



Fire Emblem Warriors - Three Hopes
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The Story Thus Far

Ages ago, the Goddess descended from the heavens and alighted in the red canyon, Zanado. Around her sprung up civilization, some created by her own hand and some called to her side. By all accounts it was an idyllic and - wait. Have we done this before? Welcome to Fodlan, home of the Empire of Adrestia, the Holy Kingdom of Faerghus, and the Leicester Alliance, all under the watchful eye of the Goddess and the Church of Seiros. Possibly welcome once more, but that isn't important right now.

The Imperial Princess plots to overthrow everything and everyone. The Holy Prince searches for answers surrounding a massacre and the death of his father. And the Alliance, as always, is one bad day from fracturing under its own policies, let alone the renewed interest from their neighboring heathens, Almyra. The nations are at peace for the current moment, but things are coming to a head sooner rather than later, and certain plots will come to light... in as little as two years, the entirety of Fodlan will be embroiled in the largest war since the King of Liberation betrayed the Goddess.

As for your own place in this... Well, you'll probably find yourself waking up from a nice nap in a field, or perhaps under a tree. There are scant days between your arrival and a battle between two mercenary forces, one that may just decide the fate of nations. In the meantime? Take these.

+1000 cp

Age and Gender

Your age is $1d8+10$ and your gender is the same as your last jump. If you wish to pay 50 cp for the right to choose both of those freely, you may. If for some insane reason you wish to set your age to a stupidly high number, the limit is one thousand, and you'd better have a way to survive that.

Location

You may choose anywhere in Fodlan so long as it makes sense for you to be there - if you were to choose the Golden Deer faction, this will likely mean the Alliance. For a small charge of 50 cp, you may start anywhere.

Discount Rules

When discounted to an origin, all perks and items 100 cp or lower become free. All other discounts are half off.

Origins

Drop In

Are you there? Can you hear my voice? What are you, anyways? You don't even look human... Well, thankfully I'm the friendly sort, so I don't mind helping you get your feet under you. You're an anomaly of the highest order, a relic of the ancient past and technology far beyond the cutting edge - and no, that isn't the contradiction you think it is. I would avoid the Church if I were you, but beyond that? Good luck on your travels, stranger.

Mercenary

There's an odd trend in this corner of existence for some of the brightest souls around to rise up from the filth and the muck - to go from hardened killer in it for some quick gold to a bright and shining symbol of excellence. ...You probably aren't one of those kinds of merc, but you are a mercenary nonetheless. Here's to hoping you can find enough work to stay fed without losing too many of your fellows.

The Mercenary origin automatically gains either a Minor Crest or an Intermediate Class, and may pay an additional 200 cp to gain both of these things. You may not take the Crest of Flames, or any 'royal' Crests, and may optionally take +100 cp to forsake these things.

Commoner

While nobles may run the world, you'll find that they're also highly outnumbered by the masses. Of course, a bunch of peasants who can't even hold a spear right let alone a sword probably don't have much chance to change the world - that tends to be more of a mercenary thing. Still, if you've the will to back it up, then a way will open itself. But, in the meantime? Be prepared to support your betters in their endeavors.

The Commoner origin automatically gains an Intermediate Class, and may pay an additional 200 cp to either gain an Advanced Class or two Intermediate Classes. You may also take +100 cp to instead gain a single Beginner Class instead.

Noble

Those with the sign of the Goddess in their blood are those that control the world - or, such is the teaching of the Church of Seiros. Thankfully, you were born with a crest of some kind and have therefore obviously been blessed by the goddess and given the right to rule. Many would take this as a divine right to do whatever they want and damn the consequences - hopefully you will try to have some noblesse oblige and actually care for the citizens of your land.

The Noble origin automatically gains a Minor Crest fitting for their faction, and may pay an additional 200 cp to upgrade this into a Major Crest. They may also NOT gain a crest, and take +100 cp for the scorn and ridicule of all other nobles.

Factions

Adrestian Empire and the Black Eagles

Once the nation that united all of Fodlan under the guidance of the holy prophet, Seiros, this land has since fallen in both stature and prestige - two thirds of the lands they once held sway over have broken off to become Faerghus and Leicester. Nonetheless, it is a proud and powerful land, though at the current moment it is not an easy one for a commoner to live in. Nobles, and those in service to them, have perhaps a dash too much power. At least, for now.

Holy Kingdom of Faerghus and the Blue Lions

The second nation of Fodlan, founded after rebelling from the empire and eventually being recognized by the Church of Seiros - hence their name as a Holy Kingdom. Their lands are sadly not nearly as plentiful or prosperous, but they have a proud tradition of knighthood and honor... and just as strong, one of treachery in recent years. Plots and planners about in the unknown corners of this land, and the prince is desperately searching for answers.

Leicester Alliance and the Golden Deer

A nation born of rebelling from Faerghus, the alliance recognizes no king or emperor, nor do they bend their back to the authority of the church overly much. They are not quite an entire nation of merchants, but darn if it isn't close. Plenty of opportunity for a commoner to make something of themselves, but also the least room for them to really grow upwards on account of the constant squabbling between "equal" nobles.

The Church and the Knights of Seiros

While not a nation in the strictest sense, none can deny that the Church of Seiros is nonetheless an omnipresent force whose archbishop acts on the same level as kings and queens. While they hold no real territory outside of the churches that are in almost every city, the mountain range that divides Fodlan is the seat of their power. I would choose carefully before siding with them, as their commands are often harsh, and in times to come they'll be looked poorly upon by almost all.

Those Who Slither In The Dark

And then there's these assholes. They hold no territory outside of dark caves, and owe no allegiance beyond what they pretend to have. They are murderers and genocidal maniacs, and they are the true people of this land. Or, what's left of them after trying to kill the Goddess. Make no mistake, they deserve their ill fortune, but by all accounts this is their era. Plans made, deals struck, blackmail acquired, and soon all will fall before them.

Perks

Origin Perks

Drop In

100 cp - Forbidden Lores

Knowledge is neither good nor evil. Such concepts cannot be applied to another concept, only to those who would use that knowledge for their own aims. You, it seems, are someone who merely seeks out knowledge to boast about knowing, and so you learn everything you can. Please choose a topic - Astrology, the study of the stars. Geology, the earth. Mineralogy, the composition of rocks. Anything you please, really. This topic is something you are now a well studied academic on, knowing almost everything there is to know about it. If you wish, you may sacrifice some of that pure knowledge, perhaps the myths and religious significance of the various constellations, for example - in exchange for a more practical application of skill, such as being able to calculate your location on the planet and navigate through naught but looking upon the stars.

200 cp - Empty Spacetime

As Sothis controls time itself, the nation of Agartha sought control of space to balance the scales. They created a place that doesn't exist, Zaharas, as a prison meant for the Goddess, but failed to catch her in it. While you could send someone there if you wished, what matters more is your own limited mastery of those same magics, granting you power over space. With a flash of purple light, you may teleport from place to place, jumping from about to be cut down to behind them and prepared to cut them down in turn. If you had power to burn, you could even drag someone along for the ride with you, be it willingly or by force. This affinity does have one mild downside - you will find that the usage of temporal abilities give you a mild headache. Though, in the right circumstances, that could be a boon in its own right.

400 cp - Hymns Of Avesta

Fodlan would have you believe that your worth is decided at birth, by the nature of your blood and if it bears one of the Goddesses' Crests. These are lies. The blood of beasts has no sway on your destiny. With naught but a sample of blood that bears a Crest and a few days to experiment, you may gift a crest to anyone you choose, even to yourself. Removing one is just as easy, though likely to be very painful. If you had access to a steady supply of blood, you could give a dozen people a brand new Crest inside of a day. For someone of your talent, it wouldn't even need to be from a pureblooded Nabataen, a major Crest would do, or even minor if you don't mind exsanguinating them.

600 cp - Human To The End

In days gone by, when the Fel Star had only recently fallen upon this world, there was a great nation known as Agartha. At the head of this nation was a king amongst wise men, who sought the sciences of the soul. You are not that man, but perhaps you are an equal to him. You are the last of your kind, a purely human being. The others of Agartha escaped death by stealing the bodies of beasts, but you... not you. You are wholly incompatible with the power of the Crests, and so may wield any and all Relic weapons without fear of your body betraying you and becoming an even greater beast. Better yet, in the face of other weapons of a similar nature, ones that are dangerous to their wielder for one reason or another, you will find that you have an amazing level of insight on blunting or even negating these dangers.

Mercenary

100 cp - Mercenary Creed

Sellswords exist in an odd void where they both are and are not trusted. When someone fights for coin and not for a cause, how can you truly rely on them? But at the same time, a merc can't afford to simply leave when the going gets tough - that's a good way to never get hired again. Luckily for you, all you need to do to earn that trust is kick some ass on the field of battle. Prove that you were a good purchase and that their dreams are safe in your hands, all that feelgood jazz. After a battle or two even someone who actively dislikes you would probably have a positive opinion, and if you stayed on retainer for an entire war then the very people who recommended against hiring you would give a glowing review to your next potential boss. Or maybe even hire you permanently?

200 cp - Upwards Momentum

This is an era of change, where the common man can become a lord in their own right and the lord of old shall be cast down. At least, in theory. For you however, it's a bit more practical. You have a remarkably easy time translating your own personal combat prowess into a more company oriented skill set - that is to say, if you're a competent enough mercenary, then you're also competent enough to command your own mercenary company. If you were a legend amongst mercs, you might even be capable enough to be a general and command large portions of a nation's army in battle with aplomb. Oh, and speaking of being a general, people have a mild tendency to want to poach you, and specifically for leadership positions. I guess you must have done something to impress them.

400 cp - Grow To Live, Live To Grow

When you live your life on a battlefield, you can't afford to become complacent. Always strive to hone your skill with the blade, your knowledge of magic, or your understanding of tactics and strategy. The dead are those who have failed to learn, failed to improve. If you don't want to join them, you'll need to up your game. That's why you now thrive when standing on the knife's edge, why you've never felt more alive than when you might be cut down any second. And it's why you bounce back from these things with amazing ferocity. Over the course of a single battle, you might find yourself taking your skills with your chosen weapon to new heights, being inspired by the technique of an ally to learn it yourself in the span of minutes when otherwise you'd need weeks of trial and error, or even just quite literally becoming stronger for no other reason than because you're on a hot streak.

600 cp - Partners In Destiny

By all accounts, by whatever records destiny keeps, you don't matter a whit in the grand scheme of things and should have died a long time ago. And yet, here you are. Alive and kicking. Funny how that works out, isn't it? When you lay dying, you dreamt of a place of endless darkness, and a man dressed in all white. Today, you are the host of Arval, a spirit of unknown origin that grants you an immense level of control over space itself. In truth, they are the beginnings of an artificial god, meant to lay low the Goddess. But that isn't your concern. In future jumps, you will find yourself the target of similar turns of fortune, surviving impossible odds due to the interference of a god or a spirit who will then bless you with a fragment of their powers and perhaps a weapon. When the jump ends, you will retain the powers, if not a connection to them personally. Until then? You'll likely be great friends. After all, you are partners in destiny.

Commoner

100 cp - Guardian Of The Gate

Nobles may have more opportunities in life, but they also have more chances to waste their chances. A commoner can't afford to sit around drinking tea when there's work to be done after all. Because of that lack of lackadaisicalness in your life, you've been pushed to better yourself in one way or another and you stand out as a result. You might be a remarkably good painter, a hunter who could feed a dozen people single handedly, or the kind of guy who knows muscles and how to build them better than anyone else. Or maybe you're something simpler, like a watchman with an eye for detail that puts some of the best archers in the land to shame? These aren't exactly glamorous things you're good at, but take solace in the fact that you're better at it than almost anyone else.

200 cp - Place In Life

Would you believe that there are some nobles with their heads so far up their asses that they think you shouldn't fight for your own survival? As if they could be trusted to do it for you, or that they would be enough. Screw those kinds of people, they don't deserve you. That's why your instincts at catching the wind are exceptional. Whether it's a monster attack about to ruin one noble's fortune, war about to cut a house down to just its heir, or even when they're about to turn traitor and you'd rather stay loyal, you can cut and run with the best of them. Given an actual warning about the war that's coming, I have no doubt you could end up on whatever side you pleased, and with a valid reason why you were in any of the capital cities to boot. Beyond that, as a side note? You're also very good at running away.

400 cp - All Your Base Are Boom

But sometimes you can't run away. Maybe it's pride, maybe it's your orders, or maybe it's the pack of bandits ready to cut you down the instant you try to disengage. In that case, the only acceptable thing to do is retaliate with overwhelming force. Hopefully you're a mage or an archer, because you're now someone who specializes in super long range attacks, able to rain down destruction across large portions of the battlefield without leaving the safety of your stronghold. It would be an absolute shame for the enemy arm to take over a stronghold, install a captain, only for you to obliterate them from afar and allow your nation to take it back over mere moments later, wouldn't it? The only real downside to this is the risk of hitting your allies - thankfully, you have impeccable aim. Oh, and if you aren't a mage or a sniper, you can make something up for this - maybe throwing heavy rocks with grappling?

600 cp - Budding Talented

Some people are just born lucky, perhaps to a noble family. Others are born with some strange affinity for this or that, surpassing others in strength or intelligence without much effort. You aren't like that, though you do have a small blessing of your own. You have a faint affinity for pretty much everything, from swords and spears all the way to dark magic. Not enough to trivialize your growth, but enough to help you out as you learn about them. Perhaps more importantly, for each milestone you reach in your growth, you will find yourself gaining sudden insights that allow you to pull more actual use, more power, more techniques out of your learnings. You might not know as much as others, but you know it more deeply, and that grants you an immense advantage sometimes. All you need is a chance to grow, and you'll put them all to shame.

Noble

100 cp - Noblest Of Nobles

What defines a noble? What defines nobility? Blood is certainly a part of the equation, but there must be something more. To always strive for excellence, and to be excellent. That is what can most easily be stated as what it means to be noble. To that end, you now possess a number of minor skills that you can perform with the same ease that you breathe. Perhaps you are an artist of makeup, hair, and fashion, or someone who can bake some of the best tea time snacks in all of the land. While none of these skills can truly be said to be useful - your potential skill with baking would not extend to cooking, for example - they aren't something that strain you in the least. Making the perfect cup of tea from any blend, in any weather, is something any noble ought to be able to do - and now, so can you.

200 cp - The Young Master

The second half of the equation, to be excellent to others as well. Sadly, this is something few nobles can see clearly, as there are many who would tax their subjects into starvation just because they can, nevermind if they should. You are a more than competent administrator, able to manage your house's affairs, any businesses you have a stake in, and maintain your armed forces with minimal effort. Sure, there are only so many hours in the day and if you're off fighting a war then you probably won't even get the chance to sit down and handle this... but you'd be amazed at what you can get done via correspondence, especially if you have someone you trust handling your mail. And hey, most of this stuff will also translate over to running an army fairly well.

400 cp - National Hero

Your average noble is just that, average. But average nobles are not the kind of people who found an empire or rebel against one and have their names passed down for generations. No, you are not an ordinary noble. You are quite possibly the strongest person in your nation, the kind of person who changes the course of a battle just for being on the field. How this will manifest will depend on what class you wish to be - a brawler might be strong enough to punch a hole in a hillside, while a swordsman might turn every swing of their sword into an effortless spell. Beyond the pure power you possess, your skill at war itself means that you're probably one of the best commanders in all of Fodlan, and the motivating the soldiers under your command despite the fact that you're walking to a near certain death is easy for you - hell, at that level of morale, you might even survive.

600 cp - Okay That's My Bad

There are those who believe that war is glorious, an opportunity to show the strength of your arm or your devotion to your leader, or to claim lands and gold from whatever savages you're fighting. While all those things can happen, they miss something critical. War is hell, nothing but a wanton display of destruction and murder where those of small egos pretend to matter by laying waste to the resources to build a kingdom. Think carefully before starting one, there is a limit to how many lives you may spend like coins before they revolt. ...And yet, for all that you just might be a warmonger, it would seem that you're in the right? Somehow, your enemies are always worse than you, kill more people than you, burn more fields than you. Even when you actually do make a mistake that costs thousands of people their lives, your allies are understanding, more eager to help you work through whatever flaw brought this about rather than outright condemn you - oh, there will be quite a few insults and disapproving glares, but nobody will try to oust you. The first time, at least.

Faction Perks

Adrestian Empire

100 cp - Kingdom Of Thieves

In recent years, the courtly politics of Adrestia have slowly soured, with formerly kind and trustworthy individuals reversing their decisions and pushing for “reforms” that merely make things worse. The current emperor is all but powerless, a council not unlike the Leicester Roundtable making decisions in his stead. Surviving in this environment requires a sharp mind that can not only create plans and locate weak points, but ones that hinge on the assumption that your strongest supporters will abruptly abandon you. Thankfully, you’re a true blue plotter and planner, able to sit down with a hot mug of tea and a conspiracy board and slowly work out the connections between everything - and how to break them if need be.

200 cp - Minister Of Manipulation

A man from a far away land once said that all warfare is based on deception. With that in mind, who could be a better enemy than you could ever ask for than your own friend? You’re able to maintain remarkably hostile relations with your allies, and cordial ones with your enemies, passing messages in secret to those you trust and lying to the face of those you don’t without so much as a twitch or a bead of sweat to see you caught. Tell that dark mage cultist that you’re moving forward with his plan against your most hated rival, all the while you’ve been sending messages to your true friend to see the interloper crushed between you. I wouldn’t expect this deception to last once used, but it tends to be a very effective surprise.

400 cp - They Really Are Out To Get You

Trust. Such a hard thing to earn, and an easy thing to lose. Even more so when your allies can have a sudden change of heart, almost as if they were an entirely different person... Thanks to the necessity of the situation, you’ve become remarkably good at learning to read people, noticing even the slightest hitch in their breathing at bad news, and with a high photographic memory for things like favorite kinds of sweets or blends of tea - after all, it would do you no good to accept someone in your confidence, only for them to be an imposter. Of course, the most skilled of infiltrators would already know such things, so a slower route, months upon months of small tests of your own design being required to fully understand them. They do say keep your enemies close, but, perhaps not that close - not until after you’ve gauged their loyalties.

600 cp - Never Trust A Snake

For the sake of your dreams, will you drown yourself in filth and blood? For the sake of those you love, will you cut down a thousand fools so that they will never have to? Will you sacrifice who and what you are, for the promise of what you could be? ...Forgive me, I suppose it doesn’t matter - it’s not like you have a choice. For one reason or another, you seem to be something of an ideal partner for dark conspiracies, suspicious characters, and groups of dubious origins. They’re usually willing to supply you with aid, arms, armors, intel, and many other things besides, on the vague implication that you work towards whatever nebulous goal they claim to have. Go to war with one nation but not another, and they’ll pay for the whole thing. I won’t say that you attract such offers like flies, but... Well. Take what you can, give nothing back, and kill every last one of them before they can try to ask about repayment. It’s nothing less than their just rewards.

Holy Kingdom of Faerghus

100 cp - You Could Die Tomorrow

When one is at war, you should refrain from parting on bad terms. You never know when “I hate you” could be the last thing you ever say to your brother, your father, or your lover. To that extent, the more pressure you’re under - be it a squad of archers bearing down on you or just a pile of paperwork that will see good men dead if you don’t finish it in time - the easier a time you have connecting with others. The battlefield may seem like an odd place to have a heartfelt conversation, but when the alternative is not having it at all? You might as well have it now. It is worth mentioning that this specializes in healing over old wounds rather than making new friends, but it can be turned to that end with an intense enough situation.

200 cp - King Of Reconstruction

Faerghus is not a land given to plenty. It is almost always cold, and the majority of its lands are ill suited to farming. However, its folk are a hardy sort, and the people under your command are even more so. Specifically, you and yours are now experts at rebuilding - fortifying a damaged fortress, retilling a field that had been marched over, or even the grand task of building back up the entire nation that Faerghus had previously burnt to ashes as retribution for the death of their late king. Admittedly, that last one is the work of years, but with your hand guiding and aiding the workers, it will be accomplished far quicker than any would likely expect.

400 cp - Old Oaths And Older Mistakes

Before too much longer the Church of Seiros will be asking a favor of the Kingdom and unfortunately for you, refusing them isn’t much of an option. Too much of Faerghus’s right to exist is tied up in their approval, after all. Still, in an attempt to aid you with this issue and others like it, I give you the skills to judge the long term consequences of just about any choice and more than a dash of luck at weaseling your way out from under such an obligation in the event that your only choice is to grin and bear it until the harm they could do to you is outweighed by the harm done to you by those willing to declare war on you to get at them. Never let it be said that you do not uphold your debts... or that your honor blinds you to the truth that those debts are an anchor around your neck.

600 cp - I Only Needed Half My Army Anyways

Look, I’ll be honest with you - it’s nice of you to side with Faerghus, but boy does that country have issues. Half their nobles will shortly rise in revolution against the “excessively harsh” leadership of the next king, mostly at the behest of one really bitchy mage. Twice. And then the mage will pretty much spontaneously manifest a small army of other mages to fuck with them. Fortunately for you, because of your own immense skills at leadership and the trust your closest allies have for you, you’ll find that dealing with these issues isn’t nearly as much trouble as you thought it would. It’s almost as if the idea of you as a competent leader is almost as good as the real thing, leaving what would otherwise be a helpless fragment of your army about to be overrun able to hold out for far longer than anticipated or even win the day just through their faith in you coming to save them.

Leicester Alliance

100 cp - More To Nobility Than Blood

The Roundtable of Leicester is both a boon and a demerit to its citizens at times. Attending it are the five most powerful lords of the Alliance, though obviously there are far more than just five who will be affected by the decisions made there. And how does one merit an invitation? Well, having connections is good, as is having an army, and one of the best ways to get those is with money. You have an outstanding business sense, able to easily calculate how a mild inconvenience like a damn war might affect your business and how to turn it to your advantage. Keep in mind, this is a more administrative set of skills than something like haggling, but when it comes to the numbers you're hard to beat. Just keep in mind that damn near everyone will be mad if you try to sell out your nation.

200 cp - Good Old Fashioned Politics

Dear sir, please understand - while I may have surrendered to you, and am currently lodging and feeding your soldiers as a show of good faith, my rebellious daughter was not here when I stood down, and as such she's decided it doesn't apply to her. What an unruly child she is. ...Man, what a load of bull, right? And yet, people seem remarkably willing to believe the things you say as long as you give even a half hearted excuse for why you're not really responsible for them. Or, in a more likely scenario, you might end up having to kick your parents out of the seat of power if a gambit goes wrong for them and your family needs to clear their name. Thankfully, you're stupidly good at finding excuses for just about anything.

400 cp - Weathervane Philosophy

And speaking of gambits that have the potential to go wrong, let's talk about betrayal. First off, don't be like Acheron. Secondly, don't be like Acheron. Thirdly, always have a backup plan or an escape clause in the event that your sudden betrayal turns out to be ill timed or just straight up doesn't work. Thankfully, you don't just know how to work this on a personal level, but you can weasel your way out of contracts made between nations and kings just as easily as you can the assumption that you said you would pay for dinner. On the flip side to that, while this will absolutely ruin your reputation if you do so, up until then you seem to be oddly trustworthy, and your new allies will take those agreements far more seriously than they probably ought to.

600 cp - King For A Day

Leicester does not have royalty, no single figurehead to guide them - instead, the roundtable is used. And yet, by all accounts, you seem to be the prince of a nation that has none. You have the training and temperament to be a king or queen, a wide variety of skills in both war and peace, and perhaps most important of all, connections to the royal court of another nation, like Almyra. ...Right, because Leicester doesn't have a king, but Almyra does, you're their prince. What are you doing in the Alliance? Well, due to the circumstances of your birth, this makes you horrendously charismatic, a natural leader, and gives you a great deal of hidden resources you can pull on in case of emergency. Heck, you probably have a Regalia weapon with your name on it. You might even be so skilled as to arrange a situation where a nation without a king would elect you as theirs, and think it was their own idea.

If you wish, this can be used to place yourself in the chain of succession of another non-Fodlan nation, such as Brigid, Sreng, or Duscur - and that last one doesn't even have a government anymore. You'd have some real explaining to do, but it's possible.

The Church of Seiros

100 cp - My Defense Is Your Duty

While the Goddess is not worshiped in the same manner in each far flung corner of Fodlan, or at all beyond its borders, the basic tenets do not change. Do your utmost to be excellent to those less fortunate, and raising arms against those who bear her word is a sin. You will find that in times of emergency, those you have aided will come to your defense. A small town cleric who heals just as much as he preaches will be able to count on that town to hide him from the Adrestian army, and the nun in charge of an orphanage could expect one or two of the children she raised to come running back to her side. Of course, if you've not lifted a finger... Well, don't be surprised when they leave you out in the cold.

200 cp - Merchants and Mercenaries

As much as I'm sure it infuriates the Archbishop, now is a bad time to be a known member of the Church. For better or for worse, everyone is counting every troop they can, their movements and supplies - and yours as well. Luckily for you, you'll find that the Churches commandment to do good has resulted in almost all of their members being moderately competent at some commoner skill - you could easily disguise a battalion of clerics as farmers, or a knight as a blacksmith. You yourself even have such a skill, and those subordinate to you who don't already have one will quickly pick one up. Just remember - disguising a contingent of knights as a mercenary squadron to surprise your enemy is only likely to work once, so make sure it counts.

400 cp - I Am She Who Defines Holy

What is good? What is evil? ...Well, if you believe the Archbishop, good is her, and evil is those who try to fight her. It's a bit simplistic, but... For better or for worse, you now know how to build yourself up as a paragon of justice or some other ideal that people should strive to be like. Even if you're a terrible person - like, say, a politician - about to do something terrible, you can leverage your reputation into leaving bystanders in awe of your kindness, or in tears at the stain you placed on your soul to keep them safe. If I didn't know better, I'd say you had a thousand years of experience at this, but that can't be right. And as you might expect, once you've built up this image of perfection, you can make it incredibly inconvenient for people to break their promises to you, what with the legions of people convinced that the sun shines out your ass just waiting to condemn them for being 'evil'.

600 cp - Child Of The Goddess

Right, I stand corrected - you ARE a thousand years old. Possibly two. As you might imagine, you're a Nabatean, a strange kind of gigantic lizard that makes even the Demonic Beasts look small. This offers more than a few benefits in its own right, such as a unique crest and the ability to share with whoever you like, but more important than raw power right now is raw skill. It's not like it's easy to live that long and not get gud at something, after all. With that in mind, pick a skill, and then dial it up. Perhaps you aren't just a user of Faith magic, but someone who knows dozens of lost spells of incalculable power, the kind that can reduce a battlefield to ruins. Perhaps you aren't just a craftsman, but someone who knows the lost art of creating automatons and phantoms. Fodlan was much greater in the past than it is today, and as a relic of that past, you still remember how to bring about those wonders.

Those Who Slither In The Dark

100 cp - Beastial Instinct

The Agarthians have not survived the thousand years since their leader's death by being brave. No, your ilk are a cowardly lot, often cutting and running at the first sign of trouble or an attempt at holding you accountable for your crimes. Interfere from the shadows all you like, but the light is a very unsafe place for you to be. Thus, you have honed your survival skills to a razor's edge, all for the purpose of running away and surviving. Your instincts allow you to know the instant a battle turns against you, when the best time to evacuate from the frontlines is, and exactly when you begin to approach the sunk cost fallacy. On the flip side to this? If, say, an adjutant should inform you that the Archbishop is visiting and wants to speak to you, and your instincts aren't going off? You probably haven't been discovered yet.

200 cp - Black Historian

Reason magic, occasionally called Black magic, is far more violent than its counterpart, but it is still fundamentally based in natural essence. Replicating a lightning strike to lash out at your enemies, or the freezing temperatures of a tall mountain to command ice. Dark magic however, is not. It is based on superstition and folklore, the assumption that what isn't there can, in fact, hurt you. There is a science to it to be sure, but there's a certain lack of logic - or Reason, if you prefer - to it that makes it harder to work with, and harder on your foes. You are now a master in the fundamentals of the craft, able to cast most Dark magic spells that Fodlan knows of and a few that they don't. If you were more academically inclined, you could even dive into alchemy, the art of modifying the body - our dear imperial princess and her two crests are a great example of what can be accomplished with this.

400 cp - The Clock Ticks

When you seek to control an entire world from the shadows, precision is king. A word whispered in someone's ear at the right time, a messenger going missing, a demonic beast tragically wiping out a merchant caravan... People need to be monitored, they can't be allowed to have original thoughts. Thankfully, you have literally hundreds of years of experience at manipulation, bribery, blackmail, and impersonation, amongst a few other varied skills. Oddly enough, this also makes you remarkably well educated at the scientific pursuits as well, such as chemistry and metallurgy. Just in case you need to bribe some fool noble with a "surprise weapon" that is "guaranteed to let him win the day". Or maybe the beginnings of a plague would be more your style?

600 cp - Larval Forming

The greatest science the people of Agarthia ever pioneered was an attempt to understand and quantify the soul itself. Sadly, their research into this topic was halted by an upstart beast that destroying 90% of the continent failed to kill, but that's not exactly something you can plan for. Instead, the survivors of the goddesses' judgment found a different power, one that utilized their research to allow them to escape death by hiding inside of people. By trading body for body, they have survived the centuries, empowered by an endless stream of sacrifices to their glory, and the burning hatred they feel for the fell star. One assumes you are one of the sages who helped create this process, because you are fully capable of using it yourself. There are a few minor dark magic rituals that ought to be used to prepare the body and bring it up to the standards of an Agarthian, but with a bit of patience you can become practically anyone.

General Perks

50 cp - A Faint Blue Glow

What's that there on the ground? What, it's a faint trail of blue light that just seems to have popped up from nothing. Oh, no, I see. It's not nothing, but rather a book that someone had left behind. Or could it be part of a letter instead? Regardless, these small flares of light will now pop up from time to time, allowing you to home in on a few items of interest that have been left behind by their proper owners. You could read them yourself of course, maybe learn a bit about the world at the risk of invading someone's privacy on account of reading their mail. Or, maybe you could try and hunt down whoever it belongs to and return this lost item to them? ...Nah, sounds like too much effort.

50 cp - The Roar Of An Inferno

You know, in a place beyond connection and closure, there would be those who think of this world as nothing more than a game to be won. Not unlike myself, truth be told. But more importantly, those people would write some kickass music to go alongside the story of this world. And, for a pittance, you can have those songs. You may actually have heard some of them before, perhaps in another life or perhaps in an opera house playing a show about our dear imperial princess? Still, they're there for the taking if you want them.

50 cp - The Crackling Of Embers

...What do you mean, "I already have them". That's not *impossible*, I suppose, but it's still rather strange. Still, you will find that this world, based in hope, has different songs from the last time you were here - if you were here before, at least. Variations, remixes, some harsher and some softer, and perhaps not all for the better. Still, if you want it, I can arrange for any other soundtracks you've acquired to undergo a similar process, being rewritten and added to until they're something worthy of a warrior who will forge a dynasty.

100 cp - Mister Motivator

War isn't exactly the kind of place where you have a party every night. Maybe if you win a big fight then yeah, but the rest of the time it's just a bunch of marching around and watching your friends all die. Not the funnest thing in the world. Thankfully, you have a remarkably good intuition for how to cheer people up, from what foods they like, to how they relax, to what kind of gift they might like. Protip, everybody likes owl feathers, they're just so soft and fuzzy! Now, admittedly there might be a few mix ups as you get to know the person, but once you've known them for a bit I don't think you'll be going wrong very often.

200 cp - Wolves Covered In Ash

You know, sometimes where you're born just isn't where you're meant to be. Sometimes fate just has other plans for you, plans that could see you siding with the traditional enemy of your home nation. Probably for love, or perhaps some strange sense of duty you ended up with. Still, no matter how it got to that point, you have an odd talent for going missing. When you don't want to be found, it's damn hard to do so, and when you want to run as a lone wolf it's easy to dodge all the recruitment attempts that would drag you in one direction or another - but especially the ones that would drag you home.

300 cp - Joining At Level 50

Heyheyhey, did someone hit new game plus? Why are you so strong this early, there should have been a hell of a lot more grinding between you and this level of power. Well, whatever, I guess you're stronk now. You're now pretty damn strong, on par with absolute titans like Rhea herself in terms of sheer power, though she's likely more skilled than you are. Unless you're in one of those universes where every common bandit and their pet dog are strong enough to split mountains, in which case this is probably the bare minimum of strength needed to not die instantly. In any event, don't go thinking that being strong makes you invincible - you aren't. Just keep training, keep growing, and you'll be fine.

300 cp - A Gift Between Friends

People are unique. They have likes and dislikes, wants and needs, strengths and weaknesses - there are those who would say that this uniqueness makes them just like everyone else, but in this case that's not the right way to look at it. Rather, when it comes to the scale that this world operates at, this often means that everyone has a unique power, some special method of drawing forth the power of their Crest, or even just a modified combat style that is slightly different from normal. You have one too, probably - perhaps you've incorporated an ability to teleport into it, or the ability to generate lightning? But, that's not important. What matters is that every year, you may imbue an object you hold some affection for with a fragment of this power, and trade it to another in exchange for a similar object. Having done this, they may then use a portion of your own abilities, and you theirs. Truly, the power of friendship knows no bounds.

Items

All Origins gain +200 cp to spend here. Companions gain +100 cp.

Origin Items

Drop In

100 cp - Scholars Regalia

A scholar of ancient ways should wear clothes that reflect their knowledge, and so a set of robes has come into your possession. Almost pure white in color with the occasional red bit, the vast majority of them seems to be made out of unusual white scales. There are very few alive who would recognize them for what they are, and fewer still who wouldn't kill you for it if they knew you had it. You see, each and every scale on this robe was taken from one of the Goddesses' children as Nabatea was razed to the ground. There are a few things you can do with that many scales, but the fact that there is but one each does limit the potential effects somewhat.

200 cp - Prototype Relic

Before the weapons that defined the War of Heroes came into being, there was a singular blade that served as a prototype for the concept. Made from the bones of a dozen different creatures, it is perfectly safe for almost everyone to wield, but lacks the overwhelming power a Heroes Relic would possess, let alone the Sword of the Creator. Still, the blade is nothing to laugh at, and can be summoned and dismissed by you at will - using it against you is a fool's errand when it simply vanishes from the hands of anyone who would try. It is also a faint amplifier of dark magic, should you have the inclination to use that particular style.

400 cp - Lost To Waters

Hidden away deep beneath the earth in a place not even the rats remember exists lies the remnants of a laboratory. The laboratory of a once great Agarthan scholar, and the place where the science of the soul was first discovered and the attempts to implement it were created. It is technically a ruin, but were you to repair it then you would find it to be fully capable of cloning an individual given a small sample of their blood, and there is even machinery to attempt to give them a mind of their own. Perhaps more importantly, you will find that one such attempt to clone yourself was already run some time ago, and slumbers within one of the pods. A more perfect body to take for yourself has never existed. Of course, if you have no need for such a thing, perhaps you could let it wander free or grow into its own person? There are benefits to that as well.

600 cp - Endless Darkness

A prison meant to hold an alien star, a place of endless darkness to absorb whatever light they might try to shine, and a place where space has no meaning so as to negate any attempts to manipulate time. Zaharas, the greatest prison ever created by Agartha, and one of their worst failures. After all, when the only one who could open the door tried to suck her in, he missed and was trapped himself. The insides of this place are a mishmash of mountain roads and the occasional laboratory, all twisted up in ways that don't entirely follow the laws of physics. Escaping under your own power is all but impossible. Mental links that bridge between the real world and Zaharas, however, remain intact, such as to a clone of yourself. For those stuck here, there are quite a few laboratories to learn from, but someone escaping would require them to kill the one who cast them in - and assuming you aren't fool enough to be sucked in alongside them, that may prove difficult.

Mercenary

100 cp - Merc Whistle

Communicating with your allies amidst the ringing of iron and steel can be difficult, doubly so when they're on the far side of the battlefield from you. Luckily for you, you've got a whistle. It's technically meant for guard duty more than active combat, but blowing into it makes a disproportionately loud noise for its size, and has the odd effect of focusing your allies. It's not quite "fighters advance on that stronghold, mages on the other stronghold", but at the very least it will force them to reevaluate the situation and get back on track. Unless of course you feel like making up some sort of whistle language? If you did that, you probably could order people about from halfway across the battlefield.

200 cp - Commander's Tent

Rank has its privileges, you know? Being a dime a dozen merc means you get thrown into whatever kind of barracks the company can afford to set up, but being the boss means you get your own tent. Usually. Depends on how broke you are. But, more to the point, you have... well, it's not a letter of introduction precisely, but it might as well be. This thing is an offer from a local lord to become the captain of their guard or some other permanent position. It kind of depends on where you chose to start the jump. It's great if you plan on actually picking a side and settling down, but if you don't... Well, I can also arrange for you to have a pretty kickass tent that has more in common with a room at an inn than a proper tent, but that's all I've got for you if you turn the offer down.

400 cp - The Company of Commoners

While the Crest system is pretty firmly entrenched into society, you'll find that there are few amongst the premier members of nobility who actually care about it. To that end you've been given control of what amounts to a small army composed of nothing but commoners - the worthless chaff, in their eyes. And yet, there's potential here. Make no mistake, there are louts and layabouts in here, but... You'll find that a significant number of them have *potential*. One might have a head for numbers that would make them the greatest military minds of the last hundred years, if only someone would teach them to read. Find them, teach them, raise them up - you'll have a force to be reckoned with, and a loyal one for giving them this opportunity.

600 cp - Prestige Through Achievements

You know how it is - kick ass, take names, get paid. Have a company of the ghost of dead warriors ask to join your army because you're just that awesome. ...Okay, that one's a bit strange, but I can explain! See, located somewhere convenient for you is a noticeboard with what seems to be a list of challenges written on it. Master the Dancer class, learn seven combat arts, kill twelve demonic wolves, blast one hundred people with lightning, steal a heroes relic from an enemy nation, help one of your friends master their own preferred class, and so on and so forth. They start off simple but ramp up fairly quickly, and for every ten of them you complete you'll get a special reward. At first it's just a few ingots of useful ore or maybe some extra fluffy owl feathers, but eventually you'll end up with things more appropriate for living legends, or maybe even a divine relic of some kind. Admittedly, reaching that point is probably infeasible given that some of the challenges conflict with each other and your rewards reset every jump, but it's theoretically possible!

Commoner

100 cp - Memento Of The Past

The world is a big place, and you can't always afford to stay at home where it's safe. Sooner or later something will drive you from the nest, be it a burning desire to go see the world, the opportunity of an apprenticeship, or even a noble calling a draft - and thus calling you to war. Thankfully, you've managed to bring a small piece of your home with you in the form of this trinket. It might be a knife that you made with the help of a parent, a gift from a lover, or just a set of utensils that you carved from wood. What matters is that they remind you of home, of better times, and thus give you just a little bit more motivation to fight on, to push past your limits, to put up with that one noble's constant braying about how awesome he is - but no, really, they help.

200 cp - Home Sweet Home

People can debate endlessly about how one should fight, but I think we can all agree that the best *reason* to fight is to defend something precious to you. Your family, or perhaps your home town. With them depending on you, it's easy to push yourself just a bit harder, for a bit longer, especially if you're all that stands between them and ruin. Hopefully things won't come to that, however. Still, you've now got a special something to your name. A pleasant house in a sleepy little village, or perhaps an entire inn on the road somewhere. Truthfully it doesn't matter all that much. Just that it's yours, and then when this war is over you'll be able to come back here. And of course, when fighting in it's defense, you are actually just a smidge stronger.

400 cp - Accessorizing Your Way To Victory

Nobles have strange ideas about honor, but most commoners can't afford that more often than not. Effectively, never fight a fair fight. That's why you've gotten your hands on a box full of semi-magical accessories that confer various effects. From shields that are designed to block what would otherwise be a crippling blow, to rings that amplify your strength, speed, and... charisma? Huh. Anyways, there are also a few magical staffs that increase damage and healing as well. It's a bit of a pain to use more than one of these things at a time, but there's dozens of them here, which means there's more than enough for an elite unit... or for most of the village, if you'd rather use those speed rings to try and run away.

600 cp - An Invitation To The Officers Academy

For most nobles, the Officers Academy is a given. Only the poorest and least noble of nobles would be unable to afford attending. For a commoner, however, it's the chance of a lifetime. This invitation, which need not be to the academy itself in future worlds, represents a shift in social stature, a chance to learn alongside the movers and shakers to move and shake the world. To ally yourself with heroes and villains long before they make their first move, to become a most trusted confidant. And perhaps more simply, to learn. A single year of education here is worth more than a decade elsewhere, bringing even illiterate commoners up to par with noble scions, though of course the more you already know the quicker you will be able to learn. I suppose, were I to simplify it as far as possible, it's everything a faceless and nameless background character would need to grow into the star of the show. Assuming you have time to finish that education, at least.

Noble

100 cp - A Lazy Expedition

Nobles are many things, but stingy and given to restraint is not usually something they manage to be. To that end, you've put together everything you might need for a picnic. A pair of well trained horses for a lazy day of riding, a few blankets to insulate you from the ground, a handful of baskets full of goodies such as a dessert tower for pastries and the like, a tea set, and a small collection of meats and cheeses to snack on with a good bottle of wine. Utterly extravagant by the standards of a commoner, and not likely something you'd have time for in the middle of a war, but. Well, what's the point of having been given the right to rule by the Goddess if you don't abuse that authority every now and again?

200 cp - Forward Camp

At the heart of each army there is a heavily fortified position where your commanding officers do their plotting and planning. For a commoner or a mercenary, a lavish tent might suffice, but for a noble? A small fortress, more of an independent watchtower really, has been prepared for you. Admittedly, it's not much more than a meeting room and a few converted bedrooms, but it's far better than sleeping on the dirt. It's also not just the one, there's a few dozen of these things scattered around that could be converted in the same way as this one with minimal effort. A few outbuildings are also present in the form of a small mess hall, a chapel, and a training grounds, but those are rather middling in quality and you'll need to devote some effort and resources towards upgrading them yourself if you want them to be worth using.

400 cp - Garreg Mach Monastery

Well this is somewhat awkward - given that the Church of Seiros has lost hold of their center of power, it stands to reason that someone else is going to need to hold onto it for them, and that someone is you. Your faction, whoever they may be, now claims Garreg Mach for their own, possibly even with you personally in charge and promoted to Bishop, or even Archbishop now that Rhea has been kicked off the seat. Of course, if you're buying this while allied with Faerghus then I have no doubts that she'll soon be kicking down your door and demanding it back, you are allies after all, aren't you, in that oh so unsubtle fashion of hers. Still, holding it for yourself or placing Rhea in your debt, it's all the same in the end - power, and your ability to manipulate it. Oh make no mistake, Garreg Mach is a well fortified citadel, with one of the best libraries on the continent, and is home to more than a few divine artifacts 'lost' to time, but the place is important because holding onto it - or giving it away - represents a massive amount of political power, everywhere. Your choice on keeping the monastery in future jumps or just being handed the deed to an equally important location.

600 cp - More Spending Money Than God

Do you have any idea how much it costs, not only in terms of money, but also in time and resources, to forge a weapon to its utmost potential? A weapon that is 100% fortified is more expensive than an entire squad of mercenaries, and that's just for an iron sword. For something like a Heroes Relic, it's even worse on all accounts. You could buy a brand new castle for that much. And, amazingly enough, it seems that you have that money. Or perhaps had would be a better way to phrase it, given that you have a weapon that has been forged up to its limit. This is probably, but not necessarily, the associated Relic for your own Crest, but if you either lack one or desire a different kind of weapon then we can fudge things so that you have a maxed out weapon and a Heroes Relic, rather than just a maxed out Heroes Relic. You'll need to acquire that weapon somewhere else, however.

Faction Items

Adrestian Empire

100 cp - Never Too Proud

Whether you're a noble trying to get along with your commoner subordinates or a mercenary trying to make yourself more popular, you can never go wrong with lending someone in need a helping hand. That's why you've been assigned a short list of chores that need doing, such as helping the little old lady down the street, helping the quartermaster beat some armor back into shape, or even running messages for a commander. None of these things are truly important, if you fail to do them then someone else will handle it, but I can't stress enough how much of a bonding activity such things can be, helping you to get to know those who will be fighting beside you. And hey, if you do a great job, you might even get a small reward of some kind!

200 cp - A Mittelfrank Performance

When one wages war upon basically the entire continent, morale is something that you should keep a very close eye on. It wouldn't do for half your army to desert because they were sick and tired of running on low rations. Luckily for you, the Mittelfrank Opera Co. has seen fit to do their civic duty and will now be placing performances on the regular, wherever you think will be most effective for the handsome men and beautiful women to charm the masses and remind them that some things are worth it. If you're very lucky, you might even find a retired diva or two willing to teach anyone who meets their standards how to perform... or to fight with the Dancer class. It could go either way, really.

400 cp - South of Sincerity

Oh boy, that's rich. As if the Southern Church has a single sincere bone in its entire metaphorical body. No, you command - or perhaps have been placed in charge of? - what amounts to the entirety of Adrestia's religious matters, or more accurately one of the largest propaganda machines in all of Fodlan. It's easy to have a decree carried out as gospel when you're a Bishop, second only in authority to Archbishop Rhea herself. While the true purpose of this is nothing more than to discredit the Archbishop, well, it does give you a prodigious ability to fling mud. And provides you with a small army of priests, priestesses, and devout followers to follow your commands. You know best after all. Just try not to let Rhea assassinate you.

600 cp - Enbarr, The Scarlet Throne

In a truly unfortunate turn of events, Enbarr is a city that Saint Seiros helped design and build, the imperial palace especially. As one might expect, it's riddled with secret passageways that you can use against anyone who would seek to assault you... and sadly, that means the Central Church - who Adrestia will shortly be at war with - knows them better than you. But, that isn't the end of things. Those who attack you in your own home suffer from remarkable turns of bad luck, tripping or sneezing when stealth is important, setting off a poor guard's paranoia at just the wrong time, or even stumbling head first into a small battalion of soldiers who are fresh and ready to fight. A church assassin might fare better, but even they aren't immune to this effect, and would likely find themselves face to face with an angry emperor in full armor rather than whatever they were hoping for, like her being asleep.

Holy Kingdom of Faerghus

100 cp - Foes That Bleed Straw

Faerghus is famous for its knights, and a most unfortunate fact of life is that anyone who knows how to fight is simply better off than those who do not. To that end, you now have the use of a well stocked training ground and practice arena. There are training weapons aplenty, more dummies than you can shake a stick at, and even a small box of vulneraries should you injure yourself while training. Perhaps most useful of all, however, is the old man who tends to the place. While he will flatly refuse to actually fight, be it in training or for real, he knows enough about practically every kind of weapon to declare your strengths and weaknesses the moment he lays eyes on you, and can dole out helpful advice on the regular.

200 cp - An Education In Miniature

The school of sorcery is another point of pride for Faerghus, but in truth it is not something that the average commoner will ever really get a chance to appreciate. And yet, there are those who seek to change that. What you have here are a number of basic primers on a vast range of topics - everything from the bare minimum of how to learn to read (though, the ones on how to teach someone to read are probably more useful) all the way up to introductions to magic or warfare tactics. It is, simply put, everything you need in order to exalt a mere commoner into a competent commander of an entire army. ...Admittedly, that would probably still take years, but everything you need is here.

400 cp - From The Ashes Of Defeat

Many years ago in a great tragedy, Faerghus all but killed the nation of Duscur after the death of their king. It was an ill thought out action, and a misplaced one to boot, but it is what it is. Perhaps more important is the fact that you have since spent a great deal of time aiding the people of Duscur in rebuilding their nation. While the entire place is but a drain on your resources for the time being, you also possess a small company of Duscur soldiers at your disposal... and you'll find that the more aid you render to the impoverished nation, the more people will join this deployment and the more motivated and skilled they will become. Bring the nation back to life and you'd have a small army of truly devout and thankful soldiers.

600 cp - Fhirdiad, The Azure Throne

The capital city of the holy kingdom, and the center of power for House Blaiddyd and their allies. Fhirdiad is just as much of a fortress as it is a city, with the palace being the most heavily fortified section of it. The lands that surround it are far too cold for widespread farming, but perhaps the most important part of the city is its warmth. It's citizens. For some reason, be you ruler, advisor, or captain of the guard, you are stunningly popular within the walls of the city and large portions of the citizenry would fight in your defense should the city be invaded. By the same grace, traitors and betrayers will find themselves suffering from a number of minor inconveniences the very second they step into your city, let alone if they should try and take it from you.

Leicester Alliance

100 cp - A Meal Between Friends

There's nothing better way to eat a meal than to have it with friends, perhaps while sharing a lively conversation on this or that topic. Unfortunately, you may not always have time to just sit down and relax, especially when you're at war. Despite this, or perhaps in spite of it, it makes the times you can do so even more special. To that end, you have what amounts to part of a portable kitchen set - some pots and pans, cutlery, and some plates. Strictly speaking it's not nearly enough to actually cook a meal with, but somehow it works anyways? Merely throw a small handful of ingredients into the pot and give them a good stirring, and after an hour or so you'll have a delicious meal, ready to share with friends. It should be noted however that whatever makes this work drains stamina to do so - using this is oddly exhausting. You definitely can't cook for large numbers of people like this, but a friend or two should be fine.

200 cp - Improvised Supplies

Supply lines are a massive pain in the ass, but they're a necessary one. Fortunately for you, it seems like a friend or servant of yours has gotten their hands on something that fell off the back of the wagon as your foes were running away. Every month, you receive a small handful of supplies, odds and ends, maybe a boat or a fire orb, that could be used in battle, to change the course of that battle. While this won't get you any additional bodies to throw at your foes, having an extra trick or two up your sleeve is never a bad thing. If used smartly, this could massively demoralize your foes because you slipped something nasty into their water supplies, for example. Unfortunately these things don't tend to last very long - 'misappropriated goods' get reclaimed by the quartermaster, or perhaps something left behind by a foe gets 'helpfully' returned. Or even taken apart to repair your own versions. In other words, use it or lose it.

400 cp - Favor From A Friend

Despite being near constant attacks from Almyra, there are a number of Leicester Nobles who are remarkably good friends with their supposed enemies. Why, there was even a rather hush hush romance that occurred - the current Queen of Almyra is very noticeably from Fodlan, not that most of Fodlan knows that. Why would they pay attention to the affairs of savages after all? But, I digress. What matters is that there's someone on the other side who is a very good friend of yours, one that is more than willing to feed you information on the happenings of court, plans for their nation to attack yours, so on and so forth. In an emergency, you might even be able to get them to commit their nation's army to attacking your foes, though you'd probably have to sweeten relations to make that work.

600 cp - Derdriu, The Golden City

Derdriu is not an opulent palace like Enbarr, nor a veritable fortress like Fhirdiad. Instead, it is something else entirely - a port. Unlike the other two capital cities, which consume gold and resources to maintain themselves, Derdriu makes gold and jewels hand over fist thanks to their access to the sea and thus easy transportation methods. Admittedly, that also makes it more open to attacks than either of the other two, but unfortunately you'll just have to live with it. As the now nominal owner of the city, a great deal of that money is now yours. Enough for a seat on the Roundtable, if you weren't already there - and speaking of the Roundtable, the city is also one that somehow manages to be diplomatic to its core - negotiations and the like are far easier and painless when they occur here. Not weighted in your favor per say, but things will go faster when there's less pointless bluster and death threats.

The Church of Seiros

100 cp - The Shining Knights

The benefits of being the only religion on the continent are many, but first and foremost amongst those things is the fact that you don't need to argue or compete with other religions over the donations of the faithful. Perhaps between another church, but that's not nearly as bad. To that end, you are kitted out with some of the finest things money can buy. A silver weapon, high quality armor, perhaps even a well trained warhorse to carry you into battle if that suits you. Alternatively, if you don't intend to be a knight but a more traditional cleric, you might find yourself with a set of cleric robes enchanted for comfort and with a magic staff or wand of some kind. Simply put, this represents everything you might need to truly appear as the knight in shining armor the Knights of Seiros are often seen as.

200 cp - Map Of Hidden Passages

The Church of Seiros is the oldest institution on the continent, surpassing Faerghus and Liecester with ease, and it was Seiros herself who crowned Adrestia's first emperor. What you now possess is, supposedly, a fragment of Seiros's own journal, detailing a number of hidden passages all across the continent. Underneath Garreg Mach, in the imperial palace at Enbarr, in a brand new fortress in Faerghus - practically everywhere and anywhere can be covered by these fragments of the past. Oddly well updated for a dead woman's personal journal though. Probably the Archbishops fault. Still, you have been entrusted with a few pages worth of secrets - ensure that you are worthy of this trust, and make sure to use them to maximum effect.

400 cp - Off-Center of Trust

When Garreg Mach fell - will fall? I am speaking of the future after all - the Archbishop and the Central Church were forced to abandon the monastery. Upon doing so, they retreated to their closest ally, the Holy Kingdom of Faerghus, where they were given what amounts to an entire fortress to serve as their secondary base of operations. This is that city, the fortress of Camulus. As of right now it's mostly empty with barely a skeleton crew to keep it operational, but should the church fall - or any organization that you're allied with, really - then you'll find a great deal of your support staff transferred here to recover from any wounds or just to set up shop once more. Emphasis on support staff - the women and children and the elderly will escape without too much issue and make their way here, but the Knights themselves, your active fighting force... Well, let's hope they're as elite as Rhea says they are.

600 cp - Relics of a Bygone Era

Deep in the vaults of Garreg Mach lie arms and armors that Seiros decreed that mankind both had no need of, and did not deserve to use. Some of that is lies, but the things hidden away are very real. Great machines that none alive know how to use, the ghosts of soldiers who swore themselves to the Goddess a thousand years ago, even a handful of Sacred Relics that are forgotten to time. Things like a very special chalice, meant to be used as part of a ritual to return the Goddesses spirit to the physical world... and perhaps one of the most dangerous artifacts currently known to man. You possess all these things, sealed away inside great vaults in a place of your choosing, though for now I shall assume they are hidden under Garreg Mach. The archbishop would likely loathe to see them used, but you still have a key, and should you feel the need is great enough, the right to actually use them.

Those Who Slither In The Dark

100 cp - Crumbling Fortress

Agartha was once a great city, a bastion of the natural and unnatural sciences both. It is gone now, and while the subterranean city of Shambhala remains... Those who would see justice cannot remain there. They must venture out into the light of day. This place is, quite frankly, a wreck. A ruin. Perhaps even a literal cave system. At first glance, no one sane would voluntarily use it as a base, but once you get past its exterior the place is surprisingly intact. The perfect place to gather bandits in preparation of ruining someones day, or to kidnap and torture a girl before you rip her soul out of her body. Or just a place to run and experiment or two in relative peace and quiet. A small contingent of pre-bribed bandits can also be made available to you if you want the warm bodies, but you might find they ask too many questions to let live for very long.

200 cp - Electrified Hate

Ever since the so-called "goddess" stuck down the sages of Agartha, those who remained have devoted their lives to striking back. What you possess here is one of the weapons they created to do just that. A set of modified Crest Stones, to be used on wild animals to create Demonic Beasts, a handful of mechanical soldiers known as Titanus, A number of pillars that shoot out lighting to strike your enemies with, a small armory of exceedingly sharp and deadly weapons, or perhaps even a weapon comparable to a Sacred or Relic weapon? The hate that all Agarthians feel for the goddess and the beasts she covered the world with is endless, and the many means they have created to kill them are almost as varied. A single purchase of this item is enough to seed a given battlefield with your favorite flavor of poison, and may be bought multiple times should you decide you hate someone enough to shove multiple kinds of 'fuck you' onto a single battlefield or just one onto every battlefield.

400 cp - Poisoned Chalice

Not all gifts Shambhala offers to the beasts are poisoned. Only the ones they try to refuse. To the uninformed eye this simple orb appears to be a Crest Stone, specifically that of Maurice, otherwise known as The Beast. It is not, however, as that Crest Stone is safely located inside of Blutgang. No, this is a fake, made through the sheer genius of Agartha. Holding it within one's hand allows them to unleash a transformation into a true beast, much like Maurice or the other children of the goddess. It's a powerful form, to be sure, but that is its value to the wielder, not to you. The use of this stone installs a secondary personality within the mind of the user, a blank and obedient childlike echo of their normal self. One that will of course obey any and all orders you give to them. Useful for when a person is too useful to kill, but too willful to live. Additionally, the stone can also be used in a more normal fashion, as the core of a mysterious axe that both is and is not a Relic weapon. Your 'loyal' and 'dutiful' servants should be well armed, should they not?

600 cp - West Of Loathing

The Church of Seiros is not a monolithic organization. Though the beast queen rules over the faithful from her empty throne atop Garreg Mach, her gaze and reach only extend so far. For the poor lost souls that cannot reach her, a smaller, more local church must attend to their spiritual health. South, East, and West are where the beasts flock when they cannot climb their mountain, and let me tell you something special - the Western Church is rotten to the core. It is filled to the brim with easily manipulated sycophants, those with grudges against your foes, and those without any faith at all. The perfect spy network, and a hidden army - sure, a priest may have an agenda, but no one ever expects the whole thing to rise up and go to war with its own flock. To make matters worse, you have a somewhat more spread out but just as influential network of like minded fellows in the neighboring nations - a noble here and there, a merchant on the side, the odd priest now and again... You could do some real damage to the health of a nation with something like this.

General Items

50 cp - Owl Stand

Set somewhere near your quarters is a small but tall brass pole, the kind a falconer might use to allow his bird to stand upon. In your case, you've actually got a pet owl of sorts. Well, pet is probably a fairly strong word for it, it's more like the bird likes to keep an eye on you for one reason or another. Still, it's a pleasant enough thing, and it is rather soft and fuzzy when it feels like letting you stroke it. Every few days, you can often find a few shed feathers at the base of the stand, and they're almost as soft as the owl itself is. They also make great gifts, oddly enough. They're just oddly fascinating to most people, though the reason why varies from person to person.

50 cp - Freshest Fruits

Tell me something, what's your favorite meal? Perhaps a vegetable pasta salad, or a nice bowl of daphnel stew? Unfortunately, it's rather hard to get your favorite dish with any regularity, what with how the kitchens are often taxed for resources by the hungry army. Unless of course, you were to go out of your way to get your hands on the resources to make at least a meal just for yourself and maybe a friend or two. Expensive, but delectable. Luckily, you have a small supply of two or three different ingredients that can be turned to this end. It's not much more than a small basket or two, a pittance really, but it's enough to have it once a week or so. Remember to invite some friends, it's good for morale!

100 cp - Battalion Board

Commanding officers in armies are often given a bit more leeway than your average soldier. Enough to hire on a team of mercenaries, or perhaps upset the normal layout in order to put together a squadron for a special mission. Additionally, nobles are fond of giving their heirs a small squad of fighters who can keep up with them, ostensibly as bodyguards. This board is a listing of not only all of the ones you have available to you, but all of the ones nearby that you could feasibly hire. Half 'you have the political sway to demand a contingent of soldiers from a nearby lord' and half straight up hiring them. Or hell, you might find a company of total randos showing up on the list every now and then who are mostly there because you impressed them somehow and now they want to work for you. Of course, at base, the list will be fairly small, limited by your own leadership skills and what you can actually afford to hire.

100 cp - Traveling Merchant

Money makes the world go round, and it makes the merchants bring you cool things, which you may then spend more money on. Due to one contract or another, or perhaps just them smelling gold to be made, you now have a merchant who stops by once or twice a month to unload his wares. Books on mathematics and history, sweets for the children and coffee for the adults, more than a few useful odds and ends, hell, even just slabs of meat or ingots of metal. Lots of things, really, and all things I'm sure you'll have a use for sooner or later. ...Well, that's the dream at least. Their stock isn't actually very impressive right now, but with enough gold invested into them, I'm positive they could make enough of a profit to expand their inventory and bring you the really good things.

100 cp - Supply Depot

It's generally considered quite disrespectful to loot the dead of their belongings, but their camps and fortified positions aren't held to the same standard. This place is less of a shop and more of a recovery team, with their duty being to sweep through nearby battlefields for useful materials and give them to the local lord. Or to you, either way works. Sadly, battles tend to be destructive and thus there often isn't a whole lot to find. Luckily for you, they're also fairly decent at trading off whatever they do find for other resources - turning scraps of metal into quality building materials... though you're going to need to give them a bit extra in order to pull that off. Their normal haul doesn't even begin to cover the stuff needed to even build a small cabin, and that's regular wood let alone something fancy and built to last.

200 cp - The Armorer

It's great to have supplies, but a strong wall won't hold off an army. You need a sword for that. Or a bow, or an axe - you get the point. Weapons. Armor. Luckily for you, there's this blacksmith shop. While this one isn't actually a smith, they do sell a number of weapons and other stabby things to help you out on the battlefield. If you need a sword, a shield, or even a new set of armor, they've probably got something that can help. It won't be perfect, this is the mass produced stuff that is more useful filling gaps than anything else, but as long as you pay for them you'll get quality goods. And hey, if you spend enough money here, maybe help them renovate and actually add a forge, they can start selling better and better stuff.

200 cp - The Forge

The other half of the equation, the guy actually making stuff. Not only does he produce the weapons that the armorer sells, but more importantly, he does custom jobs. This is the guy you go to if you want a weapon repaired, or upgraded. If you want to unleash the full potential of your relic, or reinforce it to the point where it literally can't or it will stop being a valid weapon, he's the guy you want to talk to. ...Assuming you bring him the raw materials to make it happen. And pay him, obviously. And spend enough money at him that he can afford the specialist tools he'd need to work on a Heroes Relic or a Sacred Weapon. Possibly even fund him another education so he can learn a new material. Look, you get the idea - spend more money, he buys more gear, you have more options. And then once that is over you can see about getting yourself a plus one hundred weapon.

200 cp - Tactics Academy

Don't fight harder, fight smarter! This converted schoolhouse is shoved to the brim with tactical and strategic advice, records of past battles that went astonishingly well (or terribly, for the enemy), and as much sheer wisdom as they could find. Sorting through it is a bit of a challenge, but luckily for you the teachers know how to streamline stuff. If you want a faster way of putting your armor on or taking it off, a more efficient way to store Vulneraries, or a meditation technique to help you focus in battle better, they can scrounge something up for you. Eventually. If you give them enough time. Oh, and don't go thinking this service is cheap! If they're going to spend hour upon hour helping you refine your combat style, you can expect them to demand an equal price in gold... from every student.

300 cp - Facilities Center

You might have noticed a bit of a theme going on with some of the last few items. "They'll sell you really cool stuff... as soon as you buy enough things for them to be able to afford to make one", so on and so forth. It's not like you can expect a humble shopkeeper to pull a legendary sword out their ass, not unless you go through the effort to make *them* a legendary shopkeeper. Luckily for you, you've stumbled across a shop whose business is putting more business into other shops. ...No, I'm not quite sure how that works. What matters is that you bring them money and resources, and they invest it on your behalf. Whether you want the blacksmith to start making silver blades, the general merchant to carry blue cheese, or to help the tactics guys actually have some tactics to teach you... buy stuff here. And hey, they aren't limited to just these things. You got any other businesses you want to invest in, or even one you own yourself? They can help with that too.

300 cp - Record Hall

The worst mistake you can make is to first make a mistake, and then refuse to learn from it. To do so only ensures that you will continue to make it. Or, perhaps in a more pithy manner, those who do not learn from history are doomed to repeat it. That's where the recordkeepers come in. As you might imagine, they keep meticulous records of everything they can, from how many soldiers you killed in the last battle to what weapon you used, down to the precise second enemy reinforcements arrived if they can. Most of this is then sent to the Tactics Academy, but they do have something for you. An illusion, made semi-solid and all the more real for the reams of information they have gathered. And for what? So that you could fight those battles again if you so desired. An endlessly reviving enemy for you to test yourself against, a chance to spar with the enemy commander and ferret out their every weakness... Well, I'm sure they'll have more tricks in the next battle, but with you having all but memorized their current ones they're going to need it. ...No, you don't need to spend shittons of money upgrading their capabilities, they're fine as is. They do one thing and they do it well, no need for anything else.

300 cp - Anna's Shop

Well now, looky here - this isn't something you see every day. It seems that our dear friend Anna has heard good things about the amount of money that you've been spending recently and wants to get a cut of the profits. Her stock isn't anything like a normal merchant, as she sells... unique items. Poisons from Brigid, teas from Almyra - hell, she might even have a spell tome or two from Ylisse. But, more relevantly? She sells items - trinkets, really - that have the most unusual property of enhancing the user. A small statue that if you pray to it, you'll become lucky. Herbs or tonics that permanently increase your magical power. Robes that are soaked in sheer life, and if you wear them for a day that energy will transfer to you. Now, her stock of these is extremely limited, and while she sells many different kinds you'll be lucky to see them but once every other year or so. Still, raw power is something you can't put a price on, even if Anna is more than willing to try.

400 cp - Personal Diary (Discount The One Who Was Fated To Die)

I know what you're thinking. After all that, we end with a diary. Your diary. It doesn't sound impressive by comparison, does it? And yet, this holds a secret that could change the course of a war. Scattered throughout your journal are a number of doodles, weapons your opponents used, the crests of your allies, perhaps the design for a suit of armor. Through the use of renown, your raw fame, you may pull these doodles out of your dreams and into reality. A dark mirror of the Sword of the Creator, a strange stone bearing the symbol of a crest, a gemstone that somehow focuses thoughts to let you learn faster... the things in here can be borderline miraculous. There is a limit to how much you can pull from here, however. A random two bit mercenary could barely afford a single common blade after a dozen battles - but a battle to change the fate of the continent? That's worth a Relic that doesn't exist. Sadly however, most of these things may only be pulled forth a single times, and you will need to wait for the jump to end for a new set - or new items entirely - to become available.

Companions

50 cp / 300 cp - House Leader

Nobody should be without allies, friends, someone to trust or a shoulder to lean on, especially not in such tense times as we live in. That's why I intend to offer you just that, allies. Whether you're meeting up with an old friend or making a new one doesn't actually matter to me. For a simple 50 cp per person, they will receive 600 cp to build their new life with. If you should purchase eight such friends, I will round the price down somewhat to a mere 300 cp.

Companions cannot purchase additional companions, but they can take the drawbacks 'The Cost Of A Crest' and 'Running Out Of Time' on the stipulations that they buy one or two Crests respectively.

50 cp - Call To Arms

To have your own forces is well and good, but there are few armies that cannot be made better by simply having more soldiers. Or in other words, your friend group is nice and all, but go out and make some more. That's where this comes in. At the low low cost of 50 cp per person, and their agreement to come with you, you can take one individual from Fodlan, Brigid, Almyra, any such location within the world of "Fuukasetsugetsu", as a companion.

200 cp - Lions, Eagles, and Deer, Oh My

You know, buying companions one at a time can be a slow and expensive process. How would you like for me to speed things up some? This is not the purchase of a single companion, but rather up to nine of them in one go - and in one slot, if you wish it. These potential companions must share a theme of some kind, such as all being residents of the Kingdom or the Empire - or, members of the Blue Lions or the Golden Deer. As before, this does require their agreement in order for them to come alone, so perhaps you should invest some time in earning their loyalty? Additionally, you may only take this option twice, for a total of eighteen companions.

Drawbacks

No limit bar your tolerance for pain

+0cp - The One Who Was Fated To Die (Requires Mercenary Origin)

Fate is a cruel thing to most. There are precious few who can change the fate of nations, but most other people are like dust in the wind, only vaguely important because it was the hero of the story that cut them down. People like you. ...Wait, why are you not dead? You were supposed to die right then, something about an Ashen Demon. How strange. If you chose this, then you will be replacing the fateless mercenary, Shez. A position with the potential to be privileged to be sure, but not quite as fine a one as you could have. Still, the option is here.

+100 cp - The Map Is Upside Down

Some people are talented cooks who can make delicious meals without much practice, others burn almost everything they touch no matter how hard they try. And you, my friend, might as well burn that map that you bought, because that's about how much use you'll be getting out of it. You have a quite frankly terrible sense of direction and could get lost walking from your bed to your desk. Well, maybe not quite that bad, but even places you're familiar with aren't entirely safe from this. My suggestion? Don't travel alone, as long as you have someone else doing the navigating you should be mostly fine.

+100 cp - This Function Runs On Gold

You know what's a stupidly useful thing to have? Money. You know what you are about to not have? Money. For one reason or another, the world seems to be actively out to get you - or, at bare minimum, your wallet. Tactics advisors, repairing your weapons, feeding your horse, reserving a training field worth a damn, not sleeping under a tree, all these things and more are about to come and haunt you the way the late king haunts Dimitri - *with a vengeance!* Now, that's not to say there isn't actually enough money to go around, you'll probably be able to scrounge up enough to get your responsibilities squared away if you scrape hard enough. But at that point, there isn't any left for you to treat yourself to, say, sweets, or a new sword. How sad.

+100 cp - That's The Merc Life For You

When you live by the sword, well, you also tend to die by it. People who live long enough to retire with all their limbs intact are the minority, more often than not they just never come back from a job when they inevitably run up against someone better than them, be it a rival merc, a demonic beast, or an angry noble. You're pretty much numb to this as a result of having lost so many people in the past - you don't feel much of anything beyond a vague 'well that's incredibly inconvenient' when someone dies, and even less afterwards. As you might imagine, this doesn't endear you to many people, especially not the ones still capable of feeling grief.

+200 cp - Wooden Sword Master Race

You know, it would be wonderful if you had an entire armory of weapons with various minor modifications that made them perfect for this situation or that. Some rapiers and hammers to pierce armor, some bows for fliers, all that jazz. But you don't have any of those things. Your signature weapon, such as it is, is nothing more than a common wooden training sword. Yes, even if you were intending to be an archer or a mage, you're stuck with the sword. Here's to hoping you're actually any good with the blade, because otherwise you're going to be more than a bit screwed. It's not like training swords really deal all that much damage, so you'd need to be really good with it to compensate. If you aren't... Well, here's to hoping you are.

+200 cp - Could It Be Jumper?!?

So, to check, this is in fact the first time you've been here, right? Because someone out there seems to recognize you. Maybe you're the reincarnation of someone who was here before? Well, the long and short of things is that your enemies - probably either Those Who Slither or the Church of Seiros - remembers you in some strange way, remembers your personality and your powers. Now, it might take them a bit to recognize you, they were pretty sure you were dead after all, but once they see you for who you really are (yourself), then you can imagine how pissed off they'll be that you didn't have the good graces to stay dead when they killed you the last time.

+200 cp - Unromance Of The Three Houses

Champions who stand above all others, sweeping aside their foes by the dozens until another champion stands in their way... the essence of a true warrior. Or, perhaps, of Warriors. An essence that in a truly mystifying set of circumstances, you lack. You aren't the champion of anything, you're just a common soldier in terms of skill and power. Hell, you might not even have a Class as most people would acknowledge them. I really hope you're a merchant or some such, you probably wouldn't last long on a battlefield.

+300 cp - And The World Is Winning

War, at its essence, is a breakdown of negotiations for one reason or another. Furthermore, a war between just two counties is actually rather uncommon thanks to various pacts and treaties that often drag other nations into the conflict. The Empire attacks the Church, but the Kingdom is duty bound to defend them and fight beside them... things like that. Whoever you join, whatever side you intend to take, you're on the back foot. For all intents and purposes, it's as if the entire world has united against you. The Church and the Kingdom aren't just joining forces against the Empire, but the Alliance has allied with Almyra, and even Brigid and Dagda are rebelling just in time to fuck you over. Well, assuming you were a member of the Empire. Who knows how things could turn out if you weren't.

+300 cp - An Ordinary Man

When you arrived in this world, there was something of a flaw. The vast majority of your powers from other worlds are reduced in scope, or even outright missing. Worse, however, is that they have seemingly grown a mind of their own, and have their own opinions on your past actions... and your future plans. They acknowledge they are yours, but beyond that? If you want much use out of them, you'll have to either convince your own powers to work with you, or play into their own plans for the jump. Fated rival this, partners in destiny that... Deviate too far from those plans, and you shouldn't be surprised if they rip themselves out of you entirely and try to kill you.

THE END

Regardless of whether Fodlan exploded into war, or even if you won that war or not, I congratulate you on surviving your time here and wish you luck in the next life. Speaking of that...

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