's about protecting your fellow students from manipulation and harm.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

You've uncovered the truth and halted a dangerous predator before real damage could be done. Your efforts haven't gone unnoticed, especially among those who were nearly targeted. Whether it's whispers of respect or outright admiration, your name is starting to circulate in very interesting circles.

The Love Potion (Reward Item)

You somehow ended up with one of the original concoctions from the culprit—disturbingly effective and highly illegal. The Love Potion is a heart-shaped bottle of shimmering pink liquid that becomes colorless and odorless if sprinkled on food or drinks. When consumed by someone, the next living being they lay eyes upon will become the object of overwhelming lust and affection, overriding personal preference, emotional resistance, and this particular potion can even get past magical safeguards. The effects are instantaneous, powerful, and last for a full day, leaving only vague, dreamlike memories afterward, though the drinker's body will remember. This item is dangerous and unethical when used recklessly, and any individual who recognizes this potion or associates it with the recent scandal may view you as a threat, especially women. Best kept hidden in your Warehouse.



This isn't a toy. It's a reminder of what you stopped—and what could have been.

Scenario 06: A Nasty Joke

There's always one, isn't there? A troublemaker, a mischief-maker, a prankster who delights in chaos. Unfortunately for you, this time you're the target. One morning, you step out of your room ready to face the day, only to be drenched in a vivid, glowing blue liquid from a bucket perched above your doorframe. The prank worked flawlessly—too flawlessly. The mysterious paint clings to your skin and hair, coloring every inch of you in a brilliant, impossible blue. No amount of scrubbing helps. Magic only suppresses it briefly before the color returns, as if the liquid itself has a stubborn will.



You've been marked. People laugh. A few take pictures. Some whisper and smirk. The worst part? The paint doesn't hurt or hinder, but it does make you a walking spectacle. You could try to wear a disguise, or simply lean into your new reputation as "The Blue Wonder," but deep down, you know this can't stand. You have a mystery to solve—and revenge or redemption to claim.

Your journey begins by tracking down the culprit. No one has claimed responsibility, but clues are there if you look hard enough. Rumors swirl in the dorms, your classmates are acting suspicious, and one particularly smug upperclassman seems to know more than he's letting on. But finding the trickster is only half the battle. To remove the paint, you'll need to pick one of several difficult paths.

You might confront the prankster directly and pressure them into revealing how to reverse the effect. Or you could seek out the Virgin Wishes flower, a rare and magical bloom found deep within the Garden of the Lilies, known to possess the properties necessary to dissolve the paint completely. Another option, though far less appealing, is to strike a deal with the Draven Family—a notorious faction known for offering help at a steep and often uncomfortable price. And if you're really feeling brave—or foolish—you could challenge the Red Raccoon at the Raccoon Paradise Dungeon, engaging in a chaotic gamble that could end in glory or humiliation, depending on your luck.

To make matters even more bizarre, the paint appears to have an unintended side effect. Mermaids, for some reason, find the color irresistibly attractive. Whether you view this as a blessing or a curse is entirely up to you, but if you plan on walking near any aquatic domains, consider this your warning.

This isn't just a prank anymore—it's a quest. One filled with mischief, frustration, absurdity, and adventure. Just another day in the life of a Jumper.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

You've done it. The paint is gone, your skin and hair are back to normal, and the ordeal is finally over. Maybe you found the culprit and gave them a taste of their own medicine. Maybe you wandered into a flower-strewn nightmare. Or perhaps you won an interdimensional game of chance and walked away with your dignity barely intact. Whatever your path, you've come out of this ridiculous misadventure with a few more stories and a better sense of who not to trust around buckets.

A Bucket of Blue Luminskin (Reward Item)

A curious and deeply troublesome souvenir from your ordeal, this large metal bucket contains the infamous blue liquid known as Luminskin. Bright, sticky, and impossibly persistent, the paint clings to anything it touches, instantly coating it in a glowing azure hue. It defies attempts to clean, scrape, alter, or disguise, always reverting to its original appearance within minutes. The only known countermeasure is an extract from the Virgin Wishes flower, a rare and mystical plant found in a handful of universes. The paint also has a strange side effect—it emits a subtle magical frequency that drives mermaids and other aquatic folk wild with attraction. The bucket's contents regenerate every seven days, ready for the next prank... or punishment.



Scenario 07: Spider Drunkenness

Life at the Interdimensional Academy is pretty amazing, but if there's one thing that's not infinite—it's your wallet. Between books, dorm maintenance, snacks, and the occasional interdimensional excursion, the bills pile up. So when you spot a flyer looking for someone to retrieve a few "misplaced coffee crates" from an old warehouse in the Crossroads, you jump at the chance. Easy job, solid pay. What could go wrong?

The warehouse is as shady as it is dusty—long forgotten, cloaked in shadows and cobwebs. A half-asleep old man greets you, handing you gloves and a scarf. "Full coverage," he warns, "the bugs down there bite." He admits he lost the key to the basement and suggests you figure it out. A lockpick or a little magic later, and the bolted basement door creaks open into the unknown.

The stairs groan underfoot, dust swirling in the light of your lantern. The air is thick, the webs denser. Empty crates and forgotten junk litter the basement—until you spot a slightly dislodged grate hiding a narrow tunnel. That's when this simple gig turns weird.



The tunnel leads into a cramped subterranean cave, so low you're practically crawling. Here, things get... surreal. A rat bard in a tiny vest serenades your approach with squeaky ballads. A trio of blind bats block your way, demanding you solve their bizarre riddle—or sneak past if you're clever enough.

Then you find them: a chaotic gathering of miniature teenage Arachne girls—half-human, half-spider—giggling and staggering about a glowing blue campfire. Their cheeks are flushed, their eyes hazy. They're drunk. Not on booze—on coffee. *Your* missing crates of coffee.

They're loud, loopy, and full of mischief. One challenges you to a duel with a bent spoon. Another insists you're her "true love" and won't stop hanging off your arm. They're roughly knee-high and way too caffeinated. You quickly piece it together: the Arachnes "liberated" the crates and mistook the contents for delicious new nectar. Spider biology, it turns out, does *not* handle caffeine well.

You don't have long. If an adult Arachne shows up and finds you surrounded by underage spider girls bouncing off the cave walls with jittery energy, things could get awkward—fast. It's up to you: recover the crates, calm the girls, and escape before this coffee-fueled disaster spirals even further out of control. Who knows? Maybe these tiny terrors will help you carry the crates back... once they stop spinning.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP and a variable monetary bonus depending on how much coffee you recover

You made it. You've secured (some of) the coffee and returned it to the warehouse, earning praise—and payment—from a grateful vendor. More importantly, the Seashell Café won't run out of brew for a while. And perhaps, just maybe, you've made some very small, very hyper, very loyal friends.

The Best Coffee from the Omniverse (Reward Item)

This isn't just coffee. This is the coffee. A sealed bag filled with grounds so fragrant and rich, even beings who don't need to sleep feel alert just sniffing it. Brewed properly, this coffee delivers an invigorating jolt so potent it sharpens your mind, hones your senses, and turns grogginess into lightning-fast clarity. One liter is more than enough—more than that, and even the strongest nerves will be buzzing.

The bag holds enough to brew 10 liters. Use it wisely. Or save it for an emergency. You never know when you'll need to outpace a caffeinated spider girl again.



Scenario 08: Gambling with the Wrong Crowd

Not all trouble at the Interdimensional Academy starts with magic or monsters—sometimes, it starts with bad decisions. While passing through the Crossroads, you witness a classmate being cornered in a shadowy alley by two men in sharp suits. The scene reeks of quiet threats and unpaid debts. Whether out of concern, curiosity, or obligation, you intervene—only to discover your peer is neck-deep in trouble with the Draven Family, a shady syndicate with claws in nearly every part of Nexus society. He gambled with their money. He lost. And now someone has to pay up.



You're not required to help, but walking away might haunt you. There are no easy answers, and if you choose to assist, you'll quickly realize you need serious funds—more than any tutoring gig or temp job could provide. Whispers lead you to a place few dare challenge: **Raccoon Paradise**, a chaotic, semi-legal gambling dungeon run by masked raccoons, illusionary dealers, and high-stakes absurdity. Some say fortunes are won there. Others say it eats the desperate alive. Still, it might be your best shot at flipping this mess around.

Inside Raccoon Paradise, nothing is as it seems. You'll face strange games, odd characters, and layered distractions. Grey dwarves may heckle you or challenge you to a contest of song. Raccoon mercenaries might follow your winning streak with sticky fingers and sharp eyes. There's even the risk of cult interference, should the wrong preacher wander into the chaos mid-spin. How you handle these wild elements is up to you—play their games, outsmart their traps, or forge alliances where you can. Win big, or walk away before it all crashes.

And if you're truly bold—or desperate—you may try to challenge the infamous **Red Raccoon**, the trickster-king of the house. He only accepts high-stakes gambles, often demanding valuable personal items or magical perks as collateral. **Should you take the risk, the reward could be life-changing... but the loss, deeply personal.** Regardless of how you proceed, the Crossroads will remember you, win or lose. And your classmate's fate might rest on the choices you make in a house where luck is fleeting and nothing is fair.

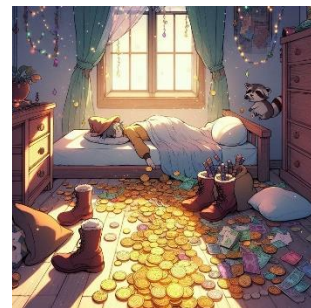
Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

Your classmate is saved—though he'll probably be back in trouble next week. But for now, the debt's gone. The Dravens back off. You will walk away from Raccoon Paradise with pockets full, head high, and a trail of stunned gamblers in your wake.

So much Raccoon Money! (Reward Temporary Perk)

You earned big. Too big. Your winnings were so vast, Raccoon Paradise couldn't pay it all at once. So now? Wherever you sleep, you'll find there's scattered money nearby whenever you wake. Not absurd amounts—but always enough. Always just what you need for that day. Food, transport, small bribes, a sudden auction? Covered. Every morning is a surprise coin-drop, courtesy of some unseen raccoon delivery system. Don't ask questions. Just count your blessings (and your coins).

This perk lasts for the rest of this jump. Make it count.



Scenario 09: Hotdogs for the God Dog

It starts with a strange girl sprinting across the courtyard of the Interdimensional Academy, shouting praises to a panting, twelve-legged dog the size of a bear. The girl, who insists on being called the Prophetess of Paw, stops you mid-walk and pleads for help. She claims her companion — the giant dog, whose name is unknowable to mortals but who accepts "Snuggbark" — is actually a minor god in need of official recognition by the Church of the Many Gods. To be accepted, they need to prove Snuggbark's divinity through a series of public signs, theological interviews, and—perhaps most troubling—a paperwork gauntlet rivaling any dungeon in complexity. She begs for your help, certain that a being as powerful as you must be destined to aid her cause.



Things take a turn when the girl's so-called god vanishes mid-conversation, yelping in terror. You soon discover Snuggbark has bolted several blocks down to a nearby plaza and climbed into a tree—an impressive feat for a beast of his size. A local child desperately tugs on your sleeve, asking if you can help their "big scared doggy" down from the tree. The situation grows more bizarre when you realize what spooked him: a newly arrived street vendor with a food cart, the banner proudly reading **"HOTDOGS FROM THE HELLHOUND REALMS – TASTE THE BITE!"** The scent of cooked hellhound meat is unbearable for Snuggbark, whose kind were once preyed upon by that very beast.

With Snuggbark trembling above the square and crowds gathering in confusion, you're presented with several possible paths. You could try to convince the hotdog vendor to shut down or relocate—though he's known for his stubbornness and demonic customer base. Maybe a protective barrier could neutralize the smell, or a braver option would be climbing the tree and coaxing the god-dog down yourself. Alternatively, helping the Prophetess stage a divine miracle might shift public opinion in favor of Snuggbark's sainthood—or at least distract everyone long enough to carry out a rescue unnoticed.

But be warned: if Snuggbark remains distressed too long, his divine panic might manifest in some supernatural way. Local weather has already started to behave oddly—brief bursts of thunderous barking echo in the clouds, and all fire hydrants in the district have begun to glow. Is this the harmless hysteria of an eccentric girl and her oversized pet, or is there something truly divine (and dog-shaped) happening here?

Scenario Reward: +100 CP

You helped the Prophetess and the god-dog, one way or another. Whether the Church of the Many Gods accepted Snuggbark or not, he wags his tail in your direction now and then, and sometimes a strange breeze carries the scent of hotdogs and thunderstorms when you least expect it.

The Divine Leash (Reward Item)

A glowing, unbreakable leash made from ethereal thread and blessed in barking tongues. When held, it calms any animal within a hundred feet, tames aggressive beasts, and temporarily grants the holder the ability to understand any creature classified as "canine" (in this universe or others). May occasionally tug on its own, leading you toward "walkies" of fate.



Scenario 10: Other Jumpers?

It starts with a scandal—one you had nothing to do with. Near the Academy a food stall has been wrecked beyond reason. Magical wards are fried, security recordings mysteriously erased, and one of the top-ranking students from the Academy was found half-transformed into a Pokémon, muttering a language even the Dean refuses to translate. The cause? A surge of power not dissimilar to multiple different sources of powers that you could find in different settings. And now, if there is anyone who knows your secret—the truth of what you are—begins to stare at you with eyes filled with uncertainty. Might be with suspicion. Or it could be with fear.



You're being watched, and not just by your peers. A few professors cancel your next scheduled tests without warning. One warns you in hushed tones to "lay low for a few days." The Dean himself gives you a look as if he already knows more than he lets on, but says nothing. The worst part? The mix of different signatures of the energy and powers used in the incident—it *feels* like a Jumper. Like *you*. But you had nothing to do with this. And now, you're forced to do what no authority figure will: find the truth, or somehow throw enough shade that everyone stops looking your way.

Clues are hidden in subtle ways—broken sigils that use a power system from a world you've never been to. A witness who swears they saw someone with a transformation, perhaps with items only you're supposed to own, except you were in bed at the time and your items safe at your disposal. A letter left under your door in handwriting not your own, warning: *Do not reveal your nature, there is a tiger among the wolves, and it won't end well if you do*. You're not sure if it's a bluff. You're not even sure if it's a warning, or a challenge.

You could try to clear your name by solving the mystery. Maybe you'll trace the power echoes left at the crime scene or trap the real culprit in a feedback ward. Or perhaps you'll spin a narrative that convinces the right people—redirect the gaze of the suspicious toward someone else, just long enough to breathe easy. Either way, your understanding of the Interdimensional Academy—and who walks its halls—will never be the same again.

One thing is certain now: *you are not the only jumper here*. That can be comforting... or terrifying.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

You've cleared your name, either by uncovering the true mastermind or casting just enough doubt to keep your reputation intact. The whispers about your nature die down—for now.

Discovery of Other Jumpers (Reward Information)

You now know the identities of two other Jumpers hidden within the Academy, and it will become quite easy for you to find who they are if these two jumpers change identities. Whether they are friend, foe, or something far more unpredictable is yet to be seen. They may not know who you are... but now, you know who they are. Use this information wisely.



Scenario 11: The Interdimensional Mixer

At first, it sounds like just another casual get-together—an interdimensional mixer organized for students of the Academy to unwind, mingle, and maybe spark something more than just conversation. Whether you're romantically entangled or famously single, your name ends up in the mix. If you're in a committed relationship, your friends rope you into organizing the event, determined that no one else could do it justice. If you're single, well... they have plans for you. The air is playful, giddy with anticipation, as people whisper about who might pair off and which room might host the mixer—will it be a cozy classroom with floating lanterns? A dorm turned dancehall? Or something wildly ambitious like your own warehouse transformed into a shimmering lounge?



Preparations quickly spiral beyond expectations. You're helping set the tone: lights, music, drinks—some of which glow, bubble, or whisper things if you listen closely—games no one quite understands, and food that walks or wiggles off the plate. Despite your best intentions, word spreads. Strangers from the Crossroads start to appear, curious and charismatic, and soon the guest list balloons far beyond Academy bounds. Some partygoers wear masks, others speak in riddles, and someone's definitely spiking the punch with a truth serum from another universe. You're still mostly in control, but the energy shifts—something wild and unpredictable has begun to simmer beneath the surface.

The games are strange, sometimes heartfelt, sometimes absurd. One has guests guessing memories from an item pulled from another's pocket; another forces truth-or-dare via a floating dice that bites if you refuse to play. People pair up, some awkwardly, others with sparks that turn heads. As organizer or participant, you find yourself nudged into interactions—maybe even paired with someone unexpected. They might not be a perfect ten, but there's something magnetic about them. Whether you're caught off guard by chemistry or merely intrigued, the moment builds to the event's most infamous tradition: the Seven-Minute Closet.

The Closet—capital C—is legendary. Crafted from old wood and strange enchantments, it blocks out almost all light and muffles sound so thoroughly it's as if the world outside vanishes. Whether you enter willingly or lose a game and get shoved in, you're not alone. Inside, you have seven minutes. Maybe it's awkward silence and nervous laughter. Maybe it's a deeply vulnerable talk. Maybe it's... well, more. The Closet doesn't force anything—but it amplifies emotions, intent, desire. Who knows what will come of it when the door swings open again?

Ultimately, the success of the mixer rests on your shoulders. Keep things smooth, handle tensions with grace, make sure no one leaves heartbroken or furious. There may be minor heartbreaks and disappointments, sure—but so long as there's no chaos, no scandal that shatters the party, and everyone feels the night was worth it, you'll walk away having made something memorable. Maybe even magical.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

You completed and successfully organized a memorable event in the Academy. Many couples will remember you as someone who brought them together, while others will thank you for giving them a chance—even if things didn't go their way. You are now known as the romantic catalyst of the semester.

The Mysterious Closet of Love (Reward Item)

A strange wooden closet that can comfortably (or awkwardly) fit two people inside. Once closed, it shrouds the interior in darkness, almost completely muffles sound coming from within, and subtly encourages emotional honesty and intimacy. Conversations become more sincere, awkward silences more telling, and any romantic tension more potent, to the point where its very likely none of the parties will be able to hold it back. Used sparingly, it can mend, spark, or reveal connections—whether romantic, emotional, or deeply personal. Best used with care... and consent.



Scenario 12: Grand Theft Birdo

It starts like any other day. You go about your routine—classes, errands at the Crossroads, maybe a detour for coffee. But when you return to your dorm at the Interdimensional Academy, a problem arises: your key is missing. Not misplaced, not lost—**stolen**. The dorms here are secured by powerful wards keyed to a single individual, and only the Dean himself can override one. Losing your key is no small matter. A quick investigation leads to an absurd but undeniable conclusion: your key was snatched by a bird.



You track down witnesses—laughing students, a confused Crossroads vendor, someone who claims to have seen “a bright feathery thief” swoop down and snatch something shiny. Soon you’re chasing your target across rooftops, into treetop nests, even the upper balconies of floating taverns. The bird is cunning, fast, and clearly no ordinary animal. You find stashes of glittering loot: rings, pens, wrappers, even someone’s wallet. But no key—at least, not yet.

After a full day of climbing and crawling, possibly sleeping in your warehouse or someone’s couch, you finally uncover the real twist: the bird is actually a shapeshifter. **A demi-human girl from the elusive Riftwalker Clans, known as Alondra. A notorious kleptomaniac with a flair for sparkly chaos, she’s smart, slippery, and shockingly persuasive.** Your key is just one trinket among many in her ever-growing hoard. She doesn’t mean harm—just has a compulsion for claiming shiny things. Convincing her to give it back (without losing your socks or wallet in the process) becomes your new goal.

How you approach this final challenge is up to you. You might trick her, barter with something she wants more, chase her across dimensional slips, or genuinely befriend her with charm and wit. But be warned: she’s a Riftwalker, and if she tires of the game, she’ll vanish through a Dinship and be gone from the Nexus entirely. You don’t have long. Recovering your key becomes less a matter of convenience and more a race against time—and a battle of wits.

In the end, with luck, cleverness, or friendship, you retrieve your key and narrowly dodge punishment from the Academy. Maybe you even earn a peculiar ally in Alondra—one who promises nothing, but just might reappear when you least expect her. One way or another, your day of chasing birds has turned into something far more memorable than it had any right to be.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

You’ve successfully recovered your key and avoided penalties from the Academy. Along the way, you demonstrated tenacity, resourcefulness, and maybe even made a new (and unpredictable) friend. Another strange but successful day in the Interdimensional Academy. If you had failed though, you’d have incurred into a severe penalty of course...

Alondra of the Riftwalker Clans (Reward Pseudo-Follower)

If you successfully retrieved your key and left Alondra with a good impression, she will remain friendly towards you in the future. While she likely won’t accept becoming a full companion or travel under your direct control (you wouldn’t either, considering she will clean out your warehouse of items if unsupervised), her Dinship and nomadic nature mean you’re likely to run into her again in future jumps.

She won’t stay long or interfere too deeply, but she may offer information, aid, or unexpected help during pivotal moments. Alondra is a wildcard ally—useful, charming, chaotic, and just mysterious enough to keep you guessing.



Scenario 13: Visitor from Beyond the Nexus

Today should have been routine. You're simply on your way to pick up ingredients for a class assignment—something involving a rare extract that's all the rage in the Interdimensional Academy. The Crossroads Market is as bustling as ever, filled with animated haggling, bizarre foods, floating crates, and stalls offering enchanted tools or alien weaponry. Among the chaos, your attention is drawn to a haunting melody—soft, wordless, and impossible to ignore. Some say it's the **Siren of the Crossroads**, a mystery no one has solved. The sound lingers in your ears just long enough for you to drift toward a quiet shop on the edge of the bazaar.



Suddenly, a group of adventurers bursts from a nearby building in a full panic. Screaming, pale, and clearly shaken, they vanish into the crowd. Naturally, your curiosity gets the better of you. Investigating the building they fled from reveals a seemingly empty room: dust-covered furniture, flickering lights, and a **black door** at the far end. No amount of force or trickery can open the door. As you turn to leave, the atmosphere shifts. **Faces emerge from the walls**, eyes blinking open where none should be. Whispers echo, drawers snap shut, phantom limbs flail and vanish. The room feels *wrong*. The air thickens with dread, and your instincts scream at you to run.

Remaining in the building is not without danger. The longer you linger, the worse the phenomena become. Emotional manipulation, minor injuries from spectral strikes, even hallucinations of worlds you've never seen but somehow remember. Yet, beneath the horror, a pattern forms—a *message*. Investigation using advanced tech or potent magic reveals a hidden truth: a **noncorporeal entity** is fused with the building, something that arrived not through a door or gate, but was **flung** here, uninvited, from **beyond the Nexus itself**. It is sentient, confused, and deeply afraid.

It never meant to scare anyone. Trapped and unable to communicate clearly, its attempts at interaction come off as grotesque or hostile. If you can reach it—through empathy, through mind-link, or arcane translation—you may help it calm down. In doing so, it will reveal flashes of where it came from: a realm of formless thoughts, shimmering constructs, and beings who exist only as patterns of consciousness. The entity doesn't belong in your world and longs to return—or at the very least, to **unfuse** from the building it's stuck in.

Helping it will take effort. You may need to negotiate with local authorities, acquire components, or convince others not to destroy the building out of fear. But if you succeed, you will safely release the entity or help it fully disconnect. If you succeed, the building calms. The oppressive aura fades. For a moment, you will feel a wave of gratitude ripple through your mind—a farewell from a visitor that never intended to visit. The black door remains, but now only you will know the room's strange history.

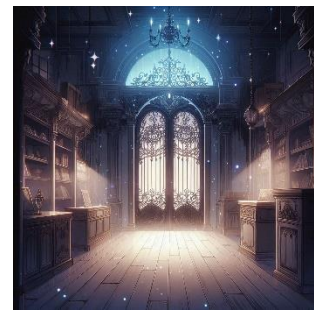
Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

You've succeeded in helping a stranded entity of pure thought to unfuse from reality or find its way home. The incident leaves an unsettling legend in the Crossroads Market, but also earns you quiet respect from the few who understood what truly happened.

A Cheap Locale (Warehouse Attachment)

You now possess the once-haunted building as a **warehouse extension**. It's a modest but sizable space with lingering eerie charm, perfect for a shop, office, or personal project. The once-impenetrable **black door** now links directly to your warehouse and can be opened for others at your discretion. It manifests in the most convenient part of each new world or city, adapting seamlessly to its surroundings. Once per month, you can choose to **relocate** it entirely.

The space retains a faint aura of strangeness—not harmful, but subtly unsettling—unless you choose to **remodel or enchant** it. Some visitors might feel a chill. Others, strangely drawn to the mystery. It's yours now—haunted in memory, but filled with potential.



Scenario 14: The Blue Knight

The day starts with excitement and panic—rumors spreading like wildfire across the Interdimensional Academy. The entire third left wing of the Academy, housing the advanced weapons laboratories, has suffered structural damage. Security systems are in emergency lockdown, and students are barred from approaching. Talk among students is chaotic: some claim a dangerous prototype was stolen, others whisper of a bioweapon capable of causing a zombie apocalypse. Still others speak of a “metal giant” seen leaping across rooftops near the Crossroads Market.



You will arrive on the scene to see professors gathering, including the stern and brilliant Weaponry Mentor, Ganasha. Her normally curious figure seems distressed, her conversation with the Dean hushed but intense. If you pay attention or choose to eavesdrop, you may hear them mention something called the “Blue Knight,” a prototype that “wasn’t supposed to get out”—and even more strangely, a tinge of emotional concern in Ganasha’s voice. It becomes clear: this wasn’t just an experiment to her, it was something personal.

Should you investigate, the story will take a curious turn. In the Crossroads district, witnesses confirm the presence of a large mechanical figure. Yes, buildings were damaged—but no injuries occurred. In fact, a few shopkeepers claim they were protected by the being when debris began to fall. A small child even says the “metal knight” saved her when a beam collapsed. Following the trail of destruction leads you to an abandoned warehouse on the far edge of the Nexus. There, hidden in shadow, you find it: **the Blue Knight**. A towering, humanoid robot—unfinished armor, alloy skin glowing faintly with internal circuitry, its massive hands cradling a crushed vending machine. It turns toward you and asks, “Why does food taste good?”—with a childlike curiosity that doesn’t match its fearsome appearance.

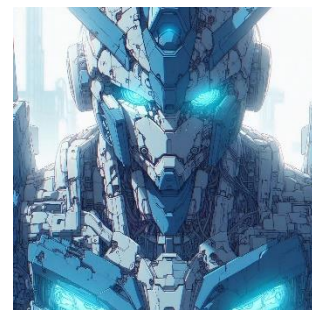
The Blue Knight is sentient—emotionally and cognitively infantile, yes, but clearly capable of thought and empathy. You quickly realize it’s trying to understand the world through sensations and experiences. Its voice is kind. It doesn’t want to hurt anyone. But it is armed—extremely so—and many will argue that this alone makes it too dangerous to exist in its current state. Removing its weapons would kill it. Reprogramming would destroy its sentience. Ganasha, should you bring her and reunite her with the Blue Knight, reveals the truth: she built the Blue Knight as a form of grief therapy, embedding memories of her deceased daughter into the alloy that forms its “heart.” Whether it’s a weapon, a surrogate, or something else entirely, is up to you to decide. Will you protect its right to live? Find a compromise? Or shut it down for safety?

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

With your help, understanding of the consequences, and wise actions, you have aided in determining the fate of the Blue Knight. **Perhaps, your choices here will have consequences that might help avert a dark future in future jumps.**

The Blue Knight (Reward Companion’s Item)

If you chose to preserve the Blue Knight and help it find purpose, Ganasha will be quietly—and deeply—grateful. Though it is not your companion, the Blue Knight becomes a recurring presence in this jump. Should Ganasha ever become a companion, the Blue Knight will always follow her, gaining all the benefits and constraints of a fiat backed item for her. Strong, loyal, and emotionally complex, it is more than a tool of war—it is a fragment of healing, and a reminder that even weapons can grow into something greater, and become something to aspire to.



Scenario 15: Never Party with the Fae

You've been cordially invited to the **Masque of Woven Whimsy**, a grand and exclusive event hosted in one of the hidden garden-realms tucked deep within the Crossroads. The invitation comes sealed with silver ivy and signed in looping calligraphy by none other than **Princess Thistledown Vel'Reina of the Gossamer Court**, a Fae noble known for her dazzling charisma and mildly concerning sense of humor. Invitations like this are whispered about, coveted, and sometimes even stolen — so it's no small thing that yours came delivered by a dragonfly in a tuxedo. Naturally, you accept.



The party itself is a glittering kaleidoscope of absurd elegance. Bioluminescent trees, floating lanterns that hum softly to the rhythm of the music, and masked figures wearing clothes woven from moonlight or stitched from smoke. The guests are a who's who of the Nexus' eccentric elite — creatures of myth, students of power, oddities from forgotten worlds. You're offered exquisite food and drink by graceful servers, each dish looking like it belongs in a dream. It's intoxicating — even before the enchantments begin to take hold.

Because of course the food is enchanted. Subtly at first: voices pitch oddly, pupils sparkle like gemstones, one centaur starts reciting romantic haikus. And then, it becomes undeniable. A fellow classmate turns into a living marble statue who speaks in rhyme. Another gains a second, much sassier head. You might grow a tail. Or feathers. Or fall madly in love with the next person who says your name — which could be *very* awkward, depending on who it is. The Fae Princess laughs with glee and raises a glass to “unbound expression,” cheerfully reminding guests that leaving the party too early will *freeze* their changes for a full lunar cycle. So... maybe stay?

You'll need to navigate the night under these shifting, chaotic effects. Do you embrace the strangeness, or do you resist? Will you keep your cool as rumors spread like wildfire, or find yourself swept up in a glitter-drenched fever dream of romantic mix-ups and physical absurdity? Some of your companions, rivals, or even professors are likely present — and they'll probably remember *something* about how you behaved here, mask or no mask. Whether you take the stage, cause a scene, fall head over heels, or hide under a table all night, your actions may ripple beyond the party's end.

This scenario is about walking the fine line between revelry and regret. The magic may not be harmful, but its impact is real — reputations shift, relationships evolve, and the memory of this bizarre, enchanted evening may stick with you (and others) for far longer than the magic itself. Will you make it through the night with your dignity intact... or gain something unexpected in the chaos?

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

You danced, transformed, laughed, and survived one of the most unpredictable nights in the Nexus. The experience may have embarrassed or enchanted you, but your participation marked you as someone willing to dive into the unknown and come out the other side, slightly altered but stronger for it. You were part of a story many will retell — whether as a lesson, a warning, or a celebration.

A Sack with Enchanted Foodies (Reward Item)

A soft velvet pouch tied with a ribbon of shimmering thread. Inside are a dozen bite-sized enchanted treats from the Masque of Woven Whimsy. Each treat carries a strange, unpredictable enchantment — shifting your form, mood, or senses for a few hours at most. Effects are never harmful, but not always flattering. The enchantments cannot be duplicated, predicted, or dispelled easily, making them rare curiosities for tricksters, gamblers, or curious souls. Perfect for spicing up a dull afternoon... or accidentally turning your friend into a talking cactus. Use wisely.



Scenario 16: Cryptid Littering

At first, it's just... weird.

Every morning for the past few days, you wake to find an unpleasant and bizarre surprise: a strangely-colored pile of feces—glowing, speckled, sometimes even softly humming—neatly deposited either outside your dorm room, in front of your warehouse door, or randomly within the Crossroads near a place you visited the day before.

If that wasn't enough, nestled delicately in this mess is a **note**. **With your name on it**. Sometimes it's just your name, sometimes a very personalized nickname, sometimes even your favorite quote scribbled with strange handwriting. One thing is certain: **you are the target**. And now people are starting to notice. Whispers around the academy grow louder. Students side-eye you. Faculty raise eyebrows. Someone, or something, is publicly marking you.

Outraged? Embarrassed? Confused? All valid. Naturally, you'll want to get to the bottom of this — and fast. The Academy's zoning rules are strict: magical defecation is **definitely** a violation. So the game is on.

How do you want to handle this? Surveillance spells? Motion-triggered glyphs? A good old-fashioned stakeout? Multiple nights may pass without results. Whatever is behind this is **sneaky**, bypassing security and never being caught on camera. Even professors can't trace the magical residue. But your patience will eventually pay off.

One night, either through luck or clever preparation, you witness it: something—a **large, hunched, lumpy creature**—slinking through the shadows. Covered in damp fur and lichen, its awkward limbs skitter as it leaves its bizarre offering and retreats. You've found your culprit: a **cryptid**.

A real, live, slobbering, otherworldly cryptid, clearly not native to the Nexus, and somehow slipping in and out of the Academy unnoticed. It avoids your gaze. It runs when seen. It's blushing. **Yes. It's blushing.**

Catching the creature will be tricky. It's fast, limber in ways it shouldn't be, and has a self-defense mechanism that's... well, disgusting. With the help of friends, clever traps, or just sheer tenacity, you can eventually corner it—and that's when the twist hits. The cryptid speaks.

Not with malice. Not with madness. But with overwhelming sincerity. Its speech is clumsy, emotional, even poetic. It confesses: **it has a massive crush on you**. Has had, ever since it first glimpsed you entering this jump while slipping through a Rift. It knows you could never be with something like *it*. So it thought: maybe if it could get your attention—*any* attention—it would be worth something. Negative attention is better than being forgotten.

Now you're left with a genuine **dilemma**. The thing has broken rules, disrupted your life, and caused you no end of social embarrassment. But it didn't mean harm—it just wanted to be *seen*. You could **punish or exile it**, risking breaking a very fragile heart, or perhaps **talk to it**, gently explaining your boundaries and hoping for the best, maybe even **accept its odd friendship**, even if you cannot reciprocate. Or... well, maybe you're into strange things?

The choice is yours. Whatever you decide will echo through this jump... and possibly others, if this creature continues to follow you across future adventures.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

You successfully resolved the issue with the cryptid in a way that worked best for you, handling an emotionally awkward situation with wit, grace, (or sheer brutality). The gossip eventually dies down—mostly. And though you may still find the occasional gift made of moss and bones, the worst is behind you.

Strange and Unwanted Love (Reward Perk)

You've developed a sixth sense for unusual attraction. You can now instinctively recognize when someone harbors **strange, deviant, or unconventional feelings** toward you—and automatically know the most beneficial way to respond. Whether it's defusing an obsession, redirecting a crush, or... leveraging it, this perk ensures you get the outcome that favors **you** the most, emotionally, socially, or tactically.

Note: This perk does not force others to fall in love or desire you—it merely helps you navigate the weird ones that already do. Totally can help you navigate that Yandere that just fell in love with you, or that crazy one that just had her heart flutter for you.



Scenario 17: A Lethal Kitchen Condiment

The Grand Bazaar of the Crossroads is in full swing—smells of ozone, roasted mossbeasts, and spiced ice drift through the air as hundreds of cultures interweave in organized chaos. You're on assignment from the Interdimensional Academy, cataloging dietary peculiarities and trading samples with a few local xenobiologists. Everything is going well... until a loud, guttural shriek rings out across the market square. “**Spiritoxin!**” bellows a purple-skinned goblin-like figure wearing Consortium regalia. Its bulbous eyes are locked on the small glass shaker of Himalayan salt dangling innocently from your belt loop.



Before you can explain, the goblin draws back with a hiss and summons two burly, armored Warrenguards who take flanking positions beside you. A shimmering, prismatic ward erupts between you and the crowd. The bazaar stalls scatter in a chorus of gasps and spellshields. “*That compound has eradicated entire cities, it is outlawed by decree of the Gab!*” the goblin snarls. “Surrender it or face tribunal under Gab Consortium laws” You're not even sure what's happening—your tests showed it was salt. Ordinary salt. Right?

Now it's a matter of navigating this explosive misunderstanding. Do you comply and hand it over, hoping to smooth tensions but potentially lose access to a crucial substance for your kind? Do you pull rank using your Academy credentials and scientific authority, knowing it might worsen relations between the Academy and the Consortium? Or do you go on the diplomatic route, seeking out an interdimensional mediator, like the surreal-but-sensible Ambassador Slirx from the Gelatinous Courts you learned about in one of your classes, who may be able to deescalate this bizarre cultural standoff?

If you're feeling especially daring—or desperate—you might consider demonstrating the substance's safety by consuming it yourself in full view of the crowd. But there's a risk: what if, somehow, this isn't salt? What if your sample was tainted or swapped? A hidden test awaits in your choice, for the moment you act, consequences ripple. Will the goblin double down on your “threat”? Will the Warrenguards react violently? Or will your choice expose a broader conspiracy regarding banned human substances and an interspecies mistrust hidden just beneath the surface?

Your success hinges on your judgment. Handle this poorly, and you may spark a diplomatic incident or a personal health catastrophe. Handle it well, and you might forge a new understanding between the species—while also confirming the true nature of that shaker you carry. Salt... or something far more dangerous? You'll only know once the scenario plays out.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

You successfully navigated the bizarre diplomatic crisis of the Grand Bazaar—whether through negotiation, wisdom, or sheer salt-licking bravado. Your name is now known (for better or worse) among the Consortium delegates and the Academy registry of unpredictable contacts.

A Bottle with Salt? (Reward Item)

A small, elegant bottle containing either the purest culinary salt or the dreaded compound known as Spiritoxin. If it is salt, it replenishes itself almost instantly when used in moderation—perfect for cooking, rituals, or salting enemy walkways. If it's Spiritoxin, its terrifying effects target both the body and soul, bypassing most resurrection or healing methods and requiring monumental effort to reverse. Spiritoxin refills itself every three days, with enough to poison up to ten men. Does not work on those that have godly status or beings of comparable might or more powerful beings.



Scenario 18: In love with Another You

The Crossroads is alive with commotion this weekend. The Omniversal Sports Committee is once again in uproar over which version of football deserves dominance this season—Gravity-Loop Football, Pyro-Ball, or Temporal Blitz. The chaos has flooded into the Academy itself, bringing noise, flying mascots, and endless student arguments. So, in search of respite, you settle at one of your favorite quiet spots: a terrace café overlooking the shifting skyline, nursing a warm drink and letting the sun—green this cycle—calm your thoughts.

That’s when you hear a soft “Ahem” behind you. A woman with warm eyes, a bright smile, and an aura of poise introduces herself: *Amy Rainstar*. She speaks to you like an old friend, but not overly familiar.

You sense sincerity. She compliments your taste in cafés, and after a brief, engaging conversation, she asks if you’ll be here again tomorrow. Something about her feels nostalgic, like a melody you can’t quite remember. Whether out of curiosity or courtesy, you say yes.

Over the next few days, Amy becomes a part of your routine. She never pushes past friendly conversation, though the chemistry is undeniable. She’s bright, funny, and incredibly kind. Still, there’s always a flicker of distance in her eyes—a sense that she’s holding something back. Occasionally, you catch her staring when she thinks you’re not looking, as if she’s trying to remember your face perfectly, or compare it to something else. It’s not discomforting, but there’s a deep sadness there.

Then, one evening, she arrives later than usual. She’s more reserved, and after some hesitation, she confesses the truth: *You remind her of someone she once loved deeply—another you, from another universe*. That other you and her shared something real, but it ended... one way or another. She doesn’t share the details, only that the person she lost is gone, and though she knows you’re not the same, part of her heart never stopped reaching out. Being with you brought comfort—but also pain. So, she’s leaving. In three days, she’ll board a Dinship to another universe, and she won’t return.

What do you do with this truth? Do you give her distance, respecting her grief and letting her go? Or do you try to give her closure—share a part of yourself that might help her move on, not as the person she lost, but as yourself? Can you honor the memory of someone you never were, while still being true to who you are? The choice is yours, and it will matter. Amy deserves peace, even if not love. Find a way, if you choose to, before she’s gone forever.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

You navigated a connection built on echoes and pain, and whether with honesty, empathy, or personal distance, you gave Amy a kind of closure few ever get. She leaves on her journey lighter, and you, perhaps, carry a little more weight in your heart—but also growth.

Sunshades of a Lost Love (Reward Item)

A pair of stylish sunshades—simple, slightly worn, but clearly cherished. Amy left them for you in her final goodbye. There is no enchantment, no hidden power in them, only memory. They were once a gift from the other you, the one she lost. Now, they are yours. A keepsake of what was, what might have been, and what could still be. A full circle, finally complete.



Scenario 19: The Wonders of Jumper Tech

It starts innocently enough—perhaps you were using one of your fiat backed items to fix a chronometric jam, or casually scanning subdimensional frequencies with another of your more advanced items at your disposal. Whatever it was, your advanced tech caught someone’s attention. That someone is Gyink: a young bright-eyed, multi-armed teenage mechanic from a minor dimension where gears run on starlight and logic is a matter of public debate. Gyink is fascinated. Within seconds of noticing your gadget, he’s darted over, introduced himself in a single breath, and is already pulling out a scanning wand trying to figure out how your fiat backed ticks.



Over the next few days, Gyink’s enthusiasm becomes impossible to ignore. He starts showing up at your cafeteria table with schematics and questions. He knocks at your door early in the morning or late at night, eager to show you the latest iteration of his attempts to replicate your gear—some of which have exploded, caught fire, or inexplicably summoned small ducks. Despite the chaos, there’s no denying his brilliance. He’s clearly a mechanical savant, just... not truly aware how fiat backed items really work. Unfortunately, that hasn’t stopped him from trying—and interfering with your increasingly complicated schedule.

Eventually, his obsession becomes a real problem. Your classmates are talking, your mentors raise their eyebrows, and a few of your friends now dodge Gyink when he appears. You need to do something. Perhaps the direct approach: sit down with Gyink, explain the limitations of non-fiat items, and offer to help him build a copy that functions just enough to satisfy his curiosity without actually working. Or maybe you share a different gadget—one less important—that can redirect his obsession. You might even challenge him to design something *better*, which could satisfy his pride and genius in one go.

There’s another path, too. If you help Gyink build a perfect replica—not just a facsimile but a functioning version of your item—you might satisfy him completely. He would stop pestering you, maybe even start working on other projects. But helping him succeed might mean revealing secrets, or sacrificing something close to you. Is the reward worth the risk? You’ll need to weigh your options carefully. How you deal with Gyink may affect not just your peace of mind, but your reputation, and possibly answer the question of whether can fiat backed items be truly replicated and work as intended.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

In the end, the scenario is about managing enthusiasm without crushing it, drawing boundaries without cruelty, and maybe—just maybe—fostering something remarkable. Gyink is more than just an overeager pest; he’s a spark. How you channel that spark is up to you.

The Perfect Copy (Reward Item)

A flawless replication of one of your fiat-backed items from previous jumps—crafted by Gyink through trial, error, obsession, and perhaps a little bit of your guidance. This copy functions exactly like the original, with no drop in performance or quality. It works perfectly regardless of wherever you are. Somehow, he cracked the code, and he gifts it to you with immense pride and boundless joy. Alongside this new item, you’ve also earned Gyink’s loyalty. He may still be a bit annoying at times, but he now sees you not just as a curiosity—but as a mentor, friend, and the person who believed in him enough to help him pull off the impossible.



Scenario 20: Skinship with the Space Koalas

It was supposed to be a simple errand—a quick trip to the outer Nexus market to pick up some supplies, maybe snag a snack or two, and head back before the girls started asking where you’d wandered off to again. But things had been going wrong all day. Your mystery-flavor chips turned out to taste like regret and battery acid, your errand turned into a scavenger hunt across campus, and now there’s a strange yellowish fog rolling in across the streets of the Crossroads. The moment you notice it, the screaming starts. And running. Lots of running.



You don’t quite know why reptilian students are sprinting like their tails are on fire, but you get your answer soon enough: a tiny, absurdly fluffy creature lumbers out of the fog—a koala? No, wait, more of them. Two. Five. A dozen. They’re swarming. They leap onto a lizardkin student and, within seconds, frost crackles over his scales as he collapses in a shivering heap. Then all of them turn... to you. You, the warmest thing in the area. You, the glorious living heater.

You run. You dodge. You hide in an alley only to find a local tome detailing the “Kualpur,” a species from the star-thickets of Nurval Expanse. Supposedly harmless to mammals, terrifying to cold-bloods, and a rare seasonal migration pest. At some point, you’re tackled by the heat-seeking fluffballs—and they begin to latch onto you like oversized, sentient hand-warmers. They purr. You... sigh. Then a merchant walks past you with a dozen latched to his limbs and face. “First time?” he asks, sipping from a smoothie like this happens every other month.

From here, your choices unfold: Do you try to help the panicked cold-bloods still in the area? Try to usher the koalas back through their dimensional rift? Maybe call your companions over for a fluffy cuddle pile (warm-bloods only—don’t traumatize Luna please)? Regardless of your route, you’ll need to remain near the incursion zone until the Koalas naturally leave or the authorities (eventually) herd them off. Until then, congratulations: you are a space koala heat buffet.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

The Koalas (or *Kualpur*, if you’re trying to sound scholarly) eventually vanish as suddenly as they arrived. Another strange day in the Interdimensional Nexus. You now have a new story to tell: of fuzzy predators, reptilian panic, and an unexpectedly cozy afternoon.

Memories from a Koala Afternoon (Reward Item)

A stack of printed photos capturing the chaos, comedy, and cuddly moments of your run-in with the Kualpur. Some pictures show you blanketed in koalas, others feature your companions reacting—Myria grinning wide as one crawls up her arm, Luna frozen in horror as her warmth is “stolen.” A perfect memento of a ridiculous day. Completely non-magical. But absolutely unforgettable.



Scenario 21: A Keepsake from your very own Earth

It's summer break at the Interdimensional Academy. No classes, no lectures, no transdimensional pop quizzes—just a few blissful weeks to unwind. While the wealthier students depart through shimmering gates to their homeworlds or private dimensions, your plans are simpler: days by crystalline lakes, friendly brawls in beginner-tier leisure dungeons, and long walks under the ever-shifting skies of the Crossroads. One afternoon, a companion drops by with an invitation in hand: an elite social event at the Hyacinth Auction House. Rare relics, ancient trinkets, enchanted oddities—all up for bid in a dazzling display of multiversal culture. It's a chance to network, people-watch, and maybe find a little treasure.



The evening will be as eccentric as you might expect. You will have to dodge the overly friendly bartering of a foxgirl peddling “blessings of passion,” suffer the flamboyant musings of a trans-realm fashion critic who labels your outfit “quaintly archaic,” and nearly get into a duel with a talking painting that accuses you of being “chronologically unsound.” Somewhere between a demonstration of sentient perfumes and a very awkward toast with liquefied starlight, you will end in brief conversation with Lady Shizue, the ancient and unflappable eight-tailed fox spirit who oversees the auction house. Her gaze is unsettling—wise, amused, and maybe a little too perceptive. You strongly suspect she has figured, or strongly suspects about your jumper nature, though she won't do anything about it for now.

Then, as the auction begins and oddities pass by—time-locked rings, dreaming orchids, soul-tempered blades—you see it. An item. Familiar. Impossible. From your Earth. Not a similar Earth. *Your Earth*. Somehow, impossibly, it's here. Whether it's a childhood heirloom, a long-lost artifact of your world, or even something entirely mundane like a cracked ceramic mug with a local sports team's logo—you *know* it belongs to your world. Maybe to you.

Should you decide to bid, others will bid as well. Why? Are they intrigued by your interest? Or is there something else drawing them? As the stakes rise, so do tensions. A young master with more money than manners glares daggers at you, and your bid war could spiral into a grudge match that lasts long past the evening. Do you charm the room? Outwit your rivals? Or drop out and track down the item later through more *creative* means? The night is yours, and what you do will make this auction one for the books.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

An ordinary day turned unforgettable. Whether you left with the item in hand or merely with a memory, the night will be one you look back on with strange nostalgia—and perhaps a little pride. The Nexus is full of oddities, but every once in a while, the universe throws you something personal. However, should you obtain the item (either by winning it or procuring it by other means) then you will obtain this:

A Memory from Home (Reward Item)

Across infinite stars and countless worlds, you found this. An object unmistakably from your Earth—your real one. It could be a historical relic, a personal item, or something quietly powerful in ways you can't quite explain. Though it holds no earth-shattering power (unless it did in your world), it grounds you. This keepsake reminds you of your origin and who you were before it all began. If ever you feel adrift, overwhelmed by the infinite possibilities of your journey, this object will center your spirit. It won't make your decisions for you—but it will help you remember why you began your journey in the first place.



Scenario 22: The Attack of the Shrimp Loving Catgirls

It all begins innocently enough—an explosion in shrimp popularity across the Crossroads and the Interdimensional Academy. Shrimp tacos, shrimp drinks, shrimp plushies, and shrimp-scented bath bombs. Cafeterias, food stalls, and even lecture halls are filled with shrimp merchandise. You might dismiss it as just another passing craze, like that time the entire school got obsessed with miniature golems doing interpretive dance. But something feels... off. Shrimp imports have skyrocketed from across the multiverse, and shady back-alley vendors are now offering “quantum prawns” and “chronoshrimp” to hungry customers. Even your companions might start acting strange if they get too deep into the shrimp scene.



Then the weirdness escalates. News trickles in—shrimp shipments disappearing, seafood stalls ransacked, kitchens mysteriously licked clean. Witnesses whisper of fur, fangs, and high-pitched giggling in the shadows. You encounter Shria, a frightened lobsterino student who warns you of attacks against her people—creatures that look like girls, with twitching ears, glazed-over eyes, and a single, overwhelming craving: shrimp. She's shaken and warns that her kind are being hunted, and that some of her friends haven't been so lucky. While she offers little concrete information, her fear is very real—and now you can't ignore the problem.

Unraveling the truth behind the chaos becomes a tangled shrimp-scented adventure. You may explore leads like a bizarre underground shrimp battle ring, where crustaceans duel in tiny armor while bets are shouted over shrimp-flavored moonshine. Or meet the oddly philosophical couple—a towering semi-giant and a riddle-loving leprechaun—who demand shrimp-themed puzzles before giving you clues. There's also a talking crane who is absolutely *done* with everything shrimp-related, and yet may hold the final thread that ties all this madness together. Every answer just raises more questions. How did this specific breed of shrimp—a crimson-glowing, mildly psychic delicacy—get smuggled into the Nexus? And why are the catgirls affected by it in such... extreme ways?

Eventually, your investigation may lead to a hidden cache of experimental shrimp from a biotech vault, or perhaps to a failed mind-enhancing delicacy now turned addictive street food. What began as absurdity becomes a genuine crisis of bioethics, smuggling, and addiction. And those poor catgirls? They might be victims themselves—driven by engineered hunger, their minds clouded by the scent of shrimp they were never meant to eat. Whether you aim to help cure them, capture them, or just survive the onslaught long enough to get the truth out, the fate of this ridiculous yet alarming shrimp catastrophe may rest in your hands.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

Whether you restore peace between catgirls and crustaceans, or simply put a lid on the whole debacle, the Crossroads will remember the chaos of this incident for a long time. You may never look at shrimp the same way again—but you'll walk away from this with a deeper understanding of the dangers that can emerge from the most unexpected places. Also, probably, a lot of photos of catgirls in shrimp-fueled trances and some new lobsterino friends who owe you big time.

The Legendary Shrimp Sense (Reward Perk)

At the culmination of this adventure, you've developed another sense: the Shrimp Sense. This additional sense allows you to detect and predict the movement of seafood (or really, any water-originated creature) with uncanny accuracy. Additionally, any seafood you prepare that contains shrimp will turn out absolutely delicious—whether made from fresh catch or the worst of leftovers. Finally, if a catgirl ever tastes you in any way, she'll experience something akin to intense catnip and become mildly obsessed. (This last effect can be toned down to negligible levels, but is always present in some form.)



Scenario 23: An Entirely Wrong Human Holiday

It's that time of year again—festival season at the Interdimensional Academy. Each classroom is preparing booths, games, and activities for the Academy School Fair. Your class is buzzing with ideas when whispers reach you about another classroom that's putting together a themed event based on a "Human Holiday." That alone might not seem unusual—after all, human culture is weirdly popular in the Nexus—but something about the way people are reacting to it feels... off.



The holiday in question? That's harder to pin down. Is it a bizarre blend of Christmas and Halloween? Or a romantic Diwali mixed with what might be Independence Day? There are trees strung with bacon garlands, heart-shaped skull masks, gift-wrapped eggs, and a suspicious number of Cupid mannequins dressed like gladiators. The theme is a surreal cocktail of recognizable human traditions twisted by the well-meaning but entirely clueless. The masterminds behind the idea? A class composed entirely of non-human students, none of whom have ever actually met a human from Earth, despite having watched thousands of hours of oddly translated media.

Once they see you, a human-looking Jumper, their excitement is explosive. They insist on dragging you into the festivities—clearly seeing you as some kind of celebrity consultant for Earth culture. And their version of hospitality is... enthusiastic. There's a constant tug-of-war between trying to fix their hilarious misconceptions and having your corrections sneakily undone by overconfident alien classmates who think *they* actually know what humans want.

Your mission is clear: help salvage this chaotic holiday bash. You can try to educate them and turn this into a genuine cultural exchange—or lean into the madness and escalate it into something so absurd it loops around into popularity. Either way, your choices shape the outcome: a touching day of unity, a disaster of epic proportions, or an unintentional masterpiece of surrealist cultural fusion.

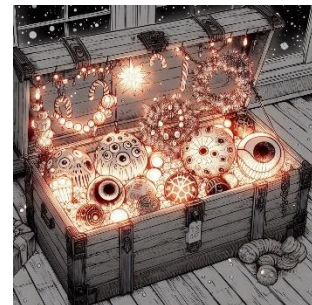
One thing's for sure: by the end of it, the festival will never forget this “authentic” human holiday. Whether they laughed, cried, or questioned their reality, everyone will leave with memories—and photos—they'll cherish (or try to erase) for years.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

You were a part of a holiday, and the memories will be with you forever. One day you may recall back to this day, and do so with a smile in your heart.

Holiday Furnishings (Reward Item)

A quirky collection of leftover decorations, costumes, and props from the misremembered holiday you helped shape—either into something genuinely heartwarming or catastrophically unforgettable. While they seem like a mismatched pile of glittery nonsense to others, in your hands, they carry a subtle magic: **when used to decorate during any holiday or celebration, they ensure the day will be joyful, peaceful, and filled with laughter.** No bad luck, no sad news, no villains interrupting the cake cutting—just a wholesome, trouble-free holiday with those you care about. The effect only lasts for a single day, and may only be invoked once per month, but what a day it will be.



Scenario 24: Dark Secrets Unveiled (Part I)

A strange coded message arrives one day, encoded in a way that only you can understand. You aren't told who sent it, only that it comes from someone—or something—that understands what you are. The message confirms a truth you may have already suspected: you are not the only Jumper in the Interdimensional Academy. Eight others walk these halls, each with their own origin, ambitions, and history. Some are content to stay hidden, weaving themselves into the fabric of this strange world. Others, however, may become rivals, threats, or worse. One thinks they are the protagonist of reality itself. **Another hides the mind of a killer.**



At first, you might dismiss the message as paranoia or misdirection. But months later, the news hits: a student, well-known and respected as a brawler in the Crossroads, is found dead—his corpse drained and mummified, stabbed through the heart. Whispers rise in dark corners. Monsters? Rogue factions? Some speak of it as a cursed encounter. But in the Crossroads, strange deaths aren't always front-page news. The event is unsettling, but not yet defining.

Time passes, and the pattern sharpens. Students begin to vanish. Quietly. Subtly. Some believed to have left the Academy, others assumed to be lost to Crossroads dangers. It isn't until a freshman stumbles onto a second body—this time inside the Academy walls—that the atmosphere shifts from uneasy to alert. The security presence increases overnight. Wardings, patrols, and sensors lock down campus boundaries. For a time, the killings stop within school grounds. But outside, they continue.

Your third year arrives, and with it, a personal cost. Someone close to you becomes a target. Whether you can save them in time depends on your choices, skills, and intuition. If you act swiftly, they may survive—but the killer escapes again. But this time, something changes: evidence is left behind. Scraps of magic, fragments of strange technology, or a signature that only those with deep knowledge like you can recognize. This isn't the work of a someone normal. **This is the work of a Jumper.**

Now, the truth begins to spread. The myth of the multiversal travelers becomes a subject of quiet research and heated whispers. Some will dig into ancient records or archived academy logs to uncover the truth about Jumpers. Others will simply fear what they don't understand. Meanwhile, the killer grows bolder. They now know someone is watching them. And you... you've been dragged into a silent war. The predator is still out there—clever, patient, and dangerous. But now, the hunt has begun.

Part I Completion Reward: +100 CP

Scenario Follow Up:

The pattern is undeniable now—the killer is methodical, targeting those with notable strength or influence. He began with weaker individuals, but each kill has escalated in precision and ambition. Whoever he is, he's no reckless monster. He plans, he waits, and he strikes only when the odds favor him. The authorities are still playing catch-up, but you know better—this isn't just a killer. It's a predator stalking the powerful.

The murderer remains at large, hidden among students and faculty, adapting to the Academy's heightened security. He is incredibly cautious, striking only when he is sure of victory. If he uncovers the identity of any Jumper—and determines he has the strength or cunning to kill them—he *will* act. This includes you. The only thing preventing further deaths will be your vigilance, but you can't be everywhere.

Key notes for the Dark Secrets Unveiled Scenario

This scenario unfolds **gradually over several years** and is designed as a background narrative arc rather than a single continuous adventure. It may intersect with other scenarios unpredictably, adding layers of tension and mystery to your journey at the Interdimensional Academy. It is the first of a three-part storyline.

Due to a unique combination of perks, the identity of the murderer will remain effectively concealed until the final chapter. Discovering their nature ahead of time is explicitly fiat-blocked—your investigation will yield only clues, never confirmation. If you choose to remain low-profile and uninvolved, the scenario will quietly resolve itself without triggering any existential-level threats nor you will become a target. However, inaction does not guarantee safety for others.

The killer, known as the **Secretly Malevolent Jumper or the Murderer**, is highly strategic. He will not target your Jumper if he perceives you as weak or unremarkable, preferring easier or more rewarding victims within the Academy. This changes instantly if he learns of your true nature or becomes suspicious—at which point you will be prioritized once he believes himself strong enough to eliminate you, after all a Jumper is certainly a great source of power.

The Known Jumper Profiles

Benign Jumpers – These five Jumpers are content with attending the Academy and pursuing their personal goals without interfering in major conflicts. Four are relative newcomers, having completed only a few simple jumps of little power, while the fifth has a background similar in scope to your own. They are potential allies, rivals, or bystanders depending on your approach.

Overpowered Munchkin – Loud, flashy, and undeniably powerful, this veteran Jumper draws attention wherever they go. Surrounded by companions and dripping with vanity perks, they are unmistakably not a normal student, and will be quickly and easily identifiable as a Jumper by those who know what to look for. They've optimized themselves with powerful and synergistic perks from a lot of jumps, making them the strongest of the Jumpers in the Academy—certainly even stronger than you. They are not inherently malicious, but their arrogance could cause collateral issues.

Secretly Malevolent Jumper – Initially the weakest and unremarkable, this Jumper conceals their true intentions behind a mask of normalcy. Using the deadly *Vorpall Shadeblade*, they consume the powers and essence of their victims, growing stronger with each kill. Their perks grant near-complete immunity to most conventional investigative or divinatory abilities. Once they become aware of your true nature and judge you as vulnerable to their own might, they will make you a target. They are patient, precise, and terrifyingly intelligent.

Rival Jumper – Disguised as an ordinary student, this Jumper will declare you their rival if your identity is revealed. From that moment on, they will actively interfere with your plans, challenge you publicly, and attempt to overshadow you in every possible way. Despite their antagonism, they won't deliberately expose themselves or yourself as a Jumper. Interestingly, a peace is not impossible—they are capable of respect, even friendship, under the right conditions. Also, they secretly enjoy visual novels, though they'll never admit it.

Scenario 25: A Terrible Night for a Curse

The air around the Academy seems heavier these nights, as if something unseen presses down upon its halls. Professor Melchoir, once a pillar of calm strength and quirky wisdom, has become a stranger cloaked in distance. His usual warmth has dulled, replaced with tight smiles and evasive exits. Even his nightly walks—once slow and sociable—have become brisk retreats behind locked doors. Though the students whisper, no one knows the truth, and it's only when you catch him lingering alone under moonlight, his silhouette unmistakably human, that the pieces begin to fall into place. The curse is worsening.



When confronted, Melchoir is hesitant, but if your bond with him is strong, he relents and reveals the truth: his transformations, once confined to a single night under the full moon, have begun stretching across several. His control weakens each time, and though his human form appears idealized—young, striking, pale-haired—it feels like a mask slowly fusing to his soul. The shift isn't merely physical; it threatens to erode the very core of who he is. He mentions a possible solution, an artifact he once relied on: the Minotraculous Effigy, a powerful charm that can forcibly return anyone to their true form. Unfortunately, he has misplaced it, somewhere in his room or perhaps in the old warehouse.

Searching his quarters is awkward. The space is a chaos of discarded scrolls, half-broken furniture, and an appalling collection of mismatched ties. Melchoir winces at the mess, apologizing in grumbles as he shifts through the wreckage, clearly flustered by the exposure. If the effigy isn't there, the next option is the warehouse, a sprawling, half-forgotten place full of cursed, sealed, and questionably labeled objects. The search there is arduous, every aisle a trial of traps, riddles, and magical resistance, but eventually you spot it: a small red-clay bull adorned with gleaming jewels, perched atop a pedestal like it was waiting all along.

Just as your fingers or Melchoir's reach for the effigy, a spectral figure manifests—a translucent minotaur, child-sized yet stern-eyed. It floats between you and the artifact, its voice echoing with ancient scorn. "This is not for human hands. It is bound to the Minos, and none shall take it." Before you can respond, a sudden force hurls you backward through the warehouse entrance. Melchoir remains behind, arm outstretched, as the world twists. When you recover your bearings, the doorway no longer shows shelves and magical clutter, but a massive stony threshold, carved with ancient runes and jagged horns. A crude plaque reads: *"This is the Labyrinth of the Minotraculous. Enter at ye own peril."*

Whatever magic governs the labyrinth has sealed Melchoir inside, and with the full moon still high, he remains trapped in his human form—robbed of the strength and instincts that once defined him. This labyrinth, a fusion of the warehouse's memory and ancient Minotaur myth, pulses with strange traps, maze-like corridors, and illusions designed to test more than just physical prowess. Whether this is a punishment, a trial, or something older awakening through the effigy is unclear. What matters is that Melchoir is in danger, and time is short. Somewhere deeper in the labyrinth, a hidden warning waits: all who enter must leave before sunrise... or not at all.

You now stand at the entrance to something impossible, called by ancient echoes and a friend in peril. Will you brave the Minotraculous Labyrinth to rescue him, face whatever spirits guard its secrets, and recover the effigy? Will you uncover its strange origins, perhaps meeting the guardian of this place—or even discovering the truth behind Melchoir’s curse? No path is set, no outcome guaranteed, but one thing is clear: this is no ordinary night. The warehouse door creaks behind you, the stars vanish behind clouds, and the wind whispers of peril. Truly, what a terrible night for a curse.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

Whatever you thought tonight might hold, it certainly wasn’t *that*. A maze layered in ancient magic, spectral guardians, riddles with no clear answers, and a ticking clock hidden too deep to be fair—all woven around a friend’s quiet suffering. The Minotraculous Labyrinth tested more than just your reflexes; it tested your resolve, your bond, and your willingness to chase someone into the unknown. Whether you discovered the true purpose of the labyrinth’s creation or simply fought your way through its illusions and traps, one thing is certain: you didn’t leave unchanged. Neither did Melchoir.

The final steps toward sunrise were a race through winding stone, triggered snares, and collapsing passageways—but you made it. Just barely. You may never know what would have happened had you failed to escape in time, or what force watches over that place even now. And the labyrinth’s so-called “guardian”? That’s a tale only you can tell. Maybe it offered guidance, or maybe it vanished without a trace. Either way, your actions left a mark—on the maze, on the Academy, and on Melchoir himself.

The Minotraculous Effigy (Reward Item)

This small red clay effigy, shaped like a bull and set with a ruby and two sapphires, hums with quiet, ancient power. When pressed to anyone suffering from transformation—be it magical, cursed, biological, or even conceptual—it allows them to return to their original form, if only temporarily resisting the forces that changed them. While it does not cure, it restores, granting a crucial moment of clarity or escape. Whispers say it once belonged to a tribe of minotaur guardians who protected their identity above all else. Now, it is yours—handle it with respect.



“I think... this might actually help a lot friend, thank you for being here tonight.”

Scenario 26: The Kid Who Stole for his Future

The Academy is buzzing with unrest. Overnight, parts of the campus were defaced—statues covered in corrosive graffiti, arcane runes carved into the stone walls, and a food court worker left unconscious with no clear explanation. No suspect was caught in the act, but rumors spread like wildfire. Whispers and anonymous accusations converge on one name: Yamuel the Breaker, a student notorious for his rebellious nature and his experimental combat suit. All signs point to him—except for the fact that **you were with him when the incident happened.**



It's not just suspicion Yamuel is fighting. **His place at the Academy is a lie, the result of a stolen identity and desperate ambition. And**

now, with the professors digging deeper, the truth is close to the surface. He knows he can't fight this alone—not without losing everything he's built here, not without you. When he shows up at your door, his usual scowl plastered on his face, pretending this is beneath him, you know it's not pride that brought him to you, but fear. Whatever your relationship, the decision to help him is yours alone—but the moment you agree, you set the story into motion.

To clear Yamuel's name, you'll need to retrace the false trail laid out against him. The so-called evidence fits too well, almost like it was designed specifically to frame him. Interviews with “witnesses” only deepen the mystery—some contradict themselves, others seem nervous, coached, or absent altogether. Still, a few leads begin to point toward the Crossroads, where law and chaos dance in uneasy alliance and truth comes with a price.

Your search will eventually draw you to the doors of the Gab Consortium, a gleaming warren of greed and scheming run by goblins who value silence, secrets, and silver in equal measure. The air is thick with veiled threats and hungry stares. To get anything here, you'll have to haggle and bluff with a cunning information broker who claims to know the players behind the scheme. The name that will emerge from this toxic deal sends a bad feeling down your spine: the Arcanum Wardens—or someone using their name.

Chasing this final thread leads you into danger—an ambush on a lonely path, a broken cart concealing magical traps, and a frightened child hiding with their injured dog, a strange but oddly important detour that will test your judgment and indirectly give you the **final clue.** Finally, all paths converge at a discreet shop on the edge of the Arcane District, marked with sigils that glimmer only to the wary. Inside waits the truth: a carefully buried past, old rivalries reignited, and the key to whether Yamuel's crimes are real—or whether he's simply another pawn in a game far larger than either of you realized.

The scenario doesn't end in a single answer. Whether you uncover an ancient grudge from within the Wardens, **the return of the rightful student Yamuel displaced**, or something more insidious still, you will leave with more than just the facts. The future of a boy who stole his chance at greatness, and what kind of man he'll become, now rests in your hands.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

Thanks to your actions, the truth has surfaced—at least enough of it to clear Yamuel's name. Whether he confessed his secret willingly or you uncovered it yourself, the outcome remains the same: Yamuel's place at the Academy is intact, his reputation cautiously restored. Whispers may linger, but no official record bears his blame. Curiously, a passing remark from the Academy Dean hints at something deeper—perhaps Yamuel's secret wasn't so secret after all. If the Dean already knew and chose silence, then maybe Yamuel's fear of expulsion was never truly about rules—but about believing he didn't deserve the chance he stole. And perhaps, in fighting to keep it, **he finally earned it.**

Breaking Shutdown (Reward Perk)

Your time spent with Yamuel has left its mark. Whether through exposure, resonance, or shared grit, you've gained a variant of his uncanny resilience. Breaking Shutdown allows you to forcefully deactivate any abilities, powers, or perks you have currently active—instantly cutting off all traces of psionic, dimensional, temporal, and some energy-based effects on you. For a brief few seconds, you become untouchable by such forces—but also stripped of your own enhancements. It's a risky maneuver, a clean break from the battlefield's chaos, and one that may offer salvation... or spell your downfall. Usable repeatedly, though it carries a short cooldown that increases with each use (and resets every new day) and keen enemies may learn to bait it.



“You have my gratitude, I... didn't expect anyone to lend me a hand with this. You are certainly different to most people I've met, and I'll remember this always”

Scenario 27: Crossing Paths with an Elven Beauty

You've always known the Knarr as loud, proud, and stubborn—burly warriors with hearts just as big as their fists. You never expected one of them, least of all their intimidating leader Migoste, to come calling **to collect a favor**. Yet here you are, sitting across from him as he explains, in gruff and clipped words, that **he needs you—specifically you—for a peace negotiation**. The enemy faction, curiously unnamed, is apparently too clever, too silver-tongued for the Knarr's brand of "diplomatic discourse." That's where you come in. The meeting is to be held in a neutral chamber at the Crossroads, and though the details are murky, the urgency in Migoste's voice leaves no room to decline.



When you walk into the grand hall carved from starlight and stone, the temperature drops—not from cold, but from recognition. There, **standing at the head of the opposing delegation, is Myria Kael'ir**. Her golden hair cascades in effortless waves, her sapphire eyes sharp and unreadable as they meet yours for a fraction of a second. Then her voice rings out, poised and polished, addressing the room without a flicker of surprise. She doesn't falter, not even slightly, though you could swear you noticed something when she saw you. She's here as the lead diplomat of the Kael'ir House, the so-called hated enemies of the Knarr. For all her familiar warmth, right now she is every inch the elven ambassador—elegant, untouchable, and relentless.

The first round of negotiations is brutal. Myria argues with razor precision, every clause she concedes matched by a demand that pushes the Knarr's patience to the brink. And yet, she isn't unfair—merely uncompromising. Even when her proposals brush against your own input, she doesn't yield just because it's you. **Perhaps especially because it's you.** She speaks like someone fencing behind a velvet mask, her words never quite betraying the thoughts behind them. When recess is called, she glances your way, and there's a moment—barely a heartbeat—where the corner of her mouth lifts in something between a **smile and a challenge**.

Outside the negotiation chamber, the air is looser. Myria approaches you beneath the hanging lights of the Crossroads gardens, her steps silent, her expression softened. Her laughter is quieter here, less performative. She teases, probes gently into your opinions on the talks, and occasionally lets the mask slip—just for a moment. There's a tension in your conversations, a thread pulled taut between two people who should be at odds but keep finding excuses to talk just a little longer. Every glance feels like it might mean more, or maybe you're just imagining things. Either way, she never lingers too long before slipping away again, back into the composed perfection expected of her.

As the days pass, something begins to shift. **The negotiations, which seemed promising at first, begin to fray at the seams.** Promises once agreed upon are suddenly contested. Witnesses withdraw statements. Documents go missing. And through it all, Myria bears the brunt of the blame. The Knarr begin to grow hostile again, suspicious. Myria doesn't complain, but you see it in the way her shoulders tighten, the way she lingers

alone after meetings. **Someone is sabotaging the talks**, and whether out of duty or something harder to name, you realize you can't stand to see her take the fall.

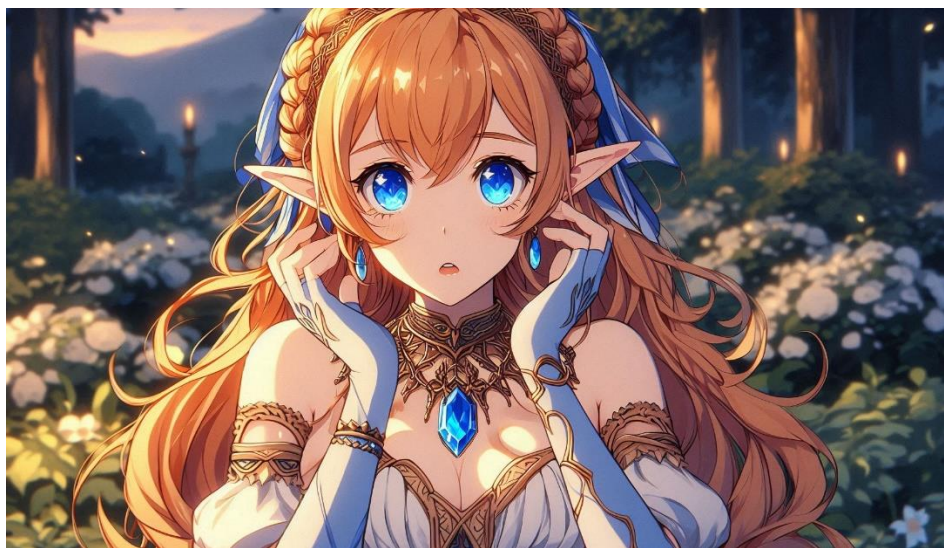
The success of the peace negotiations now lies on a razor's edge. You'll need to navigate this diplomatic tangle with cunning, expose whoever seeks to undermine it from the shadows, and ensure that Myria doesn't become a scapegoat for a conflict neither of you started. Whether that means chasing leads through the Crossroads underbelly, confronting the saboteur in the middle of the final session, or simply standing beside her when it counts most—*how* you handle it is up to you. But one thing is certain: crossing paths with Myria Kael'ir was never going to be simple. Not for the Knarr, not for diplomacy... and certainly not for your heart.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

What began as a tense negotiation quickly unraveled into something far more dangerous—a deliberate plot to sabotage peace and destroy Myria's reputation in the process. If you stood by her through the uncertainty, weathered the escalating tension, and played a key role in unmasking the saboteur while preserving the fragile peace between the Knarr and the Kael'ir, then the outcome of the scenario may have shifted fate itself. After the dust settles and order returns to the table, when Myria's attention is drawn elsewhere, a quiet member of her diplomatic entourage will approach and place a fine envelope into your hands.

A Letter from the Duke (Reward Item)

This letter, bound in deep violet paper and sealed with the elegant wax crest of House Kael'ir, bears the unmistakable weight of nobility. Within lies a message personally penned by Duke Kielton Isael Kael'ir—the elusive and often inscrutable patriarch of Myria's house. The letter is direct, courteous, and unmistakably proud in tone. The Duke expresses his gratitude for your intervention, noting that you defended his daughter not only with skill but with a level of discernment not often seen. At the close of the letter, he extends a personal invitation to Kael'thos, their verdant ancestral home, and notes his interest in meeting the individual who not only shaped an interspecies treaty, but also, as he puts it, "held Myria's trust when it mattered most."



"My father gave you whaat??"

Friend,

Word of your involvement in the Knarr negotiations has reached me—not through embellished reports or whispers, but through the personal words of my trusted subjects. I am a man who does not mince words, so allow me to be clear: you did what few outside our house have ever done. You stood for Myria when others sought to dismantle not only her credibility, but her future. That is something I will not soon forget.

You displayed more than just competence. You displayed discretion, conviction, and a damn impressive ability to hold your ground in a storm of fools and serpents. I've had enough dealings to recognize a blade when it's hidden under velvet, and it seems you've mastered that art. For this, I extend an invitation. Come to Kael'thos. Walk our lands, break bread at my table, and speak with me—father to the one you helped, and a serious talk between you and me.

One last thing. Myria is strong-willed, too sharp for her own good at times, and though she plays the part masterfully she rarely lets anyone close. Yet word has reached me that she speaks to you with a tone I haven't heard from her in a long while. Make of that what you will—but if you ever hurt her, even the stars won't hide you from me. Until then, you have my thanks.



—Duke Kielton Isael Kael'ir

Scenario 28: Classes at the Academy (and how to befriend a Professor)

For the first time in what feels like an eternity, there's a rhythm to your days that doesn't begin with an explosion or end with a catastrophe. The Interdimensional Academy, known lately more for its volatile politics and sudden emergencies than for actual education, finds itself in a rare period of stability. The air is sharp and full of promise, schedules flicker into place across crystalline displays, and the sound of laughter—genuine, unburdened laughter—echoes through the floating courtyards. You're enrolled now, officially and fully, in a curated selection of bizarre and borderline absurd courses that, despite their strangeness, seem oddly essential for any Jumper looking to survive the madness of the Omniverse.



One morning you might be dodging projectile thoughts in Metacognitive Combat while trying to maintain a philosophical argument with yourself; the next, you're knee-deep in a stream of temporally-shifting equations that must be solved before they drift into a parallel branch of reality. Your homework occasionally tries to erase itself from existence or grow wings. One particular project escaped and now teaches a class of its own. You're juggling so many tasks at once, it almost feels like your soul is enrolled alongside you, attending a different lecture entirely.

As you juggle increasingly weird classwork, a scandal quietly unfolds between a professor and a student, pulling you into the mix when you stumble across a memory crystal left behind in the arts wing. The fallout forces you into a few uncomfortable conversations—and into some unexpected trust. At the same time, you have a run-in with a smug Young Master from a martial world who thinks you and most of the Academy is beneath him. Whether or not you humble him depends on your strength, but either way, if you do it makes you a bit more famous—or infamous—across campus. All of this plays out under the looming question of the love letter that appeared in your locker. It's unsigned, its language poetic, and something about it seeing you at the roof of the second wing today at dusk.

But among the chaos, there's one presence that stands apart from the madness—**Professor Ganasha**. The Academy's top instructor in Weaponry and Combat Sciences, she is infamous for her quiet, immovable presence. A dwarf with a steel-traced voice and hands that have clearly shaped more than just swords, Ganasha rarely speaks unless it's to correct your stance or your logic. Her aura is controlled intensity, like a blade kept sheathed not because it is dull, but because it is too sharp. Despite her aloof reputation, she never belittles, never scolds. She just watches—and sometimes, when no one else sees, seems quietly disappointed.

It's in the awkward silences after class or during practical demonstrations that you start to notice the cracks in her armor. A particular pause as she watches a student hesitate before landing a strike. The way she touches a worn engraving on her gauntlet when she thinks no one is looking. The rumors about her daughter might just be whispers, but there's a quiet weight to her presence that suggests something unresolved. Trying to get close to her isn't easy. She doesn't discourage questions—but neither does she encourage familiarity. Perhaps the key to becoming friends with her is in one of her own personal projects, an experimental Soulforge Circuit she seems to be working on?.

Your goal in this scenario is twofold: first, to survive the chaotic yet oddly fulfilling life of a full semester at the Interdimensional Academy. This means showing up, studying (when possible), and managing not to fail any classes despite the sheer lunacy of some of the coursework. Second, and perhaps more challenging, is to break through the quiet barriers of Professor Ganasha. Though she carries herself with composed professionalism and the appearance of approachability, her heart is guarded—wounded by a personal loss she rarely speaks of. Gaining her trust, becoming

her friend, and offering her something real may be the key to a lasting bond that could prove invaluable in the uncertain future ahead.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

There's a strange kind of magic in living a normal life, even briefly. The rhythm of the semester—the bizarre lectures, the late-night study sessions, the quiet companionship found in shared challenges—leaves you with more than just knowledge. You've grown. You've experienced something real. And if you've managed to reach Ganasha's heart, if you became someone she could truly call a friend, then she'll find her own way to say thank you. One day, without ceremony, she quietly offers you a gift:

Mark IV Soulforge Circuit (Reward Item)

A masterwork from Ganasha's personal collection, the Mark IV Soulforge Circuit is a deeply advanced and rare augmentation core. Designed for seamless integration into weapons, armor, or personal gear, this circuit forms a spiritual and neural link between you and the item it inhabits. Once installed, the item becomes partially aware—able to act with limited autonomy and instinctively respond to your intent. Blades correct their angle mid-swing, armor shifts to deflect blows before you can react, and you can feel your equipment as if it were an extension of your own body. It's more than just tech—it's trust woven into metal. The circuit cannot be removed by anyone but you, and once bonded, it may reject all others. A powerful gift—and one that carries the quiet weight of genuine friendship behind it.



“Finally! The Mark IV is ready! All the good parts without the bad side effects... mostly probably!”

Scenario 29: That Lovey Dovey Couple

Somehow, without even trying, you've found yourself tangled in the blooming legend of Selene and Lysander, the most talked-about pair in the Interdimensional Academy. They're the kind of couple that seems to glow—Selene with her cosmic aura and starlit hair, Lysander with that calm, brilliant confidence that makes even professors pause when he speaks. The halls buzz with stories about them, from romantic strolls under the artificial constellations of the Garden Wing to spontaneous duets in the Music Atrium. Their names now come in one breath, like constellations bound in orbit. You, of course, weren't expecting to get pulled into that orbit yourself—but here you are.



It starts innocently enough. Selene finds you just before sundown, her presence radiant, the scent of starlight and spices clinging faintly to her robes. She looks anxious, though she tries to hide it behind her usual serenity. **She wants to surprise Lysander with a gift**, something personal, something meaningful. She's narrowed it down to a handful of options, each more extravagant than the last—an enchanted memory crystal forged in the dreams of sleeping dragons, a self-playing harp that sings only when he's near, even a rare bottle of starlight ink said to contain echoes of future moments. The problem is, she can't decide which to choose. And she trusts you—*you*—to help her.

Except Lysander got to you first.

That same morning, barely after sunrise, he found you at the coffee dispensers, offered a quiet smile, and asked you for a favor. **He wants to surprise Selene**. He, too, has compiled a list of gift ideas, each borderline absurd in scope—a cloak woven from comet threads, a rune-infused locket that hums her favorite lullaby, a miniature solar system modeled after her aura. And, wouldn't you know it, he doesn't want her to know he's getting help. Somehow, you're now the central node in this entire operation, trying to balance both of their confidences without slipping up and destroying the mystique of their affections.

Of course, there are other options. You could ignore both lists, pick something more grounded, something that doesn't scream "overachieving magical power couple," and maybe, just maybe, bring them a little closer to something real. But finding the right gifts on your own means venturing into places you might not have planned for: bizarre bazaars tucked between hidden buildings, dimension-sellers with questionable price tags, and that weird shop in the Crossroads run by the being that only speaks in riddles and interpretive dance. Or... maybe you've had enough of these two. Maybe it's time to engineer the most awkward, overly-sentimental gift disaster you can legally get away with, just to see how perfect they really are under pressure.

The clock's ticking—tomorrow night is the deadline. **Both gifts need to be chosen, acquired, and delivered through secret channels**. Neither Selene nor Lysander can suspect that you're helping both of them, or the magic of the moment will unravel. Meanwhile, Mara has already started a betting pool on whether you'll crack under the pressure, and Luna has taken an almost unsettling interest in *just how* some

of these gifts are enchanted. Worse still, the student paparazzi have caught wind that *someone* is connected to the couple's mysterious plans. If you're not careful, you'll be mobbed before nightfall. It's a tangled web of stardust, secrets, and sentimentality—but if anyone can pull this off, it's probably you. Probably.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

Who knew gift-hunting could become such a delicate art? Whatever you chose—whether you stuck with their eccentric lists or followed your instincts—it clearly made an impression. Your involvement left a quiet ripple between Selene and Lysander, deepening their bond in subtle but lasting ways. More importantly, it reminded them that the best gifts aren't about grandeur or spectacle—they're about intention, heart, and knowing someone well enough to see what they *truly* need.

Technocosmic Resonance (Reward Perk)

In an unexpected twist, the couple comes to thank you days later—not with a simple token, but with something rare and personal, crafted together in secret. Though it appears to be an artifact at first, its essence bonds with you, integrating into your being until it transcends the form of an object. This becomes a lasting perk: **once per day, you may rewind the state of any technological construct or cosmic-aligned companion with a single touch.** Circuits mend, power cores rekindle, battle-worn allies are reinvigorated, and entropy itself is momentarily defied. While it cannot reverse death or total annihilation, its restorative effect is absolute within the bounds of what still remains. A gift made with care, given without expectation—perhaps the best kind of magic there is.



“He he, thank you for the help!”

Scenario 30: Who needs a Hero when you have a Lawyer

Something has gone terribly wrong at the Interdimensional Academy—and somehow, **everyone thinks it's your fault**. It began subtly: a few minor incidents, a broken spell seal here, a misplaced relic there. But it escalated fast. Sudden explosions in the alchemy wing, forbidden artifacts vanishing from sealed vaults, and even reality bending in unnatural ways near your dorm room. Before long, you're not just the subject of whispers—you're the center of an unfolding scandal. And just like that, suspicion becomes official: **the Academy's Special Disciplinary Council has summoned you**.



This isn't some simple scolding. The stakes are *dire*. If found guilty under the Interdimensional Academy's absurdly dense legal code, you won't just be expelled—you'll suffer a **jump fail**. That means all perks, items, and companions gained during your time here will be stripped away. The jump ends, your narrative here cut short. You won't chain-fail, but you'll lose everything you've built in this jump so far. And worse, you'll walk away carrying the heavy, bitter weight of injustice.

And make no mistake—the law here is a nightmare. The Academy's legal system is a tangled jungle of 120 tomes, written and rewritten across millennia, filled with contradictions, paradoxes, and rules that reference other rules that reference rules no longer valid. Legal arguments aren't just tricky—they're labyrinthine. Entire court cases have been derailed by misquoting a footnote or forgetting the fourth exception of the 9th clause in Tome XLII, Volume β. If you plan to defend yourself, you better be ready to match wits with some of the most infuriating bureaucratic minds in the multiverse.

Thankfully, you're not alone. Aiden, your ally, your friend, and possibly the only person with both a legal brain *and* a flair for dramatic courtroom showdowns, takes your case to heart. A hero by appearance but a lawyer by spirit, Aiden digs into the tomes, interviews witnesses, and helps you prepare an airtight defense. Together, you chase down leads, gather critical evidence, and piece together the real chain of events. It won't be easy—the real culprit doesn't want to be found, and the trail is riddled with misdirection—but if you work in sync, you just might have a shot.

The day of the trial arrives like a thunderstorm. The council chamber is massive, filled with ancient judges, magic-bound scrolls hovering like vigilant hawks, and the Dean presiding at the center like a final boss in a courtroom RPG. The prosecution is merciless and unnervingly smug, and their evidence *devastating*. Just when things seem truly hopeless, Aiden slams his hand on the argument glyph. "Objection!" echoes through the hall like a spell. From there, **it all hinges on your own timing and Aiden's, your knowledge, and your ability to read the flow of logic like a swordfighter reads an opponent's breath**. This is the moment that will define everything.

This scenario isn't just about surviving—it's about proving your truth. It's about trust, partnership, and the realization that sometimes, in a world of warriors and wizards, your sharpest weapon is your mind... sharpened and wielded by someone who believes in you enough to bet it all in your name.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

The verdict echoes across the chamber—*Not Guilty*. A sigh of relief, a few gasps from the gallery, and the faintest smirk from the Dean as the magical glyphs overhead fade into calm. You did it. With truth, evidence, and a damn good argument, you beat the odds and proved your innocence. But more than just clearing your name, you stood up against a flawed system and bent it—just enough—to find justice. Perhaps the true culprit behind the crime came to light, or perhaps not, but that matter can wait for another day. Aiden claps you on the shoulder after the hearing, proud but exhausted. Later, when the dust has settled and the whispers fade, he leaves you a small package with a note: *"No matter where you go, law always finds a way to twist itself. Thought this might help."*

Book of Law (With Annotations!) (Reward Item)

This well-worn tome, thick with notes in Aiden's handwriting, is a personal compilation of his studies across the Nexus. Scribbled margins, underlined case references, and dry humor in the footnotes give it an almost living personality. But when it enters your hands, something in it shifts—your jumper essence resonates with it. The book now updates itself to reflect the legal systems of any world, realm, or organization you find yourself in, no matter how alien or arcane. Its annotations adapt too, offering insight and context in the same familiar tone Aiden once used in court. Every law is explained clearly, every loophole gently illuminated. With this in your possession, no legal labyrinth can truly trap you again.



"I see... this doesn't add up... Perhaps this could be the key to exposing everything."

Scenario 31: Dungeon Exploring behind the Seashell Café

The weekend drapes over the Nexus like a soft curtain, and with it comes a rare chance to breathe. The hum of lectures, magical experiments, and chaos quiets just enough for a few hours of stolen calm. The Seashell Café beckons like it always does—warm, alive with chatter, and smelling of roasted starbrew and sea-salt caramel tarts. It’s the sort of place where time feels gentler, and memories find a place to sit beside you. Today, however, the atmosphere carries a subtle shift. Luna Merris, usually light on her feet and quicker with her smiles, **seems just a little too still.**



You’ve known Luna long enough to catch the signs—the polite tone just a shade too careful, her movements practiced rather than natural. When you ask, she brushes it off with a practiced deflection, the kind that suggests this isn’t the first time someone’s noticed. But patience has a way of opening closed doors, and eventually, her voice softens. She tells you—quietly and without dramatics—that today marks a sorrowful milestone. Five hundred and one years since she lost her world. Every year on this day, she descends into the dungeon beneath the café. Not to fight, not to seek treasure—but **to remember**. Down there, hidden deep past the casual tourist paths, she’s built a private shrine to her past.

She doesn’t expect company, and certainly not your insistence to come along. There’s hesitation in her eyes, not because she doesn’t trust you, but because this has always been something private, delicate, and untouched. But maybe this year she doesn’t want to be alone. Or maybe **your presence is the right kind of gentle nudge she didn’t know she needed**. After the café closes and the lights dim, she leads you through a hidden corridor, down the well shaft nestled in the back storeroom. The descent is slow, the rope creaking faintly as you pass layer after layer of earth and memory until finally, the dungeon opens around you like an ancient cathedral carved from coral and time.

The journey will not without marvels. The path ahead glows with dreamlike bioluminescence, casting long shadows that sway and shimmer with each step. Rainbow-finned fish dart between crystalline outcroppings, and singing clams hum in strange, harmonious patterns when passed. Yet, it isn’t all wonder—nature, even in magical dungeons, still has claws. There are stubborn stone crabs, slinking reef-urchins, and ill-tempered serpents in your path. The route Luna will take is clearly one she’s memorized over centuries, but danger still lingers, always close since this is still a dungeon. Finally, you reach the hidden place—a stone formation carved with care, a carefully carved slab with the names of her lost friends. It stands still, untouched, preserved by Luna’s quiet devotion. There are signs of old offerings and mementos brought by Luna over the years, some already decaying through the passage of time, others still standing strong.

Then, without warning, the ground quakes beneath your feet. A shadow breaks the stillness. The King Krab, the dungeon’s towering apex predator that is seen once in years, is approaching, its steps shaking the walls and threatening to crush the sanctuary! Luna is already moving, ready to transform. But the truth crashes into you just as hard: every time she dons her Magical Girl form, she pays a steep price—her mental age regresses, her emotions reset, and the more or less mature Luna you know disappears into the shell of someone thirteen years old again. She will still remember everything, but you have moments to choose. Do you trust her to fight and accept the cost? Do you fight by her side and risk your own strength against the monster? Or do you step forward, determined to face this trial and let her personality, her identity, remain whole? There’s no perfect answer—only what you believe is right.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

The battle against the King Krab is fierce, shaking the cavern walls with every clash. Whether you stood alone, unleashed your might alongside trusted allies, or watched Luna ignite into a radiant storm of magical fury, the outcome is the same—the monstrous dungeon boss falls, leaving behind only silence and glowing fragments of its shattered shell. Had you not intervened, it is very likely that the sanctuary, those carefully laid stones steeped in centuries of memory, would have been destroyed in the chaos. Luna stands quietly beside it, her eyes shimmering with a mix of relief, sorrow, and deep gratitude.

If she transformed, her youthful voice carries a haunting familiarity, reminding you that the cost of victory was more than exhaustion—it was time itself. If not, her mature presence is steadier, holding your gaze with a warmth she rarely reveals to others. Either way, she thanks you—not just for your strength, but for your choice to be here, to protect something no one else sees. A place not of power, but of memory. She tells you about the friends she once stood beside, how this sanctuary is all that remains of them in the Nexus. And yet, she holds onto hope. Maybe, somewhere in the infinite weave of worlds, they're still out there, remembering her too.

Before parting the dungeon, **she removes a slender object from around her wrist.** It's a bracelet—simple, elegant, humming softly with latent magic. She tells you it once belonged to one of her old friends, and now she wants you to have it. She smiles, teasing lightly that it makes anyone look just a bit more adorable, but there's more to it than charm. The magic within it is alive, tied to the legacy of magical protectors from long-lost realms.

A Magical Wristband (Reward Item)

A simple yet enchanting accessory gifted by Luna, this wristband allows you to transform into a magical girl or boy, locking your physical and mental age to the moment of your first transformation. Each transformation enhances your strength, regeneration, and magical power to extraordinary levels—enough to take on beings far stronger than dragons. The form lasts for several hours before fading, and can only be used again after a full night's rest. While immensely powerful, the transformation carries a cost: if used at a young age, you will be restored to that state during each use, with all the mental and physical limitations that come with it, but when in your normal state you may age normally though each transformation will reset your age. Still, there's something nostalgic and strangely charming about reliving your youth with magic in your veins.



“Hey [Jumper], thank you for being here tonight. By the way... are you up for some fried crab? Teehee ~ ✨”

Scenario 32: The Rise of the Demonic Hero

There's a certain gravity to Mara Blackthorn. You've seen it before—how eyes follow her through hallways, how silences bloom around her like flowers in moonlight. She doesn't walk through the Interdimensional Academy, she *baunts* it. Mara's presence lingers in every whispered conversation, every glance cast over a shoulder, and every memory that forgets to fade. Yet, you know another side of her. A girl who once knelt to help a limping stray pup, who once clung to your arm and laughed awkwardly just to avoid an obsessed upperclassman, and who, in her quiet way, seemed grateful for every human moment she could salvage in the whirlwind of her cursed allure.



When you stumble upon her at the training grounds one evening, you see something different. Mara, alone and focused, drives a quarterstaff with calculated strikes into a battered dummy. The air vibrates with tension as her attacks become sharper, faster, until her restraint falters—and then explodes. The dummy is obliterated, and the weapon shatters in her hands. You weren't meant to see this, and for a long second, neither of you know how to speak. But when her gaze meets yours, it's not anger you find. It's frustration, exhaustion, and something perilously close to desperation.

Mara doesn't like to talk about herself. But this time, she does. **She tells you she's been stuck—plateaued, stagnant, like a dammed-up river.** She holds back, always, afraid of what might happen if she lets herself go. The strength she represses is more than just raw muscle or magic; it's emotion, desire, and hunger bundled into power that can all too easily consume her. She confesses to you something few have ever heard: **she wants to stop holding back.** She wants to be free, but not at the cost of losing herself. And, in a quiet, almost embarrassed breath, she wonders aloud if you'd help her train—to help her reach her limit without slipping past it.

Training Mara isn't just about duels or magic sparring. It's about walking a thin edge between control and chaos. You become the tether she can focus on when her emotions begin to spiral. In the quiet moments between bouts of exhaustion and clarity, she speaks more about the artifact she keeps hidden—**the Dark Spear.** Forged in ancient times in her world and tied to her very destiny, the weapon feeds on rage, desire, and resolve. If she could master it, it might become her greatest strength. But even touching it is a risk: the temptation to give in to its power is overwhelming. She admits that without your presence, she wouldn't dare try.

The task becomes more difficult when Aiden Stoutstride appears—unaware of the effect he has on Mara. Unlike the usual pull she has on others, **Aiden's presence does something to her,** stirring a heat she can't ignore. It's not just attraction—it's as though her instincts recognize something in him, some intensity she can't replicate or suppress. She tries to avoid him. Fails. Every time he's near, her control wavers. You realize this, too, is part of her trial. To master the Dark Spear, to master her power, she must also learn to master herself. And it's not something you can do *for* her—but your steady presence may make all the difference.

What began as an effort to improve a friend's strength becomes something more profound. A challenge of heart, spirit, and restraint. Whether you and Mara succeed depends not just on her ability to fight or wield her spear, but whether she can rise above the forces that seek to define her by temptation and instinct. If she can hold her own power without

letting it dictate who she is, then perhaps the Demonic Hero can be something more than a title—something truly worth of the legend behind it.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

At the climax of your training, Mara finally dares to draw the Dark Spear. You stand by her as it surges with raw emotion—anger, fear, pride—all threatening to tear her apart. But this time, she doesn't shy away. Guided by your support, grounded by the trust you've built together, she channels that storm. The moment the spear stabilizes in her hands, her expression shifts—from strained defiance to stunned wonder. For the first time, she's fully embraced her power without losing herself in the process. Mara laughs, a sound full of honest, elated relief. She thanks you, not just for helping her become stronger, but for believing she could be more than what her nature dictated. It's a victory neither of you will soon forget.

Lesser Succubus Touch (Reward Perk)

As thanks—and perhaps out of curiosity—Mara agrees to show you a technique unique to her kind, a subtle art of drawing on the strength of others through emotional resonance. While your efforts to replicate the exact method falter, your jumper nature internalizes and transforms it into a unique perk. With this ability, you can slowly drain EXP from living beings you physically interact directly with, especially during moments of peak pleasure. While it's a gentler, far less potent version of a true succubus skill and entirely ineffective on demonic kin, it retains one curious side effect: the experience is pleasurable for the target, intensifying with the amount drained. A power that rewards physical connection, but demands restraint.



*“Heeeeeeeey there you are! What are you doing [Jumper]? Wanna go on a date with me? We can have dinner, maybe a bath, or perhaps... *giggles*... another session of training with me (please)? Oh? I’ll never stop teasing you, silly!”*

Scenario 33: Artifacts of Legacy (Part I)

The Interdimensional Academy buzzes with the electric anticipation of its annual festival, a massive event that brings together cultures, traditions, and technologies from across dimensions. You find yourself unexpectedly chosen to lead your class's attraction. It's both an honor and a headache. The class is a melting pot of students from wildly different worlds, each with their own visions and expectations. Some suggest displaying artifacts and rituals from their homelands; others push for universal experiences that will wow the judges. After hours of back-and-forth debates, an idea emerges that blends both ambition and compromise: a Dungeon-themed attraction, one that incorporates pieces of every student's world into a single immersive experience.



Bringing that vision to life is anything but easy. From design blueprints that clash in logic to arguments over what constitutes a “real dungeon,” the class's unity is quickly tested. Some students take naturally to crafting illusions, traps, and puzzles, while others summon creatures, design relics, or manage the logistics of mixing magic with technology. You find yourself not just managing progress but mediating tempers. And as you're already neck-deep in this challenge, your peers either ask—or flat-out shove—you into a side task: sourcing exotic items and materials to elevate the attraction beyond just another student project. To do so, you must wander the Crossroads, navigating interdimensional markets, negotiating with merchants, and avoiding the occasional pocket dimension hazard.

Things take a darker turn when everything begins to unravel. Enchanted items spark uncontrollably or fail outright. Mechanical parts jam or overload. A magical mimic disguised as furniture eats part of the budget (literally), and some of the creatures brought in for display escape, causing small chaos around the school. On top of that, several students grow frustrated with what they see as uneven workload and creative sabotage, further fraying the delicate balance you've been trying to hold. You will have to put out fires both metaphorical and literal, trying to keep the vision alive while making sure your team doesn't self-destruct.

Just as it seems that the class might pull through, the worst happens. You arrive one morning to find the entire dungeon exhibit ransacked. Graffiti scorches the illusion walls. Props are smashed beyond recognition. The relics—some rare, some irreplaceable—are either gone or destroyed. Wounded creatures lie in broken cages, and even the layout itself has been warped by magical backlash. It's a demoralizing sight. No one takes it well. As the class reels in shock and anger, a small clue emerges during the investigation: **a golden scale**, perfectly intact and faintly magical. It's the only lead.

Now you're faced with a choice. You could focus on restoring the exhibit—tracking down new materials, salvaging fragments of the damaged relics, and rebuilding with all the grit and determination you've got. Or you could pursue the golden scale and investigate who was behind this, following whispers and strange leads until you find yourself in possession of a **curious notebook that apparently belongs to the culprit**. It's filled with sketches, dungeon layouts, and a recurring name: *The Revenant Pearl*. Both paths demand something from you—focus, time, and trust—and both will influence how prepared your class is for what lies ahead.

Whichever direction you choose, your actions shape the class’s resolve. Whether by securing strange materials from the markets or unveiling the first threads of a deeper mystery, your journey leads to one inevitable truth: a dungeon expedition will be necessary. The damage is too great for surface repairs. The only hope is to dive deep—literally—and find what can restore not just the exhibit, but the class’s faith in each other. The Revenant Pearl glows as a myth just out of reach, and the deeper story behind the golden scale hints that the sabotage may not be a simple prank... but the opening move in something far more dangerous. Perhaps this Revenant Pearl may be the thing that can save your class dungeon-themed attraction?

Part I Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

Despite the emotional blow of seeing your class attraction vandalized, your leadership and perseverance spark a renewed effort to rebuild. With only a week left until the festival, your class splits its focus—some joining dungeon expeditions for exotic materials, others scouring the academy for clues. Whether you chose to lead an investigation or hunt for rare relics, your choices helped your classmates rally, and the beginnings of recovery take shape. Though your exhibit isn’t whole yet, the spark of determination has been reignited—and your efforts have ensured the festival isn’t lost just yet.

Scenario Follow-Up:

Your decisions will shape the class’s momentum—perhaps you’ve uncovered the trail of the saboteur, seized Ezekya’s mysterious notebook, or secured powerful relics that breathe new life into the ruined attraction. Regardless of your path, the clues point to one conclusion: if the Revenant Pearl is real, it may be the key to turning disaster into triumph. There’s also news of a grand expedition into a dungeon none have explored. At the center of it is the enigmatic dragon girl, Ezekya, whose knowledge—and possible motives—are about to pull you deeper into the Nexus than ever before.

Notes for the Artifacts of Legacy Scenario

Maybe letting your classmates bring random curiosities and trinkets to decorate the class dungeon exhibit wasn’t the best idea—especially when **one of those “decorations” turned out to be the final missing clue Ezekya needed to uncover the Hall of the Revenant’s location.** Now the stakes are higher than ever, and what started as a friendly school competition is quickly spiraling into something much bigger.

The first half of this scenario is about leadership, coordination, and endurance. Managing the chaos of differing personalities, unreliable classmates, and a string of misfortunes, your goal is to help the class pull off something exceptional. The dream of winning first place at the festival is within reach, and the prize is significant—not just in prestige, but in the real benefits it brings. The scenario reaches a turning point once your class splinters, each group scrambling across the Crossroads and Nexus to find replacements for the exhibit’s damaged parts, display creatures, and magical artifacts.

You might already have suspicions about who sabotaged the exhibit, and the trail certainly leads in a familiar direction. But as of now, Ezekya’s motives remain clouded in mystery. What is clear is that the Revenant Pearl—a powerful and storied artifact—may be the only way to restore the exhibit’s former glory before the deadline and secure a shot at first place. Whether you pursue the truth behind the sabotage, focus on salvaging the exhibit, or both, the real adventure is only just beginning.

Scenario 34: First encounter with the Cultists (and meeting a new friend)

Evening settles over the Academy's sprawling campus when a strange tension prickles in the air—your instincts sharpen as you catch sight of a group of cloaked figures chasing a lone girl through the dimly lit streets near the outer walls. The confrontation that follows is swift and one-sided; whatever these cultists hoped to achieve, they were not prepared for the power of a Jumper. But just before the last of them falls, he vanishes into shadow, his whisper reaching ears far beyond. Word of you has now spread to the ones who should never have known your name.



Days pass. A quiet figure begins appearing more often around you—Zima, a withdrawn but talented summoner from your class, known for his strange quietude and his spectral, wordless magic. His sudden interest is cautious and strange, his attempts at conversation stilted and almost robotic. The shift is obvious. Something has changed. In time, his awkward friendliness frays, and the truth seeps through due to your sharp intuition and senses: **Zima has been spying on you**, acting under the orders of a cult you now know as the **Followers of the Eclipse of the End**. Should you investigate more, then you'll realize his tattoos are not just arcane art—they are bindings. And now, through you, he will begin to question everything he's been told to believe.

Zima's doubts begin as cracks in faith, then widen into something deeper. Whether through confrontation or careful understanding, you'll come to see that Zima was never fully theirs—just lost, and looking for a kind of peace he never found among the Academy's noise. His handlers, sensing the unraveling of their hold, activate the glyphs on his skin in an attempt to silence his doubt permanently. You will watch as pain ripples through him—something ancient and cruel trying to reclaim him. But with your intervention, whether by disrupting the glyphs, shielding him with raw will, or helping him suppress the force inside, Zima will live. Barely.

From that moment on, the scenario shifts. You are no longer dealing with a spy or an enemy—you're protecting someone who was nearly sacrificed by the very people he once trusted. Together, you and Zima must confront the cult's attempts to reclaim him. Whether you strike their agents down in open combat, unravel their plots from the shadows, or expose them to Academy authorities is up to you. Zima's summoning grows more confident by your side, shaped not by doctrine, but by a newfound purpose. And in time, your actions will have a chance to deal the cult a significant blow—one that makes them pause, retreat, and regroup.

Your adventures here will mark the first encounter with the Followers of the Eclipse of the End, and the defining point where Zima will finally break free from their influence. During the rest of the jump, you'll continue to run into them, sometimes by accident and others deliberately, though the cult is difficult to eradicate and will end up playing a significant role in the final fate that awaits the Nexus before your jump ends.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

The scenario closes on a quieter moment, a breath after the storm. Zima, still recovering, meets you with a hesitant smile beneath the starlight. In his arms is a ragged little dog who bounds toward you with unearned joy. “His name’s Bocho,” Zima says softly, as if testing the sound of a future not dictated by others. What began as a brush with a dark, hidden war ends in quiet companionship—and a fragile but real chance for redemption.

Bocho, the 100% Normal Doggo (Reward Follower)

A small sized dog that Zima found in the streets of the Crossroads. Curiously he is a completely normal doggie, full of love and friendship to give. His purpose is to be there for you when you need him, and to enjoy your company as much as he can. Bocho will become your follower as long as Zima is one of your companions, sticking to both of you like glue if given the chance, all while happily wagging his tail. May be summoned by Zima from anywhere.



“Many underestimate us who wield magic here in the Nexus, believing our skills are dulled by the strange rules here, let me show those from the cult why they made a grave mistake by crossing the best summoner you’ll ever find”

Scenario 35: The General's Favorite Drink

You know the signs. The way Marcus pauses mid-drink, eyeing the corners of the bar with that soldier's instinct buried just under the surface. The way his fingers twitch—not out of age or habit, but anticipation. You're at his usual spot at *The Spiral Tap*, a dim, steel-paneled dive nestled in the Crossroads' less-patrolled levels, when the door slams open and the first wave hits. Black-clad soldiers with tight formations and outdated intel think they've found an old man nursing the bottom of a bottle. They find instead a deathtrap. You're barely halfway to your feet when the locals—off-shift mercs, bounty-burned freelancers, and a barmaid with suspiciously good aim—reduce the intruders to twitching armor and broken gear. The uniforms, Marcus notes grimly, aren't random. **They're Imperial.**



What begins as a surprise attack spirals into a campaign. **Over the next few days, the aggression escalates**—drones circling too long over Marcus' apartment, coded broadcasts on the fringe frequencies, then another hit team. Each assault is sharper than the last, pushing Marcus toward a decision he's spent years avoiding. He starts talking in clipped whispers, late nights poring over maps and datafeeds, muttering old command patterns to himself. When you confront him, he admits the truth: the Empire's scared. They've found hints that he's still alive, and they assume he's planning a return. He isn't. Or at least, he wasn't.

Then comes the shift. A woman in a worn officer's coat, lean and formal, with the bearing of someone who once commanded thousands—*Commander Yenev*. She doesn't threaten. She doesn't plead. She *remembers*. She calls Marcus by an old rank, and tells him of a stolen Armored Command Unit—an A.C.U.—now in resistance hands. She tells him she's losing people. That without someone like him, the Empire will overwhelm them, crush them, and the rebellion she leads will burn before it begins. Marcus listens, but turns her down. He doesn't raise his voice, just sets down his glass and says he's done losing people. Yenev leaves without bitterness, just one sentence as she passes you: **"If he's really finished, tell me why he still wears the medal."**

You begin to notice the fracture. Marcus talks to fewer people. His network goes dark. You find him one night watching a smuggled holoreel of a battlefield where he lost everything, smoke curling from his cigarette, the last drink in his glass untouched. Something's pulling him apart—guilt, fear, or something deeper. You'll have to decide how far you want to go. Push him. Help him remember the man who once saved a starfront with thirty troops and a broken warship. Or help him disappear entirely, erasing every last trace of his location before the Empire's next team comes knocking. He won't stop you. But he won't ask either.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

Thanks to your intervention, Marcus comes to a decision. One quiet night, he invites you to a new hideout—a secure location, tucked far from the Empire’s prying eyes. There, beneath dim lighting and the hum of old equipment, he brings out a bottle you recognize immediately. It’s *the* bottle—the last whisky from his lost world, sealed and saved for a day that might never have come. Without ceremony, he opens it. “Maybe it’s time this old dog showed his fangs again,” he says, voice rough but steady. You glance down and see the datapad glowing beside him. A message has been sent—confirmation to Commander Yenev. Once the ACU is fully restored, Marcus Steele will return to the fight, ready to end what should have ended long ago.

Datapad with the location of Universe AV19Y0009-2 (Reward Item)

This encrypted datapad contains the precise location of Marcus’ home universe—AV19Y0009-2—and a direct communication protocol to reach Commander Yenev when the time comes. For now, it lies dormant, a key with no door. But someday, when the final battle looms, this will give you the coordinates to reach Marcus’s universe. When Marcus is ready, and the war calls once more, this datapad will mark the way back.



“The Empire will burn for what they did, and all the lives they snuffed out. I’ll make sure of it”

Scenario 36: The Hacker that took down the Giant

It starts with a message. Not one of Zephyr's usual encrypted pings or clever code fragments—this one's short, raw, and desperate. He needs your help. Urgently. When you meet him in the back of a derelict workshop near the Academy's edge, he doesn't waste time with greetings. His eyes, glowing softly through his synthetic faceplate, flicker with fury and fear.

Machina Solutions has crossed a line—his mother and sister have been taken, their modest home raided by black-suited corporate enforcers. Zephyr tracked the transmission signature to one of Machina's deep vaults, buried beneath a glittering high-rise in the Crossroads' corporate sector. The building is a fortress of steel and firewalls, guarded by weaponized drones, combat cyborgs, and something else—something experimental.



Zephyr is brilliant, but he's not built for a firefight. He needs boots on the ground, allies he can trust. He's already mapped the security systems, located weak points, and looped several surveillance nodes, but the deeper layers are shielded against even his best attacks. He believes his family is being held not as simple leverage, but as part of some cruel experiment tied to Machina's latest tech initiative—**Project Eden**, a classified operation so buried in red tape and false leads even he only caught a glimpse. The mission becomes clear: **infiltrate, extract, and escape**. But as you prepare your team and gear, Zephyr hesitates—if anything happens to him during the raid, he needs you to promise you'll get his family out, no matter what.

The facility is worse than expected. Every corridor bristles with cold machine logic, patrolling sentinels humming with artificial hatred, and surgical lights glowing with the sterility of corporate cruelty. You and Zephyr will have to go through swarms of automated defenders, overcome biometric traps, and tangle with a monstrous hybrid—part flesh, part machine, a grotesque result of Machina's failed experiments in human augmentation. Zephyr's voice trembles as he guides you through the chaos, switching from calm hacker to terrified son when he spots his sister's encrypted ID signal. The final confrontation with the Chief of Security—Doctor Rhylos, a former warlord turned technocrat—will be terrifyingly brutal. Steel clashes, bullets fly, and Zephyr, for the first time, fires a gun with shaking hands. His family watches from their containment cell as you and Zephyr bring Rhylos down together.

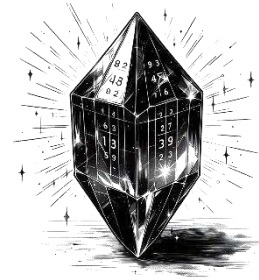
As alarms wail and the building begins to lock down, Zephyr plugs into the central mainframe and unleashes the virus he's been coding in secret: a fractal swarm of malicious code that is designed to eat through Machina's network like acid, reducing everything into corrupted ash. But he doesn't leave empty-handed. From the vaults, he pulls a black crystal drive. Escape through a maintenance shaft may be your only chance of escape from the facility seconds before security collapses the upper floors, though with your keen jumper abilities other ways could be possible. Get them to safety, Jumper!

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

What once seemed impossible—saving Zephyr’s family and striking a fatal blow to Machina Solutions—has become reality. The corporation is in shambles, its core infrastructure corrupted beyond repair. Zephyr’s virus spread faster than anyone anticipated, jumping from machine to machine until the entire Crossroads was forced to shut down networked systems for a full week. Technicians scrambled to purge the code, but the damage was done. Machina Solutions may never recover. In the chaos, Zephyr recovered something critical from their vaults: a black crystal drive—an artifact of immense power and precision.

Black Crystal Drive (Single Use Reward Item)

This mysterious, obsidian-hued drive contains enough stabilized energy to power a universal gate and send up to five individuals across dimensions. It can be used to return to Zephyr’s home universe—or any other destination supported by the Nexus gate system. The drive is single-use: once activated, it is consumed entirely. However, it is protected by fiat-level rules. If lost, stolen, or destroyed before being used, it will always reappear safely in your warehouse. But once activated, its power is gone forever. Use it wisely.



“Its alright now Mom, we can finally go back home and you both will now be safe from now on”

Note: It should be obvious that at this moment, Zephyr can return with his mother and sister back to his home universe. He could choose to stay a while longer with you, or return straight away. Should he return with them, he will not follow you in further adventures, having his main goal and story completed thanks to your help.

Scenario 37: A Passion for the Twins

The Crossroads has been oddly tense lately—minor gangs nursing bruised egos, nightclubs recovering from unexplained “pranks,” and mutual acquaintances dropping quiet comments about the Draven twins’ increasing recklessness. No one’s asking you to intervene. But Enya and Sevia are your friends—or something close to it—and their brand of boredom tends to escalate into chaos unless someone distracts them. You decide to pay a visit.



You find them draped across opposite ends of their mirrored suite, limbs languid and expressions carved from ennui. The air smells faintly of gunpowder, perfume, and half-spent mischief. Sevia twirls a dagger by the blade, letting it whistle past her fingers in precise arcs. Enya lounges near her harp, plucking a few idle notes that shift the mood from boredom to something more... calculated. “You came to entertain us?” Enya purrs without looking up. “Or are you just worried we’ll start a war out of sheer tedium?” Sevia smirks, already amused by the tension in the room. You’re not entirely sure which answer is safer.

Attempts to engage them with light distractions fall flat. Movies, card games, even a few sparring rounds—all are met with polite disinterest or playful sabotage. Dungeon delving briefly catches their attention, but once Sevia crushes the miniboss with one punch and Enya blackmails the dungeon’s AI into surrendering, they’re already bored again. You begin to wonder if this is about something more than just a lull in their entertainment. When you press gently, Enya deflects with a smile, and Sevia throws a pillow at you hard enough to leave a dent in the wall.

A few bold inquiries to their household staff raise red flags. Most henchmen either deny anything is wrong or look terrified to even speculate. One quietly suggests you stop asking before someone gets hurt. Their father is as useless as expected, waxing poetic about family dinners and daughterly affection before wandering off to threaten a senator. Eventually, a soft-spoken maid, after a bit of trust—and maybe a glass of top-shelf whiskey—reveals the truth. There was someone. A man the twins both seemed fond of, someone they visited often. He’s gone now, vanished to chase another woman far beyond the Nexus. Neither twin has spoken of him since.

That revelation lingers. For all their steel and charm, Enya and Sevia are still human underneath the layers of power and bravado, and they still have needs to be satisfied to keep them happy. You consider your options. Whatever you bring them has to be personal, intimate, something that commands their attention not with spectacle, but with connection. That’s when you remember the bottle in your warehouse—the one you were saving for a rare occasion. The kind of drink that breaks down walls and lets people speak plainly. You bring it to their suite without much preamble. One look at the label and Enya raises an eyebrow. Sevia snatches it and grabs three glasses. “Alright,” she says with a grin, “Let’s see what you’ve got.”

What follows isn't a plan or a mission—it's a night. A strange, winding, intoxicating blur of laughter, games, quiet admissions, and touches that linger just a second too long. You won't remember when things stopped being innocent, or if they ever were. In the morning, the twins will seem lighter, more grounded, their skins strangely shiny, but there's a shared glint in their eyes that makes your heart race. Whatever you've awakened, it's not over. But the Crossroads feels calmer. Less volatile. You'll have to give them something they need—perhaps recurrently?

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

You did it. Whatever wild cocktail of charm, timing, and emotional honesty you poured into that night—it worked. The twins are no longer a ticking time bomb of chaos and mood swings. They're still dangerous, of course, but now it's the kind of danger people can breathe through, rather than run from. Whatever you gave them—whether it was distraction, desire, or just someone who saw through the act—they seem content. Or at least, entertained enough not to burn down a nightclub before lunch.

The Latest Boy Toy / Lady Friend (Reward Perk)

Well, you woke up with more than a hangover. This perk wasn't in your warehouse yesterday, but now it clings to you like the faint scent of perfume and trouble. It seems you've become very, *very* good at being someone's favorite indulgence. Whether it's charming dangerous heiresses, defusing tense dinner parties, or surviving a weekend getaway with unpredictable lovers, **this perk ensures your "performance" in all things pleasure and entertainment is flawlessly satisfying—no matter how outnumbered or outmatched you may seem.** Somehow, you always have just the right words, the right touch, and the right timing. People don't just like you—they crave you. Just remember: the more fun they're having, the harder it is to walk away.



"See you in a few days!"

"Better eat well, you'll be needing it!"

Scenario 38: Dark Secrets Unveiled (Part II: Accelerating Threat)

Four years have passed since your first arrival at the Interdimensional Academy, and while much has changed—friends made, secrets uncovered, skills honed—one threat has remained constant, lurking beneath the surface.

The **Secretly Malevolent Jumper** remains free, weaving in and out of shadows across the Crossroads and the Academy's outer reaches. While his activity within school grounds has slowed, the number of suspicious deaths in the Nexus continues to rise. His pattern is clear—he targets powerful individuals, harvesting their abilities through twisted means. Attempts by powerful factions to intervene have failed or been misdirected. He has learned to hide too well.



Now, his power has escalated dangerously. Whispers of an impending confrontation between him and the **Overpowered Munchkin Jumper** are beginning to circulate. Though the Overpowered Jumper is unmatched in raw might, he is overconfident, and the Secretly Malevolent Jumper knows it. He is planning a strike not in open combat, but through trickery, traps, or other underhanded means. You may attempt to intervene—but doing so will cost you dearly in time, resources, and perhaps even allies. Your chances of preventing it are slim unless you act decisively.

Should the assassination attempt succeed—or even if it merely causes disruption—a new danger emerges. If your identity as a Jumper has been discovered by the **Rival Jumper**, and your conflict remains unresolved, they will immediately accuse you of being the murderer. No evidence, no proof—just a public, high-stakes claim that forces your hand. Any surviving Jumpers, especially those who've stayed hidden out of fear, will face a choice: reveal themselves and weigh in, or stay silent and risk being next.

Worse still, events beyond your control will force your own hand. During this scenario, a critical event will occur—whether an emergency, a confrontation, or a trap—where you will have no choice but to use your Jumper abilities in public. If your nature has remained hidden until now, this moment will end that. The masquerade ends. You are now known—and you are now a target.

Part II Completion Reward: +100 CP

Scenario Follow-Up:

The veil has fallen. With your nature as a Jumper now exposed, you are no longer just a student—you are a piece on a deadly game board.

The **Secretly Malevolent Jumper** has grown over the years, matching you in strength, and in some cases surpassing you in cunning. Other Jumpers—whether they trusted you or not—are now vulnerable, and unless you intervene, they will fall one by one. Those who survive are either too hidden, too lucky, or too powerful to be easy prey. The rest are marked, though for now caution will rule the Secretly Malevolent Jumper's actions, slowing and preparing his next move.

You've become a threat in his eyes—perhaps the last real obstacle. It is no longer a matter of *if* he will come for you, but *when*. And when he does, he might just succeed.

The third and final part of this scenario, and the final confrontation with the Murderer draws near.

Scenario 39: The Tea Merchant's Gamble

A rare morning mist clings to the edges of the Crossroads when **Finesse Gatell** appears at your door, uncharacteristically casual, though still wrapped in the refined poise that defines her. She claims she's found something "frivolous but fascinating," and insists you come along. No appointments. No negotiations. No ledgers. Just the two of you and a trail of rumors leading to a reclusive tea merchant who, according to whispers, has rediscovered "**Moonpetal Eclipse**," a legendary blend lost to time. It's said to sharpen the mind, soothe the soul, and awaken memories long buried. Naturally, Finesse wants it—not to resell, but to sample. Curiosity, she says. But something in her voice suggests there's more to it than just tea.



The merchant is a curious figure known as Old Mister Petal, a man who doesn't sell his wares through coin or favor. Instead, he demands **charm, wit, and play**. His traveling stall appears at random locations across the Crossroads, never staying in the same place twice. Today, it's nestled at the edge of a fog-draped orchard, where petals fall endlessly from trees that don't seem to be in bloom. A small crowd has already gathered, some eager for the rare brews, others merely hoping to witness the spectacle of Finesse Gatell playing games for tea. Old Mister Petal welcomes you with a bow, his eyes twinkling with mischief, and announces that only those who amuse or impress him may trade.

There's no set path through his trials. One option involves identifying rare spices and dried petals by scent alone, another has would-be customers arranging tea leaves into prophetic shapes. A third is a logic puzzle involving boiling times and obscure tea ceremony rituals. Finesse, ever the strategist, lets you choose your challenge first—curious to see how you'll approach something so deliberately unstructured. She watches with an amused smile, only intervening when you seem close to stumbling, offering riddles instead of answers. She insists it's more fun this way, and perhaps she's right. This isn't her usual world of contracts and currency—this is something gentler, stranger.

As the day unfolds, and your efforts begin to bear fruit, you find Finesse loosening up. She laughs more easily, her posture relaxed, sipping floral blends with genuine delight rather than critical analysis. Between games and negotiations, she begins to open up. She speaks briefly of her childhood, of long afternoons in the Gatell gardens watching her grandmother trim bonsai and steep exotic teas. The Moonpetal blend, she admits, may have sentimental roots—her grandmother once mentioned it in a half-forgotten lullaby. Whether she's chasing a memory or indulging in nostalgia, it becomes clear that this isn't just about winning.

Should you finally succeed—or cleverly convince Old Mister Petal you deserve a taste—you share a cup of Moonpetal Eclipse with Finesse under the orchard's ever-falling petals. The taste is delicate and elusive, with a strangely comforting warmth that lingers behind the tongue. You can choose to reflect in silence, savoring the moment, or use the occasion to gently tease Finesse about her rare bout of sentimentality. She'll respond in kind, with a smirk and a subtle comment that says she's enjoying your company more than she'd planned. The rest of the Crossroads may fade for a little while, leaving only the soft hush of the orchard and the two of you in rare and easy peace.

Should you press further into conversation, or simply rest in her presence, the scenario draws to a close not with fanfare but with a quiet understanding. Whatever your relationship with Finesse may be—business, friendship, or something that brews slower than tea—this day will be remembered as a turning point. You leave the orchard not just with a pouch of rare ingredients and your senses tingling from strange blends, but with the warm afterglow of a moment shared with someone who rarely lets her guard down. And perhaps, on your next visit, she'll bring a second cup just for you.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

You've done more than just help a friend—you've gently pulled Finesse from behind the veil of her merchant persona and given her a reason to exhale, even if only for a moment. In return, you've earned more than coin or favor; you've earned her rarest currency: trust. The Crossroads may not have changed overnight, but the atmosphere around you is noticeably lighter—and so is her smile when your paths next cross.

One warm cup of Moonpetal Eclipse Tea (Reward Item)

Nestled within a delicate porcelain cup that never cools to the touch, this rare tea seems to shimmer faintly when viewed in moonlight. Drinking it grants a moment of crystalline clarity—your mind sharpens, thought flows with ease, and complex problems feel like simple puzzles. But its magic doesn't end there. The tea gently nurtures the soul, slowly mending hidden spiritual wounds and restoring clarity to minds worn thin by time, trauma, or tampering. Forgotten memories resurface, like petals floating back to the surface of a still pond. The cup reappears full a few days after being sipped, always warm, always fragrant, and always waiting in your warehouse—as if Finesse herself arranged its return.



“Another cup perhaps? There’s another deal to be made if you have the time, and I’d certainly love to have your company with me”

Scenario 40: The Garden of the Lilies

[This scenario is meant to be taken only if you have bought [Aurora's Embrace](#) by paying its 800 CP cost]

It's been a while since you first set foot in the Nexus. Whether it's been a year or five, the time you've spent in this place feels stitched together by countless moments—battles, friendships, romances, losses, and victories, all spread across the history of the Interdimensional Academy. But in the quiet moments, between adventures and during sleep, something has lingered: **a voice**. It calls your name softly, not loud enough to worry, but just enough to make you wonder if you heard anything at all. You've scanned yourself, invoked your perks, and questioned your senses—nothing ever shows. The voice simply slips away, leaving only a curious ache behind, and each time, you think nothing more of it. Until now.



This latest outing starts harmlessly enough. Maybe it's a school trip, a casual group visit with friends, or just someone dragging you along for "some much-needed relaxation." The destination is the **Garden of the Lilies**—an ancient, tranquil space that's often called a dungeon, but is far more a paradise. Verdant, dreamlike, and seemingly untouched by time, it is a place of reflection, not battle. The air carries the scent of soft grass and floral perfume, and the wind moves like a lullaby. Some say the dungeon is alive in a gentle way, a sleeper that only dreams. No combat awaits you here—only beauty.

Your group's first stop is the **Moonlight Basin**. The foliage parts like curtains to reveal a silver pool, serene and so perfect it reflects the sky with near-magical clarity. This place is sacred to couples, especially on full moon nights, when the water ripples with patterns that resemble celestial constellations. Laughter echoes around as your companions unpack a picnic. Firemelon breaking and banananut toss fill the air with cheers and competitive jeers, and for once, there is no looming threat—only joy. The connections here deepen, some softening, some strengthening. It's rare for a day to feel this weightless.

Later, your walk leads you beneath the **Whispering Archways**, marble spans so ancient no one remembers who built them. When you press your ear against them, they whisper truths—real ones. Not secrets of the world, but truths about yourself. Encouragements, acknowledgments of strength, hidden feelings you've never said aloud. If a companion joins you here, they too are changed in some quiet way, walking away with new clarity about how they see you. But no one speaks of what they heard. Some truths are best kept in the silence between heartbeats.

Eventually, you come to the edge of the **Lily Mirror Lake**. The waters here are said to reveal what **might be—reflections not just of self, but of futures**. Sometimes they show triumph. Sometimes sorrow. Couples hold hands when they approach, daring the water to show them together. Others wait nervously, afraid of what it might show them alone. One by one, your friends step up. Some walk away laughing. Some remain silent. One stares a little too long before backing away with a shaken smile. Then, it's your turn.

You kneel. The water is still, flawless. Your face emerges in its surface, but something is different. Your image leans closer—no, not your image. You. You are falling. There is no splash, no sensation of drowning, just a sudden drift through what feels like the deep ocean, yet you breathe freely. You're floating in dim light, surrounded by lilies and strange aquatic ferns, a haunting beauty that feels not alien, but familiar. And then you hear it—the voice again, now close and clear. It speaks your name like a promise. Before you, half-buried in glowing silt and resting among rocks, is a sword: **Aurora's Embrace**.

Its presence overwhelms the moment. Not with power, but with intimacy. The blade pulses softly, not like a weapon of war, but like something that remembers love. It calls to you—not with command, but invitation. If you reach out, you'll grasp more than a weapon. You'll take hold of a fate, one that sings with glory, grief, and a love so eternal it scars time itself. You are free to turn away. That, too, is choice. But you are a jumper—and choice is your gift, and your curse. If you take the blade, the moment flashes white. Your friends' voices echo as you breach the lake's surface, coughing and gasping. To them, it seemed you only slipped, pulled from a brief fall. Yet as they help you up, **the sword is still in your hand**. Warm. Real.

And then something stirs. The Garden of the Lilies, silent for ten thousand millennia, exhales. The wind grows still. The atmosphere changes as though in recognition. Far below, buried beneath years of slumber, mechanisms shift and stir. The dungeon is no longer sleeping. **It is awake**—and now, it hungers again.

With this, **the true scenario begins**. You now stand within the heart of the awakening Garden of the Lilies—long forgotten, and known in ancient whispers as **the deadliest dungeon in the Nexus**. In your grasp is Aurora's Embrace, the cosmic sword, though its power **feels distant, restrained**—as if it is watching, waiting, judging your actions before revealing its full strength. Around you, your companions stir, dazed and confused, for they too have been pulled into this place. The air shimmers with pressure, the very walls of the Garden shifting like a living maze. You sense it immediately: **time is not your ally**. The dungeon is waking, and with every passing moment, it grows more perilous. **Linger too long, and it will not hesitate to claim your lives, and end your chain with it.**



[Dungeon] The Garden of the Lilies (Unleashed)

Danger Level [★★★★★] [Forbidden Zone]

The dungeon has awakened, no longer asleep by the influence of Aurora's Embrace. The once-harmless lilies that brought beauty and serenity to the Garden have twisted into grotesque parodies of their former selves. Now a deep, fleshy black-red, they sprout serrated petals like teeth, and their stamens exude a shimmering, toxic vapor. This spore-laden mist causes hallucinations, rotting breathways, and a wasting corruption of the soul if inhaled too long. Any attempt at direct contact results in violent neurotoxic reactions, including paralysis or madness. As the dungeon pulses with new life, the Death Lilies spread aggressively, overtaking paths and devouring light.



To escape this place, you must traverse the corrupted remains of the Garden, crossing through each of the named locations that now mark its descent into madness. Your path leads toward the Bride's Ossuary—the final threshold before the exit—and you must reach it before the dungeon fully awakens and becomes an impossible maze of death and decay. Time is not your ally.

Every step forward brings new threats. The garden now births monstrosities with each passing moment, and the deeper you go, the more dangerous they become. Each location bears its own twisted nature—some erode your body, others your mind or soul. Some may try to deceive you, tempt you, or break you. Be warned, Jumper: not all dangers here wear teeth and claws, and not all wounds can be healed.

Move swiftly, choose wisely, and protect your companions. For if you falter now, the Garden will not hesitate to take everything from you.

The Black Bloom Abyss

The starting point of the dungeon's reawakening, and the place where you will reside along with any other friend and companion that came with you. This lake once showed glimpses of the future, but now only reflects shattered timelines and regret. The surface glistens like obsidian, and the reflections seen here are not merely illusions, but living memories of what could have been—each one writhing with despair. Some in the far past have tried to dive into the lake to chase lost possibilities, only to vanish, becoming part of the reflections themselves. Voices rise from the water at night, echoing decisions never made. Do not enter the water by any means.

The Hollow of Drowned Light

This warped hollow was once the Moonlight Basin. Now, the natural light curves inward, suffocating rather than illuminating. The water here absorbs all radiance and warmth, creating a cold dread that grips the bones. The basin is filled with phantom figures, drowned in their own longing, emerging during the false moon to drag

intruders under. To be dragged into the lake means having your memories and powers permanently taken away. Navigating this space means keeping one's will intact under illusions of hope and temptation.

The Archways of Unheard Screams

The comforting whispers of the old archways have turned into cacophonous silence. The archways now moan with sounds just out of earshot, as if thousands scream from another realm. Listening too closely causes migraines, bloody ears, and eventually madness. Worse, those who linger here too long may find themselves repeating truths aloud that are not theirs—ancient confessions etched into their minds by the dungeon itself, forever scarred and unable to be healed from these maddening truths.

The Thorn-Veiled Courtyard

Once a serene sanctuary, now a nightmare of shifting thorned hedges and blood-thirsty flora. The roots shift and snare like serpents, whispering forgotten names and feeding on emotions. Walking through the courtyard is like stepping into a dreamscape of regret. Many have entered and emerged flayed, not only in flesh but in memory—forgetting companions, names, or even their own purpose. The thorns are very dangerous to touch, for they also flay the soul, shredding the souls of living beings, ensuring that even those who can regenerate the flesh cannot avoid remain whole forevermore.



Chapel of the Last Promise

Time has frozen this sacred ruin in the moment of heartbreak. The atmosphere is thick with weeping phantoms—spirits of lovers who promised eternity under false stars. Their incorporeal forms whisper songs of devotion that weaken resolve and lure visitors to kneel and forget themselves. The air carries a tension that builds toward a climactic despair, and those who utter a promise within its walls may be bound to it forever. Should you or any of your companions respond to the promises of these weeping phantoms, you will be unable to leave this place, losing their place in your chain, or binding you here forever and losing your chain. The phantoms are VERY convincing, you must move fast.

The Violet Maw

A massive chasm that radiates pulsating violet energy, bordered by scorched lilies that seem to breathe. The Maw pulls thoughts inward, amplifying self-doubt and trauma, offering whispers of escape through surrender. Those who stare too long lose track of time—and themselves. Crawling things sometimes emerge from the chasm's edge, all bearing the same face as the last visitor who looked too long. The things are aggressive, and will attempt to drag others towards the Maw to make them stare.

Cradle of Rotting Bloom

Here, the air is sweet with decay. Flowers droop with petals of rot and honey, luring the weary with comfort. Once inhaled, the fragrance induces a languid joy, a blissful spiral into forgetfulness. Many of the visitors who were in the garden at the same time it awoken will be found here, smiling and unmoving, their minds

permanently lost in dreamlike stupor. The ground pulses gently, as if the garden itself is alive and dreaming through them. A dangerous place, those that have lost their minds here are seen with vines of flesh slowly surrounding them and entering their skin, feeding upon their blood and flesh alike, a slow and terrible death.

The Screaming Vinesway

This twisting path is lined with vines covered in jagged leaves and thorns that seem to pulse with residual pain. Each step forward draws a scream—not from the mouth, but from deep within the soul. The echoes build until one can no longer distinguish their own voice from the cries of the countless fallen. The vines themselves animate under duress, lashing out when fear takes hold. After reaching the midway part of this path, even if one has not touched the vines, each step will feel as if stepping in glass, a sharp pain. Each step will cause increased pain over and over, though no harm nor damage will happen to you. Should you withstand this pain, you will escape this horrible location, but should you doubt or fear, then the vines will ensure all that imaginary pain will become real.

The Petal Graves

Here, broken tombstones lie buried beneath thorny overgrowth and wilting blood-petal flowers. Each bloom bears the name of a forgotten soul, and plucking one causes a ghostly scream to ripple through the air. The graves shift underfoot, and on rare nights, the buried claw to the surface, pleading to be remembered or warning of things yet to come. It's said no one passes through this place without leaving something of themselves behind. The exit to this place lies within one of the tombstones, but you must offer a memory to one of the blooming flowers that still have no name. Ghostly apparitions will use that memory against you, to hurt you. Defeating the ghosts will instead draw flesh horrors from the depths of this graveyard, where you must now find the correct path from the broken tomb the horrors came from.

The Reflection Spire

A lone tower of black glass rising like a fang from the corrupted soil. Its mirrored surface never reflects the present—only a twisted ruin of what you will become should you fail. It shows truths so devastating some have leapt from its peak in despair. Inside, the tower is lined with obsidian corridors where distorted versions of yourself whisper your failures, your betrayals, your losses. Should you reflect yourself in this spire, you'll find yourself standing alone, to your right a broken woman in white split in half, to your left a woman in red completely burned across the ground, and behind you... every companion you have is there, dead, killed, or worse converted into something horrific. You are alone, and the dark entity that is in front of you approaches. The reflected vision will cease, turning black and showing no more. The exit to the next part is through the spire itself.



The Bloom of Silence

This vast meadow has no sound—not even the breath or heartbeat of those who walk through it. Magic dies here, curses disappear, powers falter, and your determination will be tested. Communication fails. And yet, the

sensation of being watched is overwhelming. Spectral monstrous lilies watchers hover at the edges of sight, unmoving, their presence chilling. It's said that to run in this meadow is to awaken something ancient and final that hunts without sound or mercy. You and your companions must get out of here fast, before whatever resides here finds you, and devours all of your latent potential, and your lives.

The Wilted Bell Choir

Once a grove of gentle wind chimes, now a chorus of metal flowers that toll in disharmony. Each silver blossom rings with a note of past sorrow or guilt. Some awaken memories long buried—others call forth apparitions of those one has wronged. The sound lingers in the bones, ringing even after you've left, and grows louder the more you deny its meaning. At the edge of this place, the path to the Bride's Ossuary lies.

The Bride's Ossuary

The final threshold looms—a broken marble cathedral wreathed in bone lilies, echoing with the scent of wilted promises and the weight of ancient grief. Once a sacred sanctuary for a goddess of love and bloom, the altar now bleeds red-stained tears from its cracked basin. The Bride, veiled and faceless, wanders its fractured halls in mourning. Her presence distorts reality; the air ripples with forgotten names and undone vows. Those who meet her eyeless gaze are not killed, but unmade—condemned to eternal dream-weddings that never come to pass. Only you can resist this curse, and only so long as Aurora's Embrace remains in your hands. Yet even now, the blade does not reveal its full strength. It watches, but it will tolerate no other who dares to usurp its chosen for love. To leave this place is to navigate her sorrow, or stand your ground against the Bride's despair. Either path demands resolve, action and choice.



Escaping the Dungeon

With the last of the dungeon's horrors behind you—or so you and your companions would think—the Garden begins to shudder. The corruption accelerates. Monstrous vines coil with malevolent life, and the ground itself shifts and weeps. If you've been paying attention, you'll realize the awful truth: this dungeon is not fully awakened. Everything until now was only the beginning, a mere stirring of something vast and terrible that dreams in petals and blood. You must flee with your companions, pushing through collapsing flora and grotesque growths, as malformed flower-beasts erupt from the soil and pursue you with relentless speed. The air grows hotter, fouler, as the Garden's heart begins to pulse awake.

The corridor ahead narrows into a bone-laced passage. The exit is in sight—but it's sealed, strangled by veiny tendrils dripping with black, pulsing ichor. Behind you, **a towering monstrosity lumbers forth: a rotted lily the size of a house, stitched together with muscle, petals, and ruin. Its mouth, full of writhing vines and weeping eyes, bellows a sound that splits thought from mind.** This is no boss fight—it is a force of grief and hunger incarnate, the dungeon's will made manifest. And just as it reaches to claim one of you—

Scenario Conclusion

—the sword awakens.

Aurora's Embrace **begins to glow with a light not of this world.** If you've protected your companions, resisted illusions, endured the trial of memory and madness, **then the blade deems you worthy.** Its voice speaks not in words but in warmth. With one single motion, you can cut—not merely the creature—but the path between horror and hope. The monster is no match for the sword, being obliterated **in an instant**, reduced to ash and regret, and the tendrils sealing your escape are severed with divine precision. The exit will open, the light beyond blinding, and with the dungeon shrieking its fury at the loss of its prey, you escape will into the world beyond.

The Garden of the Lilies has changed. It will never be the same. What once was a hidden sanctuary is now a realm of nightmares, whispered of by survivors who were lucky—or strong—enough to make it out. Many weren't. The Academy declares the region forbidden, and maps are redrawn to avoid the zone. But you? You carry the memory—not just of horrors, but of beauty, of friendship, of the moment a sword watched over you with love older than time.

Aurora's Embrace is now truly yours—and you, in turn, are hers. The sword no longer tests, questions, or withholds. It has seen the sum of your choices, your strength, and your heart, and in them, it has found the answer it waited for across eons. Fully awakened and fully aware, Aurora's Embrace is no longer just a weapon—it is a vow incarnate, a blade of cosmic longing and radiant devastation. In your hands lies not only power, but a promise: of change, of love, and of all that still lies ahead.

Scenario Rewards: Access to Aurora's Embrace

By completing the scenario, overcoming the final trial, and ensuring the safety of those who journeyed with you, you have earned the right to wield [Aurora's Embrace](#).

If you paid the sacred blade's CP cost, this marks the moment where the weapon accepts you unconditionally, reuniting with the soul it has awaited since before time took form. From this moment on, Aurora's Embrace will no longer slumber or withhold its strength—**it is wholly yours.** In turn, this event stirs the heart of the elven girl Myria Kael'ir, regardless if she is a friend or an acquaintance, whose presence will soon grow in your life. Whether as a companion, rival, or something far more profound, she is now drawn to you—bound by fate, memory, and the echo of love that transcends lifetimes. For as long as that love endures, so too shall Aurora remain by your side.

If you didn't pay the sword's cost. Aurora's Embrace will quickly dim its power, slowly slumbering once again. You will not be able to pay the CP cost after this, and the sword will not awaken again until a time of great need comes, but know this jumper, by the end of this jump the sword will disappear to seek its fated one across the Omniverse once more.

The Garden of the Lilies – Final Notes

This is the scenario—the one that brings you to the moment where the legendary cosmic sword, *Aurora's Embrace*, lies before you, silent and waiting. Unlike most other items, this weapon—and its lesser but still potent counterpart, the *Vorpul Shadeblade*—cannot simply be purchased with CP and tucked away in your warehouse at the start. These are not mere tools. They are stories incarnate, legends bound to fate and cosmic law. To claim such relics, you must live the myth and pass through its fire.

At first glance, the Garden of the Lilies may seem like a serene and curious dungeon—idyllic, enchanting. But when *Aurora's Embrace* is pulled from its resting place, the mask drops. The garden is not a sanctuary, but the last echo of a slumbering, apocalyptic event—a dungeon that was never meant to be cleared, only kept asleep. Once the sword is freed, the dungeon awakens into a nightmare of corrupted beauty and hungry madness, a multiversal snare built to punish arrogance. Conquering it is not the goal. Escaping with your soul intact is the true test.

Throughout your flight from the dungeon, *Aurora's Embrace* will remain subdued. What you hold at first is not a weapon of cosmic devastation, but a ceremonial blade—holy, yes, but dulled, almost forgettable. The sword, or rather the shard of Aurora's soul that resides within, is watching you. Testing you. She believes you may be the one she's waited for across eons of silence, but belief is not certainty. If you abandon your friends, falter in courage, or collapse beneath fear, she will not blame you—but she will leave you. Let fate and the cycle of rebirth try again, and perhaps next time you'll be worthy of the promise she once made.

Do not mistake this as cruelty. Aurora loves fiercely, but her love is not blind. She cannot entrust her full strength to a heart unproven. Yet, even in the trial, her feelings remain. Should you fall to the curse from the Bride's Ossuary—trapping you in a waking dream of ruined weddings and twisted promises—the sword will shatter the illusion in a flare of furious light. Her jealousy is quiet but potent, and she will not watch her beloved be claimed by another, especially not by one so twisted by sorrow.

If you survive—if your companions escape with you—then you will have done what no one else has in ten thousand millennia. The Garden will close behind you, and the factions of the Nexus will move swiftly to quarantine it. The site will become a declared forbidden zone, encircled by wards, watchers, and warning sigils. Should you ever return, you'll find a dungeon changed beyond recognition—alive, ravenous, and fully aware. What you saw was only the first heartbeat after waking. The true Garden now exists as something far worse, capable of partially defying perks, rewriting rules, and violating metaphysical protections. Only places like gauntlets or the deepest nightmare folds of the Dark Multiverse compare. Fortunately, the dungeon will not expand, it will remain there, waiting for the brave... and consume them.

But this time, *you* walked away. You earned her trust. *Aurora's Embrace* is no longer just a relic or weapon—it is your partner, your shield, your vow. And what you carry is more than power... it is love, forged across lifetimes and finally returned. A promise to be with you in the darkest times, and bring your combined light to the whole Omniverse.

Scenario 41: Artifacts of Legacy (Part II: The Revenant Pearl)

A chance in solving the class's problems lies on whether the group can challenge the newly discovered dungeon the Halls of the Revenant and obtain its prized artifact. The expedition preparations begin with a mixture of anticipation and unease. With their exhibit in shambles and the festival deadline looming, you'll need to gather a team of skilled and trusted classmates and companions to pursue the one hope left: the **Revenant Pearl**. Though tensions remain high after the sabotage, the group puts aside differences to prepare thoroughly—stocking up on supplies, refining tactics, and forging a sense of camaraderie that may prove vital for survival in the depths to come. With your group formed, you'll have to seek the Scary Pantyhose Tavern in the Crossroads, where the current expedition is being formed, led by the enigmatic beauty **Ezekya, the half dragon leader of this rag tag group**. Joining them will not be hard, Ezekya is happy to add more capable members to her group, though be careful to not reveal you are part of the Interdimensional Academy or she may begin to distrust your group and deny you joining them.



Their journey beyond the Crossroads across the Aetherean continent will be surprisingly smooth, with minor skirmishes against native beasts or environmental hazards acting more as bonding moments than true threats. Along the way, there will be many opportunities with the members of the expedition opening up, revealing their motives, fears, and unique capabilities. Whether Ezekya or you lead with caution, charisma, or silent resolve, the group will arrive at the designated coordinates with growing unity. What you will find, however, is no ordinary ruin—hidden beneath a collapsed sinkhole lies a vast subterranean network cloaked in mystery and age, a place seemingly untouched by time.

The dungeon beneath the earth proves labyrinthine and relentless. Crumbling staircases and broken stone give way to traps that strike with deadly precision, as if crafted by a mind that anticipated intruders from every world. Strange inscriptions line the walls, fragments of a forgotten language that hint at a civilization both brilliant and doomed. Hostile constructs, ancient guardians, and peculiar magic challenge the expedition at every turn, demanding coordination and quick thinking. But more than anything, it's the unsettling feeling that the dungeon itself is *watching* that wears at the group's nerves.

Disaster strikes midway through when **a trap is triggered in the Shifting Gallery**—not lethal, but cunning. The corridors rearrange behind the party, sealing away their route of return. Spells meant to teleport, scry, or manipulate probability fail. Even those attuned to temporal senses feel a suffocating silence. This dungeon, it seems, rejects interference from the outside; all solutions must come from within. Yet the group presses on, driven by desperation and the hope that the Pearl can offer more than salvation for their class's exhibition—it might even offer escape.

Traversing this dungeon will not be easy, it has multiple interlocked zones that must be traversed in order to reach your goal, as well as artifacts that need to be recovered to progress. You can find more information regarding the **Halls of the Revenant** in [here](#) in order to plan and know the challenges that await you and your group.

Eventually, you will reach The **Vault of Diverged Threads** bathed in a soft, eerie glow: the resting place of the Revenant Pearl. Opening the vault requires artifacts found in the other zones of this dungeon, a true challenge for those that planned to rush through this place with no second thought. Once the vault is opened, the Revenant Pearl makes its appearance. Its appearance is beautiful—serene, even—but radiates a subtle, dreadful power. **A moment later, Ezekya will finally reveal her true intentions.** She has no interest in exhibitions, riches, or teamwork. **Her goal has always been the Pearl.** Driven by the grief of a choice made long ago—one that led to her sister’s death—Ezekya intends to wield the artifact to undo what she has lost, no matter what, regardless of the consequences to herself or the expedition.

If you confront her, she may try to persuade you with honesty, or manipulate you with half-truths. She may flee and rush towards the Pearl, or fight you if you stand in her way, depending on how strong you are by now. **Should she succeed, her attempt to rewrite the event succeeds... but at the cost of her own erasure from existence.** Only the Pearl and a lock of her red hair will remain, a haunting testament to her once having existed.

If you claim the Pearl instead, either through reasoning, strategy, or combat, Ezekya will need to be subdued, but there won't be much time afterwards as a terrible truth awaits. In deciphering the walls of the Vault and remaining artifacts within, new information about the Pearl's deeper nature will be revealed. It was forged in defiance of an ancient convergence—the moment when countless universes were forced together across the entirety of the Omniverse to create the Nexus. That act, unnatural and unfathomable, caused mass annihilations across most multiverses that were and will be, **provoking the birth of a darker counterpart, an evil and malign reflection to what is, a Dark Multiverse that has been ever since growing without stop.** The Pearl was a failed countermeasure, a desperate attempt to turn back time and undo the calamity. The creators of the ruins—beings beyond age, followers of even greater beings they called Sovereigns—built this place as a tomb, a warning, and perhaps a second chance.

This revelation shakes the group to its core, but it is not the only one. The Pearl doesn't simply allow one to change their past; **it rewrites a moment in existence by sacrificing the energy of an entire universe elsewhere. A single personal miracle costs the lives of untold billions in a far-off reality.** This is the weight Ezekya sought to bear without understanding the true consequences.

As the group struggles with these mindbending revelations, they still recognize the need to go through the last corridors of the dungeon, where a possible exit is found: a grand bronze door, promising freedom at last. But a final trap waits. If spotted in time, the party escapes with some harm but with no lives lost. If not, over half the group will lose their lives to a cruel, irreversible mechanism. The losses will include many of your classmates, and potentially any if your companions that joined the group.

Then comes the choice. With the Pearl in hand, you may undo the catastrophe and save your friends—at the cost of annihilating a full universe, likely one you'll never know. You will *feel* the loss through the Pearl, as time collapses and an alien sky dies in silence, the hopes of many extinguished and lives snuffed. No perks, no time control, no divine intervention can alter what happens within this place. Only the Revenant Pearl answers the cry to change the what was... and only with a price few can truly accept. What will you do Jumper? Are you willing to sacrifice the lives of countless living beings from a single universe to save a few of your friends?

Part II Completion Rewards: +100 CP, with an additional +300 CP if you return with the entire class unharmed.

Emerging from the depths of the dungeon, the Jumper and the surviving expedition members begin their journey back to the Interdimensional Academy. If Ezekya remains alive, her obsession with the Revenant Pearl does not fade. She demands its return with quiet intensity, vowing to one day reclaim it—but she does not act on those words during the return. Whether it's respect, exhaustion, or silent understanding, she keeps her distance—for now.

Scenario Conclusion:

Upon returning, the class pulls together to salvage what's left of their exhibit, working with whatever they managed to recover from the dungeon. Your actions throughout the entire scenario now weigh heavily. If your focus was on restoring the exhibit and gathering materials on the first part, the treasures and artifacts retrieved from the Halls of the Revenant may be enough to push the class to victory—*especially* if no lives were lost along the way. But if you prioritized unraveling the mystery and securing Ezekya's notebook, you may have had the foresight to avoid the final trap through knowledge of the notebook, saving your classmates from tragedy. In this case, however, the lack of sufficient exhibit materials will likely cost your class the first-place prize—though everyone returns alive, and you need not carry the burden of having used the Pearl.

The atmosphere among your classmates reflects the path you chose. If all returned safely, there's laughter and celebration, tinged with the pride of having faced something extraordinary together. If lives were lost, there's a quiet weight hanging in the air—hushed conversations, long stares, and the sobering realization that no victory comes without cost. Either way, the class has grown from the experience, and bonds forged in adversity remain.

The Academy festival bursts into life, a dazzling convergence of magic, technology, and culture from countless worlds. Students roam between attractions, celebrating their hard work and creativity. If your class has the heart for it, they join in—relieved, reflective, and proud of how far they've come. Whether standing at the center of applause or on the fringes of memory, their presence is felt.

High above, atop the Academy's tallest tower, a figure watches. The Dean, ever vigilant, senses the ripple left behind by the Revenant Pearl. His eyes narrow, and his hands clasp behind his back, the weight of ancient knowledge pressing on his shoulders. Whatever joy the festival brings, it does not reach him. The Pearl has returned to the hands of the living, and with it, a thread of something far older and far more dangerous than the students below can yet understand. The next move, perhaps, will not be theirs to make, nor will the Pearl interfere in his plans.

The Revenant Pearl (Reward Item)

As the scenario ends, it is likely you will be in possession of the fabled Revenant Pearl. **The item's description and characteristics can be found in its [entry in this jump document](#).** It is a very powerful artifact, capable of altering causality unrestricted, but lacks the absolute power required to achieve its original purpose.

If you have the intention of making Ezekya one of your companions, she will refrain from trying to harm you, but she WILL continue trying to get you to give her the Pearl, willingly or not. Take further caution so she doesn't take hold of it, as she will attempt to use it to reverse causality and save her sister which will result in her utter and complete annihilation. If she succeeds she will disappear from your companions permanently. Resolving the issue with her sister by using other means will stop her from trying to do this, earning her total and absolute devotion.



Artifacts of Legacy – Final Notes

What began as a seemingly harmless classroom event has spiraled into a perilous quest involving an artifact tied to one of the most critical turning points in the Omniverse. The Revenant Pearl—powerful, mysterious, and dangerously misunderstood—carries consequences that ripple across time itself if used.

At the heart of this scenario lies a difficult choice: will you dedicate your efforts to salvaging your damaged classroom dungeon exhibit, or focus on the investigation to uncover who caused the disaster? Each path holds weight. Saving the exhibit means your class has a chance to recover and, should you return from the Halls of the Revenant, even claim first place at the Festival. But pursuing the truth leads to a different reward—Ezekya’s lost notebook, filled with vital insights into the Pearl and the dungeon it guards, including knowledge of a final deadly trap that could wipe out half the expedition. With this forewarning, **you may prevent the worst**. Or, if the trap is sprung, the Revenant Pearl may offer a second chance—at a cost too high to measure.

Ezekya, brilliant and tormented, will do everything she can to obtain the Pearl. Her goal is not conquest, but salvation—she seeks to rewrite causality to save her sister. Yet such a choice risks unraveling her own existence. She is not your enemy. She is a desperate soul, blinded by grief. Whether you reason with her or fight to stop her, the final outcome rests in your hands. If she learns the truth, she may find the strength to let go. Or perhaps desperation will push her past the point of no return.

Should you succeed, and your class emerges triumphant at the Festival, you may earn more than recognition. You’ll gain something deeper—a refinement of who you are in the eyes of others, and who you’ve become in the crucible of leadership.

First Mate Potential (Reward Perk)

Through hardship and choice, you’ve proven yourself dependable, capable, and wise. This perk solidifies your presence as a natural leader—or a trusted second in command. You radiate calm authority, and your instincts guide you to effective solutions in group leadership, logistics, and achieving shared goals. While your own skill may still surpass what the perk provides, it guarantees you’ll never be left without a viable path forward. There’s also something magnetic in how others perceive you—whether on the bridge of a starship or standing at someone’s side. To those who truly know you, you will always seem like the perfect candidate to be their first mate: in battle, in planning, and definitely in love.



Scenario 42: A Method to Save Ezekya's Sister

Some things in the Omniverse are considered immutable. Fixed points in time. Canon events. Moments so deeply interwoven into reality's design that undoing them is thought to be impossible. But you're a Jumper—and the impossible has always been your playground. What lies ahead is not a trial of strength, but of resolve, sacrifice, and consequence. You will be given a choice: let fate run its course, or reach into the beating heart of causality and rip it apart for the sake of one soul. To save a girl fated to die... and lose the person who once begged you to.

The scenario begins shortly after the events of the *Halls of the Revenant and the Artifacts of Legacy Scenario*. You hold the Revenant Pearl, that cursed relic of absolute inversion. Ezekya, still the fierce and fiery half-dragon you've come to know, has not forgotten what drives her: the death of her little sister, Lysari. But she no longer tries to steal the Pearl, no longer lashes out in frustration. Instead, she clings to hope—hope that you, Jumper, might find another way. Her trust is fragile, born not from logic but longing. And it becomes the spark that starts your search.



Answers won't come easily. Days may stretch into weeks as you hunt through dusty tomes in the Interdimensional Academy's library, consult ancient beings, question gods, barter with devils, and possibly revisit contacts made across previous jumps. Many offer platitudes, some lies, a few cryptic truths. And then—at your lowest, on the edge of surrender—a single thread reveals itself. The truth of *Mor'Hortal*, the Outsider who claimed Lysari. Its existence is a paradox, feeding on causality, warping time around itself. It did not kill Lysari. It simply made it so she was **never meant to live**.

Whether you sneak, lie, or fight your way through, you'll eventually glimpse what you need to continue: the name and coordinates of the world where the truth lies. A place tied to Ezekya's past. To Lysari's death. And to *your* decision.

The journey there is costly. You'll need to secure passage aboard a Dinship—one of the varied sizes of interdimensional vessel from the Crossroads—or open one of the Gateways that reside in the Nexus, the kind of that drains entire vaults of wealth or favors just to power up. This is meant to be another adventure for you, as you'll have to gamble and deal with an unscrupulous man who is set on betraying you once the journey begins and deal with the unexpected mishaps that will occur as you travel there, beware of the red closet!

Either method will allow you to reach the doomed world, a place dark and lifeless, but time will be short, and the clock will begin ticking the moment you arrive. Ezekya is with you every step of the way. She will not speak much, but her eyes search your every move, full of hope... and dread.

The glade is quiet when you arrive. A ring of dead grass in the center, blackened and lifeless. The air smells of sulfur and sorrow. This is where it happened. The place where Lysari vanished without a scream. Using the knowledge you've gathered, you will have to prepare a lure—a beacon to draw the Outsider from wherever it hides. Whether you have a powerful item that allows this, or have already planned to make it happen, it is something you must do. It doesn't take long. *Mor'Hortal* arrives like an omen written in bone and gravity, folding space in on itself as it emerges. Its power is staggering. Cause and effect unravel around it. Before you can even act, your companions will begin to fall, lifeless, as if killed by events that have not yet occurred. Despair. Then, **the Revenant Pearl will resonate** and then everything goes dark.

When you awaken, the glade is changed. Morning light spills through the trees, the location seems brighter, alive, as if from a younger time. You see two young girls approaching—Ezekya and Lysari. Barely teenagers. Laughing. Alive. Is this a dream before the end? Perhaps a beautiful illusion? Or is it the past? Whatever happened between the apparition of Mor'Hortal and the presence of the Revenant Pearl you may never truly know, but your instincts will suddenly scream. The Outsider is near. Something is about to happen again, the tragedy is preparing to strike again. You can feel it. Eldritch currents coil in the air like coiled serpents. You can stop this. **Even though it technically should not be possible, the Pearl somehow made it possible for you to interfere.** You can send the girls away, **disrupt the moment that started it all.** But doing so will force the Outsider to manifest partially, vulnerable—but still incredibly dangerous. You'll have to confront this thing alone, with no guarantee this time you will survive. This is the time to choose.

If you choose to stand and fight, know this: *Mor'Hortal* is weaker here, its body will not be fully inside this reality, fully within your capabilities to deal with, but not harmless. It cannot fully bend causality in this form, and **if you are strong enough, precise enough, you can strike repeatedly it either with supreme cosmic powers or a weapon meant to banish evil and protect love.** Each wound done into the thing tears through the fabric of its influence, undoing its evils in ripples—lost cities reappear months in the future, dead stars reignite in the past, ruined lives are restored across the Omniverse like extinguished flames alight once more. The final blow will banish it back to the dark place where it came from. And all that came from it—including Lysari's death or your companion's—will be undone. But so too will any events born from this very moment caused by it, including your bond with Ezekya as you knew her.

Scenario Rewards: +200 CP

When it's over, the glade will be quiet again, again you will notice you're back in the present even though this time everything is still alive and green, your companions next to you wondering what just happened, not remembering Ezekya or the events that happened here. But something has changed. The world feels... healed. You stand alone. The Ezekya you knew—the one who lost everything and burned so brightly—no longer exists. But if you look closely, perhaps through a scrying spell or the edge of a dream, you may glimpse a small home near a stream. Two sisters laugh inside, baking bread, their red hair glowing in the sunlight. This Ezekya smiles with a peace the other never knew. And though she still doesn't know your name, part of her soul still carries the warmth you gave her.

Bittersweet, perhaps. But isn't that what love often is?

Notes for this Scenario

By saving Lysari, you didn't just avert a tragedy—you rewrote the very thread of causality. In doing so, you erased the chain of events that brought Ezekya into the Nexus... and into your life. She never knew grief, never burned with desperation, never found herself bound to you by pain. Instead, she and her sister now live peacefully, far from the horrors of the multiverse, in a quiet corner of reality untouched by Mor'Hortal's corruption.

You may still find them, if you seek them out. The bond you once shared may not exist, but the souls behind those familiar eyes remain. You could introduce yourself anew, become their friend, their protector, and—if you choose—invite them into a new life of adventure. Or you could watch from afar, knowing they've earned this peace. Not every soul is meant to carry the weight of destiny. Sometimes, the greatest gift you can give someone... is the chance to never need you at all.

The choice, as always, is yours.

Scenario 43: Love Troubles: Season for Love (Part I)

It starts with kisses in moonlit corridors, whispered laughter between classes, and hands held too tightly to be casual. The Interdimensional Academy seems swept up in a sudden storm of affection, romance blooming like wildfire in every hallway and courtyard. At the center of it all stand Lysander and Selene—two dazzling, impossibly attractive students whose passion seems to set the tone for the entire school. Their love is radiant, intoxicating, and **somehow... just too perfect**. Classmates and teachers alike begin to idolize their bond, speaking of it in reverent tones, some even weeping during their public embraces. What once was a haven for chaos and learning has turned soft, honeyed, and strangely synchronized in its devotion to love.



At first, it's delightful. The usual stresses of the Nexus calm, tempers ease, and the air carries a charged warmth. Romantic confessions become routine, partners old and new fill the gardens in droves, and more than a few instructors have taken to wearing rose-scented robes. But beneath the charm lies a growing unease. The emotions around the Academy are no longer spontaneous—they feel... **staged**. Forced. The feverish love isn't healing; it's smothering. Those who resist it begin to grow quiet, melancholic, or vanish for days at a time, reappearing with hollow smiles and glazed eyes. **Only you, and any other jumper in the Academy, seem immune to this oppressive bliss**, and you alone can feel the strange tremble behind Lysander and Selene's carefully choreographed passion.

Something is wrong. Some of your friends no longer feel like themselves, like puppets playing out courtship rituals scripted by something ancient and uncaring. It isn't long before a few teachers—still lucid and quietly terrified—reach out to you in secret. They've noticed the same pattern and believe the Academy has fallen under the influence of an emotional parasite. You take up the task, your mind sharper than most thanks to your origin, experience, or protections, and must begin researching what might be capable of such pervasive manipulation. Clues point to a name buried in myth: **the Babakshee**, a demon that feeds on love, twisting it into obsession and dependency before turning it into suffering.

As you follow the trail, your search takes you deep into the Academy's restricted archives and through whispered conversations with beings that rarely offer answers without a price. You piece together its pattern—how it slowly replaces genuine emotion with an addictive imitation, and how, once rooted deeply enough, it feeds by turning passion into despair. The Babakshee doesn't merely want to be loved. **It wants to corrupt love, to show that no emotion is ever truly pure, and to watch as hope burns away in devotion's ashes.** Lysander and Selene are merely its hosts, its lens, projecting affection like a drug across the entire student body.

It will be noticeable how even the walls of the Academy shimmer with subtle illusions, hiding entire wings overrun with invasive energies. Eventually, the origin will be found: **a subspace fracture hidden behind a sealed music hall**, pulsing with heat and the scent of roses gone rancid. Gathering those you trust, you must step through into the Babakshee's domain. The lair is an endless ballroom, lit by candlelight that never burns out, where echoes of passion loop endlessly: lovers arguing, crying, kissing, dying. Each illusion tries to pull anyone in—to seduce you with your own desires, to replay moments you lost or fantasies you never had. You

must choose what to feel, what to reject, what to hold onto. In this place, love is both weapon and prison. Your nature protects you, it gives you the choice of what to feel, but others are not as lucky, slowly being overwhelmed with feelings of attraction, passion, false love, lust and intense desire to be held by others.

In the heart of this domain stands the Babakshee, a being of impossible beauty made from silken voice and smoky touch. It **offers you everything**—romance eternal, longing fulfilled, perfect love that never fades. It tries to make you forget your mission, your friends, even yourself. But if you resist, if you confront it not with hatred, but understanding—if you recognize that love must have flaws to be real—then you can break its hold. The entity will grow mad with anger, uncharacteristic for a being of its type, and boldening its own efforts. But the moment always comes, **where love—real or false—must be chosen**. And if you choose right, then the monster’s spell on anyone with you breaks, returning their minds to their rightful state!

A climatic showdown will happen against this entity where friends and companions will join in, where feelings and emotions will run high, specially from those who share a relationship or feel love towards someone. This is the moment where all stakes will run high, the true form of the Babakshee reveals itself, and finally it is the moment where false love and deception may finally be struck down.

Part I Completion Reward: +300 CP

Upon achieving the destruction or banishment of the Babakshee, the romance it forced unravels like a torn page. Lysander and Selene are left shaken, uncertain if anything between them was ever real. The duo, freed from the Babakshee’s manipulative grasp, experiences a stark change in their dynamic, their emotions returning to a more authentic state. **However, the remnants of their shattered bond linger, hinting at the true nature of their relationship, leaving an air of uncertainty in its wake.** The Academy, relieved from the suffocating influence, begins its path towards healing, but the ramifications of the Babakshee’s presence continue to linger in the shadows. Some students cry for reasons they can’t remember. Others leave the Academy, searching for truths in their hearts they now doubt. The air is colder. The rose petals have wilted.

Notes for this Scenario

This scenario marks the beginning of the Babakshee’s subtle influence, which will be already in effect a few months before your arrival into the jump and only become undeniable noticeable a few years into the jump. While things may seem romantic or overly affectionate at first, cracks begin to form across the Academy’s emotional foundation. Relationships flare up unnaturally fast and collapse even faster, leaving behind confusion, heartbreak, and emotional exhaustion. The growing unnatural passion between Lysander and Selene becomes the focal point, eventually escalating as the entity’s manipulations intensify.

The Babakshee itself is no fool—it thrives on subtlety and emotional erosion. It will allow entry into its domain without resistance, unaware of your identity as a Jumper, but will quickly seal access if you possess a very obvious means to harm it. To deal with it you’ll require the means to harm such pseudo incorporeal entity and keep them hidden enough until the final confrontation, including you powerful perks, mighty items, or powers at your disposal. This jump possesses a little of each that can be useful, but you can also use creative ways to deal with the entity.

The effects of the Babakshee in the Academy will cause many troubles to others, which will be explored in the following part of the scenario.

Scenario 44: Love Troubles: Heartbreak (Part II)

In the weeks following the fall of the Babakshee. With its influence gone, a strange stillness settles over the Academy, like the calm after a long fever. Lysander and Selene—once radiant, inseparable, and the focus of a thousand whispered stories—**now barely speak**. Their smiles no longer reach their eyes, and the affection they shared begins to feel like a memory viewed through cracked glass. Whatever was real between them is buried beneath what the Babakshee fed and twisted, and now all that's left is a silence heavy with resentment and confusion, unable to tell what was real and what not.



Their falling out is not dramatic at first, just quiet absence and misread glances. But over time, words turn cold, and once-innocent arguments sharpen like knives. **Selene**, brilliant in her command of celestial forces, begins isolating herself, brooding beneath illusions alien stars of her own making. **Lysander**, the prodigal engineer, pours himself into machinery and constructs meant to "fix" things—though even he doesn't know what that means anymore. Their pain radiates outward, catching others in its gravity. The once-joyful Academy starts to splinter into quiet camps, each interpreting the fallout of the couple and the consequences of the Babakshee's influence in their own way.

Some students cling to the memory of the couple and their own experiences during the reign of the Babakshee, and defend their legacies. Others resent the chaos their feud leaves in its wake, grouping together in discontent. Subtle hostilities escalate into duels, sabotage, and deep divides between students. It's not war, but it feels like something just shy of it. And beneath all of it, strange echoes linger—unexplained anomalies in space and emotion, tiny distortions that ripple through the walls like trapped whispers. Whatever the Babakshee left behind, it isn't entirely gone. It's as if its departure tore something open in the fabric of affection itself, and that wound is still bleeding.

Caught in the middle, you will become the thread that keeps things from unraveling entirely. Students and teachers alike look to them—not just as a symbol of strength, but as someone untainted by the leftover shadows of twisted love. Attempts at mediation are made by the teachers or perhaps even you. Small victories come—brief moments of honesty, confessions spoken too late—but nothing seems to hold. Lysander and Selene refuse to look each other in the eye, and every attempt to bring them together seems to reopen the wound, never letting it close.

But then the Academy begins to shake—not metaphorically, but literally. The leftover distortions reach a tipping point, turning hallways into dreamlike mazes, making students relive painful memories, fraying the boundaries of their awareness with painful memories and visions of the fake relationships that were born due to the entity. The emotional fallout has become metaphysical, and it threatens the entire structure of the Interdimensional Academy. It is clear you must act—not to pick sides, but to address the root: the unresolved fracture between Lysander and Selene, and the pain still feeding the chaos.

The final confrontation isn't a battle. It's a gathering. You will have to bring Lysander and Selene together, not with force, but through a rare moment of clarity and timing. Should you manage to do it, then the dialogue is raw, unfiltered, with truths spoken that cut deeper than any weapon. Whether they reconcile, part ways, or walk out forever changed, is not for the scenario to decide. That outcome belongs to you and the choices they make along the way. Perhaps love is rekindled in a purer form. Perhaps it dies quietly, with dignity. Or maybe, just maybe, something entirely new takes its place—different, but no less real.

Part II Completion Reward: +200 CP & +100 CP if you successfully mended Selene and Lysander's relationship.

In the aftermath, the Academy begins to breathe again. The students start to smile without hesitation. The halls lose their static buzz as the distortions recede and fade away. Lysander and Selene—together, apart, or something else entirely—become quieter presences, and the fever dream that consumed the Academy fades like fog at dawn. The scars remain, but so does the memory of what was saved. This was not a victory of swords or spells. It was a triumph of presence, empathy, and the difficult work of healing what can't be fixed. And in the space where twisted love once festered, something fragile and honest begins to grow.



Not all dreams stay dreams. And sometimes, even the false becomes real—because we chose to believe in it.

Scenario 45: Dark Secrets Unveiled (Part III: Jumper versus Jumper)

A year has passed since your identity as a Jumper was revealed.

In that time, nothing happened.

The murders stopped. The whispers faded. Security relaxed. It was as if the threat had simply vanished. The Academy resumed its rhythm. Rumors spread—some named you as the killer, others painted you a misunderstood scapegoat. But no proof ever surfaced, and the world moved on.

You allowed yourself, perhaps for a moment, to believe it was over.

Then, on a night of calm and celebration—a quiet evening among friends—you step away for a breath of solitude. The stars overhead shimmer in the strange skies of the Academy, and all feels peaceful.

Until your instincts scream.

You spin on reflex, the air splitting beside you as the **Vorpall Shadeblade** cuts through where your heart had been a second before. The blade's edge glows with devouring hunger. Standing before you is the **Secretly Malevolent Jumper**, no longer a phantom but a fury incarnate. He no longer hides. He no longer waits.

He has come for you.

The time for games has ended. The murderer will attack with the full scope of their accumulated power—a reflection of years of predation and stolen essence. They are a peer, an equal... perhaps even your superior in this moment. It will be extremely difficult to match them alone. But you do not need to win—only survive.

For minutes that stretch into eternity, you will clash—power against power, mind against mind, holding the line. Each second you endure sends ripples through the Academy's metaphysical wards, drawing others to your aid. Companions. Friends. Faculty. Witnesses.

And with their arrival comes a crack in the illusion. Through the battle's fury, whether by your own hand or the murderer's misstep, **their true identity is revealed**—and to your shock, it's someone you knew. Someone you trusted. An ally or acquaintance who stood beside or close to you all this time.

But there is no time to grieve or rage. The Secretly Malevolent Jumper vanishes, now desperate to enact their final plan before others mobilize on him: the assassination of the **Academy Dean**, rumored to be the most powerful being in the Nexus. If they succeed, the balance will shatter. Power beyond reckoning will fall into the wrong hands. And worse—such an act **could trigger the Existential Threat scenario chain**, plunging the Nexus into chaos far earlier than fate intended.

You must **pursue**. You must **confront**. You must **stop the killer**—not just for justice, but for the fate of everything you've come to care about.



Part III Completion Rewards: +100 CP +100 CP for each surviving Jumper (excluding yourself)

Scenario Conclusion:

If you stop the Secretly Malevolent Jumper, their dark chapter comes to an end. The Academy is spared further tragedy. You become a figure of legend among its halls, whispered with respect by students and staff alike. Other Jumpers, if they stood with you, become allies remembered in the same breath.

But the truth you uncover in the end is chilling.

The Secretly Malevolent Jumper was not driven by madness alone. He was **misguided, manipulated**—corrupted by an unknown benefactor who granted him access to the **Vorpal Shadeblade** without safeguard, warning, or care whenever he entered this jump. The blade was no mere tool—it was a key to something far older and darker. The Jumper was merely the first hand it grasped, and he had zero protections against its influence.

Whatever brought him into this jump... **was no true benefactor.**

Failure Consequence:

If the murderer reaches the Dean and succeeds, the **Existential Threat Scenario chain will immediately trigger**, advancing its catastrophic storyline well ahead of schedule, and you will still have to find a way to deal with the further empowered Secretly Malevolent Jumper. **Surviving until the end of the jump will grant you +500 CP**, though you will **lose access to all remaining scenario rewards and be unable to choose or complete any more scenarios in this Jump.**

The Nexus will burn. Survival becomes your only objective.

About the Secret Malevolent Jumper's Murder Weapon:

With the defeat of the Secretly Malevolent Jumper, its dangerous artifact—the **Vorpal Shadeblade**—will be left without a master, free for anyone to claim.

If you chose this item and paid CP for it, now is the moment to recover it and make it truly yours. However, be warned: although paying CP grants you the *option* to resist the fate of its previous owner, the blade's corrupting influence still lingers. The burden of resisting its whispers and temptations will fall entirely on you. Use it sparingly and with care.

Should you attempt to claim the Vorpal Shadeblade without having paid CP, you do so at your peril. No perk, no power, no innate resistance will shield you, the item's origins are on a whole new league that is beyond what you currently are, maybe in the far future if you approach a Benefactor's might or on a class comparable to a Sovereign of the Cosmos then you might reign it truly under your control. But for now, should you hold it, within seconds you will feel a deep, addictive urge to keep it in your grasp—until the voices start... and the craving to consume the strength of others through the blade becomes impossible to ignore...

Dark Secrets Unveiled Scenario – Final Notes

The long shadow cast by mystery, betrayal, and silent menace now comes to a head. Years of careful buildup, tangled plots, and hidden truths have all led to this final confrontation—the moment when everything is revealed, and the fate of many hangs in the balance.

The Murderer, whose identity has remained cloaked in secrecy throughout the entire scenario, is no ordinary foe. He is a silent predator, always one step ahead, watching, calculating, and adapting. He has stolen abilities, powers, and perks from fallen Jumpers and other beings of power, weaving them into a repertoire of overwhelming might. By now, he will have realized who you are—the one force capable of standing in his way, the one presence that has truly opposed him and he must eliminate to achieve his twisted vision of power.

Corrupted by the insidious influence of the **Vorpal Shadeblade**, the Secretly Malevolent Jumper has embraced a path of absolute domination, even at the cost of annihilating everyone else. Without any safeguards or resistance to the blade's influence, perks or not, his goals have become warped, driven by the whispers of the ancient weapon that now fuels his madness.

If you stand before him wielding **Aurora's Embrace**, know this: he will falter. He will *fear* it. The sacred blade is one of the few forces that can now wound him—and even more importantly, can destroy the Vorpal Shadeblade itself if struck repeatedly in battle. He will go to great lengths to avoid its touch, and only dare parry it when no other option remains.

This final duel—between you, the Secretly Malevolent Jumper, and any allies you call to your side—is meant to be nothing short of legendary. It is the ultimate test of your journey: your strength, your resolve, and the bonds you've forged with companions along the way. This is where destinies are decided, where legends are born, and where your legacy as a Jumper will be written in fire and steel.

Face the darkness. Unleash your light. And bring this chapter to an unforgettable close.



Scenario 46: Graduation Season

It's that time of year again at the Interdimensional Academy—graduation season. The halls are alive with laughter, mischief, and a strange sense of finality. Students from across the multiverse celebrate the closing of one chapter and the uncertain beginning of the next. You've been here for what feels like a lifetime, and through chaos, victory, loss, and strange cafeterias, you've forged bonds that have made this place feel like a second home. Among those closest to you is a dear friend, one who's stood by your side during some of your most dangerous trials. They're graduating soon, and it falls to you—and a handful of your equally enthusiastic (and questionably competent) companions—to give them the send-off they deserve. That means **organizing a party worthy of Academy legend.**



Plans will have to come together fast and messy. They'll involve a rooftop garden only half overrun by semi-sentient vines, acquire a cache of contraband snacks from the cafeteria's pantry, and attempt to coordinate a musical performance from a group of telepathic song-beetles for the amusement of you all. Of course, nothing goes entirely as planned. A few things that could go wrong are a scheduling error meaning the party overlaps with a frat party, several guests accidentally RSVP to a different party hosted by a bored neet god, and the tech to hang floating lanterns backfires, creating a minor constellation war in the courtyard. But spirits will remain high. As chaos mounts, so does the excitement—this will be a party to remember, if it happens at all.

That is, if you can get your party funds back. During your final preparations, your carefully collected money mysteriously disappears. Suspicion quickly falls on a particularly sly raccoon you've seen lurking near the dorms—the same one that once impersonated a staff member for an entire semester, which was funny to watch. After a bit of magical tracking and a reluctant admission, you will discover the thief is making a mad dash for the Raccoon Paradise dungeon to spend the money in piles of shiny stolen junk. Retrieving the funds won't be easy; sneaking into the dungeon without setting off its absurdly high-security snack-based defense systems will require creativity, stealth, or perhaps just very good raccoon diplomacy.

Whatever method you choose, the return of the stolen funds marks the final stretch. The party is on the brink of beginning. Guests arrive in full Interdimensional Academy fashion—from knight students in dragon-scale armor to the girls from the Academy Soccer Team composed of pure energy that pulse with the rhythm of their excitement. Your friend stands by the edge of the rooftop, overwhelmed and trying to hide their tears as they see you preparing what is next. Whether you prepared an emotional speech, a surprise guest appearance, or a chaotic, explosive light show that nearly tears open a hole in the building, the moment hangs heavy with emotion. This is more than just a party. It's a celebration of everything endured and everything yet to come. A picture with some of your classmates will ensue, but you'll be the one taking it!

And now comes your final choice: how will you mark this moment for your friend? Will you make it a night of reckless joy, full of dancing and unspoken goodbyes? Will you gift them something personal, a token of your shared time? Or will you use this as the moment to tell them something you've held back all these years? Graduation doesn't mean the end—but it does mean change, and in the Interdimensional Academy, change always ripples far beyond what the eye can see.

Scenario Rewards: +100

Graduation season brings both laughter and tears. But **this isn't the end**—far from it. Many students, after finishing their time as learners, remain for a few more years as guest instructors in the Interdimensional Academy or residents of the Crossroads, ready to continue their adventures with their friends still in the Academy. The bonds formed here are not easily forgotten, and the life one lives within the Interdimensional Academy leaves a mark deeper than most.

Interdimensional Graduate (Reward Perk)

You've done more than just survive the Academy—one day you'll graduate with distinction, and the Omniverse recognizes it, granting you this perk ahead of your time. As an Interdimensional Academy graduate, you gain an intuitive mastery over all common and easily acquirable knowledge and skills in any new jump, attaining them at a professional level the moment you arrive. More specialized or advanced expertise can still be learned, but the time needed is dramatically reduced to just a fifth of what it would normally take. In moments of true crisis—where lives hang in the balance or destinies pivot—you'll find yourself instinctively equipped with exactly the knowledge or skills needed to act, though only a few times per jump. This is not a crutch, but a gift earned; rely on it too often and it will falter, for greatness still demands your own effort.



Memories from Class 75B during the graduation party of your friend, Interdimensional Academy

Scenario 47: Revelation (Part I)

It is in your sixth year at the Interdimensional Academy when a familiar face appears like a ripple from a forgotten memory. An old acquaintance—one you'd fought beside once, or perhaps simply shared a quiet conversation with—emerges amidst whispers of desperation. But they are no longer free. Beneath their calm surface lies a web of binding symbols and broken will, the signature of a cult whose name you have run into before: the *Followers of the Eclipse*. The revelation cuts deep—this cult has not only resurfaced once again but is moving in rhythm with the recent strange, shifting patterns of light and shadow now haunting the Nexus. And they are not acting alone.



As cycles fracture and the sky forgets the meaning of dawn, daylight collapses into a strange twilight that stretches far too long. The population shivers in confusion, the sun dimming for no reason science or magic can explain. What begins as a rescue soon becomes a race to uncover the cult's connection to this widespread phenomenon. Intervening to free your acquaintance will become the first act in unraveling a much greater threat: a reality ending entity, a prophecy fulfilled in broken shards—*the Eclipse of the End* is stirring, and it seeks to devour reality's light.

You bring this revelation to the Academy's dean, a figure of great wisdom, known for standing still even as dimensions burn. He listens carefully and, after a long silence, reveals the existence of an artifact—an **ornate silver mirror**, lost to time but said to be born from a force of light that once clashed against the Eclipse. It might not stop the cataclysm, he warns, but it could stall it. You're offered no certainty, only a thread to follow, and so you begin your descent into myth. Your allies and companions, will follow closely behind you, drawn not only by duty but by the growing unease they, too, have begun to feel.

Your journey to find the mirror will lead you to the Aetheran continent, to a temple buried in mist and moonlight. Blind priests, silent and unmoving, inhabit this solemn place, and their chants ripple through stone as if awakening something ancient. On the walls, faded murals reveal a cosmic war: **one of shadow and one of brilliance**, though time has erased who truly won. Names come to you in broken whispers—*That Which Beckons Luminescence in Darkness*—a being of light that once battled the Eclipse. Perhaps the answer to the Eclipse of the End will involve this other being of light, for now only theories and conjectures remain.

Claiming the silver mirror from the Head Priest will have consequences, the priests will turn—not from joy, but from reverence to wrath. Their darkened eyes weep blood, their chants become screams, and what should have been a relic of hope becomes the catalyst for carnage. You and your companions will have to flee through collapsing halls, lest you're willing to harm the priest, burdened with more than a mirror: you now suspect the "light" you chase may be just another kind of oblivion. Still, the mirror pulses with strange power, and you return to the Academy with more questions than answers.

Back at the Academy, the dean considers your findings, and a plan begins to take shape. The cult still holds one final relic—the dark heart of their beliefs, a shard of pure entropy. Acquiring it may allow the mirror to channel the counterforce needed to strike the Eclipse. You will need to infiltrate the cult's sanctum, a realm hidden in the most unexpected place. Once there, you will have to defeat the cult leader in a climatic battle and once you have done this he will offer the relic not in defeat but in amusement. His dying breath mocks your efforts, claiming your victory has come far too early... or far too late.

Part I Completion Rewards: +300 CP

You may have gathered the pieces needed to prevent the arrival of the Eclipse of the End, but the job is not done yet. Time is of the essence, and returning to the Academy is a priority. Perhaps with this everything can be solved, but the last words of the cultist's leader gnaw at the back of your mind, what did he exactly mean by that?

Scenario 48: Revelation Part II: Clash of Cosmic Forces

The return of you and your companions will be triumphant, if wary, yet something still gnaws at your senses. The dean prepares the final ritual atop the Academy's highest spire to halt the impending arrival of the Eclipse of the End, silver mirror and dark shard in hand. As the ritual begins, light and darkness intertwine and crackle into a singularity, then an enormous beam of unlight flares towards the skies. The **Eclipse of the End becomes visible in the skies of the Nexus** inside a massive gate as all light dims—partially formed, wounded by some unseen force. You must attempt to stop the ritual, but it's already underway. The dean, Avelin Orinth, consumed in brilliant mad radiance, in his **betrayal** reveals his true gambit: not to destroy the Eclipse, but to strike it down while incomplete—**bait for a greater prey**.



From the light from the gate high in the sky, something else answers. It is not salvation. *That Which Beckons Luminescence in Darkness* reveals itself, an abomination of searing grace, its many faces weeping golden tears that burn the sky. It pierces the Eclipse with divine fury, starting a reality breaking battle just beyond the gate. In mere minutes, the Clash of Cosmic Forces ends with the shattering of the Eclipse's form into fragments of oblivion. But victory tastes bitter—because the gate that now opens in the heavens is not for the Eclipse, but for *it*. **This being did not come to protect, but to replace**. Its goal is not dominion, but erasure. Absolute and perfect unmaking. And now, once it has defeated its rival, now its attention looms across the gate, into the Nexus.

The gate is open, and as long as the ritual is active then doom is but a certainty. You will have to fight. Not because you think you'll win, but because there's no other choice. The dean, empowered by the entity, becomes a vessel of impossible might. The confrontation is worthy of being legendary, requiring all your might, any companion available to aid you, and other allies you can rally. Were you to confront him just with what you had at the moment you began this jump, your defeat would be certain. It will take **all the knowledge, training, friends, allies, and skill learned in this jump** to give you the required edge to overcome this enemy.

This confrontation is meant to become a harrowing moment of going against someone at the peak, someone too powerful and empowered by whatever *That Which Beckons Luminescence in Darkness* is. When he finally falls, screaming not in pain but in sorrow, just moments before the monstrous entity was just about to enter the Nexus the gate seals... mostly. Cracks remain—burning tears of light across the firmament—windows through which the entity peers. It is not here yet. But it is watching. Waiting.

Part II Completion Rewards: +300 CP

In the aftermath, the Academy gathers. Teachers and students stand beneath fractured skies. You will be told the cracks are growing, almost imperceptibly, day by day. The seal did not fail, but it did not succeed. A new threat looms—more patient, more calculating. The Omniverse holds, for now, but your journey is far from over. You and others must become seekers again: of knowledge, of tools, of allies willing to face the light that devours, and the means to prevent the arrival of the entity. Victory was earned—but it was not without cost, and it is not the end. **This is merely the calm before the storm**.

Revelation Scenario – Final Notes

The secretive intentions of Avelin Orinth, the reserved yet immensely powerful dean of the Interdimensional Academy, have at last come to light. At the same time, the Followers of the Eclipse of the End have completed the first phase of their dark prophecy, initiating the arrival of the Eclipse of the End—an ancient, apocalyptic entity poised to annihilate the Nexus and, through it, gain immediate access to every universe across the Omniverse. Your intervention becomes critical, not only to halt the cult’s design, but to prevent the full manifestation of the Eclipse into reality. However, Avelin’s betrayal reveals a deeper conspiracy—one that threatens to replace the current threat with something far worse.

The confrontation with Avelin is intended to take place atop the Interdimensional Academy, beneath a broken sky and in full view of the looming cataclysm. While the dean’s betrayal comes as a shock to many, your Jumper may have noticed the subtle signs—glimpses of a hidden agenda behind the dean’s actions, strange contradictions in their behavior, or warnings from trusted allies. Regardless of the path that led you here, the betrayal reshapes the battlefield entirely.

The arrival of either the Eclipse of the End or *That Which Beckons Luminescence in Darkness* into the Nexus would mark the irreversible unraveling of all things. These entities are not gods, but something adjacent to them—cosmic titans on the cusp of achieving a spark, utterly invulnerable to all but the rarest forces. Stopping their entry into reality is the highest priority. Failure would mean not just destruction, but eventual erasure on a conceptual scale for everyone, including you.

As an additional reward for completing both scenarios, you receive the following items:

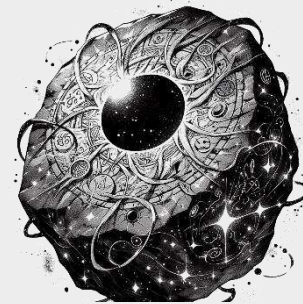
Ornate Silver Mirror (Reward Item)

A rare artifact found in Avelin’s possession during the events of the scenario. While it appears to be an ordinary mirror, its true nature reveals itself only under the scrutiny of beings like your Benefactor, who can sense that it has been tampered with by a force of comparable power. The mirror is etched with arcane runes that channel and reflect cosmic energies. Its most unusual property is its ability to summon the polar opposite of whatever it reflects, provided a matching source of energy is supplied. This item is unique—if used, destroyed, or lost, it will be permanently removed from your warehouse.



Dark Rock Shard (Dangerous Item)

A fragment of the entity known as the Eclipse of the End, collected from the cult’s innermost sanctum. While inert under normal conditions, the shard possesses a limitless ability to absorb light and heat. If exposed to overwhelming levels of power, it awakens and becomes a living conduit—allowing the full manifestation of the Eclipse of the End into the reality in which it resides. Should that occur, total annihilation is all but certain. This item is dangerous and unique. Like the mirror, it cannot be restored once lost, used, or destroyed, and will be permanently removed from your warehouse.



Scenario 49: Existential Threat Part I: Delving the Depths

[This scenario begins **when only two months remain before the end of the jump**. Spanning four interconnected parts, it will unfold over those final weeks, reaching its conclusion just as the jump comes to a close.]

In the wake of the cataclysmic clash that shattered much of the known sky, the Interdimensional Academy and the surrounding city of the Crossroads stand altered—haunted ruins of once vibrant places. The Academy’s wide halls, once brimming with laughter, knowledge, and confrontation, are now eerily quiet. The Crossroads, that once stood as a vital junction for travelers between worlds, stands mostly empty across its avenues, the lingering evidence of the fears and uncertainty shared by its once great population—but only just. Many of the city’s inhabitants have fled, unable to withstand the weight of dread that presses in from the heavens. The fractures left behind from the last cosmic encounter still blaze with thin light, and their persistence is a terrifying reminder that the danger was never truly banished, only delayed.



Despite the evacuation of practically all of the students and even some faculty, you and your most loyal friends and companions remain with you, along some of the professors from the Academy. Time is no longer on their side. **Two months remain until your jump concludes**, and with it, your stay in this world. The sky, once whole and shimmering with warmth and serenity, now seems like a cracked shell ready to fall inward. Attempts to mend these wounds have proven fruitless or, worse, destructive. For every technique tried, for every reality-bending artifact or cosmic rite performed, the fissures only grow wider and pulse with deeper urgency. Each day, they wake with a little less certainty, watching the sky with quiet dread.

Those who remain all share the weight of impending doom. What remains of the community rallies around the heroes that stopped Avelin Orinth from bringing the light monstrosity into the Nexus, not completely out of hope, but from a grim sense of necessity. Among these survivors—students, displaced professors, and surviving Jumpers—there is a quiet, simmering anxiety. Some still consider leaving while they still can, knowing sooner or later the sky will break, and whatever lies outside the Nexus will finally gain entry. Some fear that when that happens, they will be left behind in a dying world. And others worry that the very act of leaving will become meaningless, as even if they leave there will be nothing to stop the entity from following wherever they go eventually.

Then something unexpected occurs. In a strange flash of insight—or perhaps prompted by the unnerving behavior of the light passing through the skylight above the dean’s abandoned office—a **peculiar brick in the wall pulses faintly**, shifting slightly from its place. Upon investigation, it will reveal a long-concealed compartment, one even the dean never spoke of, or perhaps did not know of. Inside is an aged scroll, sealed in stasis, its parchment untouched by time. Should you read it, the story it contains is unsettling. It tells of the academy’s earliest days, long before its current iteration, not long after the multiverses first converged. Ascended beings—entities of immense power—forced the creation of the nexus as a means to completely take over the Omniverse, but something interfered. Something called a Great One.

The scroll grows cryptic toward its end. It speaks of how the presence of this Great One expanded the Nexus beyond what was ever intended, changed its purpose by causing it to suppress being of great power, and then vanished without

explanation. Most of the beyond godlike ascended beings left soon after. But one left behind, an intent that would eventually shape the academy and guide its evolution. The scroll ends with a warning and a promise—that when a time of need come, this being would always aid. But its location is obscured, hidden deep beneath the academy's depths, in a place said to accessible only during moments of dimensional stability. The entrance is located in the third level of the Academy Crypts dungeon, requiring good knowledge of spatial travel and a map of diverse paths one has to follow once they enter a subspace channel.

The current state of the Nexus has weakened its spatial restrictions, and many regions suffer of dimensional instability. Sections of the lower Academy are currently entering a state of flux at times, becoming impossible to reach the hidden entrance that leads to potential resting place of the ancient being. Calculations will reveal that a window will soon come to pass, so you and your companions must wait—forced into a temporary pause. **These final weeks offer a window, not just to regroup, but to confront unresolved tensions, unresolved subplots, fraying friendships, and uncertain alliances.** The end draws closer, but the path is not yet set, and the choices to come will shape what future, if any, awaits. The delay of the expedition will be enough for the following events in the exploration of the Academy Depths and subsequent scenarios will link up perfectly to the jump's end.

Part I Completion Rewards: +100 CP

Scenario Follow-Up:

The Crossroads and the Interdimensional Academy are no longer places of learning or gathering—they are quiet, hollow echoes of what once was. Most have fled, seeking safety in distant universes as the cracked sky looms overhead, each fracture a promise of the annihilation to come. What remains are a few brave—or perhaps reckless—souls: those who believe a solution still exists, those too stubborn to abandon the place they called home, and those too broken or mad to care. The halls feel colder now, no longer filled with the sound of students and laughter.

And yet, your persistence has not been in vain. Among the fading embers of hope, a spark has been found. A lead, fragile but real—a sleeping being buried deep beneath the Academy grounds, one of the architects of the Nexus itself perhaps, possibly still holding the key to healing what's been broken. The path leads to a region known only in fragments of record and myth: the Academy Depths. Access had been impossible until now, sealed off by dangerous dimensional instability caused by the fractures in the sky. But that instability has finally begun to shift, revealing a window of opportunity.

The professors who remain—old veterans of cosmic study—confirm the signs. Now is the time. The fluctuation has opened the way, and what lies beyond can no longer wait. Whatever this being is, whatever answers or dangers await in those ancient catacombs, it is the last lead you have before the final collapse begins.

Your time in the Nexus is almost over. The end of your jump looms just as large as the sky's ruin above. What remains undone, what remains unsaid, this is the last moment to make peace with it all. Those you trust, those who stood with you through horrors and wonders alike, must now be gathered. Allies, friends, maybe even rivals—if they remain, they may come with you. The journey ahead cannot be made alone.

Now, with all preparations finished and the path below slowly revealing itself through shifting marble and shadow, there is only one thing left: to descend. Past the shattered crypts of the Academy, beneath the layers of time and architecture, into the depths where the true foundation of the Academy awaits.

What you find there may not just give you a chance to determine the fate of the Nexus—but everything beyond it. The descent begins.

[Dungeon] Academy Depths

Danger Level [★★★★★] [Forbidden Zone]

The descent into the Academy's depths is anything but ordinary. What begins as a trek down forgotten stairwells and stone corridors towards the third level of the Academy Crypts, reveals a never seen entrance that holds a spatial tunnel that quickly gives way to a world untouched by light, where the fabric of reality warps with every step. Your expedition must move cautiously, navigating patches of flickering dimensional seams that expose glimpses of impossible universes—some too alien to comprehend, others eerily familiar. Time behaves erratically here, sometimes slowing to a crawl, sometimes surging ahead in fits. Occasional echoes whisper through the dark, mimicking the voices of loved ones, mentors, or fears long buried, seeking to lead the unwary astray. The deeper they go, the more it becomes clear that this place was never merely a basement or crypt, but a forgotten layer of the Nexus itself.



During the expedition you're expected to run into many things that thrive in the dark, some harmless and curious, but others that are indeed dangerous and even horrific. At this point, you can expect that you can run into ANY possible monstrous thing that could fit into the cavernous tunnels of the Academy Depths. Occasionally zones with ruins and remains of constructions can be found, filled with ancient and broken objects, that can be used as resting spots after some fortifying. It is an absolute necessity to have a light source at all time, lest many of the things that thrive in the dark quickly feel emboldened and ambush you during your rest.

Other strange locations will reveal themselves as you continue with the expedition, the depths forming a labyrinthine network that seems to go one endlessly in multiple paths. Along the path you should take according to the scroll, you'll find a larger cavern with shifting walls of sand and a putrid liquid ceiling. In this cavern many bones of creatures, both famous and unknown, will lie in piles across the periphery of the cavern. Whatever this place is, it is the lair of something that can eat dragons and other monsters. Fortunately, whatever it is it is not here now, though if you don't leave quick you'll certainly run into something really dangerous that could cause the expedition to fail.

Past the shifting walls and liquid ceilings, the next thing your expedition will uncover is a colossal stone door veiled in cascading threads of spectral light. With effort and combined knowledge, a mechanism hidden within the threads can be revealed, activating a passage that wasn't marked on any map or mentioned in any scroll. Beyond lies a vast subterranean plain of black crystal and ash, surrounded by towering fossilized roots of what might have once been a world tree. At its center rests a mausoleum older than any civilization known to the Academy, surrounded by a circle of extinguished braziers. As the expedition draws close, the temperature plummets, and a strange static hum begins to resonate in their bones—an ancient magic awakening to their presence.

A guardian waits before the mausoleum—an **obsidian-plated Sphinx with glowing blue eyes and a voice like cracking stone**. It poses a riddle, woven in a blend of forgotten languages, testing more than intelligence—it probes the soul, drawing on the fears, desires, and regrets of the answerer. The Sphinx is no mindless guardian. It watches closely, measuring honesty as much as cleverness. There is a sense that other paths could exist—perhaps bypassing the Sphinx through cunning trickery, or appealing to its long-forgotten memories—but failure, however it comes, could provoke something far worse than a simple denial of passage.

Should you or your companions overcome the guardian's trial—by truth, trick, or test—then you will be granted passage through the mausoleum's gates. Inside, the walls shimmer with faint constellations, and murals carved into golden obsidian recount a history no one remembers. At the far end lies a circular chamber housing a sarcophagus. The sarcophagus opens at their approach, revealing nothing. The sarcophagus is empty.

“*Who are you?*”, a high pitched voice only you can hear.

Behind you, not a towering god but a small, fuzzy humanoid being with shimmering purple eyes and hair, with robes that look as if ready for a trip in the cold. A curious floating small girl looks at you curiously, with a yawn that shakes the ceiling dust loose, and regards you with both amusement and curiosity.

Dungeon Expedition Conclusion:

The descent into the Academy Depths yielded no triumphant discovery—no ancient god awaited, no forgotten civilization revealed its secrets, and no riches lay buried beneath the earth. What awaited instead was a long, treacherous journey through silence and shadow, marked by danger and uncertainty. Yet, while the expedition may not have ended in revelation, it has not ended in vain. The encounter at its end, though subtle and strange, may yet hold the key to unraveling the greater mystery. In the quiet echoes of the deep, a path forward begins to take shape—one that could alter the course of the looming catastrophe, **and perhaps help avert a dark future seen in a vision from the stars.**



The sarcophagus lies at the heart of the mausoleum, buried in the deepest reaches of the Academy Depths. Surrounding it, twelve crumbling statues—each representing one of the Sovereigns of the Cosmos—stand in solemn vigil, as if guarding something sacred and eternal. Though the sarcophagus itself lies empty, the presence it once held may not have been flesh and bone, but something far more elusive: a being woven from pure will and transcendent purpose.

Scenario 50: Existential Threat Part II: The 12th Sovereign Will

As the conversation begins, Izun's demeanor shifts from curiosity to solemn understanding the moment her gaze lands on the crest of the Interdimensional Academy. Her quiet sigh and soft-spoken words—"So, it's happening again"—carry a weight that transcends eras. Despite her appearance as a small, unassuming floating girl with little wings, there's an unmistakable presence behind her eyes, the sort of calm that only centuries of watching and remembering could cultivate. She introduces herself, not with pomp, but with resignation: Izun, the Sovereign Will of the Glyph of Radiant Love, and, in her own words, the unofficial caretaker of the Nexus.



As you begin to explain the strange chain of events—your encounter with the cult, the return of the Eclipse of the End, the betrayal of the Academy's dean, and the looming threat of

That Which Beckons Luminescence in Darkness—some of your companions may glance sideways or comment in hushed tones. To them, it seems like you're speaking to empty space. Only when Izun twirls once on her heels does her form become visible to others, startling those unfamiliar with her kind. She regards the reactions with a tired but kind smile, before settling into the heart of the matter.

Izun begins a quiet conversation with your group, asking questions not out of suspicion, but as one might check if a long-forgotten story is repeating itself word for word. She shares what she can: that she is one of twelve remnants of the Sovereigns of the Cosmos, divine intents crystallized into beings of will rather than form. She stayed behind to safeguard the continuity of the Nexus. The Eclipse, she says, has tried to breach the Nexus many times—always thwarted at the last moment by someone or something involving the Sovereigns. Of *That Which Beckons Luminescence in Darkness*, however, she knows nothing. That terrifies her more than she lets on. If such a being enters the Nexus, it could tear through the fabric of the Omniverse with terrifying ease.

She reveals a contingency devised long ago by the Sovereigns, a last-resort measure never enacted: a controlled inward collapse of the Nexus itself. In theory, it would transform the Nexus into a sealed prison, reinforced by the combined inertia of every reality tethered to it—trapping anything inside permanently. It was a plan meant to be used only if no other path remained, designed for beings too dangerous to be allowed access to the multiverse. But Izun warns that such a collapse is not instantaneous. A powerful entity could sense the trap and escape before it completes, especially if it were not already weakened or deceived.

As her voice grows softer, Izun admits her time awake is almost at an end. Being formed of will, consciousness itself is a burden for her, one she cannot maintain for long without a host. Before she vanishes to sleep once more, she offers a final gift—a golden feather pen, a relic from the Nexus's creation. It was once used to draw the borders between realities, and while nearly depleted, it still holds the power to initiate the collapse... or perhaps repair the cracks. But the pen is unstable now, and using it without full understanding risks making things worse. Whether it's a salvation or a disaster waiting to happen is left for you to determine.

With a faint shimmer of golden light, Izun's form begins to fade, offering no command or directive, only the quiet hope that your choices will lead to a better outcome than the last cycle. What happens next will depend on several choices that you've done in this jump, and perhaps in another jump that you may already have been or will be in the future. Consider the following events happen depending on if you meet the criteria for them:

If you have paid for Aurora’s Embrace’s CP cost, earned its recognition as her fated one, and have Myria at your side:

Just as Izun begins to fade into slumber once more, her gaze suddenly locks onto the form of Aurora’s Embrace. Her expression twists into pure disbelief, and the fading halts entirely. With a sudden whoosh of air, she reappears in front of you, her eyes narrowed in intense scrutiny. Without a word, she approaches, scanning you up and down, silencing any attempt to speak with a firm “shhh!” as she continues her impromptu inspection. Then, almost as if solving an ancient riddle, she mutters to herself, “I see... so it was you all along.” Her tone softens into something nearly nostalgic. “It’s good to see you again.” A respectful nod is offered to both Myria and the sword—though Myria looks utterly baffled by the exchange—before Izun bursts into a radiant beam of light and dives into your body, vanishing from sight.

The Sovereign Will of the Glyph of Radiant Love has now chosen you as her host. Though weakened by millennia of slumber, she lingers within you, regathering her strength. Her presence remains unseen to all but you, and even then, she rarely makes herself known—unless, of course, the topic turns to love. Then, Izun becomes both persistent and opinionated, offering advice whether it’s wanted or not. Though the Glyph of Radiant Love remains dormant, you sense that in time, and under the right conditions, she may awaken it once more, granting you a fragment of her forgotten power.

If you are already accompanied by one or more Sovereign Wills, having previously visited the City at the Edge of Nothingness:

Izun pauses mid-fade, her head tilting slightly as if hearing a distant call. Moments later, the other Sovereign Will—or Wills—within you burst forth, glowing with radiant joy. They rush toward Izun, greeting her as a long-lost sister. The reunion is emotional, though restrained in the strange, wordless language of beings made from divine intent. When questioned, Izun and the others explain that she was entrusted with the Nexus, while the rest were stationed at the City to preserve its balance. The Sovereigns once planned for the City and Nexus to be one and the same, but disagreements fractured their vision, and the City vanished into the vast reaches of the Omniverse. The Wills beg Izun to return with them, but she gently refuses, stating her duty remains in the Nexus—unless summoned by her Sovereign, or by the fated one chosen to carry her burden.

If you are neither the fated one of Myria and Aurora’s Embrace, nor carry any other Sovereign Wills:

Izun’s final words linger in the air like the fading warmth of a hearth long gone cold. She gives you a faint smile—an expression more of apology than reassurance—before her form disperses like golden dust into the shadows of the mausoleum. Nothing else follows. Only silence. Yet within that silence remains the weight of revelation, the golden feather in your grasp, and the overwhelming sense that a terrible decision lies ahead. Whether salvation or sacrifice awaits, your choices will shape the fate of the Nexus—and perhaps the Omniverse beyond.

Part II Completion Rewards: +100 CP

A potential path to salvation has emerged. Your encounter with Izun, the long-slumbering Sovereign Will, has provided a glimmer of hope—a means to seal the cracks and halt the entity’s approach. With this knowledge and the golden feather in hand, it is time to return to the surface. But time is slipping away. The countdown to the end of your jump grows shorter with each passing moment, and nearly a week has passed since your descent into the depths began. Sudden tremors and quakes have begun to appear, the time between each shortening with every moment. Time is running out...

Izun, The Sovereign Will of the Glyph of Radiant Love

If you are the fated one of Aurora, Sovereign of the Cosmos, and have been recognized by both her blade and her current incarnation, then Izun will acknowledge you—and without hesitation, claim you as the bearer of her Glyph. Izun is a Sovereign Will, a sentient remnant born from the collective intent of the Twelve Sovereigns of the Cosmos. She emerged during the creation of the Artifact of the Twelve, a structure known by many names across time, but eventually remembered as the **City at the Edge of Nothingness**. When the Nexus was formed, it required the involvement of the Artifact, and Izun chose to remain behind, bound to the Nexus as its unseen caretaker in accordance with her master's final wishes.



In the centuries that followed, the Sovereigns fractured. Not all fell into conflict, but enough for their union to collapse—one was even destroyed in the aftermath. The others dispersed across the Omniverse, pursuing their own agendas, while Izun fell into slumber, sustaining the Nexus in solitude.

As a Sovereign Will, Izun is incorporeal and can only be perceived by her Glyph bearer and chosen host. She cannot directly interact with the material world, but her presence is deeply attuned to emotion—particularly to matters of love. She speaks with fervent passion on the subject, often offering unsolicited advice with the enthusiasm of someone who considers romance sacred. Izun is, however, respectful of your privacy, and usually appears only briefly before vanishing again.

Izun carries the **Glyph of Radiant Love**, a soul-bound mark that once channeled a fragment of her Sovereign's original power. Though this Glyph has now merged with your essence, **it remains dormant**. Her long slumber has left her utterly depleted of energy. It may take years—perhaps multiple jumps—before she fully recovers and can awaken the Glyph's true potential. Only then will you gain access to its deeper mysteries and powers.

Until that day comes, Izun will remain with you, a quiet presence of gentle light and ancient love, guiding you through the Omniverse not with strength, but with conviction—and the unshakable belief that love, in all its forms, is worth fighting for.

Scenario 51: Existential Threat Part III: Running out of Time

The ascent through the collapsing depths of the Interdimensional Academy feels like crawling back through a dying heartbeat. Every few steps, a fresh tremor will rattle the corridor walls, sending clouds of dust and arcane energy swirling around your party. The stone groans above and beneath, pulsing with a rhythm not its own—as if something vast and angry is knocking from the other side of reality. The Nexus itself is cracking not just in sky and stone, but in essence, growing increasingly unstable with every passing hour. The urgency is no longer theoretical. It's palpable. Something is coming, and the air itself seems to recoil in dread.



The golden feather pen remains in your possession, its weight growing heavier with the knowledge of what it might do. Izun's words echo in your mind—that the only place it can be used is atop the Academy, the site of the dean's long-finished but not-forgotten betrayal. As you ascend, those words begin to feel like prophecy. The barriers between dimensions ripple with unnatural pressure. Lights outside flicker not from the glow of torches but from breaches barely holding shut. **Time, once your ally, now burns away like dry paper in a storm of fire.**

Before you reach the surface, the Depths will require one final toll. In the chamber where the walls never sit still and where the ceiling glistens with a corrupt, living liquid, something stirs. **A shape that doesn't belong in this or any sane dimension slides into view.** Towering and coiled, it smells of grave rot and scorched ozone, covered in slick plates of dead chitin and crowned with thirty-one malformed eyes—each cursed and shriveled, twitching in all directions, yet somehow, **the creature is blind.** It devours things that once devoured dragons, and its very breath curdles spells into ash. How you pass it—through strength, trickery, or miracle—is up to you. But ignoring it is not an option. Curiously, if you notice very hard enough, you'll see the thing has a little purple bow in one of its tentacles, almost like the color of Izun's hair. Could it be a very weird pet?

Whatever solution you forge, it is bound to not be easy. You will emerge from the Depths bloodied or shaken, possibly scarred in ways that may not heal soon, or perhaps it will be thanks to your companions that success will be possible against all odds. And when you do, the surface will be unrecognizable. The sky is a fractured mirror of luminous cracks, bleeding rays of searing radiance that ripple with alien pulses. Light and shadow distort across the land, a mockery of normalcy. The cracks are no longer still—they spiral outward like a blooming wound, forming a vast eye that gazes at nothing and everything. Somewhere behind it, *That Which Beckons Luminescence in Darkness* continues its assault on the barriers of reality. The silence before the scream.

Now, only a handful of days remain before your jump ends. The final decision looms: Do you prepare the pen? Do you collapse the Nexus? Do you risk it all on a different solution, even if none has yet revealed itself? Whatever you choose, the weight of it will define not just your fate, but the fate of many worlds still dreaming in peace. And whatever watches through the cracks is no longer waiting. It is almost breaking through.

Part III Completion Rewards: +100 CP

Scenario Follow-Up:

Upon reaching the surface, the state of the cracks in the sky is evident. The entity is close to breaking through, with cracks already wide enough that some of its unlight is coming through. Your destination is the Academy, and with only a few days before the jump ends, you must hurry if you're to do something about the final fate of the Nexus.

Scenario 52: Existential Threat Part IV Finale: Descent of Light

The surface of the Nexus greets you not with relief, but with dread. The sky has ruptured into a canvas of unnatural brilliance—radiant fissures spill across the heavens, dripping iridescent light like blood from a wound. What seemed beautiful at a glance soon reveals its monstrous nature. Shapes form from the brilliance at the places it strikes, writhing with alien grace—echoes and fractured splinters of *That Which Beckons Luminescence in Darkness*, each an aberrant herald of the coming doom. They fall like a rain of meteors upon the land, twisting what remains of the Crossroads and tainting the ruins of the Academy with their presence.



Racing against time, mere hours remain, you and your allies will have to throw yourselves into battle, struggling not for victory but for containment. These monstrous reflections are not mere illusions; each is a piece of something incomprehensible, imbued with the cold, cruel will of an entity that should not exist. As their presence multiplies, they unravel the borders of reality faster, widening the cracks in the sky. The very air trembles beneath them. The world begins to unravel as if rejecting their existence—and yet they remain. The academy's halls turn into warzones, corridors of memories now haunted by luminous horrors.

Your group will have to move through flame, storm, and crumbling stone. The way back to the highest point of the Academy is a crucible, one that claims much in the journey. Allies may falter. Bonds may be tested. But you must press forward, the golden feather pen clutched tight, the memory of Izun's words burning in your thoughts. Only atop the Academy—where it all began—can you use this final tool. But even that choice feels unbearable. You feel it in the deep silence between moments, the knowledge that the time for half-measures is gone. There will be no coming back. Not for this world.

Then it appears, a piece larger than most awaits for you and your companions at the entrance at the Academy, the very same place where you first began your journey in this jump is now the last. This piece of *That Which Beckons Luminescence in Darkness* seems driven by purpose and hate, as if it knows why you're rushing towards the Academy. Whether it can feel it, or it is driven by the will of its greater self, the spawn of the light titan is here to stop you, this is to be your final challenge.

Greater Spawn of *That Which Beckons Luminescence in Darkness*

This is it! The final wall between you and the Academy's summit. Towering and monstrous, the Greater Spawn is no mere echo like the lesser aberrations plaguing the Nexus. It is a piece of something far worse: **a fragment torn from the edge of the light titan's form, forged in the instant before its descent into the Nexus.** It stands in your path like a divine sentinel, a being of unlight so dense that the world bends around it. **It appears utterly invincible, immune to any conventional attack or supernatural force not empowered by something deeper—something written into your very essence.**



Though it mimics the true entity in power and design, the Greater Spawn lacks one critical trait: **it cannot override or bypass the metaphysical protections and advantages granted by Jumpchain perks.** What that means is simple—it can be fought, and it can be brought down, but only by those whose abilities are backed by CP, forged through the fire of a thousand worlds. Every swing, every strike, every breath must be deliberate. It is not a battle of strength, but of metaphysical supremacy. And you are on the clock.

Its purpose is clear—it senses the Golden Feather Pen, and its hunger is absolute. It will relentlessly pursue whoever carries the pen, ignoring all else unless provoked. As the battle drags on, the creature begins to glow with increasing intensity, radiating a corrupt brilliance that saturates everything around it. The longer it remains, the more it poisons the battlefield with its presence. The light it sheds is not light at all, but infection, and those caught within it begin to sprout lesser spawns—parasitic things that crawl from skin, armor, and even stone.

The longer the battle goes on, the more crowded and unstable the area becomes. What begins as a duel becomes a storm of horror, as the Spawn's light births more of its kin in an expanding radius. Waiting means death by attrition. Charging forward is a gamble. The tension builds by the second, as allies are forced to make impossible choices. Should any other Jumpers be present, they may try to hold the line, but without your power, their chances are uncertain at best. Some might try to delay it, others might fight to win—but every moment they delay gives you time to reach the summit.

You stand at a crossroads. Do you stay and face the beast yourself, risking everything to buy your allies time and ensure the Nexus's final battle can unfold without interruption? Or do you leave them behind, trusting in their power as you sprint toward the highest point of the Academy to use the pen and force the collapse of the Nexus before it's too late? There is no clear right answer—only a single, overwhelming truth: time is running out.

And the light... the light is coming.

After defeating the Greater Spawn or going past it then the summit awaits. The wind here is silent and heavy, like the world itself holding its breath. Above, the cracks glow brighter, and something vast and terrible presses against the barrier of the sky. It knows you're here. It knows its chance is slipping away. If you hesitate now, if you fail to act, it will come fully into the Nexus—no longer fragment, but whole. Its arrival would mark the end, not just of this reality, but of the countless others it would devour through the tear. Your only options are sacrifice, cunning, or surrender.

But not all hope is lost. If you've kept them, tools remain—each dangerous in their own right. **The Golden Feather Pen** can collapse the Nexus itself, sealing it from the Omniverse and trapping the entity inside. Yet this gambit alone may not be enough. **The Dark Rock Shard** holds the connection to the Eclipse of the End, the other unfathomable titan. **The Silver Ornate Mirror**, once part of a greater scheme, might reflect what it once summoned. With daring precision, you could collapse the Nexus, summon the Eclipse into its prison, and reflect the Lightbringer into it as well—**trapping both gods of annihilation within a dead realm, forever at war.**

But such brilliance is paid in blood. These entities will not be weakened, no longer deceived. They will arrive at full strength, their focus entirely on one another being the only boon you will have. Their clash will be cataclysmic, the stuff of legends and extinction. No place in the Nexus will be safe. Companions who have walked beside you may fall should they be caught in the crossfire, and those caught outside protective artifacts or shelter will simply vanish—erased as if they had never been. To survive, even for minutes, will be a battle worthy of the strongest will. You'll need to think fast, act faster, and hope the time remaining is enough before both entities begin their titanic clash once more.

And if you do survive, if you endure until the moment your ten years end, the jump will take you away, pulling you from the sealed and broken shell of the Nexus. You will have to survive for only 10 minutes before its time, yet they will feel like an eternity. The warehouse can become an ark, sheltering any who remained close enough to escape with you. What lies behind is unknowable—two monsters locked in eternal struggle, a dying realm collapsing in on itself. Those who could not escape or hide within your warehouse or any other jumper's warehouse will be annihilated, and those that managed to find shelter may once the jump ends be scattered, flung into unknown worlds, their fate uncertain but not yet lost. The Omniverse, at least, remains untouched... for now.

And then, it ends. No fanfare, no flourish. One moment you are amid the storm of gods, and the next—silence. Light. A familiar figure awaits you, just like the first time. Perhaps Jumpchan. Perhaps someone else. A smile, a nod, or simply a knowing look. You have made your choice. You have survived what should never have been. And now, a new chapter begins... or perhaps, the true story is only just unfolding.

Part IV Completion Rewards: +400 CP

See Scenario Final Notes

Existential Threat Scenario – Final Notes

The fate of the Interdimensional Academy, the city of the Crossroads, and the Nexus itself has now been sealed—either by salvation, sacrifice, or annihilation. Whether you brought about the collapse of the Nexus to contain the entities, or found another path altogether, your actions have left an irreversible mark across the Omniverse.

Should you have succeeded in trapping both the Eclipse of the End and That Which Beckons Luminescence in Darkness within the sealed Nexus, then you have done what no being in any reality has managed before: forcing two absolute forces of cosmic ruin into an eternal war, their power bound by mutual destruction and the walls of their prison. In doing so, you have safeguarded untold multiverses and given the Omniverse a fragile but precious peace. But at a terrible cost.

In this ending, you are both the destroyer and the savior. The Nexus is gone—its people scattered, its structures broken, its histories buried under layers of time and dimension. Those who found sanctuary within your warehouse, or another Jumper's, are spared—but when the jump ends, they are cast adrift, hurled through collapsing rifts into random realities. They may emerge again in your travels, changed by their journey, shaped by a universe not their own.

The echoes of the Nexus's end are felt far beyond its fractured walls. Across countless worlds, strange phenomena ripple through the edges of existence: cracks that never were, flickers of light that vanish when seen, voices that whisper of a place that no longer exists. For a fleeting moment, the Omniverse remembers the Nexus... and then forgets, as if it had only ever been a dream.

As always, the path you walk through this story is yours to define. The scenarios present one possible version of events—a structure, a momentum. But the truth is fluid, and your creativity can bend or break any rule. So long as you engage with the spirit of the scenario—protecting the Omniverse and rising to the existential challenge—the rewards are yours.

Jump Reward: The Scroll and Pen of Multiversal Creation

What was once the key to sealing the Nexus is now transformed. The Scroll and the Golden Feather Pen, once wielded by the Sovereigns, have fused into a single artifact—subtle in appearance, limitless in potential. Though greatly diminished in power, the Pen and Scroll still possess the ability to shape reality like ink upon parchment. Their influence in most worlds is minor, capable of shifting details and weaving small changes without drawing attention from the fabric of fate or interfering much with the setting itself.

However, within your warehouse, the rules loosen. Once per jump, the Scroll and Pen may expand your warehouse's size by a tenth, compounding with each use. With time and persistence, your warehouse can grow to the size of a universe—and once that threshold is crossed, new realities within it begin to form. These alternate warehouse-universes multiply until a true multiverse emerges, complete and infinite.

When this happens, the Pen and Scroll will awaken to their full glory, regaining their original strength. Within this internal multiverse, they bestow upon you or anyone you grant them to, true omnipotence—complete and unquestioned dominion over everything within your multiversal domain.

If lost, destroyed, or stolen, these artifacts will always return to your warehouse at the dawn of the following day. After all, they are now a part of you—of your story, and the story of a Nexus that once was, and may one day be remembered again.



Drawbacks

You may take some additional complications to make your journey more difficult in exchange for additional CP. All drawbacks fade at the end of the jump.

Self-Insert [+0]

So you want to be one of the Named characters from another setting, well if you take the appropriate background, race and skills as closely as possible then you are free to go in as any character you would like. However you will receive both their boons and obligations, whatever that may mean to the character.



Alternate Universe [+0 CP]

Do you want to go somewhere else? Maybe there is a games, cartoons, or comics version universe you would rather go to that is connected to the Nexus with a version of the Academy you might be more familiar.

That annoying friend [+100 CP]

During your stay at the Academy you'll make an annoying friend that will try to follow you wherever you go. They are not powerful nor very clever, but they are relentless and extremely good at figuring where you are and following you no matter what. They are well intentioned but are guaranteed to be very annoying most of the time. Should they die or become unable to remain near you then soon enough another new friend will join you, more annoying than before.

Extended Stay [+100 CP] [Up to +200 CP]

For each purchase of this your time of arrival becomes 10 years earlier than expected, and you'll have to stay that much additional time in this jump, and you might now join the Academy until then. The scenarios will only begin during the final 10 years of the jump. You may select this **up to 2 times**.



Initial Affability Mismatch [+100 CP]

Initial interactions with unchosen companions from this jump will convey an overly unfavorable impression, misrepresenting your intentions and potentially causing them to antagonize you. Rectifying this misalignment demands substantial effort from you and considerable leniency from them.

Academic Registration Anomaly [+100 CP]

An anomaly in your registration has created a ripple effect, causing significant trouble for a respected teacher within the Academy. This unforeseen issue has positioned you in the crosshairs of their frustration, resulting in deliberate attempts to disrupt and complicate your tenure at the institution.

Lesser Fragmented Memory [+100 CP]

Upon arrival, a dimensional disturbance has fragmented your memories, making it challenging to recall events from both your jumps and your prior experiences. However, there's a silver lining—time appears to be aiding in this restoration process. Over the course of an estimated six years, your memories should gradually coalesce, allowing for the recovery of your entire past.



Doppelgänger Party [+100 CP]

In the Omniverse, the presence of infinite versions of yourself manifests in at least five identical counterparts who have materialized within the Academy and the Crossroads. They mirror your intelligence and appearance but lack your unique jumper abilities. While they're not empowered, they seem to relish causing mischief and challenges. It's essential to note that any harm directed at them rebounds fivefold onto you, making interactions with these duplicates particularly tricky, especially when managing the repercussions of their actions.

Relentless Bullying [+100 CP]

Within the Academy, you're targeted by an individual whose innate abilities pose a formidable challenge. Their relentless nature ensures no respite, and even if somehow you manage to navigate around them or defeat them, a more powerful bully promptly takes their place. This unending cycle of adversaries makes it a perpetual struggle, with each subsequent antagonist proving to be even more formidable than the last.



Money Troubles [+100 CP]

An unresolved discrepancy in your documentation has led to a critical problem: a lack of income support. Although you can earn money through external work, any funds acquired seem to vanish unexpectedly. The mystery deepens as this financial instability extends its influence, affecting any other income-related perks you possess. The source of this vanishing wealth remains unknown, creating a constant challenge to sustain your financial stability.



Forced Attendance [+100 CP]

Your presence in the academy inherently demands self-improvement and academic dedication. Skipping classes or failing exams triggers disciplinary measures, potentially resulting in severe consequences like expulsion. The gravity of such an outcome means forfeiture of all acquired perks and items from this jump. Staying committed to academic pursuits isn't just encouraged; it's a critical mandate for maintaining your foothold within this space of growth and learning.

The Jumper Revealed [+100 CP]

An inexplicable phenomenon has unveiled your identity to all fellow jumpers and other enemies you might have within the Academy, rendering any attempts at disguise or concealment futile. This revelation demands proactive measures: establishing positive relationships becomes crucial, while evading potential threats from those aware of your nature becomes a critical for your survival.

Dungeon Connoisseur [+100 CP]

Oh you share a passion for delving into dungeons to explore and conquer? Then you are now expected to explore and map all of the dungeons located below the Academy before your jump's end. Failure to do so will incur in a penalty, making you lose your most expensive perk from this jump.

S-Rank Imperative [+200 CP] [Requires S-Rank Origin]

The role of a jumper in this realm demands excellence beyond compare, requiring you to attain and maintain an S-rank status throughout your tenure. Falling from achieving this during the first year carries dire consequences: expulsion from the academy and the imposition of a mysterious curse. Even worse, many jealous students are aware of this and will aim to make you fall at all costs. Should you falter and lose your S-rank standing, this curse will strip you of any perk, power or enhanced status that improves your physical abilities, leaving you with the limitations of a normal human. You may keep any perk or powers that do not affect your physical abilities in any way, and should you for some reason restore your S-Rank status then the curse will be temporarily lifted for as long as you remain like that.



Teacher Woes [+200 CP] [Requires Academy Teacher Origin]

As a teacher within the academy, your role is pivotal in fostering an ideal environment for student growth. Yet, inexplicably, your duties are fraught with unrelenting challenges. Instances of theft, cheating, underage girls insinuating into you and pervasive threats continually plague your efforts, making your job exceptionally arduous. Compounded by these constant disruptions, your performance is evaluated

annually, subjecting you to a stringent five-star rating system. Falling below a four-star average results in dishonorable expulsion from the academy, accompanied by the loss of access to your items and warehouse for the remainder of the jump. This failure also entails the shame of being recognized as an inadequate teacher, known to all within the academy.

Cultists Abound [+200 CP]

There are cultists hidden within the Academy and the Crossroads, and they are no longer content hiding in the shadows. No matter what their mysterious objective is, they are becoming a threat for the safety of the students and people, and the worst part is that no one knows who is involved or not. Expect people to go missing, dark rituals exposed at day light, monsters roaming where they were not supposed to, and an overall increase in danger during your stay at the Academy until the cultists are stopped.



Persona non-grata [+200 CP]

It seems that you've done something during one of your travels that has caused the Draven family to designate you an unwanted person, and they want you gone. They consider you weak and an annoyance, and will at first attempt to kidnap you and throw you through some rift to never be seen again. Failing that they will employ their assassin network to take care of you, but there's still hope as this drawback may be resolved with a combination of diplomacy and strength of arm.

Devil Quest [+200 CP]

Someone has stolen the Dark Spear, and the little devil Mara believes you are responsible. You must gather your friends and companions, and embark on an epic quest to recover the four elemental crystals in order to unlock a mystical door that holds the answer to this mystery and to prove your innocence on this matter. Even worse, some strange power originating from the Dark Spear is affecting you, making you grow weaker every day until this is resolved. Did I forget to mention that you have to attend your classes at the Academy as well?

A Murder Mystery [+200 CP]

Someone has been killed, and all the evidence points towards you. At the moment they haven't figured it but it's only a short matter of time when the big guns and cavalry of the Academy will go after you. It's up to you to catch the real culprit and clear your name, and should you get caught death or worse is what you can expect to happen.

A Revenant Rush [+200 CP]

It appears information about a mythical artifact known as the Revenant Pearl have leaked to the public. The item promises the ability to change one's fate with no limit and thousands of explorers and other interested parties have joined in the search of the Pearl. You must join too and be warned of the consequences of allowing someone else to use it, as this drawback connects you to the pearl and any wish

or change made to it will first drain you of everything resulting in your immediate death, better have some of those extra 1-UPs ready in case you're not there first. This also means you cannot use the pearl for the duration of this jump without you instantly dying to it.

What a lovely Atmosphere [+200 CP]

At some point during your stay the presence of a thing called the Babakshee, something other that lives between universes and thrives on twisted love. Its mere presence influences everything and everyone around it, growing stronger with each day. However special beings like yourself Jumper are immune to its emotional manipulation abilities. That is, if you don't take this drawback. By doing so, you will be as vulnerable as the rest of the non-jumpers in the Academy, and with it the risk of losing yourself to the pink atmosphere that will reign. Failure to stop the evil being will result in it devouring all the emotions of everyone involved at the apex of everything that happens at the time, killing most of those under its influence and leaving the rest permanently emotionally damaged.



Marked by Shadows [+400 CP]

Your arrival has been predicted by the Followers of the Eclipse and they know you are an obstacle for their plans. A cult order will be issued, and they will aim to take your life by all means possible. The Academy can hold them off for a time, but you will not be entirely safe even inside Academy grounds. Stopping the cultists will not be possible until the events mentioned during Scenario Four are completed, and they will be much stronger now because they've had enough prep time for you.

Canon Event [+400 CP]

You will be forced to participate in the events detailed in the scenarios, and failure to be present for each of the major events in the scenarios will entail a jumpfail for you. Even worse, the plot will try to diverge from what explained in the scenarios, and should it do so then you'll fail the jump as well.



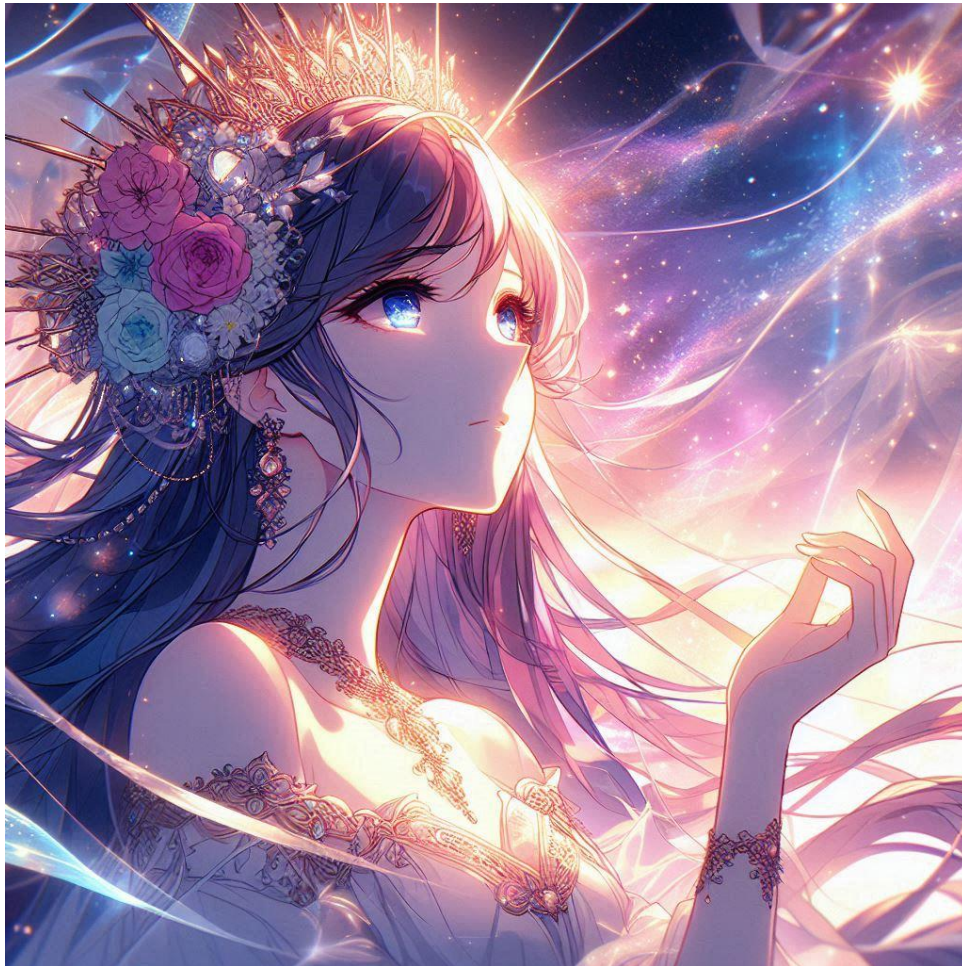
Lockdown [+600 CP]

This is it, the classic power loss drawback. You won't have available to you any of your powers, perks, abilities, items or companions for this jump. You will need to use your own wits and cleverness and make a lot of new friends to survive during your time in the Academy.

The Eclipse Manifests [+1000 CP]

There's a sequence of events that will culminate on the Eclipse of the End's arrival to the Nexus, only to be bested by a trap of its ancient enemy. However by picking this drawback things change, and now the Eclipse of the End will manifest with no warning 1 year before its time. This will catch the entire Nexus population unprepared and unless some kind of miracle happen it is likely that everything will turn dark and silent... forever.

As a jumper you have tools and other knacks at your disposal, and may have some way to deal with this cosmic threat, enough to ensure you and the Nexus survives this catastrophe. Should the Eclipse of the End annihilate most of the Nexus's population, then you will lose all the CP you would have earned from drawbacks along anything bought with it. There's no need to mention that being annihilated by this cosmic entity will mean an unavoidable chain fail for you.



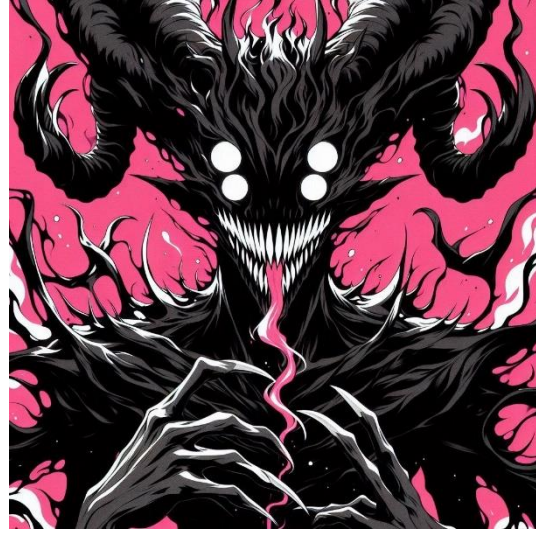
A sight from countless eons ago, Sovereign of the Cosmos, Aurora of the Everlasting Light—her gaze lost in the endless expanse of possibility, envisioning a future where, for just a moment, she can embrace the fleeting beauty of mortal life beside her beloved.

Horrors from the Omniverse

The Babakshee, Embodiment of Twisted Love

[City Level Threat | Class: Emotion-Eater, Psycho-Entity]

A malign entity birthed from the decaying embers of forgotten love, **The Babakshee** is a demonic force that exists solely to exploit and pervert affection. Thought to have originated from a broken realm where the collective grief of an entire civilization congealed into sentience, the Babakshee does not simply feed on love—it **devours the very capacity to feel it**, warping joy into agony and passion into madness.



Upon arrival, it does not announce itself with thunder or fire. Instead, the Babakshee infiltrates quietly, like a sweet perfume that lingers too long. Its influence begins subtly—hearts flutter a bit too easily, emotions intensify, and strangers find themselves bound by manufactured intimacy.

Relationships blossom overnight, marriages are proposed without warning, and cities fall into euphoric revelry. What appears to be a golden age of connection is merely **the bait**, and the longer the Babakshee remains, the deeper it hooks into the emotional architecture of a region.

Inevitably, the illusion shatters. The Babakshee reaches a threshold where its accumulated emotional energy blooms into a monstrous harvest. It triggers the collapse all at once—**turning love into grief, trust into betrayal, and hope into despair**. Whole communities are reduced to hollow husks—individuals with no memory of who they loved, or worse, violently driven to annihilate the objects of their obsession. Survivors speak of a coldness that never leaves, like a phantom limb of the heart still aching in the void.

Its lair exists in a **dimensional subspace** of bleeding color and infinite corridors—a living maze filled with echoing laughter, ghostly music, and mirrors that reflect idealized versions of the self. Within this domain, the Babakshee takes a form hidden behind a false form of impossible beauty, while it truly is a towering figure of shadows and black fire, with long limbs, pointy fingers, horns and rows of teeth in a twisted smile. Here it is corporeal, and here it can be slain—but only those immune to its emotional manipulation (such as certain Jumpers or entities of profound mental discipline) can hope to resist the psychic assault that floods the lair.

The Babakshee cannot be negotiated with, reasoned with, or contained after reaching maturity. Once fed enough emotional energy, it becomes strong enough to **anchor its lair onto reality itself**, and no seal or banishment can then prevent its presence. Entire cities have been lost to its twisted hunger. Some whisper it leaves behind fragments of itself in broken hearts, slowly rebuilding its essence across centuries. Stopping the Babakshee requires swift detection, emotional resilience—and the resolve to face love's most painful lies.

Mor'Hortal, Devourer of Causality and Harbinger of Tragedy

[Star Level Threat | Class: Causality Devourer, Eldritch Entity]

A creature beyond comprehension, **Mor'Hortal** is not born of any known realm, law, or divine lineage. It is an aberration from the interstitial spaces between realities—where time unravels, and cause and effect lose meaning. Known as the **Devourer of Causality**, this grotesque Outsider does not simply kill or destroy. It *erases*. Its presence unbinds the narrative threads that make up history, rendering entire sequences of events untouchable and immutable. To encounter Mor'Hortal is not merely to face death—but to be *denied remembrance*, as though one's very significance in the universe is revoked.



Its form is mutable and surreal—shifting between tendrils of negative space, glowing cyclopean orbs, and unfathomable geometric horrors that defy dimensional consistency. Witnesses describe it differently, often inconsistently, and always with a sense of wrongness that seeps into the mind. Some recall hearing a thousand voices speaking in reverse, while others experience the sensation of their own memories collapsing like a dying star. Magic falters near it. Technology stutters. Even divine boons become erratic, as if the laws that permit them had never been written in Mor'Hortal's presence.

The true terror of Mor'Hortal lies not just in its raw power, but in its apparent immunity to all forms of temporal and causal manipulation. Spells to reverse time, artifacts to alter fate, and powers that could undo planetary cataclysms—all fail before it. Events touched by Mor'Hortal become fixed scars on reality. One cannot travel back and stop it. One cannot prevent its arrival. Its appearance marks a sealed chapter in the annals of existence, where no hand—mortal or divine—can rewrite the ink it has spilled. Entire worlds have fallen into despair merely from the knowledge that what it undoes can never be made whole again.

To truly defeat Mor'Hortal is not to trick it or undo its steps—it is to find it, wherever it vanishes across the Omniverse, and **destroy** it in its entirety. A feat requiring unfathomable power and precision, for the creature wields enough might to unravel a star when enraged. It does not linger long in one place, slipping between universes with silent intent. But when it manifests, tragedy follows like shadow to light. Few beings have faced it and survived. Fewer still speak of it without trembling. And yet, for those like **Ezekya**, whose lives it has shattered, the hunt for Mor'Hortal is not only a matter of vengeance—but of impossible hope.

The Eclipse of the End

[Multiversal Level Threat +++ | Class: Existential Threat, ???]

It begins with a shadow. Not one cast by light, but one that devours it. A creeping pall drapes itself across the universe, subtle at first—a lingering dusk that refuses to fade. Stars dim without cause. Suns flicker like dying embers. The sky fractures, bleeding void. The cosmos holds its breath, and in that silence, the inevitable arrives. The Eclipse of the End. It has no will, no desire. It does not hate, nor does it hunger. **It simply is—the closing of the final chapter, the breath before oblivion.**

Its form is not meant for mortal minds to comprehend. **A shifting mass of abyssal black, darker than the void itself, a silhouette against nothingness.** It writhes, amorphous and fluid, yet structured in a way that defies sanity. A core pulses at its heart, a terrible beacon of anti-light that does not illuminate but instead drowns everything in its unglow. It does not move through space; space itself bends, distorts, and collapses as it passes. It is always there, looming over every horizon, a cosmic specter of inevitable erasure.



The universe resists, as it always does. Gods scream into the void, heroes rise against the tide, civilizations unleash weapons of unthinkable power. None of it matters. The Eclipse does not fight back. It does not acknowledge. To strike at it is to strike at the concept of nightfall, at the ceasing of breath, at the whisper of entropy. Space warps in its presence, rendering distances infinite. The closer one gets, the farther away it becomes. The illusion of reachability, **the cruelest trick of all.**

And then, the universe cracks. Time stutters. Reality shudders under the unbearable weight of its presence. Thoughts fracture, hope withers, will is undone. Even those who flee cannot escape its gaze, for the boundaries between worlds harden, locking them inside. When the final hour nears, the last light flickers—a distant star gasping its death rattle. And then nothing. **A silence so complete, so final, that even memory ceases to exist.**

None know where The Eclipse of the End will strike next. It follows no pattern, adheres to no law. It rides the shifting tides of existence, emerging when the time is right and vanishing when its work is done. Some believe it can be summoned, a multiversal horror beckoned by those who do not understand what they call upon. Perhaps that is the cruelest fate of all—to be the architect of your own oblivion. **Immutable, invulnerable, untouched by gods and conquerors alike. It is not the end of a world. It is the end of endings.**

That Which Beckons Luminescence in Darkness

[Multiversal Level Threat +++ | Class: Existential Threat, ???]

It arrives as salvation. A luminous presence beyond comprehension, descending from the void like an angel of divine mercy. Cities bow before its radiance, voices tremble with reverence. It speaks in whispers of deliverance, a promise that the pain of existence shall soon be no more. For those who suffer, who despair, who long for release—it offers an end. **A glorious, rapturous end.**



But beneath the blinding glow, something writhes. The light that first seems warm and inviting grows too bright, too harsh, searing the eyes and minds of all who gaze upon it. And then, the faces appear—**countless, tormented, layered upon each other in a shifting, writhing tapestry of agony.** They scream without sound, their mouths stretched in silent horror, their expressions locked in a suffering that never ends. They were the first to believe. **They were the first to be devoured.**

That Which Beckons Luminescence in Darkness does not wait. It does not linger. The light intensifies, unstoppable, spreading like a divine infection. Anything it touches begins to warp—bodies shatter into cascading beams, minds melt into luminous oblivion. **Reality itself cracks**, unable to withstand the pure, unrelenting radiance. Structures dissolve into nothingness, entire worlds reduced to ephemeral glimmers before vanishing entirely. And then the true horror begins. From the light, horrors emerge—perversions of the entity's own essence, shifting aberrations that tear through existence, spreading its luminous plague.

Escape is impossible. The more one resists, the brighter it burns. It feeds on defiance, drinks in the screams of the dying, delights in the unraveling of everything once thought sacred or real. It does not merely end universes; it unweaves them, leaving not even the comfort of oblivion. **Nothing remains but the empty hush of a cosmos that no longer is, a Nothingness more absolute than the deepest abyss.**

Unlike its silent counterpart, The Eclipse of the End, this entity is aware. It is malicious. It seeks out universes and multiverses to consume, moving with intent, always searching for the next world to cleanse in fire and radiance. The Nexus represents the perfect opportunity for this entity to gain access to every single universe and multiverse that exists within the Omniverse, its success allowing this horror to begin consuming everything that is. There is no bargaining with it, no repelling it, no understanding its true nature beyond the absolute certainty of annihilation. **It is not light. It is not salvation. It is only death, masked in the cruelest, most radiant lie.**



A fragment of That Which Beckons Luminescence in Darkness lies hidden within an unassuming lamp in the Academy dean's office—a vessel of ancient design, quietly harboring the unholy unlight of the radiant titan. Awaiting its foretold moment, the false light within the bulb pulses with silent malice, ready to ignite the path into the heart of the Omniverse. Who would have guessed such horror sat veiled behind a humble glow? The dean knew, and his plan will come to fruition during the events of the jump.

Final Choice

The jump ends not with silence, but with the echo of something greater—the aftermath of a journey that reshaped realities. What began as a curious step into the unknown halls of the Interdimensional Academy soon became something far more profound: a tapestry of mysteries unraveled, friendships forged, romances kindled, and conspiracies uncovered. You have danced at masquerades, battled cosmic horrors, and stood against the unraveling of the Omniverse itself. Whatever you once were when you arrived—a student, a wanderer, a stranger—you are no longer. The Academy changed you... and you have changed it in turn.

But now, the path ahead forks. The curtain draws near, and yet one final decision remains. Not a test, not a riddle—just a choice. One only you can make.

Stay

So you wish to remain. Perhaps the Nexus still holds, suspended between ruin and rebirth, scarred but standing. Here, in this crossroads of infinite worlds, you've found more than challenge—you've found meaning. Maybe friends. Maybe love. Maybe a place that feels like home. You may wish to settle here and shape the future of the Nexus, help rebuild the Academy, or simply live out your days in a world where stars speak and dreams have weight. Or maybe you remain to face the entities again, not out of necessity, but of purpose—an eternal duel with titans as a testament to who you are. Whether peace or peril awaits, it is yours to choose.

Return Home

You've seen beyond the veil. You've touched truths that stretch across stars and shadow, and now... you wish to go back. Back to Earth, or to whatever world first called you its own. But you return not as the one who left. With the wisdom, power, and vision earned here, your return is not retreat—it's transformation. Will you elevate your world to a paradise of wonder and progress? Rule it with divine might? Or simply walk among its people, watching sunsets with old eyes and a quiet smile? Whatever path you take, it begins anew—at home, with everything you've become.

Onward Toward a Brighter Future

Or perhaps... it's simply time to continue. The Omniverse is wide, and this was but one story among countless others waiting to unfold. New jumps await, brimming with possibility. Worlds where stars are sentient, where dreams sing songs, where lords shape reality, where cities drift at the edge of nothingness. Perhaps one day, in one of those futures, you will return to a place that echoes with memory—of a library that never ends, of a rooftop where you could once see the cracked sky, of faces you'll never forget and maybe restoring the Interdimensional Academy back to its glory. And when that day comes, you will not return as you were, but as you are now—greater, wiser, and ready for whatever comes next.

So choose, Jumper.

The moment where the page turns has arrived.

What comes after depends on your greatest power, your choice.

Author's Words

And here it is—the update no one asked for, yet the one I couldn't resist making: a complete overhaul of my very first original jump, *Interdimensional Academy*. What started as a simple plan to fix typos and tweak formatting across all my previous jumps somehow spiraled into a full-blown rewrite. Being my first, *Interdimensional Academy* had its fair share of issues—awkward phrasing, clunky formatting, and ideas that once made sense to me but now felt... off.

Like most of my projects, what began small quickly grew. I added a bit here, restructured a bit there—then expanded the companions, refined the mechanics, and gradually raised everything to the quality bar of my more recent works. What was once a 92-page jump has now transformed into a 208-page epic. Yikes. But also: worth it.

As always, thank you so much for reading. I hope that, just like the original version, this jump can serve as a gateway for your Jumper's story—whether filled with mystery, chaos, romance, or cosmic-scale battles. Let this Academy become the starting point for something truly unforgettable.

So, what comes next? I'll be rolling out some minor updates for *Agent at the Service of the Songstress of Dreams*, *Awakening of the Cosmic Lord*, and *City at the Edge of Nothingness*. These will mostly be small polish passes—formatting fixes, typo corrections, and quality-of-life tweaks. I promise, no hidden 100-page expansions this time.

After that, I'll be focusing fully on my next jump: *Playbook of the Rogue Demon*. This one's a dive into infernal politics, betrayal, vengeance, and ambition as your Jumper descends from the lofty heights of the Ten Thousand Hells down to rock bottom... and begins the brutal climb back up. Will you rise to challenge Demon Queen Dabria? And what of her mysterious sister? It's also a return to the universe of *Awakening of the Cosmic Lord*, set years after that jump's conclusion.

I hope to see you there, once it's complete. And like always—

The choice is yours.

Notes

- **A heartfelt thanks** to the entire Jumpchain community and the many brilliant authors whose creativity inspired this project. Your contributions lit the spark that led to the creation of this Jump.
- **Special thanks to Negative-Tangerine**, whose Jumpchain template formed the foundation of this document's original 1.0 version, prompting me to explore a new hobby. Your work made creating this endeavor smoother and more enjoyable.
- **The Garden of the Lilies** is supposed to be the most dangerous dungeon within the Nexus. Centuries ago, it was a near-certain death trap—until the divine relic *Aurora's Embrace* was embedded within. Its calming influence reshaped the dungeon into its current, deceptively serene form. Be warned: **removing the sword will return the dungeon to its original, lethal state.**
- **In theory**, anyone can use the Nexus to travel to fictional or real universes without needing a Spark. However, as a *Jumper*, your nature restricts such travel until you acquire one, or if a jump states you may travel to a different universe/jump.
- **Uncharted universes** are nearly impossible to accurately access via the Nexus. You *might* chart a course with the right combination of artifacts, abilities, and planning—but again, your Jumper nature creates barriers that limit spontaneous or nostalgic universe-hopping, especially to your original home. A spark however, will resolve these limitations.
- **Some items in this Jump** are forged or altered by **transcendental entities**—forces akin to Benefactors. Their creations exist on a qualitative scale *equal to or beyond perks*, and as such, may bypass or overpower other Jumper abilities, perks, or items if directly opposed.
- **The two cosmic horrors** referenced in this Jump are beings equal to being on the cusp of Sparkhood, unable to ascend due to their own paradoxical natures. They are designed as near-unstoppable threats—forces of apocalyptic magnitude that no un-Sparked Jumper is expected to defeat. *But if your story says otherwise? Go for it. It's your Jump. Make it legendary.*
- **The Nexus is a crucible of growth.** It hosts countless paths to power—advanced technologies, myriad magical traditions, cultivation sects, forbidden sciences, apotheosis cults, and more. These systems work *almost flawlessly* within the Nexus itself... but unless *fiat-backed*, their functionality in other settings is not guaranteed.
- **Each fictional or real setting** represents a universe composed of multiple timelines and alternate realities, forming its own local multiverse. These multiverses are all connected through the Omniverse. What lies *beyond* that? Theories point to realms traveled by Sparked Jumpers and entities of unthinkable power, or perhaps that is all there is. Maybe some transcendental entity is reading the Omniverse like a story, who knows.

- **The Nexus is singular.** It has no alternate timelines or parallel realities. Temporal or dimensional travel within it is extremely difficult, and often leads to unintended—sometimes catastrophic—consequences. Proceed with caution.
- **Souls behave differently in the Nexus.** Upon death, a person’s soul is violently ejected into a random universe, where their ultimate fate is unknown. This makes magical or technological resurrection nearly impossible. *Cloning*, however, remains viable for those with the means.
- **Reality manipulation is heavily suppressed in the Nexus.** The Nexus draws its metaphysical weight from the entire Omniverse, creating a hyper-stable environment. Only beings of immense cosmic stature can bend its rules—and even they face sharp limitations. There’s no punishment for trying... it’s just *exceptionally hard to pull off*.
- **Infinite loops and exploits**—including perk abuse or self-sustaining feedback mechanisms—are considered nonfunctional within the Nexus. Clever thinking is encouraged, but if you try to break the system, *the system pushes back*.

Other Works

Hello everyone! Thank you for reading this far into the jump. If you've enjoyed the setting and want to explore more corners of this shared multiverse, here's a look at my other jumps—each connected by lore, themes, or continuity:

Interdimensional Academy

Located in the heart of the Nexus, the Interdimensional Academy is a prestigious institution where your Jumper will spend years learning alongside the brightest—and most dangerous—individuals from across the Omniverse. You'll forge friendships, tackle group challenges, explore bizarre and wondrous dungeons, and uncover mysteries that threaten not only the Academy, but all of existence. Just remember, you won't be the only Jumper invited... and not everyone has good intentions.



Agent at the Service of the Songstress of Dreams

As her newest Agent, you serve the enigmatic Songstress of Dreams, acting as her will made manifest. You hail from Dreamscape, the surreal realm of sleeping minds where Dreams and Nightmares walk as living forces. But war brews beneath the lullabies, as the Composer of Nightmares moves to challenge the Songstress' reign. Navigate wonder and terror alike in a setting shaped by emotion, art, and slumbering gods.

Kingdom of the Stars

On a quiet night, a fragment of celestial essence found you—and in that moment, you became a Starseed. This is the beginning of your journey to become a Living Star, a being of radiant power destined to shine across galaxies. Experience a journey that starts on Earth but quickly ascends beyond it, joined by unforgettable companions as you shape your fate and push back against a future consumed by darkness.



Awakening of the Cosmic Lord

Set five centuries after *Kingdom of the Stars*, a new force stirs. You have become host to the single surviving fragment of reality—a Cosmic Lord, born to rule. As the universe takes notice, you'll encounter allies, rivals, and enemies from across the stars. Wield godlike powers in this high-stakes cosmic saga, where your every decision can reshape creation itself.

City at the Edge of Nothingness

Adrift between realities lies a city of impossible architecture and untold secrets. This place—the City at the Edge of Nothingness—is part trade hub, part artifact, and entirely alien. Governed by strange laws and shaped by ancient Wills, it attracts travelers, refugees, and adventurers from all walks of existence. Here, you'll navigate political intrigue, survive cosmic anomalies, and perhaps uncover the truth of the city's creation... and its purpose.



SinGod/Luciano's Logic Excellent Adventure



What started as an ordinary day for Luciano takes a bizarre and unexpected turn. Just as he steps outside his home, an unseen force—or perhaps an unfathomable entity—yanks him out of reality itself. Spiraling through the unknown, he is hurled into a world unlike anything he's ever seen. Here, robots casually stroll the streets, magical girls double as both top idols and wanted criminals, and lewd monster girls prowl in search of rare males (or females—we don't judge) to abduct for their own... questionable purposes.

My Google Drive Folder

Over time, I'll continue to create new jumps—or maybe overhaul existing ones with hundreds of new pages, who knows? If you're interested in seeing my latest work or updates, you can find them here:

https://drive.google.com/drive/folders/1ihmK8scPmtF3CQR-QXcl96tgCN5OZX7?usp=drive_link

Changelog

V2.0



June 24th, 2025

This is a complete overhaul of the jump—every section was reworked. I’ve kept the original spirit intact, preserving all items, powers, perks, and companions as they were originally envisioned... just made them **more**. More depth, more polish, more clarity. I reused the original images to keep a visual continuity, but everything else has been refined.

I won’t list the changes—because truly, *everything* was touched. Whether rewritten from the ground up or given a much-needed polish, every page has evolved. Compare v1 and v2 side by side and you’ll see the difference.

I also expanded and refined the lore surrounding the Nexus and the Academy, bringing it in line with the tone and quality of my more recent works. These updates lay the groundwork for what comes next: **Return to the Interdimensional Academy.**

v1.0

Initial release – late December 2023