

Neon Inferno



Version 1.0 by SpazzWave

New York City, 2055. The greatest metropolis in the world is also one of its most dangerous, a sprawling hyper-metropolitan warzone where the law stopped meaning anything a long time ago.

Four factions have spent a decade tearing it apart in their fight for supremacy: the NYPD, militarized, corrupt and barely distinguishable from the criminals they're supposed to oppose; Pangaea, a corporate paramilitary force with cybernetic soldiers and technology a generation ahead of everyone else; the Yakuza, weakened but resilient, surviving through discipline and cunning in a city that has tried to bury them more than once; and the Family, the last consolidated remnant of American organized crime, held together by loyalty and the iron will of Don Venatori.

You will navigate this war. Whether you serve The Family's code of loyalty, enforce Pangaea's corporate iron fist, uphold the NYPD's corrupt version of order, or fight to keep the Yakuza standing in a city that wants them gone, you have **1000 CP** to spend and a role to fill.

The neon burns bright here. Try not to get swallowed by it.

Origins

Any Origin can be taken as a Drop-In.

Mafia Killer

The Family didn't survive by being the strongest or the most ruthless faction in New York, but by understanding something the others didn't: that loyalty, real loyalty, is worth more than any weapon or any dollar amount. Every member of the Family is bound by it, from the lowest soldier to Don Venatori himself. You are one of their killers, trained and trusted with the kind of work that keeps the syndicate breathing. The jobs nobody talks about, the problems that need to disappear quietly and permanently. It's not glamorous. It's not supposed to be. But the Family takes care of its own, and as long as you hold up your end, you'll never want for anything in this city.

Yakuza Soldier

By every reasonable metric, the Yakuza should be gone by now. The NYPD has run operations against them. Pangaea has tried to absorb or eliminate them. The Family has tested their borders more than once. None of it has worked, and the reason is simple: the Yakuza are held together by something that money and firepower alone can't break. Discipline. Brotherhood. The kind of tight-knit organizational loyalty that makes every soldier a genuine believer in the outfit's survival. You are one of those soldiers: sworn in, trusted, and fighting to keep the organization standing in a city that has been trying to put it in the ground for years. It hasn't managed it yet. Partly because of people like you.

NYPD Officer

The NYPD of 2055 looks very little like what it used to be. Years of gang warfare, corporate interference, and institutional rot have turned it into something closer to a third faction than a police force: militarized, corrupt, and operating by a flexible interpretation of the law that bends conveniently toward whoever is paying the right people. And yet somebody still has to show up when the Bronx is on fire, somebody still has to hold a line that moves a little further back every year, and that somebody is you. Whether you're in it for the paycheck, the power, or some stubborn remnant of genuine civic duty, you wear the badge, and you deal with whatever the city throws at you next.

Pangaea Member

Pangaea doesn't think of itself as a criminal organization. It thinks of itself as the future: a corporate paramilitary apparatus so far ahead of every other faction technologically that the gap might as well be a wall. Be it cybernetic soldiers, drone swarms, or direct-energy weapons, Pangaea built all of it, owns all of it, and deploys all of it with the cold, methodical efficiency of an organization that has never once let sentiment get in the way of an objective. As one of their corporate members, you are part of the infrastructure that keeps the machine running: credentialed, cleared, and operating from within the institutional hierarchy that writes the orders everyone else follows. The future is a Pangaea product. You just happen to work there.

General Perks

Don't Get Dead [Free]

2055 New York will kill you in a hundred different ways if you let it. Be it the wrong neighborhood, the wrong time of night, or the wrong look at the wrong person, the city is a minefield, and most people who weren't born into it don't last long enough to learn the rules. You have all the skills needed to survive in this dystopia (or many others): You know which areas are warzones and which are just rough, which streets are controlled by who and what that means for someone walking through them, how to carry yourself so you don't look like an easy mark and how to read a situation early enough to not be in it when it goes bad. Tourists don't last long here. Good thing you stopped being one.

The Right Ears [200]

Good intelligence is worth more than any weapon in this city. Knowing where a target is, who they talk to, where they sleep, and what their routine looks like before you ever set foot in the same neighborhood as them is the difference between a clean job and a disaster. You've got a network of contacts spread across every layer of New York's social fabric: bartenders, street vendors, corrupt clerks, low-level gang members, disgruntled employees, and many more. Point them at a target and the information starts flowing: movements, habits, associates, weaknesses, and schedules. With enough time, there is very little your network can't dig up on someone - but time is the keyword. Your contacts need days, sometimes weeks, to build a complete picture, and the more protected and paranoid the target, the longer and harder that process gets. What it always eventually produces, though, is worth the wait.

Nobody [200]

Every person in this city exists twice. Once in the flesh, and once in the data: the biometric profile, the augmentation signature, the transaction history, the camera footage, the flagged behavioral patterns. The second version of you is the one that gets you killed, arrested, or sold to whoever is paying for that information tonight. Good thing yours doesn't exist. Any surveillance attempt returns nothing. Not a corrupted file or a scrubbed record, but a genuine absence, as if you never entered any system that anyone ever built. No facial recognition flags you, no financial tracking follows your transactions, no implanted bug has ever successfully transmitted anything worth reading. You could kill dozens of people, walk through every checkpoint in Inner Manhattan, and vanish into the Bronx, and every camera, every scanner, and every investigator sent to find out what happened would come back with the same answer: nobody did it. This can be toggled on or off anytime you wish.

Someday [400]

Every killer in this city has a version of the same dream. A day somewhere ahead of them where they finally put the gun down, walk away from all of it, and become someone else entirely. Someone without a body count, without enemies, without the weight of everything they've done following them from room to room. For most of them, it stays a dream, but for you, it's different. Whenever you decide that you're done, you can walk away from everything you've built, everything you owe, and everything that's been built against you and start completely fresh somewhere else. New identity, new life, clean slate. No debts follow you, no enemies track you down, no past catches up with you before you've had a chance to become someone new. Someday, you always said. Turns out, someday is whenever you want it to be.

Mafia Killer

Nothing Personal [100]

Nobody calls it murder in this city. It's work. And you are very good at your work. You have the full accumulated skillset of a seasoned professional killer, built up through years of contracts and hard lessons. Be it finding your target, executing the job, and killing them with whatever you have (or don't have) in your hand is second nature to you. The Family doesn't hire amateurs, and you are proof of that.

Concrete and Obstacles [200]

A contract doesn't end at the door. Targets run, and in 2055 New York, that means rooftops, crowded streets, highway overpasses, and the gaps between flying car lanes thirty stories above the ground. Good thing you can follow them easily. You possess peak athletic capability and parkour mastery that turns the city into a playground rather than an obstacle. You can easily vault through walls of your size, scale buildings in seconds, and sprint across kilometers of urban terrain without losing pace. No gap is too wide, no height is too daunting, and no crowd is thick enough to lose you. They can run as long as they want; it just means they get to spend more time being afraid before it's over.

Fault Lines [400]

Everything has a weakness. Be it the thickest vault door, the strongest drone, or even the most imposing battlestation, somewhere in all of that metal and engineering, there is a stress point, a structural flaw, or a spot where the wrong amount of pressure applied causes the whole thing to come apart. Thanks to the PZ-01 Artemis implant, you can read any object, wall, vehicle, or structure at a glance and immediately identify exactly where it's vulnerable. With this information, a single well-placed shot (with a good gun) can do what a rocket launcher can't, a carefully placed charge can bring down a building in seconds, and a single precise strike to the right joint can turn a combat mech into a very expensive pile of parts. However, the implant is not omnipotent, and you still need to bring a certain amount of force to bear. Knowing that a vault door's entire locking mechanism hinges on a single stress-fatigued bolt does you no good if the hardest thing in your hands is a ballpoint pen. Still, the implant acts as a multiplicative, and with something like a cybernetic arm, you could easily destroy walls with one punch if you wanted.

Ultrakill [600]

Pangaea cooked up the slo-mo years back: a cybernetic implant that cranks your reflexes and reaction time into the superhuman range. The problem is, most people's bodies just can't handle it. You're not most people. Thanks to the implant, you possess superhuman reflexes and precision that make feats most people would call impossible feel routine: deflecting plasma shots mid-air with your blade and sending them straight back at whoever fired them, hitting targets at extreme distances with perfect accuracy only affected by outside conditions, and killing an entire room of enemies before any of them have finished deciding what to do. Pangaea built the Slo-Mo to create the most lethal killer imaginable. You're proof that they succeeded.

Yakuza Soldier

Corner King [100]

The Yakuza didn't survive in 2055 New York by being the strongest (the NYPD and Pangaea made sure that was never an option), but instead by being smart, tight-knit, and ruthless in exactly the right measure. Every soldier in their ranks knows how to do more than just fight: they know how to keep people in line, how to run territory without burning it down, and how to balance fear and loyalty just right so nobody gets any bright ideas. You've got all of that. Be it managing a crew, holding territory, keeping the money flowing, and making sure the right people get paid and the wrong people get dealt with, you can run the whole operation by yourself. And the crew will follow, because they know you know what you're doing.

Fresh Blood [200]

Here's the thing about running a gang in New York: everybody loses people. The streets are hungry, and they don't give them back. What separates a crew that lasts from one that quietly disappears is simple: can you replace what you lose faster than you lose it? You can. You've got a natural pull that makes recruitment feel effortless: people hear the name, they want in. Take casualties on a Tuesday, and by Friday, the slots are filled with people your own crew vouched for and dragged in themselves, no intervention needed on your part. And the best part? The harder your crew gets hit, the faster and more aggressively this kicks in. You could lose half your soldiers in a single night and wake up the next morning to a waiting list. Your gang doesn't shrink. It just keeps growing.

No Questions Asked [400]

The Yakuza have always understood that the real money isn't in the fighting - it's in the supply chain. Be it weapons, cybernetics, contraband, or information, everything that the law says you can't have and the market says you can't afford has a back channel, and you know every single one of them. You've got connections that run through every layer of New York's underworld: corrupt officials who look the other way for the right price, black market vendors who stock things that technically don't exist, and smugglers who can get anything from anywhere without leaving a paper trail worth following. Whatever you need, be it military-grade weapons, cutting-edge cybernetics, experimental tech, or things that haven't even hit the legal market yet, you can find it, negotiate a fair price for it, and have it in your hands without anyone asking uncomfortable questions.

Post-jump, the network follows you whenever you go, adapting to whatever black market exists in the world you are in.

The Long Way Around [600]

In a city full of assassins and hitmen, the bosses who lasted weren't the strongest or the most feared. They were the ones who made themselves a nightmare to actually get to. Any attempt to directly assassinate you fails. The sniper who had a perfect angle through your window somehow pulls the shot at the last second. The hitman waiting in the alley gets cold feet, gets spotted, or just never gets the opening he was waiting for. Nobody can put you down with a clean, surgical strike - if they want to kill you, then they're going to have to do it the hard way: show up at your door, fight through every soldier you've got between them and you, and earn it room by room. Most of them won't make it that far, and the ones that do will wish they hadn't started.

NYPD Officer

Thin Neon Line [100]

Being a cop in 2055 New York isn't what it used to be. The job description now includes riot suppression, gang warfare, drone operation, and surviving neighborhoods that have been actively on fire for three years straight. Luckily, you are fully qualified for all of it. You carry the complete skillset of an NYPD officer in this era, such as dealing with riots, fighting against cybernetic criminals and many other skills such as basic firearms handling and the legal knowledge to navigate (or manipulate) the system from inside. Beyond the skills, your credentials are universally recognized and accepted without question, be here or in your future jumps.

Everything That Moves [200]

Standard NYPD officers get a skillset chip or two, which is enough to operate a squad car or patrol drones. You blew past that limit a long time ago. Your neurology is uniquely wired to accept far more chips than any other officer on the force, and you filled every available slot with one thing: piloting. Every vehicle, every platform, every machine designed to be operated by a human being is something you can sit down in and immediately master. Be it bikes, cars, boats, jets, helicopters, giant mechs, battlestations, drones, combat exosuits or anything else that may be classified as a vehicle, you can handle. If it moves, it's yours.

One Step Ahead [400]

Police operations in 2055 New York aren't coordinated from a precinct. They're run like military campaigns, and the Commanders who plan them are the reason the NYPD hasn't completely collapsed under the weight of three simultaneous gang wars. You are one of the finest strategic and tactical minds the force has ever produced. Give you a map, an objective, and a list of available units and you'll have a plan that accounts for things other people haven't even considered yet. And whether you're coordinating a two-man stakeout or a borough-wide operation involving hundreds of officers, drones, riot units and aerial support, the process comes just as naturally either way. No enemy you'll ever face is complicated enough to give you a real headache.

Won't Stay Down [600]

Making Captain in the NYPD isn't about paperwork or politics, it's about being the person who came back when everyone else didn't. The officers who climb that far aren't the smartest or the most decorated. They're the ones who got shot, got up, and showed up the next day. You are one of those people. This perk upgrades your standing to that of a full NYPD Captain (if you bought the Thin Neon Line), and beyond the rank, your body simply refuses to quit. Be it gunshots, explosions or wounds that would put anyone else in the ground permanently, you can push through damage that has no business being survivable and keep going long after you have any right to. Much like a certain police captain, you possess the kind of stubborn vitality that keeps you conscious, breathing and functional through the worst damage possible long enough to be pulled out and patched up, all without permanent damage except scars. The city has tried to kill you more than once. It hasn't figured out how yet.

Pangaea Member

Corporate Citizen [100]

You're a full corporate citizen under Pangaea's umbrella, and honestly? Life's just easier for you. Minor run-ins with the law tend to dissolve before they become real problems, you pay less in taxes than pretty much everyone else around you, and you get access to the kind of perks that most people in this city would kill for: better neighborhoods, faster travel clearance, decent healthcare, and the general sense that the system is, for once, not actively out to get you. On top of that, you've got an almost uncanny knack for landing on your feet financially: Jobs find you, companies notice you, and even if things go sideways, it's never long before something solid comes along. You might not always be rolling in it, but you'll never be desperate either. This follows you post-jump, meaning whatever world you end up in, you'll find yourself slotting into the local equivalent of a comfortable, protected class without having to fight for it.

Climbing Corpses [200]

Pangaea didn't build its empire by being nice, and you carry that understanding with you. You have the full suite of corporate competency: negotiation, networking, reading a room and much more that makes you above any ordinary corporate. But your real asset is the instinct underneath all of it: you know when someone is a stepping stone, when they're a threat, and what to do about it. You can plant the right doubt in the right ear, position yourself to take credit and deflect blame and how to make a rival's downfall look like their own fault. And the best part? You never even have to be the most talented person in the room. You just have to make sure the right people aren't in it anymore.

Full-Body Gene Program [400]

One of the highest privileges offered to Pangaea elites are gene-therapy procedures that rewrite your biology from the ground up, turning your body into exactly what their engineers always wanted: the ideal host for cybernetic modification. No rejection, no adaptation period, no ceiling on what can be installed. Additionally, the neural bridge between you and any augmentation you carry runs cleaner and faster than anything the standard market accounts for, pushing every piece of installed tech to roughly 150% of its rated effectiveness. Pangaea built you to get the most out of their product line, and you do. They simply made sure their asset was a good one.

Blueprint of the Future [600]

Pangaea's dominance is built on being a generation ahead of everyone else technologically, and that gap doesn't close itself. Behind every drone swarm, every cybernetic implant and every plasma weapon their soldiers carry is someone brilliant enough to have conceived it and skilled enough to have built it. You are one of those people. Your intellect is genuinely exceptional (the kind that would have turned heads in any era) and thanks to Pangaea cybernetic implants your mathematical processing, engineering reasoning and creative intuition are above 99,99% of the population. What that means in practice is that given the right materials and enough time (much less than what an entire department of the Pangaea's brightest minds would take), you can independently conceive and construct the most sophisticated technology the world has to offer. Be it energy weapons, autonomous drones, combat exoskeletons, next-generation cybernetics, giant mechs or full robotics platforms, nothing is beyond your reach. Pangaea invested heavily in minds like yours. The results speak for themselves.

Items

You have a **300 CP** stipend to spend here. You can freely import items. Items destroyed restore themselves in three days. You also gain the blueprint of anything you buy here. The items scale to your size. Any augmentation bought here can be installed or uninstalled whenever you enter your warehouse.

PZ-01 Sidearm [Free]

Most sidearms are a last resort. This one is a preference. The PZ-01 is a plasma pistol built around a single design priority: penetration. It can punch through body armor, vehicle plating and reinforced cover like none of it was ever there to begin with, and the gun is compact enough to carry anywhere. Thanks to the advancements of plasma technology it comes with infinite ammo, which means the only thing standing between you and an empty gun is a situation bad enough that infinite shots weren't sufficient to resolve it. For a sidearm, it has very few situations where it isn't the right tool for the job.

Coffin Motel [Free]

The Coffin Motel is exactly what the name suggests: a stack of narrow, individual sleeping pods in a building that charges by the night and asks absolutely no questions about who you are, where you came from or why you need somewhere to disappear for a while. It's cheap, it's functional and it's yours. A bed, a locker, a screen on the ceiling and just enough space to remind you that you've had worse. Sure, the neighborhood isn't great, the walls are thin and the vending machine in the lobby has been broken for three years, but the door locks, nobody knows your name and in this city that's worth more than square footage. It's not much, but it's enough.

Datapad [Free]

The standard personal device of 2055, and yours is a good one. A sleek, highly advanced piece of hardware that handles everything a person in this era needs a personal device to handle: communications, navigation, finances and a hundred other functions that would require separated tools a generation ago. When you're not using it it folds down into something small enough to disappear into a pocket, and when you are it unfolds into a full interface that responds instantly to whatever you need from it. The good thing is that it comes with unlimited internet connection and storage, which is a more impressive feat of engineering than it sounds.

NYPD TR-9 Tracker [100]

The NYPD got tired of targets ducking behind cover at the last second, and the TR-9 was their answer: a smart rifle that fires self-guided rounds capable of making mid-flight corrections, curving their trajectory towards a target. The round is still a projectile with real physics behind it and hard limits on how much it can adjust, but the adjustment it does make is enough to turn a shot that should have missed into one that doesn't. Hiding behind cover used to be a sound strategy. The TR-9 made it a gamble. Comes with infinite ammo.

PZ-06 Thrust Pack [100]

Commonly used by NYPD Officers, the PZ-06 is a compact, powerful jetpack that gets you airborne fast and keeps you there with enough stability and maneuverability to make aerial mobility a genuine tactical advantage rather than a desperate measure. It handles the crowded vertical airspace of 2055 New York without issue, and while it may not keep you in the air indefinitely, it will keep you there long enough to make the people shooting at you deeply regret not having one of their own.

Cybernetic Augmentations [50/100/200]

The body is just hardware. Pangaea proved that a long time ago, and the technology they pioneered has since spread far enough that getting augmented in 2055 New York is less a radical decision and more a practical one. What you choose to replace and what you keep is entirely up to you. Whatever augmentation you buy are Pangaea-grade, which means they operate at a minimum of thrice the capability of the organic parts they replaced.

Limbs Replacement [100]

Arms or legs replaced with cybernetic equivalents. Stronger than flesh, faster than bone and considerably more durable than either. A replaced arm hits harder than any unaugmented person can manage. A replaced leg covers ground faster and absorbs impacts that would shatter a biological joint.

Sensory Replacement [50 per part]

Eyes, ears and other sensory organs replaced with cybernetic equivalents. Augmented eyes see further, sharper and in spectrums the human eye never had access to. Augmented ears pick up frequencies and distances that would have been impossible before. Every replaced sense operates at a level that makes the original feel like a rough draft.

Torso and Head Replacement [200]

The most extreme augmentation option and the one that changes the most about how you exist in the world. Cybernetic torso plating and cranial replacement that makes you dramatically more durable, immune to concussion, trauma and bleeding, and integrates every other augmentation you carry into a unified system that runs cleaner and more efficiently than a purely biological frame ever could.

NYPD M-55 Chaingun [200]

There are weapons you carry and weapons you deploy. The M-55 falls firmly into the second category: a plasma chaingun normally reserved for NYPD heavy units facing situations that have gone well past the point where anything lighter would make a difference. The spin-up takes less than a second and what follows is a sustained torrent of plasma fire that doesn't distinguish between cover, armor or anything else unfortunate enough to be downrange. Buildings have load-bearing walls. The M-55 has opinions about those too. Comes with infinite ammo.

The Anvil [200]

Every mercenary, freelancer and gun for hire in this city needs somewhere to look for work, and The Anvil is that place. A legendary dive bar that has survived every gang war, every police crackdown and every disaster this city has thrown at it, operating as the unofficial hiring ground for anyone in the business of doing dangerous things for money. You own it. Which means every contractor, mercenary and specialist that walks through that door is walking into your establishment, and the cut you take from every job brokered inside it keeps the bar profitable and then some. Need a crew assembled fast? You know exactly who was sitting at the bar last Tuesday. Need a specialist for something delicate? Someone in The Anvil has a name. The bar runs itself well enough that the money is consistent, but the real value is what it puts at your fingertips: a revolving door of capable, available and very motivated professionals who all know where to find work and who owns the place they find it.

Combat Exoskeleton [200]

Not everyone who needs to be bulletproof has a badge. The Combat Exoskeleton is a full-body tactical frame that slots over your existing gear and integrates directly with your nervous system, amplifying every physical output your body produces to a degree that puts you well outside the range of anything a normal person can match. Strength that lets you destroy walls, speed that closes distances before targets have finished registering that you've moved, and enough structural reinforcement to take hits that would permanently put most people in the ground and keep you standing. It was designed for the worst situations a city like New York could produce: full-scale riots, fortified holdouts, or anything that required something more than guns and body armor to resolve. Whoever built it wasn't thinking about law enforcement. They were thinking about war.

Gunslingers [400]

Every professional needs a good supplier, and yours happens to be the best one in the city.. Gunslingers stocks everything from plasma weapons and exoskeletons to the kind of advanced 2055 hardware that most people don't even know exists yet: smart ammunition, military-grade explosives, direct-energy weapons and equipment that sits comfortably in the grey area between legal and very much not. The staff know their inventory, know their clientele and have a long-standing policy of not asking questions that don't need answering. The shop turns a healthy profit on its own, the inventory keeps itself stocked, the staff manage everything by themselves and you have access to everything on the shelves whenever you need it.

Full-Body Replacement [400]

Pangaea's most extreme augmentation program isn't gene therapy or implants, it's this: a complete replacement of your biological body from the neck down with a fully cybernetic frame, engineered to Pangaea's highest military specifications. The organic components that kept you fragile, hungry, tired and dependent on a functioning digestive system are gone. You don't eat, you don't sleep and you don't require any of the biological maintenance that made you vulnerable before. What you have instead is a chassis built for combat and durability, capable of absorbing punishment that would have killed your old body several times over. The frame comes standard with integrated flying thrusters for aerial mobility, a dozen weapons across all parts of your body and armor plating powerful enough to survive a rocket attack.

You are, in the most literal sense possible, more machine than person now. And the machine is very, very good at keeping you alive and everyone else considerably less so.

PNGA-4009 Dreadnought [600]

Pangaea doesn't build things small when they can build them large, and the Dreadnought is the clearest possible expression of that philosophy. A tactical airborne fortress that dominates the skyline wherever it appears, the PNGA-4009 is less a vehicle and more a declaration: a floating platform of such overwhelming offensive capability that its presence alone tends to significantly shorten the list of people willing to start something. It comes with direct-energy weapons for long range elimination, plasma turrets to provide suppressive fire across every approach vector simultaneously and a deployable spread of plasma mines to turn the airspace and the ground below into a controlled killzone. Nothing approaches the Dreadnought without being accounted for, engaged and dealt with. Pangaea built it to end conflicts before they started. It works.

NYPD MK-1 Colossus [600]

There are escalation options and then there is the Colossus. The NYPD's answer to the question of what to deploy when every other option has been exhausted and the situation still hasn't resolved itself, the MK-1 is a giant combat mech standing dozens of meters tall that makes its presence known the moment it rounds a corner. The armament matches the scale: Shoulder-mounted plasma cannons, eye-mounted laser array that provides precision elimination at range and the knuckle-missile systems built into both fists to turn every punch into an explosive delivery mechanism for anything unfortunate enough to be in the immediate vicinity. It is, in every measurable sense, overkill - and the NYPD built it anyway because sometimes overkill is exactly the right amount of kill.

Mafia Killer Items

Street Runner [100]

Every killer needs a fast bike. The Street Runner is a sleek, powerful motorcycle built for the chaos of 2055 New York's streets: fast enough to weave through ground-level traffic, tough enough to take a hit without throwing you off and agile enough to navigate the kind of urban terrain that would total anything with four wheels. It won't win a fight against an armored vehicle. It will absolutely outrun one.

PZ-03 Bulwark [200]

Pangaea's approach to personal defense follows the same philosophy as everything else they build: if it's worth doing, it's worth overdoing. The Bulwark is a compact emitter device that projects a full spherical plasma shield around the user on activation, encasing them completely in a contained energy barrier that absorbs incoming damage from every direction simultaneously. No blind spots, no angles to exploit, no gap between you and whatever is being fired at you. The shield is rated to absorb the full impact of a direct rocket hit without failing, which puts it comfortably beyond anything most engagements are going to throw at it. It won't last forever under sustained heavy fire, but it will last long enough to matter, and in most situations long enough to matter is all you need.

PZ-12 Skip Unit [400]

Pangaea's engineers spent a considerable amount of time solving the problem of getting their operatives out of situations that conventional mobility couldn't handle fast enough. The Skip Unit is their answer: a sleek belt-mounted device that displaces the wearer across short distances in an instant, bypassing everything between point A and point B entirely. Be it cover, walls, crowds, the gap between you and a target or the gap between you and an exit, none of it matters. You're simply somewhere else before anyone has finished processing that you moved. The displacement range is short by design (15 meters only), but you can teleport once every ten seconds - which in the middle of a firefight is frequent enough to make you a nightmare to engage, pin down or kill.

Safehouse [600]

Every professional in this business needs somewhere the city can't reach them. Your safehouse is that place: a property so thoroughly scrubbed from every database, registry and paper trail that it simply doesn't exist as far as anyone looking for you is concerned. No informant knows the address. No surveillance network has it flagged. No enemy, no matter how well connected or how many resources they throw at finding you, can locate it through any conventional or unconventional means. The only way anyone finds this place is if you personally lead them to it, which means the only variable is you. Inside it's fully equipped with everything you need to lie low, plan your next move or simply decompress between jobs.

It is, in every meaningful sense, the one place in this burning city where nobody can touch you.

Yakuza Soldier Items

Plasma Cyber-Arm [100]

A full cybernetic arm replacement built around a single, elegant concept: your fist is also a weapon. The arm itself is a Pangaea-grade replacement: stronger than flesh, more durable than bone and integrated cleanly into your nervous system for full natural movement and response. At its core sits a plasma cannon chambered directly into the palm, capable of firing concentrated plasma shots with enough force to punch through body armor and light vehicle plating at close range. The real damage comes when you hold it: Charge the shot long enough and what comes out of your hand stops being a plasma bolt and starts being a problem for almost anything in its general direction, be it people, walls, vehicles or anything that seems solid enough to hide behind a moment ago. The longer the charge, the worse the outcome for whoever is standing at the other end of it.

Plasma Katana [200]

The Yakuza never abandoned the blade. They just improved it. The Plasma Katana is a cybernetic weapon that functions both as a sword and as a ranged weapon. The edge generates a plasma field that makes every swing capable of cutting through almost any material, be it armor plating, reinforced doors or vehicles. At range, the sword fires concentrated plasma slashes: crescent-shaped waves that carry the same cutting capability as the blade that fly forward to your target. It is, in every sense that matters, a sword that also isn't limited by the distance between you and whatever you want to cut in half.

The Borough [400]

Every Yakuza outfit needs territory, and yours comes with a whole neighborhood. A sprawling, densely packed borough of shanties, back alleys and cramped residential blocks that operates entirely under your rule, being the kind of place where the NYPD doesn't bother showing up and the other factions know better than to push without a very good reason. The people who live here are tough, desperate and loyal to whoever keeps the neighborhood functional, which right now is you. The population provides a steady stream of willing recruits for your crew, a built-in customer base for whatever product you're moving through the area and enough bodies on the ground to make any uninvited guests deeply regret the decision. The streets are rough, the buildings are held together by optimism and salvaged materials, and the whole place smells like burnt neon and bad decisions. But it's yours, and in this city that means something.

Metropolitan Lounge [600]

The Yakuza have always understood that the best front for criminal operations is a legitimate one that people actually want to visit. The Metropolitan Lounge is exactly that: a sprawling megabuilding haunt that functions simultaneously as one of the most impressive entertainment venues in the city and as the beating heart of your organization's operations. Multiple floors of bars, lounges, performance stages, private rooms and spaces that can become whatever the occasion demands: live music, underground fights, high-stakes gambling, negotiations that need a neutral venue with the right atmosphere. On the surface it's a destination. Everybody comes through eventually: civilians looking for a good night, politicians who need to be seen somewhere respectable, and criminals who need somewhere to talk. You see all of them, hear all of them and know exactly what to do with what you learn. The back rooms handle the less public side of things, and the staff know the difference between a guest and a problem without needing to be told. The place generates enough legitimate revenue to keep your operation funded comfortably and there is no need to explain where the money came from.

NYPD Officer Items

Cyberdog K-9 [100]

The NYPD phased out biological K-9 units a long time ago. What replaced them is considerably more dangerous and considerably less interested in belly rubs. Your Cyberdog is a fully cybernetic combat platform built in the shape of a dog for reasons that are equal parts psychological and practical: it moves like one, hunts like one and has the same terrifying single-mindedness that made dogs effective law enforcement tools in the first place. It is fast, nearly silent on approach, built to absorb punishment that would destroy conventional robotics and equipped with enough offensive capability to handle targets that would give armed officers pause. It finds what you point it at, it doesn't stop until the job is done and it comes back to you when it's finished.

Best partner on the force. Doesn't complain, doesn't ask questions and has never once filed a report late.

Drone Fleet [200]

The NYPD learned early that boots on the ground weren't always the most efficient solution. Sometimes the most efficient solution is a dozen autonomous combat platforms converging on a problem from multiple angles simultaneously. Your fleet comes fully stocked with your choice of aerial or terrain drones, and each unit equipped with missile payloads and plasma cannons capable of handling anything from a single armored target to a full fortified position without requiring a single officer to set foot in the danger zone. The fleet operates on your command, and whatever it's pointed at doesn't get a vote in how that ends.

NYPD Titan Exosuit [400]

Only the highest ranking officers in the entire NYPD ever get access to one of these, and the moment you put it on the reasons are self-evident. The Titan Exosuit is a sleek, form-fitting full-body armor platform that encases the wearer completely, giving him repulsor-style plasma emitters that work as thrusters and cannons, laser swarms and an onboard A.I that predicts the user's actions in order to be more responsive. It fits like armor, moves like a second skin and hits like a small army. The NYPD reserves it for the people at the very top for a reason: in the wrong hands it wouldn't be a law enforcement tool. It would be a problem.

NYPD Precinct [600]

Every operation needs a base, and yours comes with one already staffed and operational. Your precinct is a fully fortified NYPD facility, coming with reinforced walls, holding cells, armory, tactical operations center and every piece of infrastructure a functioning law enforcement base requires. More importantly it comes with a full complement of officers under your command: trained, armed and ready to deploy on whatever operation you put in front of them. They are, by 2055 NYPD standards, a small army: tactical units, riot squads, drone operators and detectives. The garage underneath the precinct is equally well stocked: squad cars, armored transports, and a small fleet of aerial units ready to deploy the moment the situation calls for something faster than feet on the ground. The law in 2055 New York is whatever you can back up with force, and you've got plenty of it. Post-jump the precinct is considered a valid police H.Q with all that entails.

Pangaea Member Items

Pangaea Skyline [100]

Pangaea's corporate elite don't sit in traffic. Your Skyline is a sleek, aerodynamic flying sports car built to the same exacting standards as everything else Pangaea produces: fast, heavily armored for its class and equipped with enough onboard systems to make it as useful as it is impressive. It handles the vertical sprawl of 2055 New York's airspace the way a sports car handles an open highway: effortlessly, at speed and with considerably more style than anything else sharing the lane. It won't survive a direct missile strike, but it will outrun almost anything that tries to put one in it.

Black Account [200]

Money is only useful if you can actually access it, and in 2055 New York the wrong transaction at the wrong time can bring the wrong kind of attention down on you faster than a bullet. Your black account sidesteps all of that entirely. Maintained through Pangaea's financial infrastructure and completely invisible to any tax authority, regulatory body or law enforcement agency that might go looking, it sits perpetually loaded with a comfortable amount of funds that replenishes itself whenever it runs low. No paper trail, no taxation, no holds, no questions and no institution in the world with the clearance to freeze it. Wherever you are, whatever you need, the money is there and it is clean.

Pangaea Bodyguard [400]

Pangaea's answer to the question of personal protection is, predictably, excessive. Your bodyguard is 95% machine and 100% lethal: a towering combat platform built around the remnants of a human operator, so heavily modified that the distinction between soldier and weapon stopped being meaningful a long time ago. Their primary function is keeping you alive, and Pangaea equipped them for exactly that with a frankly unreasonable amount of hardware.

It has flying thrusters, plasma machineguns and holographic decoy projectors capable of creating convincing duplicate decoys to draw fire. On top of all of that, they can generate a plasma force field around you capable of absorbing serious punishment before it lets anything through.

In practical terms, getting to you means going through something that was specifically engineered to make that impossible. Most people who have tried have provided useful data on what to improve in the next model.

Pangaea Tower [600]

Every serious corporate player in this city has a base of operations. Yours just happens to be better than everyone else's. Pangaea Tower is a fully operational corporate headquarters built to the organization's exacting specifications: reinforced walls and structural plating capable of weathering a sustained military assault, automated defense systems that make any uninvited entry a very short and very final experience, and enough armed infrastructure to make even the most ambitious rival think twice about showing up unannounced. Inside, the building is fully equipped with state-of-the-art Pangaea research and development labs that made Pangaea a generation ahead of everyone else. Whatever you want to develop, research or build, the tools are there and they are the best available. The building also comes fully staffed with a complement of corporate workers and researchers ready to handle any task you put in front of them without complaint and without question. Post-jump, the tower integrates seamlessly into whatever corporation you own.

Companions



Angelo [50]

Angelo is a highly skilled assassin for The Family, an American crime syndicate that consolidated the last remnants of the Italian mafia, the Irish mob, and various smaller groups. His career was not chosen but destined: the Don Venatori adopted Angelo as an orphan, raising him as his own son. Years later, as the allure of glory fades, as the bodies start to come back at night, only one thing keeps Angelo in the game: his loyalty. To abandon the Family would be to abandon his own. Therefore, he purges his guilt in confession, seeking in the next life a redemption unthinkable in this one. Someday, he says, he will finally leave this city, to forget and to be forgotten. That fateful day, which is always ahead of us: someday.



Mariana [50]

Comfort is the mother of boredom, and it was Mariana's stifling upper-middle-class existence, confined within the walls of the gated neighborhoods and the fleets of armored cars between them, which gave her the craving for action: first as a shoplifter, then as a pickpocket. It was simply fate that one afternoon she would steal the young Angelo's gun, that he would chase her down, and that, after returning the weapon, she would accept his offer of a date. She later took the oath of The Family, changing her last name to an Italian one as was required from outside inductees: to Vitti. It was a long journey from petty thief to consummate killer, but Mariana is now a local celebrity, feared by even the hardened criminals of the underworld.

Recruit Anyone [Free]

Anyone you want to recruit in the worlds you enter is free to join you as a companion if they agree.

Create/Import [50 CP for 1, 200 CP for 8]

You can create new Companions or import existing Companions. They get an Origin, with all freebies and discounts, along with **600 CP** to spend. They do not get Item Stipends. You can also import any companion you bought here for a **CP** stipend. Alternatively, if you want, you can import all your companions for free, but they will only get their freebie perks from their origin.

Drawbacks

Supplement Mode [Free]

This jump becomes a supplement to another jump of your choice. Your CP will be separated between both jumps, and taking drawbacks in the supplement will affect the entire universe you are jumping to, but only give points for the supplement. You also have the choice of fusing both universes.

There is a Price on Your Head [+100/+200/+400]

Someone has put a number on your life, and that number determines exactly how much trouble you're in. At **+100 CP**, the amount is modest: not enough to interest anyone serious, but more than enough to make every desperate street soldier, broke civilian with a gun, and small-time criminal in the city decide you're worth a shot. None of them is good at this. All of them are going to try anyway, and the contract stays open long enough that the city never runs out of people willing to take a swing at easy money. It is, in its own way, more exhausting than being hunted by someone competent.

At **+200 CP**, the number has been revised upward. The amateurs are still coming, but now the professionals have done the math and reached a different conclusion. Freelance hitmen, experienced mercenaries, and coordinated teams of contractors have added your name to their schedule. They are patient, they are capable, and they will not announce themselves before they move. Attempts become a regular occurrence rather than a constant nuisance, and these are people who actually know what they're doing.

At **+400 CP**, the contract has attracted the attention of the best operators in the city: Pangaea's elite mercenaries, the Family's most trusted killers, NYPD black ops units that officially don't exist. These are people who have never failed a contract, who treat your elimination as a professional obligation rather than a financial opportunity, and who will not stop until the job is done or they physically cannot continue. They coordinate, they plan, and they do not make mistakes twice. Good luck.

The Confessor [+100]

You don't get to walk away clean. Every life you take in this city must be paid with an act of genuine penance: a confession, a ritual, or a specific action that carries personal weight and costs real time. Fall behind, and the guilt starts bleeding into your focus, your sleep, and judgment in ways that start small and don't stay that way. Either way, in a city that produces bodies at the rate this one does, you're going to be spending a lot of time on your knees.

Hedonist [+100]

You are a creature of pleasure, and the city is an all-you-can-eat buffet of vice. Be it drugs, sex, gambling, or the warm glow of a screen showing you exactly what you want to see, you want it all, and you want it **now**. All the dangers of this jump take a backseat to the next high, the next thrill, and the next war body. You might not be incapable of functioning, but your default state is always distracted, and given the choice between preparing for a dangerous operation and spending the night in a neon-lit pleasure den, you will choose the den every time unless something forces your hand. The city knows what you want, and it will never stop offering.

Did I Fire Six Shots... [100]

Plasma technology might have opened the way to infinite ammo, but you will find that it's not the case now. Every weapon you carry runs on finite ammunition that does not replenish itself, does not drop conveniently from defeated enemies, and costs real money to restock through channels that aren't always accessible mid-operation. Running dry in the middle of a firefight is a genuine possibility that requires genuine planning to avoid, and the city has a way of making operations run longer and hotter than anyone budgeted for. Count your shots, because the moment you stop paying attention, the gun clicks empty, and the only thing standing between you and whatever is still shooting back is whatever you can improvise in the next three seconds.

The Long Walk [+100]

Every vehicle you enter, drive, or own will start suffering malfunctions the moment you're behind the wheel. Engines stall mid-chase, thrusters cut out, and even the GPS directs you to somewhere you have no interest in being. This even affects jetpacks, too. Which means you are walking - through the Bronx, through the flooded canals when it's raining, through every war-torn, gang-controlled, and actively burning district this city produces. You will be on foot for the entire duration of the jump. And no, there is no public transport in this cyberpunk. Good luck.

My Vision is Augmented [+100]

Congratulations. You live in the most visually spectacular city in the world, yet you are physically incapable of enjoying any of it. Your eyes are inexplicably, profoundly, and almost comically sensitive to neon light, which is the only thing this city produces in unlimited quantities specifically to look cool. So, unless you want to be blinded every time you take a walk at night, you will have to wear sunglasses. At night. Which will either look very cool or very stupid. But look on the bright side: at least you'll always have an excuse to look mysterious while doing absolutely nothing.

Rage Against The Machine [+200]

Your body rejects cybernetic augmentation with the enthusiasm of an immune system that has taken the concept of "foreign body" very personally. Anytime you try to install cyberware, your body will suffer violent rejection symptoms: fever, inflammation, excruciating pain, and a biological stubbornness that no amount of gene therapy or immunosuppressants can fully override. If you somehow have a cybernetic implant installed (like through a perk), it will operate at a miserable 50% of its intended effectiveness. Either way, since virtually every serious threat you will encounter in this city is running military-grade augmentations at full capacity, you will be fighting at your absolute weakest against enemies operating at their absolute strongest. Good luck.

Expendable Asset [+200]

Your faction has quietly classified you as acceptable losses. The assignments they send your way are the jobs nobody else came back from. You will receive no backup if you ever ask (and you will ask) and forget about extraction plans. The people above you have already done the math on your survival and decided the number is acceptable. You are not a valued operative. You are a line item in a budget that nobody important is losing sleep over, pointed at problems that the organization needs solved but doesn't want to spend anything real on solving. Complete the job or don't, because either way, there's already someone being briefed on the next one.

Power Loss [+200]

Whatever abilities or powers you have accumulated across your jumps are suppressed during your stay here.

Dark Knight [+200]

You have sworn off the use of guns. Not because you can't use them, but because somewhere along the line you made a decision, drew a line, and committed to it with the kind of stubborn conviction that doesn't bend regardless of how inconvenient the circumstances get. In a city where every faction, every soldier, and every desperate civilian is carrying plasma weaponry as a basic courtesy, you have decided that yours stays holstered. Permanently. It will be up to your creativity. It will be up to your creativity to figure out how to survive a warzone full of augmented soldiers, corporate death squads, and militarized police units armed to the teeth, using everything except the one tool specifically designed for the job. Good luck. You're going to need considerably more of it than most.

Total War [+400]

The cold war between factions has ended, and what replaced it is a hot war that the city is losing. All four factions have abandoned the unspoken rules and uneasy boundaries that kept New York functional enough to operate in, and what remains is open, sustained, citywide warfare with no neutral ground, no ceasefire, and no faction willing to be the first to blink. There's no neutral ground or safezone, all factions are doing their best to annihilate each other, and you are caught in the middle of it all. Good luck.

A Dagger to The Heart [+400]

Like Angelo and Mariana before you, you will be betrayed by the very organization you serve, and it will happen at the worst possible moment. You don't know when. You don't know how. You don't know who will pull the trigger, sign the order, or sell you out. But it's coming, and everything you've built inside your faction will be weaponized against you when the betrayal lands. What you do after will be up to you, including your survival. But nothing will be the same anymore.

Ending

The city burns the same way it always has. The neon still flickers over streets that haven't been safe in decades, the factions still circle each other like wolves too hungry to stop and too smart to commit, and somewhere in the distance, something is always on fire. But your time here is done.

Now choose:

Go Forward

You've done what you came here to do, survived what the city threw at you, and taken what you wanted from it. New York can keep its neon, its wars, and its burning skyline. There are other worlds ahead of you, other lives to step into, and other places that need whatever it is you've become.

The chain continues.

Go Back

Enough. Enough of the chain, enough of the jumps, enough of being whatever the next world needs you to be. You had a life once, and now it's time to go back. You keep everything you earned: every skill, every scar, and every piece of this city that decided to follow you home.

Time to go back.

Stay

You're not leaving. This city, for all its violence, corruption, and determination to destroy everything and everyone inside it, has become yours in a way that no other world on the chain ever did. Maybe it's the people you've built something with. Maybe it's the territory you've carved out, the reputation you've earned, or the enemies you're not finished with yet. Maybe you just like the way the neon looks at 3 AM when the rain is falling, and the skyline is doing that thing where it almost looks beautiful if you squint hard enough and ignore the gunfire. Here's **500 CP** to spend freely across perks and items as a parting gift. Call it severance pay.

The chain ends. The city doesn't.

Changelog and Notes

V 1.0 - First Edition.