

The Awakening of the
Cosmic Lord

An original Jumpchain by AzureKnight_mx

Your universe was long believed to be barren, incapable of producing fragments of reality. No Cosmic Lord has ever emerged here—a sign, it seemed, of a universe drifting toward inevitable entropy, destined for expansion and eventual heat death in the distant eons. And yet, within you lies something extraordinary: a shard of unfathomable potential, an anomaly defying the natural order. It is a final, desperate spark from a reality on the brink of fading. Perhaps you will save it. Perhaps you are its last hope for a legacy.

Across the vast multiverse, where dimensions fold and collide in a dance of creation and decay, beings of immense power are born. These few are chosen to wield the very essence of their universe's reality—a gift that enables them to shape and rewrite the fabric of existence itself. They are known as *Cosmic Lords*, and they stand as the ultimate guardians—or destroyers—of their own universes. Universes, in their natural cycle, send fragments of their reality into chosen hosts, nurturing them into beings capable of creating new worlds and, eventually, new universes.

But in rare and perilous moments, a universe can create just one shard, an exceptional fragment with the potential to forge a Lord of unparalleled strength. You are that fragment's bearer. Against all odds, you have been chosen. Today, a new Cosmic Lord is born. The road ahead is fraught with cosmic mysteries, interdimensional threats, and the eyes of beings who dwell beyond the boundaries of understanding. As you grow in power, the weight of creation and destruction lies in your hands.

Will you rise to defend your universe, forging new worlds and conquering the challenges of the multiverse? Or will the forces arrayed against you tear apart all you hold dear, leaving your universe to fade into oblivion?

Your journey begins now. You are the anomaly, the final hope of a dying reality. What will you become?

Your Fragment of Reality grants you 1000 Cosmic Points (CP)!

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Cosmic Lords—heroes and tyrants, saviors and destroyers, gods and monsters. They are all of these and more: beings who shape reality itself, wielding wonder and power in equal measure.

What is a Cosmic Lord?

A Cosmic Lord is a being of **immense power**, born through the fusion of an individual with a Fragment of Reality—a shard of their universe's fundamental essence. This union grants them extraordinary cosmic abilities, enabling them to bend the very fabric of reality to their will. Over time, as they master these powers, a Cosmic Lord can transcend nearly all other beings within their universe, potentially becoming one of the most powerful entities across the multiverse.

Universes are living entities in their own right, constantly expanding, evolving, and adapting to the vast multiverse that surrounds them. As part of their natural reproductive cycle, they generate multiple Fragments of Reality, which are then cast out into the cosmos to seek suitable hosts. These hosts are chosen based on their latent potential and compatibility with the fragment. The fragment embeds itself within the host, and the two begin to grow together. As the host matures and develops, so too does their connection with the fragment, gradually awakening their cosmic powers.

The ultimate purpose of this process is for the host, now a Cosmic Lord, to mature to the point where they can birth a universe of their own. In doing so, they contribute to the endless expansion and diversification of the multiverse. These new universes reflect the experiences, desires, and will of the Cosmic Lords who create them, further enriching the cosmic tapestry.

In most cases, universes produce several fragments, spreading their essence across multiple hosts, ensuring the survival of at least some Cosmic Lords. However, on rare occasions, a universe may focus all its energy into creating a single, exceptionally potent fragment. These fragments are designed to forge Cosmic Lords of unparalleled strength, with the potential to wield reality-altering powers far beyond the norm.

Yet this approach comes with significant risk. If a Cosmic Lord born from such a fragment is destroyed before they can fully mature, the universe loses a large portion of its potential power, leaving it vulnerable. Many of these powerful fragments are hunted by beings and forces that seek to prevent their rise, as a fully realized Cosmic Lord could shift the balance of power within their universe. In contrast, some universes may fail to produce any Cosmic Lords at all, becoming barren and weak, making them susceptible to external threats from other universes and dimensions.

A Cosmic Lord’s powers are deeply tied to their universe's very fabric, allowing them to manipulate time, space, matter, and even the laws that govern reality. These abilities can vary from Lord to Lord, depending on the nature of their fragment and their own personal development. However, the sheer scale of their potential makes them formidable figures, capable of challenging even the most established forces within their universe.

Their cosmic might often draws the attention of other entities—both friend and foe—from across the multiverse. Some may seek to form alliances, recognizing the Lord’s potential as a force for creation and expansion. Others, especially ancient cosmic beings, may view them as a threat to the status quo, leading to inevitable conflict.

Despite their immense power, Cosmic Lords are not invincible. Unless fully realized with their powers, their strength is intrinsically linked to the universe that birthed them. Should their home universe be destroyed, they risk catastrophic weakening or even death, as the fragment that sustains them ceases to exist. This profound connection drives most Cosmic Lords to fiercely defend and protect their universe, nurturing its growth and warding off threats that could destabilize or destroy it.

Cosmic Lords play a crucial role in the grand cycle of creation and destruction within the multiverse. While some Lords may rise to become benevolent protectors and creators of new universes, others may succumb to their power, becoming conquerors or destroyers. Regardless of their path, they are pivotal players in shaping the course of cosmic events.

As a Cosmic Lord, your journey is not just about wielding immense power, but about finding your place within the multiverse. Will you ascend to become a guardian of your universe, fostering its growth and eventually birthing new realities? Or will you seek power beyond the limits of your fragment, challenging the very forces that gave you life?



Origin



Cosmic Lord (Free and required)

You are a Cosmic Lord and within you now exists a potent shard of reality intrinsically bound to your very existence. A Cosmic Lord is considered a master of the physical universe and a powerful reality manipulator, their own understanding and exploiting of the laws of reality allow them to perform feats that are near and beyond the limits of what technology and esoteric forces can replicate.

As part of your new nature, you now possess the following qualities:

- **Self-Sustainability:** You no longer require food, water, sleep, or air to survive, as the Fragment of Reality provides all necessities you may have, though you may still partake in them.
- **Immortality**: You are immune to aging and effectively immortal, requiring for your body to be severely destroyed and unable to regenerate to experience true death.
- **Environmental Resistance:** The vacuum of space has no negative effects on you, and you can withstand pressures up to 10 times your original baseline.
- **Radiation Absorption:** Exposure to any background radiation is harmless, as it is instantly absorbed upon contact with you and rendered of no consequence, aiding in energy recovery and slightly enhancing regeneration.
- **Personal Reality Field:** You possess an invisible, intangible, and inviolable field just outside your body, which unconsciously adjusts various aspects of your physical and metaphysical presence to ensure your survival and comfort.
  - This field adjusts your apparent weight to always fall between 50 and 200 kg as you desire, regardless of your actual body mass. When performing actions like pushing, striking, or resisting movement, the field allows your true mass to come into play. For example, if your true weight is immense, you could remain unmoved by the impact of a planet, but normally, such mass would cause extreme gravitational effects and structural damage to your surroundings. The field neutralizes these unintended effects, making you appear to have a normal weight in most situations. However, when necessary, such as during a punch or resisting a force, your true mass asserts itself. This field ensures that your interactions with reality always work to your advantage, balancing the benefits of immense mass without the drawbacks.
- **Adaptive True Form:** This aspect of the personal reality field gradually shifts your true appearance toward your ideal form, regardless of your current shape, species, sex, or other distinguishing features. Unlike traditional shapeshifting, this ability fundamentally redefines what is considered your true form—aligning it with how you perceive yourself. Any changes in your self-perception will cause this form to adjust accordingly. While you can still shapeshift or assume alternate forms temporarily, your true form will always revert to this ideal so long as you will it. The transformation process is gradual, taking a few hours for a complete shift, and as you revert to your true form, any

harmful and persistent effects will be removed from your body, mind and soul regardless of source and potency.

- You now have available to you a **self-restoring extradimensional internal reserve of matter**, generated by your Fragment of Reality. The amount of matter available is around the mass of a big mountain, slowly regenerating and taking up to one day at most to restore. Other choices may increase this amount.
- Cosmic Lords possess **formidable suits of hardened reality** that render them nigh invulnerable to extreme forces, exotic energies and even are able to resist reality warping of all kinds.

Age, Sex and Background

As a Cosmic Lord, these traits—age, sex, and background—become fluid and inconsequential. Your awakening has granted you the ability to reshape these aspects of your existence as you see fit, free from the limitations of mortal identity. You can adjust your appearance, redefine your age, or even alter your sex at will, reflecting the vast power you now wield.

While you may choose to craft a personal history on this Earth, it is but a fleeting detail in the grand scheme of your cosmic journey. You can also decide to forgo unnecessary memories, arriving as a drop-in without ties or a past to weigh you down. After all, what is a past to a being who shapes the future?

Location

Your journey begins on a version of Earth—not your original Earth, but one of the many parallel Earths that populate the multiverse. This Earth is slightly more advanced than your own, about one to three decades ahead in technology. While many familiar modern issues still persist, others have been solved, only to give rise to new, emergent challenges.



The waves and ripples your awakening sends across the fabric of space and time have not gone unnoticed. Soon, the disturbance will draw attention from various entities throughout the universe. Exploring races, singular creatures, mysterious beings, and stranger entities will come to investigate the cause. While most of these beings are unaware of your true nature, some will recognize what you are. They may seek to befriend you, assess whether you are a threat, use you, or even attempt to destroy you before you fully master your cosmic powers.

In any case, your arrival has set the eyes of the universe upon Earth and only you'll decide how things will happen from now on.



Body, Mind and Soul

The fragment of reality that has become part of you is now inseparable from your being. It cannot be taken, stolen, copied, or transferred— it has merged with you entirely, just as you have merged with it.

This merging has transformed three core aspects of yourself—your body, mind, and soul—into more powerful forms, elevating you to the level of a Cosmic Lord. These enhancements are not superficial; they represent a deep, qualitative shift, making each aspect of you stronger, more refined, and ready for the cosmic stage.

You must choose one upgrade from each category: body, mind, and soul. Opting for a higher-tier selection grants all the benefits of the lower tiers within that category.

Body:

The body of a Cosmic Lord is nothing short of extraordinary, embodying the pinnacle—or even beyond—of their species' potential. However, the most exceptional among them have bodies forged from high-density matter, setting them apart from all others and elevating them above their rivals.

Biological Zenith (Free): Your body is enhanced to the peak of biological potential for your species. All genetic imperfections are eliminated, and every aspect of your biology is optimized to the maximum extent possible without falling into the uncanny valley. This means that, while your appearance and abilities are vastly superior, you still appear natural within the context of your species—just a genetic step ahead of everyone else.

You gain complete control over your muscles and organs, with enhanced strength, reflexes, and overall physicality, though still within the limits of organic capability. You are immune to all natural and engineered toxins, diseases, and parasites, and can withstand temperatures and pressures up to ten times what your baseline species could endure. Finally, you gain a regeneration factor capable of flawlessly healing any injury you receive in a matter of minutes, and missing limbs an hour at most, drawing matter from your internal reserves to restore you.

Neutronium Matter Body (100 CP): Your body becomes a solid, sentient mass of neutronium matter, nearing the Tolman-Oppenheimer-Volkoff limit—the threshold before collapsing into denser forms of degenerate matter. Despite this, you still appear and are able to move as a normal member of your species to others.

Your body is now incredibly dense and powerful, capable of exerting enough force to crack continents and withstand extreme damage without a scratch. You are immune to pressures and temperatures up to those found at the core of a neutron star. Additionally, you gain natural resistance to magic and other

supernatural forces, as your dense composition distorts and erodes their effects, also making magical toxins and curses nearly ineffective against you.

Your internal matter reserves can now hold the mass of a star equal to our Sun, and it automatically restores itself within a day if fully depleted, taking longer up to a week for additional mass should you increase them somehow. Your regeneration is significantly enhanced, allowing you to replenish any damage or lost mass in seconds using your reserves. You can only be killed by total destruction, as you will regenerate from even a single unit of your matter. Any severed matter will evaporate harmlessly unless you choose to reintegrate it by touching it.

Exotic Matter Infusion (200 CP): Your body, primarily composed of neutronium matter, is now interwoven with particles that bend the physical laws of this universe. This includes elements like negative mass particles, dark matter, Bose-Einstein condensates, photonic matter, time crystals, and other exotic components, granting your body exotic properties.

Your mass and density remain similar to that of pure neutronium, but you are now completely immune to temperature and ambient pressure regardless of source. You can ignore natural gravity at will, allowing you to escape even the event horizon of a black hole unimpeded. Additionally, your body can interact with non-baryonic matter, and you are immune to time paradoxes, hostile spatial displacement, and causality manipulation, with immediate awareness of any such attempts.

Your exotic composition further enhances your resistance to unwanted effects, strengthening your Personal Reality Field and making you naturally resistant, though not entirely immune, to reality alterations and manipulation. Your internal matter reserves now include dark energy, **increasing your matter capacity to that of a red hypergiant star**, with your **natural recovery of your matter reserves taking up to a week if fully depleted**. You can now quantum regenerate in an instant from these reserves even if your body is entirely destroyed, as long as your mind and soul remain intact.

Mind:



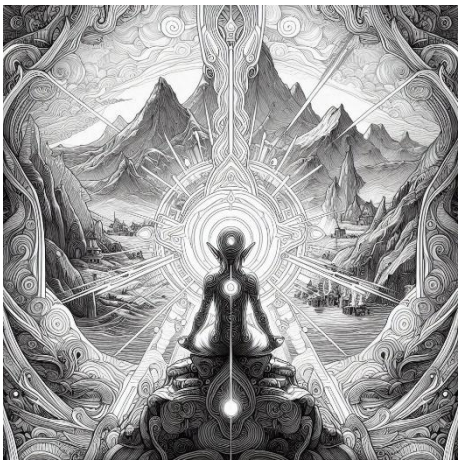
Upon awakening, the mind of a Cosmic Lord undergoes a transformative enhancement while retaining their original personality and essence.

Clarity (Free): Your mind becomes crystal clear, allowing thought to flow unhindered and imagination to run wild. While this doesn't increase your intelligence, it simplifies your thought processes, making it absurdly easier to imagine and visualize anything. This clarity helps in detecting and rejecting foreign thoughts, memetic hazards, or presences in your mind unless they are overwhelmingly stronger. Additionally, you gain perfect memory, enabling you to recall any experience in minute detail.

Crystalline Lattice Structure (100 CP): Your mind is now structured like a powerful computer, allowing you to perform calculations at a planetary scale. You can create independent thought routines that focus on specific tasks while you continue with other activities. These routines share computing power with you, cannot develop self-awareness, and can be reintegrated at will. You can hold infinite memories, vastly increased speed of thought, and your mind becomes remarkably resistant to damage, capable of self-restoration even if completely destroyed as long as your soul remains.

Higher Dimensional Thought Array (200 CP): Your mind expands beyond normal space, with thoughts flowing through higher and lesser dimensions. This boosts your mental computation power to the level of a Matrioshka Brain, greatly increasing your overall intelligence and ability to solve problems, simulate things and more. Your mind is anchored into reality through its multi-dimensional presence, making it highly resistant to external manipulation and immune to the harmful effects of exposure to Eldritch Beings. Any attempt to affect your mind must first comprehend its complex structure, or it will automatically fail. Even successful attempts will struggle against the deeply entrenched, nearly indestructible nature of your higher-dimensional mind.

Soul:



Although the soul is the less prominent aspect of a Cosmic Lord, it is no less formidable than the mind and body.

Reinforcement (Free): Upon transformation, your soul undergoes significant reinforcement, becoming more resilient and formidable. It is now much harder to manipulate or harm. If separated from your body, it can interact with the physical world, though at a reduced level of strength compared to your physical form. At this level, your soul's power is strong but not divine, making it resilient against lesser spiritual forces.

Resonance (100 CP): Your soul begins to resonate with the Fragment of Reality, gradually becoming stronger over time. This resonance allows your soul to double in strength every decade, enhancing its durability and presence. Your soul becomes more resistant to damage, though it can still be affected by powerful, soul-specific attacks. At this level, your soul's starting power is considerable, making it very difficult to harm or manipulate, but it is not truly invincible.

Ascendance (200 CP): Your soul transcends to a higher state, becoming a powerful anchor that binds you to existence. As long as your soul endures, you cannot experience true death, and it remains impervious to harm as long as your physical body remains intact. While your soul is not indestructible, it can swiftly recover from most forms of damage, unless challenged by exceptionally powerful or similarly evolved souls. In this ascended state, your soul's potential power is among the highest within the universe, though there are still limits, and potential rivals may yet exist.

The Cosmic Vestments



Even for a Cosmic Lord, there exist threats that challenge the very fabric of their existence—forces so potent that they defy even the vast powers a Lord commands. Upon awakening to the boundless scope of their universe, a Cosmic Lord soon comes to understand that their innate abilities and celestial form, while awe-inspiring, may not always provide sufficient defense against the most extreme, esoteric, or reality-warping dangers that dwell across the multiverse. Thus, the need for an extraordinary form of protection arises.

While most known materials fail to withstand the volatile or reality-altering forces a Cosmic Lord might encounter, they possess an elegant and unparalleled solution: the **advanced manipulation of their Reality Adjusting Field**. Through a process of meticulous and sustained effort, often **spanning months**, a Cosmic Lord can amplify, fold, and compress sections of their **Reality Adjusting Field**. This intense concentration of cosmic energy and spatial fabric results in the creation of something truly magnificent: **the Cosmic Vestments**—a suit of armor forged from hardened reality itself.

The **Cosmic Vestments** are far more than mere protective gear. Once formed, this **hardened reality armor** embodies the very essence of a Cosmic Lord's power, reflecting their command over the universe. Once the armor has taken shape, it can be donned or removed with the speed of thought, materializing around the Cosmic Lord in mere moments.

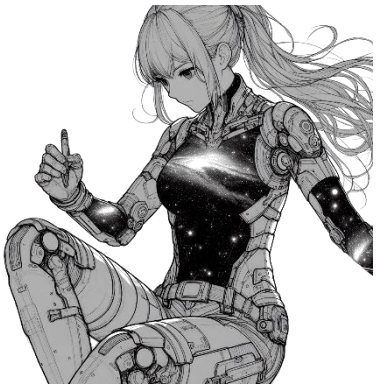
Key properties of the Cosmic Vestments include:

- **Adaptive Form:** The Cosmic Vestments are not bound by traditional notions of shape or design. These vestments can seamlessly adopt any form or style—be it a battle suit, flowing dress, or a more exotic configuration—so long as they remain form-fitting. Regardless of their outward appearance, the vestments provide complete and uniform protection across the wearer's body, safeguarding even gaps in the design with invisible layers of defense.
- **Intrusion and Alteration Rejection**: The armor actively rejects any attempts to tamper with its function or integrity. Neither physical forces nor metaphysical manipulations can disrupt or alter the vestments unless the Cosmic Lord allows it. It will not degrade, malfunction, or lose its purpose unless by the creator's will.
- **Exclusive to the Creator**: As a direct extension of the Cosmic Lord's Reality Adjusting Field, the Cosmic Vestments are intrinsically tied to their creator. No other being, not even other Cosmic Lords, can use, manipulate, or control the vestments. They are an inseparable part of the Cosmic Lord's essence and respond solely to their will.
- **Extreme Durability**: The Cosmic Vestments aren't constructed from any known material—they are forged from the essence of compressed reality itself. This pseudo-physical force field serves as an impenetrable barrier, capable of withstanding both material and immaterial attacks. Its durability is

beyond conventional comprehension, **shrugging off assaults that could annihilate stars** before sustaining even the slightest damage. It can block physical objects, energies, and entities with equal ease.

- **Reality Normalization**: The hardened reality of the vestment enforces a stable reality around the Cosmic Lord, allowing them to survive and navigate through bizarre, null, or unreal realities as if they were in their original universe. It effectively neutralizes the effects of harmful universal laws or their absence against the Cosmic Lord.
- **Resistance to Reality Manipulation**: While the Cosmic Lord may wield control over the universe, the Cosmic Vestments provide a bulwark against reality-warping attacks from outside forces. The vestments resist all unwanted forms of reality manipulation, preserving the wearer's form and space. Depending on the strength of the manipulation, this resistance may damage the vestment itself, but it can endure catastrophic forces such as a total single reality collapse, surviving at least one such event before being completely compromised and destroyed.
- **Self-Regeneration**: Once fully formed, the Cosmic Vestment is capable of regenerating by itself any damage it sustains. Without further input from the Cosmic Lord, the suit can completely regenerate from total destruction within one month, with faster recovery if it sustains less damage or if the Cosmic Lord actively participates in the repairs.
- **Infinity Mantle:** A secondary expression and part of the Cosmic Vestments, usually comes as a cape of some sorts that accompanies the suit or may be integrated on at most a third of the suit's surface. On the one side, a pattern with stars, nebulae and galaxies can be seen, permitting the Cosmic Lord and only the Cosmic Lord to put and take out objects at will regardless of size into an inner solar system sized space. This inner space, is colloquially known as the *Inner Verse*.

Forging of your Cosmic Vestments

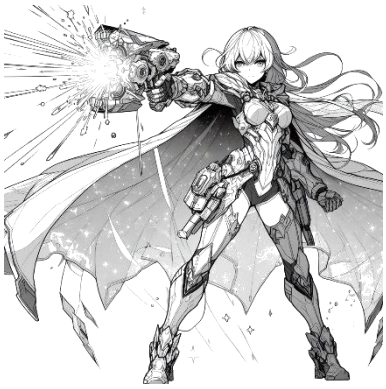


The forging of your **Cosmic Vestments** marks a defining moment in your journey as a **Cosmic Lord**, a process that signifies your mastery over reality and your evolution into a truly formidable force. These vestments are not merely armor, but an iconic expression of your power, carefully crafted to reflect your essence.

During the creation of your Cosmic Vestments, you are **free to shape them in any form you desire**, provided they remain primarily form-fitting to your body. Whether sleek, ornate, or utilitarian, their appearance is entirely up to you, allowing you to design a suit that perfectly complements your identity and role in the cosmos.

In addition to their physical form, **you may imbue your vestments with minor properties related to your Cosmic Powers**, ensuring that they embody not only your aesthetic vision but also your innate cosmic abilities. These enhancements could include subtle manifestations of your power, such as a glow that reflects your energy, or protective auras that shield you from specific threats. In this way, your Cosmic Vestments become a true extension of your being, encapsulating both your strength and your cosmic nature.

Vestments Customizations



While Cosmic Vestments provide remarkable protection in their base form, some Cosmic Lords can have customized them further, enhancing their capabilities through the expenditure of power. These customizations allow you to tailor your vestments to your needs, increasing their functionality and versatility.

Some customizations have upgrades; you may only select an upgrade if you have already acquired the parent customization. You receive [five] discounts for this section. As usual, any 100 CP discounted customization or upgrade is considered free.

Adaptive Technomagoetic Systems (100 CP): Your Cosmic Vestments now possess the capability to seamlessly integrate technological or magical equipment, enhancing their functionality without compromising their defensive integrity. This integration is limited to devices and artifacts that are not offensive in nature, allowing you to augment your vestments with tools for communication, analysis, or other supportive functions. Once integrated, these systems become part of the vestment, benefiting from its durability and protections while enhancing your overall versatility.

- **[Upgrade] Offensive Systems Patch (100 CP):** You may now integrate utilitarian offensive existing devices or artifacts into your vestments, provided they are not explicitly designed as weapons.
- **[Upgrade] Armor Integration Guidelines (100 CP):** If you already possess an armor or suit that you'd like to serve as the foundation for your Cosmic Vestments, this upgrade allows you to use it as a blueprint. The process of crafting your Cosmic Vestments is halved in time, and they can now fully replicate the appearance and functions of your original armor. Additionally, future armors or suits can be integrated into your vestments as well, though the integration process will still take as long as it originally did with this perk's benefits.

Integrated Reality Weaponry (100 CP): Equip your Cosmic Vestments with integrated minor bladed weapons, capable of cutting through anything not hardened against reality manipulation. These blades, though small, are devastatingly effective against even the most abstract defenses.

- **[Upgrade] Abstract Ballistics (100 CP):** Your vestments can now incorporate into it small to medium ranged weaponry such as bows, guns, rifles, and more. While you will need to supply the necessary ammunition or energy, these weapons become enhanced and are now capable of piercing even abstract or conceptual defenses, dealing significant damage.
- **[Upgrade] Imported Specific Weapon (100 CP):** You can import an existing weapon and integrate it into your Cosmic Vestments, granting it the properties of a rank 1 hardened reality weapon. If you possess the *Reality Weaponry Cosmic Power*, the weapon will scale to the power equivalent to its current rank.
- **[Upgrade] Heavy Weaponry (200 CP):** Perhaps you need big guns? Now any weapon that may be considered of the heavy category may be integrated into the Cosmic Vestments. These heavy weapons are enhanced to do true damage, perfect damage that ignores defenses, to anything not hardened or protected against reality manipulation, but still requires for you to supply the necessary ammunition or energy.
- **[Upgrade] Component Factory (100 CP):** Your Cosmic Vestments are now equipped with an internal fabrication system that draws from your own matter reserves. This system can automatically produce and

reload any type of ammunition for weapons integrated into your vestments, as well as generate consumables required by other integrated equipment. Ammunition created by this system will be enhanced to the level of a pseudo reality weaponry. If you possess the *Reality Weaponry Cosmic Power*, these enhancements can scale up to the equivalent of Rank 2, significantly increasing their potency and effectiveness.

Superior Hardening (100 CP): This upgrade significantly enhances the defensive properties of your Cosmic Vestments, making them capable of withstanding the energy of a gamma-ray burst and tripling their current resilience to physical forces.

- **[Upgrade] Inertial Dissipation (100 CP):** Attacks that fail to damage the vestments are nullified completely. Physical objects stop dead and fall harmlessly, while energy-based effects dissipate on impact.
- **[Upgrade] Klein Bottle Coating (100 CP):** The vestments gain a coating that stores energy from incoming attacks within a Klein Bottle structure. This stored energy can be released at any time, including immediately after receiving an attack, to counter or harm an opponent, but must be aware that stored energy stresses the Cosmic Vestment's integrity and holding too much may damage or even destroy it.
- **[Upgrade] Sentient Shielding (100 CP):** A sentient, nearly invisible bubble shield surrounds your vestments. This shield will detect any intent to harm you and consequently block the attack instantly, while letting everything else pass through. The shield has about a third of your vestments' durability, and it completely regenerates automatically after being broken without any additional input from you.

Adaptive Camouflage (100 CP): Your Cosmic Vestments can blend seamlessly into any environment, shifting their appearance and energy signature to match the surroundings. This makes you effectively invisible to all except to those with heightened senses or cosmic awareness.

Mindveil (100 CP): A protective upgrade that creates an impenetrable barrier around your mind. The Cosmic Vestments block all forms of telepathy, mind control, or psychic intrusion, ensuring that your thoughts, strategies, and memories remain your own. It also enhances your resistance to illusions and perception manipulation.

Antimetamagical Pattern (100 CP): The Infinity Mantle of your Cosmic Vestments is intricately folded into a highly complex pattern that resonates on a conceptual level with the fabric of magic itself. This pattern allows the Infinity Mantle to identify, target, and unravel anything defined as magical. Any spell, magical energy, effect, item, or magical creature that attempts to negatively interact with you or the Infinity Mantle will be gradually deconstructed into its most basic components upon contact, in time rendering it completely harmless.

- **[Upgrade] Hastening Protocol (100 CP):** The speed at which your mantle deconstructs magical effects is greatly increased, allowing it to unravel them almost instantly.
- **[Upgrade] Cognition Impairment Threading (100 CP):** Your Infinity Mantle can now make it significantly harder for sentient beings to perceive or recognize you. For non-sentient machines or entities, you can pass completely undetected. This effect can be toggled to your convenience.

Conceptual Refractivity (400 CP): Improve the vestment's resistance to conceptual attacks. The armor now refracts the conceptual weight of hostile actions, forcing them to contest the power of your Cosmic Vestments without such overpowering ability. This can neutralize even seemingly absolute concepts, such as an arrow imbued with the very essence of piercing, leaving only the arrow and the force behind it to contest against your Cosmic Vestment.

- **[Upgrade] Conceptual Reflectivity (100 CP):** Your vestments can now reflect hostile concepts back to their origin, turning the tables on the one who initiated them.

Existential Bleeding (200 CP): The Cosmic Vestments now bleed a portion of your own reality as you move, destabilizing artificial realities and potentially causing them to collapse. This effect is harmless in your original reality or within a reality you've created but can be disastrous for beings incompatible with your reality or if you are within a foreign reality or reality bubble. This effect may be toggled on and off at your convenience.

Reality Restorative Functions (100 CP): Your presence very slowly restores damages to space, time, and reality, mending fissures, cracks, and distortions. The closer you are to the damage, the faster it mends. This effect can be toggled on or off as needed.

- **[Upgrade] Healing Directives (100 CP):** Your vestment's restorative capabilities now extend beyond repairing damage to space and reality—they can also heal living beings. When activated, this upgrade automatically begins to restore physical damage and accelerate recovery from diseases to anyone within range. The healing effect works indiscriminately, mending wounds and returning the body to its natural state. In close proximity, it becomes extremely difficult for normal living beings to succumb to injuries, as their bodies will continuously regenerate, keeping them from death as long as the vestment's healing remains active.
- **[Upgrade] Wide Area (100 CP):** The restorative effect now extends to cover almost the entire galaxy, though the speed of repair will be reduced the farther you are from the damages.
- **[Upgrade] Faster Protocol (100 CP):** Now any mending effects from this customization are considerably faster, to the point where you can actually notice the restoration in real time when you are near any damaged part of space, time or reality.

Vestment Overload (200 CP): This customization allows a Cosmic Lord to activate an extreme, last-resort failsafe within their Cosmic Vestments: a self-destruct mechanism of unimaginable power. Once triggered, a countdown begins, and when it reaches zero, the vestments collapse into a single, dense point, followed by an explosion of catastrophic proportions. This is no ordinary blast—it's a rupture that tears through the very fabric of reality itself. Nothing, no matter how powerful or abstract, can emerge unscathed from this devastation.

The magnitude of the explosion isn't static; it scales dramatically based on the number of upgrades and customizations your Cosmic Vestments possess. A highly customized vestment unleashing its overload is a threat capable of setting off a chain reaction that could destabilize entire realities. This makes it a weapon of both awe and terror.

However, the cost is high. The explosion completely obliterates the vestments, requiring a full month to recreate them, with no possible way to expedite the process. Fortunately, this destructive measure once activated permits the Vestments to be separated from the wearer, allowing the Cosmic Lord time to escape the blast zone unscathed.

"Handle with extreme caution, as a fully powered Vestment Overload could very well collapse the very reality you inhabit".

What is Hardened Reality?



Hardened Reality is a rare and powerful phenomenon available only to those who have ascended to the rank of Cosmic Lord. By drawing upon their Personal Reality Field, a Cosmic Lord can fold, compress, and reshape the very fabric of existence around them. This process begins with a slow bending of reality itself, warping the natural laws of the universe to condense existence into a solid form. As reality is compressed further and further, it undergoes a miraculous transformation—turning into a translucent, crystalline material, shimmering with the vastness of a night sky.

But this is no ordinary material. Hardened Reality is not composed of atoms, molecules, or any tangible matter known to science or magic. It is, in essence, reality itself condensed into a tangible form, yet still beyond the realm of normal matter. This unique composition grants it extraordinary resilience, far surpassing even the toughest materials in the universe. Hardened Reality is practically impervious to physical, magical, and even dimensional forces, making it a near-indestructible substance that defies the limits of ordinary existence.

Hardened Reality manifests by default as a semi-translucent crystal filled with the vast pattern of a starry night sky, a visual representation of the compressed existence it contains. This star-like shimmer symbolizes the Cosmic Lord's mastery over the very universe it commands. However, a Cosmic Lord may further change the appearance and looks of hardened reality to whatever color, substance and patterns are desired.

The act of creating Hardened Reality is a testament to the vastness of a Cosmic Lord’s power. Where ordinary beings can manipulate the fabric of reality for brief moments, **only a Cosmic Lord can fold and compress reality itself into a solid form**. It is a process that reflects the Cosmic Lord’s command over existence, a symbol of their authority to shape the very forces that bind the universe together. To create Hardened Reality is to assert dominance over the cosmos, to take the raw material of the universe and forge it into something new—something transcendent.

Unlike any material known, **Hardened Reality transcends physical matter, granting it a level of resilience beyond the boundaries of time, space, and physical force**. It can withstand cosmic blasts that would make stars tremble, reality warping to a certain extent, and even fundamental manipulations of existence that would normally unravel other objects.

Upon creating Hardened Reality, a **Cosmic Lord can infuse it with additional properties using their vast arsenal of Cosmic Powers**. This infusion embeds new abilities and traits into the material, allowing it to serve specialized purposes depending on the Cosmic Lord’s will. Whether it is given defensive capabilities like elemental or magical affinities, attuning to the forces of time and space, concepts weaved into its constitution, or even more esoteric effects, the potential of Hardened Reality is as boundless as the Cosmic Lord’s imagination.

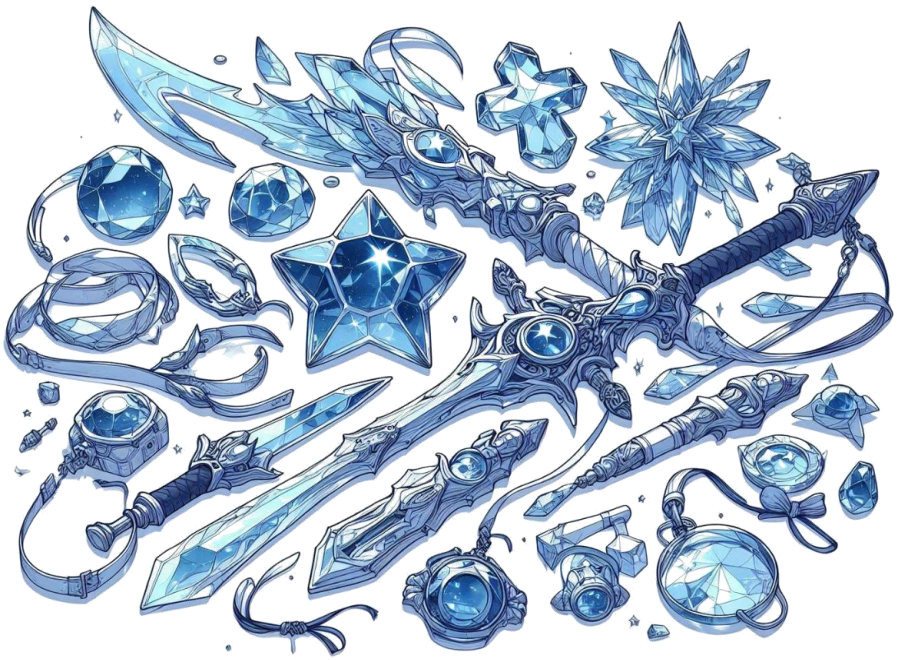
Hardened Reality is not restricted by the limits of normal physics. It does not decay, nor can it be manipulated by traditional means, making it immune to entropy and time-based powers as well as any kind

of power that can control or transform matter. It exists as a cosmic anchor, resistant to all but the most overwhelming forces in the multiverse.

As a tool or weapon in the hands of a Cosmic Lord, Hardened Reality becomes an object of legend. Cosmic Lords may use it to craft impenetrable fortresses that exist outside time, forge weapons capable of cutting through the very fabric of space, or create barriers that not even gods can breach. They can also mold Hardened Reality into constructs or artifacts of great significance, granting them unique abilities tied to the creator's personal cosmic attributes.

While every Cosmic Lord can forge their own Cosmic Vestments from Hardened Reality, only a select few possess the rare and formidable ability to craft independent creations using this enigmatic force. **Without the sustaining influence of a Personal Reality Field, hardened reality begins to deteriorate**, its extraordinary properties fading as it dissipates back into the fabric of the multiverse.

However, those Cosmic Lords who have unlocked the secret to crafting self-sustained structures and objects from hardened reality wield the rare **Hardened Reality Creation** cosmic power. This power allows them to forge enduring creations—be they artifacts, fortresses, or even weapons—that retain their hardened reality properties without needing the continuous support of their creator's reality field.



The Inner Verse



Within you lies an extraordinary reality—a pocket universe, vast and untouchable, known only to you. At first, it may seem modest, roughly the size of a single solar system, but this is merely the seed of something far greater. As you continue to exist and thrive, your **Inner Verse** will expand naturally, growing in tandem with your own cosmic power and influence. In time, it may evolve into an entire universe unto itself, a place shaped by your will, imagination, and essence.

The Inner Verse is not merely a passive domain, but an extension of your soul and cosmic essence. It reflects every facet of your being—your strengths, your ideals, and even your hidden desires. As you gain knowledge, experience, and power, your Inner Verse responds and mirrors that growth. Its expansion is not just physical but spiritual, feeding back into you, making you stronger, more resilient, and granting new abilities drawn from the vastness within. Likewise, as your Inner Verse thrives, so too do you. Its ever-growing size and complexity serve to enhance your strength, refining your powers and augmenting your cosmic potential.

This realm is your sanctuary, but also a proving ground. Within it, you can store objects, beings, and even abstract ideas—if they fit within its current boundaries. Beings from the outside world can reside here, thriving in the environment shaped by your essence. However, they must submit to your will, for unwilling entities will naturally resist your attempts to place them in this domain. The very nature of your Inner Verse mirrors your own universe of origin, with qualities unique to you alone, and it is here that your most intimate creations and designs can flourish.

By entering a meditative state, you can project a version of yourself inside the Inner Verse, nearly indistinguishable from your true self. Here, you wield all of your cosmic abilities, have complete awareness of anything within it, are able to modify, nurture, and shape the realm as it grows, allowing it to become a perfect reflection of your ideals. It is more than a mere universe—it is a canvas for your identity, a mirror that will one day embody the entirety of your cosmic self.

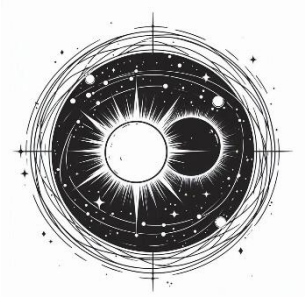
Through your **Infinity Mantle**, only you can access this space, the starscape pattern within it serving as the gateway to it. Anything you wish to store within the Inner Verse can be deposited here, including items, celestial bodies, or even entire worlds. However, there is a deep connection between you and this space. Any damage done to the very fabric Inner Verse directly impacts you. A single blow to this realm weakens you, and should it ever be compromised or destroyed from within, it would spell your true death—a catastrophic end that echoes throughout the cosmos.

As your Inner Verse expands, it will evolve into a reflection of your ideals and beliefs, growing in complexity and magnificence. Each new star, each strange phenomenon, will embody the deeper truths of who you are, allowing you to wield this space as both a weapon and a sanctuary in your journey across the cosmos.

To begin with you must shape the original form of this place, you have a stipend of 300 CP to influence its starting formation that may only be used here.



Single Star (Free): At the heart of your Inner Verse is a single, brilliant star. It can take any form, size, or color you wish—though by default, it mirrors Sol, your solar system's star. This star holds special significance as the first celestial body within your realm. While nameless at first, if you choose to name it, this star will eventually awaken, becoming a living, sentient Star with a nature tied to its true name.



Multiple Stars (50 CP per star): Prefer a more complex stellar formation? You can create a binary, trinary, or even more intricate systems of stars. Each additional star can possess unique qualities—perhaps one is eternally cold, another glows with magic, or one is not even a true star but a construct emitting light. The unique characteristics of these stars can have ripple effects throughout your Inner Verse, spreading beneficial or challenging properties based on your design.



Black Hole (50 CP): If light doesn't define your inner self, perhaps darkness does. At the center of your Inner Verse lies a small black hole, surrounded by a faintly glowing accretion disc. Though powerful, it is contained, ensuring the surrounding space orbits safely unless the black hole grows by consuming more matter. This black hole, like the star, can be named, and in time it will awaken, becoming a sentient black hole with a personality defined by its name.

The celestial bodies orbiting your central system also hold significance. You can choose from the following planetary options:



Barren (Free): Two rocky, barren planets orbit your star, possessing average mineral deposits but devoid of life. Ice caps and fascinating geological formations dot their surfaces, but they are otherwise incapable of sustaining organic life—for now.

Rich (50 CP): These planets overflow with rare and valuable minerals. The soil is rich with crystals and precious metals, and even the moons are abundant with resources. These deposits will regenerate over time, ensuring the planets never run out of their valuable materials.

Lush (50 CP): The planets teem with life—dense forests, vast oceans, and diverse ecosystems fill their surfaces. You can design the flora and fauna to resemble Earth-like creatures or create entirely alien life forms. These ecosystems are vibrant and complex, though no creature or plant here possesses supernatural abilities.



Fantastical (50 CP): Your planets are imbued with ethereal properties. Strange, magical minerals and supernatural beings inhabit them. The terrain itself is wondrous, with impossible landscapes and bizarre formations. These planets are steeped in something almost magical, and everything about them feels mystical and otherworldly.



Habitants (50 CP): Sentient life has emerged on one or more planets. Young and just beginning to explore their world, these beings look to the stars with wonder. Their form, culture, and language are yours to shape. As their creator, their fate is in your hands. How will they respond when they discover the presence of their Cosmic Lord?

Asteroids and Moons (50 CP): A wealth of celestial objects, from asteroid belts to moons, populate your Inner Verse. These bodies inherit some of the characteristics you've selected for your planets, making them useful for resource extraction or other purposes.

More Planets (50 CP per planet): Want more than two planets? Add as many as you like with this option. Just keep in mind the current size of your Inner Verse is roughly that of a solar system.



Ruins (50 CP): Scattered across your planets are mysterious ruins, not built by ancient predecessors, but born from your subconscious desires and hidden memories. These structures may contain replicas of personal treasures or significant relics from your past. Those who discover and explore these ruins will be granted some form of boon, you may even discover something you didn't even know about yourself, though these treasures or anything you find inside cannot leave the Inner Verse.

Gate (50 CP): A grand circular gate orbits the central star of your Inner Verse, serving as a portal for both entry and exit. When activated, with a single of your thoughts, it allows beings or objects to leave your Inner Verse autonomously, emerging in your immediate vicinity outside of it. You are always instantly aware of what passes through this gate, ensuring you have complete control over the flow between your private reality and the outside world.



Rules (25 CP each): Once your Inner Verse forms, its reality will initially mirror the laws and structure of the universe from which you originated. However, by spending CP, you can alter these fundamental laws before they fully solidify, reshaping your Inner Verse as you see fit. Each time you select this option, you

may change one core rule of your Inner Verse, tailoring its reality to your desires. Here are a few examples of what you can do:

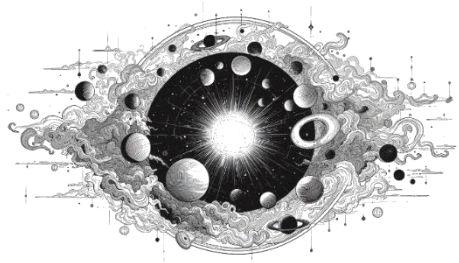
- Magic: The rules of magic now exist within your Inner Verse, granting its inhabitants the ability to wield arcane powers by your design.
- Fundamental Laws: You may alter a key law, such as allowing creatures to breathe in space or preventing harm within your Inner Verse, adapting it to your personal vision.
- Sub-Realities: Your Inner Verse can now support the existence of sub-realities, enabling the creation of demiplanes, pocket dimensions, or other sub-realities within.
- Value Influence: You can imbue your Inner Verse with a single guiding principle, such as but not limited to honor, joy, lust, camaraderie, or love. This value will subtly shape and influence the lives of those who reside within, fostering a culture aligned with the chosen ideal. Adding additional values requires selecting this again for each value.

Grand Expansion (50 CP): Typically, the natural growth of your Inner Verse results in the creation of empty voids, leaving you to populate its vastness with celestial bodies and features using your Cosmic Powers or by importing objects from the outside universe. But with Grand Expansion, the process becomes a wondrous, self-sustaining phenomenon. As your Inner Verse expands, it automatically fills with breathtaking cosmic marvels drawn from the depths of your subconscious. Nebulas of swirling, iridescent gases, vibrant new star systems, sprawling galaxies, and enigmatic celestial formations spring forth organically, reflecting your inner thoughts, dreams, and hidden desires.

No two expansions will be the same, as each new stretch of space births unique and fantastical elements—burning seas of stars, cosmic rivers of shimmering light, and phenomena that defy the laws of known physics. These features grow with the same intricate detail and creativity as if you had shaped them with your own hands, allowing your Inner Verse to blossom into a universe of endless wonder without requiring constant attention.

The Inner Verse's Contributions to your Growth

As your Inner Verse expands, it evolves beyond a mere pocket of space—becoming a reflection of your cosmic will and a vital part of your strength. It doesn't just store, but also empowers, shapes, and deepens your existence. The very essence of your being is intertwined with its growth, creating a synergy between your inner universe and your ascendant form. The more you nurture your Inner Verse, the greater the rewards it yields.



Personal Empowerment

Your Inner Verse is more than a domain; it is an extension of your essence. Every star, every nebula, and every celestial body within it resonates with your soul, enhancing your body, mind, and spirit. As you nurture its growth, the Inner Verse, in turn, nurtures you. Each star system birthed within your universe reflects a fraction of your growing might. **For every new star system, your base physical, mental, and**

spiritual capacities are subtly enhanced, boosting them by 0.001%. While initially modest, remember that entire galaxies contain hundreds of millions of stars—imagine the unimaginable heights your strength will reach as your Inner Verse swells to cosmic proportions.

Item Resonance

Powerful artifacts housed within your Inner Verse do more than lie dormant—they radiate their power, slowly infusing you with their essence over time. After several years of resting within your realm, **the item's beneficial properties will gradually seep into your being**. You will absorb part of these qualities, as though bonded with the item itself, yet the item remains intact. Should the artifact leave your domain or be destroyed, this resonance will dissipate over the years, fading until the link is severed completely.

Perk Transference

Within your Inner Verse, champions may rise—beings of exceptional potential, each gifted with a fraction of your might. You can impart a lesser version of any of your perks to a chosen champion, allowing them to wield it as their own. These champions can cultivate and enhance the given perk, reaching the same level of mastery you hold. Once they unlock its full potential, they may even embark on an epic journey or attain a grand revelation that could evolve the perk beyond its original scope. If they succeed, **the perk's evolution becomes yours to share, updating your own abilities**. However, until a champion reaches full mastery, you retain the power to reclaim the perk fragment at will. You are limited only by the number of perks you possess—one champion per perk, but an army of possibilities at your disposal.

Power Amplification

In your Inner Verse, you can construct monumental megastructures designed to amplify your powers. Each megastructure is a testament to a single power you wish to enhance, built entirely by your own hand and resonating with the essence of that power. The structure's design and scale must mirror the nature of the power it empowers—for example, a sprawling arcane citadel to enhance your command over magic, or a towering cosmic energy array to bolster your control over energy. The potency of the enhancement will be directly tied to the size, complexity, and energy invested into the megastructure. However, beware: should the megastructure be compromised or destroyed, the power boost will vanish, leaving your ability diminished to its normal levels until the structure is restored. Only one megastructure per power is required, building more will have no additional effects.

Inhabitant Synergy

The beings that call your Inner Verse home are not just passengers in your realm—they are part of its power. Long-term inhabitants, especially those with unique abilities or powers, contribute to your own arsenal. For as long as they reside within your Inner Verse, you gain a copy of their powers, merging their strength with yours. Their abilities are extensions of your dominion, reinforcing the connection between you and the universe you have crafted. Should they live a full life within, these abilities and powers will become completely yours.

Energy Harvesting

The Inner Verse is a boundless wellspring of energy, a constant flow of cosmic force that you can tap into at will. The more vibrant and developed your Inner Verse becomes, the more energy it generates, feeding your powers and bolstering your abilities in the outside universe. This reservoir of energy can fuel your most powerful abilities, giving you an edge in times of need. However, this connection must be carefully managed—drain too much, and you risk weakening the fabric of your Inner Verse, stunting its growth and depleting its reserves.

Matter Capacity Expansion

As your Inner Verse grows in size and mass, so too does your own capacity for handling and generating matter. The more mass your universe holds, the greater your ability to manipulate and create matter on a vast scale. For every 100 star systems added to your Inner Verse, your personal matter reserve capacity increases by the equivalent of one solar mass, allowing you to wield the raw materials of creation itself with ever-increasing power.

Integration with your Warehouse

Your Warehouse, a dimensional storage space of incredible utility, can now be seamlessly connected to your Inner Verse. You may integrate any attachments or modifications from your Warehouse into the fabric of your Inner Verse, allowing the two to function as one cohesive whole. This integration further solidifies your dominion over all spaces tied to your being, granting you unparalleled access to both personal storage and your burgeoning universe.

Additional Notes:

Synergy with Created Universes: Each created universe works towards your own growth just like the Inner Verse, allowing you to have contributions to your growth, perks, powers and other improvements. As an example, the limits for only one megastructure per power or one champion per perk apply only to each universe, allowing you to have multiple megastructures to enhance one of your powers, or multiple champions working to evolve one of your perks.



A Journey through your Innerverse

Your Innerverse stands complete at its foundation—a private cosmos whose heart beats in rhythm with your own. Its first worlds, newborn stars, and primordial structures are already in place; quiet, waiting, brimming with potential. Now comes the long, patient work of growth. Whether it expands by your deliberate hand or through the natural, self-propagating evolution granted by certain perks, the Innerverse feels both intimately yours and impossibly vast. It is a realm where your awareness hovers like a luminous nebula—present everywhere, yet not entirely *of* it, as if you are both creator and curious observer drifting through its unfolding horizons.

In time, your Innerverse will deepen and swell, birthing new celestial marvels: drifting arcologies of crystal, molten hypergiants, whispering nebulae that sing your name, and worlds shaped by your will or their own strange physics. And one day—whether through your guidance, your power, or merely the passage of time—this hidden cosmos may grow bold enough to press against the void between universes. When that moment comes, you'll know the time to fulfill your role as Cosmic Lord has come, and it may blossom into a fully-fledged reality of its own, a star-born testament to your journey. Should you choose, your Innerverse may stand among the true newborn universes, carrying your legacy across the endless expanse of creation.



Perks



Through the multiverse, countless Cosmic Lords have emerged and forged their own legends by becoming heroes, villains, kings, sages, revered as gods or feared as demons.

Some of them however, had unique perks that set them apart from the rest.

You will receive [five] discounts in this section, selecting four discounts in any of the 100, 200, or 400 brackets, and a single discount on a 600 perk. Any discounted 100 CP perk is considered free.

Lucky (100 CP): Fortune favors you in subtle but undeniable ways. The threads of **causality and determinism** seem to bend ever so slightly in your direction, tipping the scales in your favor during moments of uncertainty. In unpredictable situations, an unseen hand guides you toward favorable outcomes, granting you that critical edge when you need it most. Furthermore, once every **ten years**, the universe itself intervenes to prevent a single catastrophic event that would otherwise greatly harm you. When this happens, you will be **subtly alerted**, knowing that fate has intervened on your behalf. However, even this divine stroke of luck has its limits—it will not shield you from events that would lead directly to your demise.

Celestial Dialogue (100 CP): You possess the extraordinary gift of conversation with the very fabric of the cosmos. Stars, planets, moons, and asteroids all have voices, some louder and more profound than others. Stars and planets may share their ancient wisdom, offering insights that span eons. Moons and asteroids tend to be less eloquent, their minds quiet or sluggish, barely understanding their own existence. Yet, on rare occasions, you may encounter celestial bodies far grander and mysterious, like black holes, whose dormant minds hold unspeakable wisdom. Waking such a being is a monumental task, but should you succeed, the knowledge they impart could reshape your understanding of reality itself.

Universal Understanding (100 CP): Words and meaning hold no barriers for you. You are granted **complete fluency** in all languages, spoken or written, within your universe or the starting universe of any jump you visit. Be it the whispered tongues of forgotten empires or the complex dialects of alien species, you will understand and be understood with ease. Beyond this, your **learning and comprehension** are accelerated, allowing you to grasp knowledge at **ten times** the rate of others. Additionally, you begin to instinctively understand the **fundamental rules, concepts, and laws of any reality** you enter. While this passive insight is incomplete, it gives you a crucial foothold from which to explore and study deeper, bridging gaps that would take others far longer to comprehend.

Flexible Power Shaping (100 CP): Your powers are as malleable as clay in your hands, allowing you to alter their **form and appearance** while keeping their core functionality intact. Whether you wish to disguise a devastating energy blast as a gentle breeze or reshape a shield into an aura of flames, the choice is yours. These transformations can add or remove minor traits, such as changing the color, sound, or even

secondary effects of your abilities. However, the **essence of the power** remains the same—you cannot turn fire into ice, but you can make it burn in new and imaginative ways, keeping the same destructive potential.

Gazing Towards the Future (100 CP): Immortality may seem like a blessing at first, but with time, the weight of eternity can become burdensome. As decades turn into centuries, the passing of loved ones, the constant changes in the world, and the monotony of existence may challenge even the most resilient minds. This perk ensures that you never fall into the despair or disillusionment that so often plagues immortals. It subtly guides you toward experiences, relationships, and opportunities that rekindle your passion for life. You'll find yourself rediscovering joy in the new and the old, adapting to the evolving world around you, and maintaining a sense of purpose. This perk doesn't automatically erase these challenges, but instead offers the tools and circumstances to navigate them gracefully, ensuring you continue to find meaning and excitement in your endless existence.

Empyrean Presence (100 CP): You are no mere mortal, and the universe seems to know it. Whether they recognize you consciously or not, lesser beings instinctively feel the weight of your significance, as if sensing the cosmic power that radiates from your very soul. **Allies and neutral parties** are naturally drawn to diplomacy, treating you with deference and respect, while even your **enemies** may find themselves hesitating—uncertain, as if some part of them realizes they are standing before a force beyond their comprehension. Though it may not guarantee victory through words, it often grants you the chance to be heard, even by those who would otherwise close their minds to you.

Unique and Unpredictable (200 CP): Fate and destiny hold no sway over you—you are a singular existence, a wild card in the multiverse. **Prophets and seers** may try to glimpse your future, but they will only see shadows, their predictions twisting and turning as your very presence warps the threads of time. **Precognition and divination** are powerless against you, rendering you an enigma to even the most omniscient. Only when you choose to reveal yourself will the veil lift, and until then, your path remains untouchable, your next move an unsolvable puzzle to the cosmos itself.

Star Prodigy (200 CP): You are more than a mere talent—you are a phenomenon. The universe bends to your will, allowing you to **learn and train** at a pace that leaves others far behind. What would take a lifetime for others, you achieve in the blink of an eye. Whether mastering the intricacies of ancient magic, honing your combat abilities, or unraveling the mysteries of the cosmos, your rate of progress is a staggering **20 times** faster than normal. And should you possess other advantages, they only serve to compound this meteoric rise to power, making your ascent all the more unstoppable.

Magus (200 CP): Before ascending to your status as a Cosmic Lord, you walked the path of the Magus, deeply trained in the art of spellcraft and arcane workings. Magic is second nature to you, and your innate **affinity with all things magical** enhances the potency, precision, and effectiveness of any magical endeavor. Whether casting spells, conducting rituals, or using enchanted items, the results you achieve are significantly **more powerful and refined** than those without this affinity, even when employing the same magical resources. Your understanding of magic extends far beyond surface knowledge, as you now possess a **vast repertoire of magical lore**, applicable to a wide range of scenarios, from combat to problem-solving and exploration.

Bonus Synergy: If taken with **Star Prodigy**, any research or study you conduct into the **nature of magic** or the **laws of reality** is enhanced by a factor of **30 times**, additive with any other applicable bonuses you may have. This makes your magical understanding grow exponentially, allowing for breakthroughs and insights that would take others lifetimes to achieve.

Techno Savant (200 CP): Your mind possesses an unparalleled spark of innovation, allowing you to envision and execute technological projects with an intuitive mastery that far exceeds the norm. Even when using the same resources and technology as others, the solutions you implement will be **vastly superior** in quality, efficiency, and performance. Whether it's constructing advanced vehicles, designing intricate systems, or creating cutting-edge tools, your results will surpass those of ordinary scientists or engineers by a significant margin. Your projects aren't just functional—they are optimized to a level that others can only aspire to.

Bonus Synergy: If combined with **Matter Reclamation**, this perk unlocks an additional ability. Any object or machine you reclaim can now be **reverse-engineered** effortlessly, granting you a perfect mental blueprint of its design. This blueprint allows for **seamless replication or enhancement** of the original, using any materials or methods at your disposal, further increasing your technological edge.

Matter Reclamation (200 CP): You can project a translucent beam that gradually disintegrates objects and converts their matter into your reserves, allowing for faster replenishment. If your matter reserves are full, the beam will still disintegrate the object, but any excess matter beyond your limit will be lost. Living targets can resist this effect through sheer willpower. Initially, you can reclaim matter from objects up to the size of a small moon in a single attempt, but this capacity will increase over time as you gain more experience.

Malleable Physics (200 CP): Your very presence softens reality, making it easier to manipulate for you. In your immediate vicinity, without the use of additional powers the laws of physics become somewhat flexible and may bend in your favor for many useful effects. Should you possess an ability or method to directly alter the reality of the physical world, these efforts will require a bit less effort than they used to.

Path to Righteousness (200 CP): Your universe was originally founded on the principles of good and justice, and your fragment of reality embodies these ideals. It will act as a guiding force, instinctively warning you when your actions stray from righteousness, even when you're unaware of it. A subtle feeling will alert you when something you're about to do conflicts with these values, no matter how hidden or unforeseen the consequences may be. With this power, you'll never unknowingly commit acts of evil or be deceived into performing unjust actions without your knowledge. This allows you to act with moral clarity and ensure that your choices align with the greater good.

Mastermind's Gambit (200 CP): Your mind operates like a chess master, always thinking several steps ahead. You have an extraordinary ability to foresee the actions and reactions of others, allowing you to weave intricate plans and strategies with incredible precision. No matter how convoluted or unpredictable the situation may seem, you can manipulate events to your advantage. You excel at devising elaborate schemes, ensuring that every move you make brings you closer to your ultimate goals. Whether it's in

politics, battle, or social interactions, you can outmaneuver your opponents, navigating even the most complex situations with ease.

Divine King (200 CP): You possess a natural, almost divine, aura of authority that compels others to follow you. This innate command over others is not merely about ruling through fear or manipulation, but through a deep, instinctual recognition of your right to lead. Those who fall under your gaze or influence are drawn to your charisma, finding it easier to accept your decisions and rule. Even individuals resistant to authority feel the weight of your presence, and your followers feel a profound sense of loyalty and devotion to you. As a Divine King, you inspire unwavering obedience, forming powerful bonds with those who serve under you, making you a beacon of leadership in even the most chaotic situations.

Sage's Insight (200 CP): You are a repository of ancient wisdom, drawing from the boundless knowledge stored within your fragment of reality. This vast reservoir of forgotten lore, timeless truths, and deep insights is readily accessible to you, allowing you to recall even the most obscure information with perfect clarity and speed. Your understanding of the universe's intricacies is unparalleled, giving you the ability to perceive the interconnectedness of all things. This aura of wisdom surrounds you, subtly guiding your decisions, ensuring that none are ever made hastily or recklessly. Others will instinctively recognize your profound knowledge, seeking your counsel and trusting your judgment in even the most complex matters.

Godlike Presence (200 CP): Your very presence exudes divine power, causing those around you to view you as a god, even if they do not believe in the existence of deities. This awe-inspiring aura naturally invokes reverence, fear, and devotion, making your words carry an almost unquestionable authority. You can effortlessly sway the minds of others, influencing their thoughts and actions as if your voice were the will of the cosmos itself. As people worship and revere you, your divine aura intensifies, increasing your influence and solidifying your status as a deity. Feats that defy understanding are immediately attributed to your godhood, and it's not uncommon for entire religions to form around you. Thankfully, this perk ensures that the attention and worship you receive will never become burdensome or bothersome to you.

Demonic Authority (200 CP): You radiate an overwhelming aura of darkness, instilling fear, respect, and submission in those who cross your path. Your presence is a reminder of the power of the shadowed forces that dwell within the cosmos, making you a figure of awe and dread. Your voice carries a commanding weight, compelling others to follow even the most perilous or destructive paths you lay out. Demonic entities and creatures of the dark are drawn to your presence, recognizing you as a potential ruler or formidable rival. Your natural authority over these beings allows you to lead them with ease, turning even the most chaotic forces into an army under your control.

Mass Overload (400): The boundaries of your **internal mass storage** begin to blur, becoming more fluid and adaptable as you gain experience. No longer confined by rigid limitations, your capacity to store mass expands gradually but relentlessly, like an ever-growing reservoir. With every passing year, your ability to contain mass **increases exponentially**, allowing you to **double your current storage capacity** roughly every ten years. While this growth may be slow at first, it is a constant and unstoppable process, eventually granting you the ability to hold vast amounts of matter within yourself, pushing the limits of what once seemed impossible.

Legendary Mantling (400 CP): As a Cosmic Lord, your essence is shaped by your personal reality field, reflecting your self-idealization. With this perk, that influence extends beyond your own perception, encompassing the positive ideals that others attribute to you. Any positive belief or trait others see in you can manifest and become a part of your being, provided you allow it. This "mantling" allows you to adopt new qualities, skills, and even minor powers aligned with these beliefs. However, these traits cannot surpass the scope of powers covered by the available Cosmic Powers, ensuring that only attributes of lesser strength can be incorporated. This perk allows you to grow and evolve based not just on your self-image, but on the perception of those who admire or believe in you, making you a living embodiment of their ideals.

Greater Innerverse (400 CP): Within you lies a boundless space, accessible through your Infinity Mantle—a realm that, at your awakening, typically spans the size of a solar system and expands gradually over the course of eons. However, with the Greater Inner Verse perk, this cosmic growth accelerates beyond comprehension. **The rate of expansion surges to hundreds of times its normal speed**, transforming your Inner Verse into a rapidly evolving universe of awe-inspiring scale.

In just a few short decades, the seed of your Inner Verse will blossom with the space of a full-fledged galaxy, capably of hosting stars, planets, and phenomena shaped by your subconscious will. As centuries pass, the expansion will become exponentially faster, growing into the size a sprawling galactic cluster that rivals the vastness of the cosmos itself, and so on towards infinity.

> **Upgrade (100 CP) (Can Purchase as Many as Wanted):** For each additional purchase (undiscounted) of this upgrade the factor of expansion of the Greater Innerverse Perk will rise by an order of magnitude. How fast and how big will your Innerverse grow to, only time can tell.



Universal Genesis (600 CP): As a Cosmic Lord, your growth and experience naturally lead you toward the creation of new universes, a process that typically takes eons. With this perk, however, you gain the **unparalleled ability** to birth a new universe every ten years. The act of creation is more than just an existential milestone—it is an opportunity for **limitless potential** and personal gain.

After temporarily departing to the space between realities, you will become the origin point of a universal creation explosion, a big bang, and will reform immediately completely unharmed after your new universe is born, expanding at the same rate your Inner Verse does. During this time, you can begin shaping the **fundamental laws** of your newborn universe, **molding it to your vision with omnipotent power** within this small solar sized universe. Your universe is **fiat-backed** to be protected from outside threats until the time it can defend itself, giving it time to mature, expand and evolve without external interference.

However, this perk offers much more than just universe creation. These newborn universes are **deeply connected** to you, acting as personal sanctuaries or laboratories where you can experiment with new ideas, magic, and technologies without external limits. You may **relocate** anything from your Inner Verse to these realms to influence their development, turning them into havens, strongholds, or domains of influence. Over time, your connection with these universes allows you to tap into **unique resources, energies, and materials** that can be unique to your universes. These resources become available within ten years of the

universe's creation, after its fundamental laws and shape has solidified. Even more, as every newborn universe matures its growth empowers you, each **having each the same contributions to your own growth as your own Inner Verse**, driving you towards higher levels of power.

Additionally, you can now project a less powerful version of yourself into any universe you've created, existing simultaneously with your true self wherever it may be, allowing you to interact, guide, and explore your creations at will while you adventure elsewhere. While nerfed, your projection still carries **significant influence**, enabling you to oversee the development of your universes and the beings within them. As these universes grow, so too do the **benefits** they provide to you, empowering you with new sources of knowledge, energy, potential allies and power.

Transcendental Transformation (600 CP): The changes you've undergone in body, mind, and soul are extraordinary—but your Fragment of Reality has only just begun its work. There's something transcendental within you, perhaps a mutation or a grand design beyond your understanding, that continues to evolve and strengthen you. **Your body, mind, and soul will now grow stronger by themselves continuously, with every passing decade increasing in power by at least an order of magnitude, without limit**. This growth transcends the usual constraints described in this jump, continuously pushing you beyond normal cosmic boundaries.

Additionally, the time required for your Cosmic Powers to rank up naturally is drastically reduced, accelerating your evolution towards something far greater than even a Cosmic Lord...



Cosmic Powers

Your Fragment of Reality is exceptionally potent. While most Cosmic Lords are restricted to only a few powers, yours seems to exceed this limitation and may select as many as you are able to. Each power is available in several ranks, with each rank offering increased abilities at a higher cost. Choosing a higher rank grants you all the benefits of the previous ones, but you may only select one rank per power.

Furthermore, regardless of the rank you choose, as a Cosmic Lord grows and gains experience, these powers naturally evolve over the course of ages, increasing in scope and strength, effectively ranking up on their own. However, this only applies to powers you have purchased—any powers left unchosen by the end of the jump will be lost to you forever.

Your potent fragment of reality grants you an additional 800 CP, which can only be spent within this section. Additionally, you receive 5 discounts that can be applied to any Rank 1 or Rank 2 powers, as well as 2 extra discounts that may be used on any power regardless of rank.

Cosmic Potence



With this power, you wield an incredible force that bends reality to amplify your actions, perks, and abilities, pushing them to cosmic levels of potency. Cosmic Potence doesn't simply boost your raw strength—it elevates everything you do, infusing your efforts with the overwhelming force of the cosmos itself. Whether you're casting a spell, swinging a weapon, or activating a perk, this power ensures success by increasing the scope and magnitude of your actions to match the rank of Cosmic Potence.

Each rank allows you to break through normal limits, empowering your actions to achieve extraordinary feats within the boundaries of cosmic influence.

Rank 1 (100 CP): Your actions are empowered to a planetary scale. Whether it's strength, magic, or an ability, it operates with enough force to affect or obliterate an entire planet. Cosmic Potence guarantees that your attempts to achieve such outcomes will succeed, regardless of your natural strength or the original limitations of the power or perk.

- ***Examples**: Smash a planet into rubble with a single punch, raise entire continents with earth-shaping powers, or activate a perk that causes a planet-wide storm or catastrophe.*

Rank 2 (200 CP): Now your power spans an entire solar system. Your actions can influence stars, shift the balance of planets, and create cosmic-scale effects. Any action, power, or perk you use is boosted to this scale, guaranteeing success within these bounds.

- ***Examples****: Use telekinesis to shift the orbits of planets, extinguish or ignite a star with a gesture, or cause a space-wide event with energy manipulation or a perk activation.*

Rank 3 (300 CP): At this level, your influence transcends the physical and touches the abstract—reality, time, magic, and higher-dimensional beings all fall within your reach. You can physically interact with these normally untouchable forces, manipulating them as easily as you would a physical object. If a being exists even partially within the 3D plane, you can affect it, no matter how esoteric its nature.

- ***Examples****: Tear through the fabric of space with your own body to move between dimensions, disrupt reality-warping effects by physically striking them, freeze or reverse time with your touch, or engage higher-dimensional entities in hand to hand combat, affecting their existence across multiple planes.*

Additional Details:

Reality-Bending Success: Cosmic Potence ensures that any action, perk, or ability you perform succeeds by **amplifying its power up to the level of the rank**. If you aim to destroy a planet at Rank 1, it grants enough power to make it happen. If you want to sing and be heard across a star system at Rank 2, your voice will be heard on every world within that system.

Boosting Power: The core of this ability is its capacity to enhance any action or ability, even if the original power or perk wasn't meant to work at such cosmic scales. It transforms the ordinary into the extraordinary.

Relevance to Intent: The action, perk, or ability you use must align with the intended outcome for Cosmic Potence to enhance it as well as your intent for said outcome to happen. For example, you couldn't sing a meal into existence, as singing doesn't naturally lead to the creation of food. However, if you're writing a book, painting a masterpiece, using your strength to move or destroy something, forging a blade, etc, Cosmic Potence ensures the action succeeds while amplifying its effects up the level of this power's rank—whether that means crafting a legendary sword or producing a world-changing piece of art.

Interaction with other Cosmic Powers: Due to the might of Cosmic Powers, **Cosmic Potence may only increase their potency or range up to Planetary level**, requiring your Cosmic Powers to rank higher by themselves to achieve stronger effects or achieve greater range. Non-Cosmic Powers are not subject to this limitation.



Cosmic Resilience



This power anchors your personal reality, allowing you to resist any damage or harmful effects below a specific threshold by enforcing said reality based on the rank of the power. Any harmful force—whether an attack, ability, or event—that does not surpass this threshold is completely nullified upon contact with you, as though its momentum or force is instantly neutralized. If a force exceeds this threshold, you are only affected by the portion that goes beyond the limit of this resistance.

Rank 1 (100 CP): You completely negate all damage and harmful effects that are capable of influencing or destroying an entire planet. Anything beneath this scale is nullified, leaving you unharmed.

- ***Examples****: You could withstand planet-shattering explosions, nullify natural disasters like super-volcanoes or tsunamis, and survive energy blasts or physical attacks powerful enough to destroy a planet.*

Rank 2 (200 CP): You negate all damage and harmful effects up to the level of destroying an entire star. Cosmic-scale energies and forces can no longer harm you unless they surpass this stellar threshold.

- ***Examples****: You can withstand explosions capable of destroying a star, the direct heat and pressure of the strongest neutron stars, or cosmic-level energy attacks. Harmful cosmic events like radiation bursts or space-time distortions below the magnitude of affecting an entire stay system would be completely negated.*

Rank 3 (300 CP): You negate all damage and harmful effects up to the level of destroying an entire galaxy. Additionally, you gain significant resistance to conceptual effects—such as reality-warping, curses, magic or existence-erasing attacks—directly with your physical body, becoming exceptionally tough to harm even without wearing your Cosmic Vestments.

- ***Examples****: You could survive galactic-scale explosions or cataclysmic forces that would destroy entire galaxies. You also gain a potent resistance to more abstract threats like time erasure, conceptual curses, or reality-warping attacks, only being affected by the portion that exceeds the level of this rank.*

Cosmic Speed



Your immediate personal reality bends to allow your body to move beyond what is physically or universally possible. While you will feel as though you're moving normally, to outside observers, you will be moving at speeds far beyond what any power or natural law would permit. You ignore universal laws, environmental factors, or other restrictions that could limit your speed, allowing you to bypass barriers such as friction, gravity, or the speed of light.

Rank 1 (100 CP): At this level, you are no longer tethered to the pace of normal reality. You can react and move at speeds approaching **one-tenth the speed of light**, outpacing even the swiftest forces in the universe. In the vacuum of space, your acceleration allows you to reach **half the speed of light** in a matter of seconds. While these speeds would rip lesser beings apart, your personal reality ensures you remain unaffected by the natural consequences of such rapid movement.

- ***Examples**: You can dodge energy blasts that move at near-light speed, outmaneuver advanced targeting systems, and cover vast distances in space within moments. On the battlefield, you are a blur, reacting faster than most beings can process.*

Rank 2 (200 CP): You now transcend the speed of light itself, breaking the boundaries of physical law. You can move and react at **light speed**, and in the depths of space, you can accelerate to and beyond that threshold in mere seconds. The universe cannot constrain you—you surpass the limits of time and space, leaving even the fastest forces struggling to keep up.

- ***Examples**: You can traverse entire solar systems in an instant, dodge or outrun laser and energy-based attacks, and break the light barrier during travel. Distances that once seemed infinite now take you only moments to cross.*

Rank 3 (300 CP): At the pinnacle of your cosmic speed, you move at velocities that transcend light, bending the concept of motion itself. You now travel at **speeds far beyond the speed of light**, and with each moment, your maximum speed grows as you hone your abilities. In the vastness of space, you reach your top velocity within seconds, leaving galaxies in your wake as you move through the stars.

- ***Examples**: You can cross entire galaxies in the blink of an eye, move so fast that you seem to phase out of reality itself, and your speed nears the realm of the **conceptual**, defying comprehension. To others, you are a phantom of motion, an entity that surpasses their understanding of space and time.*

Astral Mindforce



This cosmic power fuses telepathy and telekinesis, allowing you to extend both mental and physical influence across vast distances, progressively granting more intricate control over matter, energy, and minds. As you ascend in power, your abilities to manipulate the world around you and communicate with others reach cosmic levels.

Rank 1 (100 CP): You can manipulate objects telekinetically up to **50% of your maximum physical strength and a bit from your mental power** across planetary distances. You also gain telepathic communication with any sentient being you can sense, regardless of language, over planetary distances. This rank also grants the **ability to fly** in any environment, including space and other hostile conditions.

- ***Examples****: Lift vehicles, small buildings, or massive natural objects like boulders. Effortlessly soar through space or atmospheric environments. Hold private mental conversations with anyone on a planet, as long as you can sense them.*

Rank 2 (200 CP): Your **telekinetic strength now matches your full physical capacity and benefits from your mental power**, allowing you to manipulate objects and energy with precision across solar-system distances. Your telepathy expands to include mind-reading and more complex thought exchanges within a solar system, including discerning emotional states and intentions.

- ***Examples****: Lift structures the size of mountains, precisely manipulate machinery or energy fields (e.g., redirecting laser beams), and read thoughts clearly. You can now engage in direct mental dialogues across a solar system, parsing multiple minds at once.*

Rank 3 (400 CP): At this peak level, your telekinesis allows you to **reshape matter and energy at will**, transmuting non-living objects and altering physical forces with ease. Your telepathy becomes a form of mental domination over lesser minds, enabling you to control or subtly influence multiple sentient beings within range.

- ***Examples****: Reshape landscapes, convert stone into gold, or control cosmic energy flows like light or radiation. Telepathically compel or subtly guide the actions of numerous minds, orchestrating events from the background or taking direct control of weaker individuals within solar-system distances. Fine control of nuclear forces is not possible with this Cosmic Power, requiring the Nuclear Forces Mastery to extend your control to such levels.*

Additional notes:

Mind Synergy: This Cosmic Power benefits from intelligence, mental resilience and will power you have. Increasing these values will increase the potency of this power.

Non-living Transmutation: Transmuting matter requires you to recognize the target as non-living; otherwise, the power won't activate. This limitation exists because the ability to transform living matter falls under the domain of *Living Matter Manipulation*. However, if you can precisely arrange individual atoms and particles, you could theoretically achieve the same results as Living Matter Manipulation, though the process would be far more time-consuming and much more difficult.

True Innovation and Adaptation



This power taps into a fragment of the Cosmic Lord's potential, vastly amplifying their ability to understand, innovate, and revolutionize technology and science. By passively gaining insights, the Cosmic Lord can effortlessly push the boundaries of what's possible, advancing knowledge far beyond current limitations. Even more, the synergy you obtain from this power permits you to increase the growth you attain from learning and training further beyond what mortals can attain.

Rank 1 (100 CP): You are able to create groundbreaking inventions and ideas that can revolutionize a planet's technological and scientific landscape. These innovations are highly advanced yet still comprehensible and replicable by advanced civilizations. Your rate of learning and understanding of technology is passively increased by 20 times beyond what would be achievable without this power.

- ***Examples****: You could invent clean energy sources that could power a planet indefinitely, or create medical breakthroughs that eliminate most diseases. Advanced civilizations can study and replicate your work, though they will still marvel at the ingenuity.*

Rank 2 (200 CP): You can now create star system-scale inventions and solutions that challenge conventional understanding, such as self-sustaining ecosystems, near-infinite energy sources, or new methods for interstellar travel. These innovations often surpass the capabilities of even the most advanced civilizations. Your learning and understanding of technology now increases to 60 times the normal rate.

- ***Examples****: You could design systems to terraform planets with little input, create near-immortal life forms, or develop a star-sized energy grid that powers entire star systems. Even the most technologically advanced civilizations struggle to replicate your creations, and they may not fully grasp the underlying principles.*

Rank 3 (400 CP): You can generate inventions and solutions that reshape reality itself, with effects on a galactic or even universal scale. These creations are so advanced they bend or rewrite the very laws of physics and reality. Lesser minds cannot comprehend or replicate these concepts, which exist on a level far beyond their understanding. Your learning and understanding of technology is increased by 400 times.

- ***Examples****: You could design a machine that can rewrite universal constants, inventions that create matter from nothing, or devise a system that manipulates time across an entire galaxy. These inventions fundamentally are capable of altering the structure of reality, and only beings on a similar level of power or intelligence could begin to understand them.*

Nullification Field



This power allows you to generate an invisible, spherical field that nullifies non-magical and non-reality-warping powers, technologies and abilities within its range. The field can be activated at will and extended over a vast area. Even without the field extended, these nullification effects still apply to you on a personal level.

Rank 1 (100 CP): You can nullify harmful abilities and powers capable of affecting up to planetary levels. You can extend the range of your nullification field from your personal space up to the size of an entire planet at will.

- ***Examples****: You can cancel out energy-based attacks, physical enhancements, and psychic abilities that have a power magnitude high enough that could devastate a planet, and prevent technological abilities like weaponry from functioning within the field's range, as long as they do not exceed strengths enough to affect an entire planet.*

Rank 2 (200 CP): The power of your nullification increases, now capable of nullifying abilities and powers that can influence an entire solar system. The range of your field expands to encompass an entire solar system.

- ***Examples****: You can deactivate large-scale energy beams, telekinetic influences, or advanced technology that could disrupt or destroy planets across a solar system. You could also prevent powers like supernova-level explosions from manifesting within the field.*

Rank 3 (400 CP): While the field's range remains up to a solar system, you can now nullify to some degree harmful abilities and powers that can affect an entire galaxy. Against universal or multiversal powers, the nullification is weaker but still has a slight chance to interfere. Absolute or omnipotent-level effects now have a degree of uncertainty when used against you, giving you a small chance to resist or ignore their impact regardless of source. Additionally, your nullification field now extends its effects to magical powers and abilities.

- ***Examples****: You could neutralize galaxy-wide energy disturbances or mental influences with ease, while even reality-breaking or universal threats might experience interference. Absolute attacks, like those meant to bypass all defenses, now have a chance to fail against you. Magical abilities, such as spells or curses, are also nullified within your field.*

Photonic Mastery



Photons, the fundamental quantum packets of light, are both particles and waves, representing the smallest units of electromagnetic energy. With this Cosmic Power, you gain unrivaled control over photons, allowing you to manipulate them in limitless ways.

Rank 1 (100 CP): You can effortlessly generate and control photons to achieve a wide range of purposes. This includes creating powerful beams of photonic energy, translucent constructs, shields, photonic weapons, and intricate illusions. The destructive power of these manifestations is comparable to high-yield nuclear explosions, while their resilience matches that level of force. These creations exist only as long as you actively concentrate on them; once you cease, they dissipate instantly. The destructive power of this rank 1 power may not be increased by other means.

- ***Examples**: You could craft a radiant photonic shield to defend against attacks, create dazzling illusions to mislead enemies, or unleash concentrated beams of photonic energy capable of obliterating targets with the power of a nuclear detonation.*

Rank 2 (200 CP): Your mastery deepens, and your photonic constructs are now interwoven with subtle traces of reality-warping energy, expanding their potential exponentially. The power of your creations increases significantly, with destructive applications capable of heavily damaging entire planets and defensive constructs strong enough to resist planet-shattering forces. Illusions become increasingly lifelike, almost indistinguishable from reality—though still not fully real. These constructs still rely on your concentration to persist; once you stop focusing, they dissipate. You may add now weak properties not inherent to photons to any manifestation of this power, and may now benefit from destructive increases from other means.

- ***Examples**: You could create massive, nearly indestructible photonic barriers, use photonic illusions that feel tangible and convincing, or unleash planet-destroying energy beams with a single gesture, create a light barrier that is poisonous to touch, a source of light that heals, freeze beams, an arrow construct that makes one feel love, etc.*

Rank 3 (300 CP): At this level, your photonic constructs, illusions, and other manifestations no longer require your active concentration to remain. These creations behave as if they are entirely real, sharing most physical properties with their real-world counterparts. However, if critically compromised, they will crack and dissipate harmlessly, ensuring they do not cause uncontrolled destruction. You now may add strong properties not inherent to photons as you see fit.

- ***Examples**: You could create entire self-sustaining photonic cities, resilient and lifelike, or summon photonic creatures and constructs that continue to act independently, even without your attention, maintaining their stability until deliberately destroyed or structurally compromised.*

Omega Gamma Ray Burst



The Omega Gamma Ray Burst is the ultimate weapon in a Cosmic Lord's arsenal, a reality-defying beam explosion that unleashes exponential damage across vast cosmic distances. This destructive force originates from the Cosmic Lord and radiates outwards, leaving nothing but devastation in its wake. As the ranks increase, so does the destructive capacity and range of the burst, making it a weapon of unimaginable power.

Rank 1 (100 CP): You release a miniature gamma ray burst for a brief instant, extending several light years in a single direction. This burst has enough power to obliterate planets and destabilize stars the size of our sun with repeated blasts.

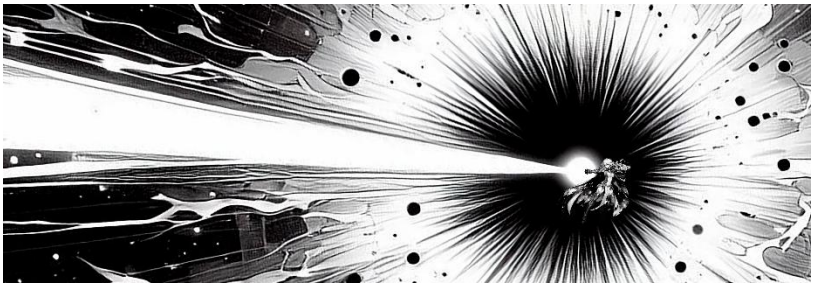
- ***Examples****: You can instantly vaporize planets, or unleash bursts that progressively weaken and collapse a star after multiple strikes. Entire fleets or planetary defenses are wiped out in an instant.*

Rank 2 (300 CP): By focusing, you manifest two small orbs at arm's length from any part of your body. These orbs orbit each other rapidly, simulating the final moments before two neutron stars merge. Upon contact, they unleash a directional gamma ray burst that obliterates everything within hundreds light years of the initial blast. The intensity of the burst gradually decreases over the next few thousand light years, but it remains potent enough to sterilize planets. Even at distances of tens of thousands of light years, the burst leaves lasting traces.

- ***Examples****: You can annihilate entire star systems in an instant, sterilize planets thousands of light years away, and even galaxies affected to some degree by the energy wave. Any object or being at point blank range within the initial burst is reduced to nothing.*

Rank 3 (600 CP): With great effort, the orbs turn black and spin at incomprehensible speeds as they near merging. They generate immense gravitational waves that ripple and are felt across vast distances. Upon merging, they unleash a hyperluminal Omega Gamma Ray Burst that can potentially reach the edge of the universe. This catastrophic burst annihilates everything in 3D space along its path, while adjacent dimensions suffer severe damage. Higher-dimensional structures and beings are also affected. The immense strain leaves you severely exhausted, but with time and training, the exhaustion decreases, and the burst's energy becomes even more devastating.

- ***Examples****: You could wipe out entire galaxies in an instant, puncture the fabric of the universe into other universes, and cause dimensional ruptures that affect realms beyond standard physical reality. Beings and constructs that exist in higher dimensions feel the aftershocks, while entire planes of existence are damaged by the burst's sheer power.*



Absolute Magic



Your fragment of reality taps directly into the essence of what magic is—allowing you to manipulate and transcend the systems, rules, and energies of magic itself. With each rank, your ability to wield and control magical forces grows exponentially, until you can reshape reality's magical foundations to suit your will, unbound by any laws or limitations.

Rank 1 (100 CP): A vast and powerful wellspring of magical power flows within you, providing enough energy to fuel any **magical abilities** you have. While you do not innately obtain a predefined magic system or spells when acquiring this power, you can now instinctively manipulate magic's raw essence to achieve the same effects that are possible through established magical systems. However, your power is limited to effects that can influence an entire planet in scope, and your creations must still conform to existing magical laws.

- ***Examples**: You could cast planetary-level magical effects such as creating a continent-wide barrier without needing to know a specific spell for it, reshaping the weather, or teleporting cities across the planet. Although bound by the normal rules of magic, your sheer magical output makes even the most difficult spells trivial, allowing you to fuel grand rituals without effort.*

Rank 2 (200 CP): Your control over magic has increased substantially. Now, your voice and gestures resonate with magical power, enabling you to achieve any effect imaginable on a scale as large as an entire star system. You remain somewhat bound by the established possibilities of magic, but your ability to control and reshape magical forces far exceeds that of typical users.

- ***Examples**: You could alter the orbital paths of planets, create stars, or terraform worlds with a gesture. If needed, you could erase a fleet of ships from existence by calling upon cosmic-level magic, or summon entire armies of magical constructs to do your bidding across a star system, instantly understand spells regardless of their complexities as long as they are within the power parameters of this rank.*

Rank 3 (400 CP): Your understanding of magic has reached a critical threshold. No longer is magic merely a system of forces or rules to be followed—it is now an extension of the very fabric of reality, and you as a Cosmic Lord may bend it to your will without limitation. You can create magical effects or rewrite the fundamental laws of magic with a thought, even accomplishing feats previously deemed impossible. Your magic is no longer constrained by the rules that govern other beings, it is very close to true reality manipulation although not quite there... yet.

- ***Examples**: You could erase and rewrite the magical laws all around you, rendering magic systems null or amplifying them beyond their original capacities. You might summon magical beings of unimaginable power with a mere word, weave new magical domains, or impose your own rules over magic itself. Your dominion over magic is absolute, always having an edge over any other magic effects from others.*

Space-Time Manipulation



The power to manipulate space and time is a formidable tool for Cosmic Lords, though only a select few can fully master it. This ability allows for profound control over the fabric of the universe, including the manipulation of distances, time flow, and the ability to affect both space and time itself.

Rank 1 (100 CP): You can manipulate space to shorten or lengthen distances, enabling faster-than-light (FTL) travel and other spatial tricks. You can also distort the flow of time in your immediate surroundings, either slowing it down to near zero (essentially stopping time without affecting yourself) or accelerating it as much as you desire, though increased acceleration requires more effort.

- ***Examples**: You could traverse light-years in moments by shortening the distance between stars, or slow time around an incoming projectile, making it easy to dodge. You can also speed up local time to age objects rapidly or hasten processes like construction or healing.*

Rank 2 (200 CP): Your space-time manipulation expands through the application of quantum mechanics, allowing you to distort space several seconds into the past and view a few moments into multiple potential futures. You can connect two points in space and time within a universe, allowing for instantaneous travel (similar to teleportation). With minor effort, you can pierce space-time to deliver attacks or effects to targets hidden across time or far distances. Creative applications of time effects are possible at this level, though actually travelling time is still beyond you for now.

- ***Examples**: You could teleport instantly across the universe, bypassing the limitations of distance. You can also attack enemies from different moments in time, striking past versions of them or affecting events seconds into the future. You could observe potential future outcomes before making decisions in battle.*

Rank 3 (400 CP): You gain the ability to physically traverse the flow of time, moving freely into the past or future while remaining immune to paradoxes and other dangers associated with time travel. Your manipulation of space and time becomes limited only by your imagination and energy spent using this power, allowing you to reshape, bend, twist and manipulate both space and time in any way you desire.

- ***Examples**: You can travel back in time to alter past events or leap forward into the distant future without fear of causing paradoxes. You might compress entire regions of space, trapping enemies in spatial prisons, or expand space to create vast distances in a single room. You can alter spatial dimensions, creating shortcuts through space, folding entire regions to flatten space.*

Matter Genesis



By manipulating reality, a Cosmic Lord can create non-living matter in any desired configuration using their internal reserves. This ability allows the Cosmic Lord to fabricate machinery, special equipment, and more, provided they understand the internal workings and technologies of what they wish to create. This power will not grant magical properties to created objects.

Rank 1 (100 CP): You can effortlessly manifest baryonic matter (ordinary matter made of protons, neutrons, and electrons) in any configuration you can imagine within planetary range. This uses matter from your own reserves, limiting your ability to create based on your internal supply.

- ***Examples****: You can instantly create weapons, buildings, or entire cities out of thin air, provided they are made of ordinary matter. For example, you could manifest a fleet of spaceships or build an enormous mechanical structure, as long as you understand their construction.*

Rank 2 (200 CP): In addition to baryonic matter, you can now create non-baryonic matter (such as dark matter or exotic particles) in any configuration, though doing so uses your internal energy reserves instead of matter. Baryonic matter still depletes your matter reserves.

- ***Examples****: You could craft exotic materials with properties that defy ordinary physics, such as dark matter engines or anti-gravity fields. You can also create devices that manipulate non-baryonic forces, like shielding made from dark energy, allowing you to generate hyper-advanced technology.*

Rank 3 (300 CP): Your matter configurations now extend into hyper- and supra-dimensional space, while remaining connected to the physical realm. This allows your creations to possess properties beyond what normal physics can accommodate and enables them to affect beings or objects existing outside 3D space.

- ***Examples****: You could create machinery that interfaces with higher dimensions, allowing you to manipulate multi-dimensional entities or control aspects of reality not accessible in 3D space. You might build a weapon that bypasses conventional defenses by interacting with entities across multiple dimensions simultaneously, or construct devices that alter reality itself.*

Living Matter Manipulation



This power grants a Cosmic Lord the ability to manipulate and alter living matter within a certain range. This ability provides an intuitive, innate understanding of biological structures and processes, but having additional knowledge of the organism being manipulated increases the efficiency and effectiveness of your alterations.

Rank 1 (100 CP): You gain an intuitive understanding of biological components and organic matter, allowing you to perform genetic modifications or alter the state of any living organism via direct contact. These changes take a few minutes to manifest and are limited by the local universal laws. If your alterations exceed what is allowed by these laws, they will become unstable, leading to catastrophic consequences for the organism. Hostile manipulations can be resisted by powerful beings or systems.

- ***Examples**: You could heal wounds, alter your shape, enhance physical abilities, or alter someone's DNA to give them temporary superhuman traits. However, attempting to create an organism that violates the laws of physics (e.g., a creature with invulnerability in a universe where it isn't possible) may result in the organism collapsing or mutating uncontrollably.*

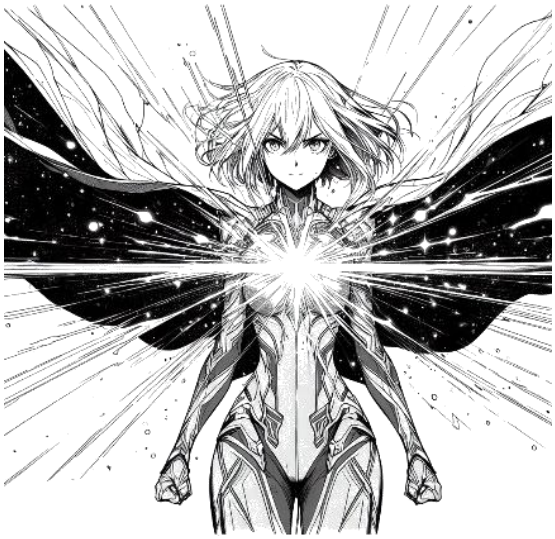
Rank 2 (200 CP): You now manipulate reality and causality to refine your alterations, enabling you to make changes that defy local universal laws. You can add or modify organic matter within seconds, even from a distance, up to planetary range. Direct contact is still more efficient, but no longer necessary for most alterations.

- ***Examples**: You could create creatures with impossible abilities, such as organisms that survive in a vacuum or regenerate from near-complete destruction. You can rapidly evolve beings to adapt to new environments or grant them abilities they shouldn't naturally possess. Hostile manipulations are harder to resist, but still possible.*

Rank 3 (300 CP): You are no longer limited to organic matter alone and can manipulate any being considered "alive," whether it is composed of organic matter, energy, or exotic substances. All alterations are now practically instant, and your control over living matter extends beyond universal laws and limitations.

- ***Examples**: You could alter energy-based lifeforms, create living beings from raw energy or other exotic materials, and make instant genetic modifications across entire species. You could also neutralize or enhance any lifeform instantly, regardless of how complex or alien their biology is. Beings resistant to physical or biological changes would struggle to resist your manipulations.*

Singularity Perpetual Engine



A Cosmic Lord draws energy from their internal reserves powered by their Fragment of Reality. While these reserves are vast, they may not be sufficient to sustain continuous usage of powers over long periods, requiring a resting period to allow them to recover. This Cosmic Power solves that limitation by providing an internal singularity engine, generating nearly limitless energy for the Cosmic Lord's abilities.

Rank 1 (200 CP): You contain a singularity within yourself—a point of near-infinite mass that constantly degenerates into a torrent of high-energy particles. This powers you and your abilities, granting you what is, for all practical purposes, an infinite energy source. However, the energy available to you is limited by the singularity's already impressive output, which can still be exhausted if pushed too far, though it replenishes at a steady rate at a vast superior rate than if you did not have it.

- ***Examples**: You can use powerful abilities without needing to worry about energy depletion during typical usage. For example, you could continuously maintain force fields, power weapons, or engage in high-energy combat for extended periods without pause, though excessively powerful or sustained actions may still strain the singularity's output.*

Rank 2 (600 CP): The singularity within you has evolved, now functioning as both a singularity and a white hole—a source of negative entropy that pulls energy from other universes. This transformation **massively increases your power output**, and your energy reserves now replenishes almost instantly, no matter how much you use. Your energy output is at least three orders of magnitude greater than before, allowing you to maintain and use powers on a much larger scale without fear of exhaustion. **This power now replenishes your matter reserves** as well, fully replenishing them in **less than one hour** regardless of size.

- ***Examples**: You can now unleash constant barrages of energy, fuel massive constructs, and power abilities that would otherwise be impossible to sustain. For instance, you could create solar system-sized shields that could resist attacks forever as long as they don't break, continuously power an entire galaxy with ease, fire a Omega Gamma Ray Burst like its nothing, or engage in near-endless combat without any decrease in stamina or power, no matter how intense the battle becomes.*

Quantum Translocation



Unlike common teleportation, this power manipulates reality and quantum mechanics to quantum-lock your particles into a fixed state, forcefully recreating you at a target location. Upon arrival, your original body's quantum state is unlocked and dissipates instantly, while your consciousness transfers seamlessly to the new location where your body is. This method is unstoppable, bypassing any spatial or time-related defenses. This power can also allow you to interact with matter at the quantum level, allowing you to translocate objects and effectively disintegrate their components, bypassing even indestructible qualities.

Rank 1 (100 CP): You can quantum-lock yourself to any location you can visualize and instantly translocate to that spot. This process is true teleportation, bypassing all known spatial and temporal barriers. Nothing can prevent or block this form of travel, as it operates on a quantum level, ensuring your safe arrival no matter the obstacles. The only requirement is that the target location must be within the same universe.

- ***Examples**: You could teleport out of an impenetrable prison, bypass dimensional barriers, or escape from time-locked areas without difficulty. No matter the defenses in place—be they spatial barriers, time loops, or magical wards—you will arrive at your destination.*

Rank 2 (200 CP): Your quantum manipulation now extends to objects, structures, or entities you interact with. You can partially or completely translocate these targets, forcing them to teleport wherever you desire or disintegrating them at a quantum level by dispersing their atomic and subatomic particles across the universe. Even entities or objects with indestructible properties cannot resist this, as you bypass their durability by unraveling them at the quantum scale.

- ***Examples**: You could teleport an entire building or disintegrate an enemy by scattering their particles across the cosmos. Even beings or objects that are considered indestructible, such as those with magical or technological durability, would succumb to this power. You might use it to remove obstacles instantly or erase powerful foes from existence.*

Cosmic Awareness



This cosmic power amplifies the senses of the Cosmic Lord, allowing you to perceive vast distances and phenomena that would normally be undetectable. You can use all five of your normal senses—sight, hearing, touch, taste, and smell—across impossible ranges, as well as a sixth sense that provides detailed insight into the composition of objects or entities, even if they cannot be perceived by conventional means.

Rank 1 (100 CP): Your awareness now extends to the fabric of space and time, allowing you to sense everything within a solar system. Details are sharp within the immediate range (e.g., the distance from Earth to Jupiter), but as you approach the solar system's boundaries, they become fuzzier. You can also sense events in the past, though clarity diminishes the further back you look beyond a few years. While this awareness is powerful, extremely strong beings or advanced technologies may block themselves from being detected by you with effort.

- ***Examples**: You could track the movement of planets and celestial bodies in real-time or detect life forms and energy signatures within a solar system. You might also perceive events that occurred a few years ago within the area you are focusing on, such as witnessing an ancient battle unfold before your mind's eye, though clarity lessens with time.*

Rank 2 (200 CP): Your awareness is now flawless within a range of three solar systems, maintaining perfect detail. Beyond this, it begins to degrade up to a range of ten solar systems, where distant details become less precise. Your awareness is now absolute—no entity, technology, or power can block or hide from your senses. You see through illusions, cloaking devices, or magical veils with ease, and your perception of past events is vastly more accurate.

- ***Examples**: You could track entire fleets of ships across multiple solar systems or locate hidden civilizations on distant planets. Time itself is no barrier to you, as you can now observe historical events in vivid detail with near-perfect accuracy. Even beings that were once capable of evading your perception are now fully visible to you, no matter how powerful they may be.*

Future Prediction



This power grants the Cosmic Lord the ability to analyze vast amounts of information on an impossible scale, allowing you to make remarkably accurate predictions about future events. By understanding the flow of causality and determinism, you can foresee potential outcomes and influence the future.

Rank 1 (200 CP): You are able to simulate and predict future events based on current information and circumstances with perfect accuracy—unless something actively interferes, such as a being with powers that block predictions or alter outcomes. To make an accurate prediction, you need to be aware of most relevant details, but if you have ways to obtain this information, this power will automatically use them and analyze it. Predicting the actions or impacts of extremely powerful entities or chaotic phenomena is more difficult, and long-term predictions involving such forces are prone to error.

- ***Examples**: You could predict the outcome of a large battle or political upheaval if you have all the necessary details about the participants and the circumstances. However, if an unpredictable force, such as a god-like entity or a reality-warping event more powerful than you, gets involved, your prediction might lose accuracy over time. Still, the accuracy of your predictions over short-term events remains near-perfect.*

Rank 2 (400 CP): At this level, you no longer just predict a single expected outcome based on present conditions—you now simulate multiple potential future paths. This allows you to consider various possible changes and help determine if a desired future is achievable. You are able to see what steps are required to influence events toward your preferred outcome, though you must take the actions yourself to bring about that future. Your power now actively contests with those who possess abilities designed to avoid or block predictions, attempting to break through such defenses to include them in your calculations.

- ***Examples**: You could simulate a range of possible futures in a conflict, determining not only the most likely outcome but also alternate scenarios where you or others take specific actions to alter the course of events. You can see how to navigate complex political or cosmic scenarios, and if someone tries to hide their actions from your foresight, your power will try to break through their defenses to account for them in your future predictions.*

Gravitas



This cosmic power grants you the ability to control gravity, one of the fundamental forces of the universe. By extending your personal reality field, you can create a flexible gravity field that bends and manipulates gravitational forces for a wide range of effects.

Rank 1 (100 CP): You now possess a gravity field that can extend up to the size of a planet. Within this field, you can manipulate gravity in any direction with a strength up to that of the surface gravity of the largest gas giant before it collapses into a star. You can generate gravity in places where there is none, apply gravity to objects or beings, or even reverse a planet's gravity to destabilize it. Your control allows for precision in smaller spaces or broad effects over the entire field.

- ***Examples****: You could create localized gravitational anomalies to crush enemies, or nullify gravity in a specific area to make objects and people float. Enveloping a planet in your gravity field and reversing or altering its natural gravity could destabilize its structure, causing earthquakes, tidal disruptions, or even planetary collapse.*

Rank 2 (200 CP): Your gravity manipulation field expands to the size of a solar system, and you can now exert a gravitational force equivalent to the surface of a medium star, like the sun. This level of power allows you to exert devastating force on celestial objects or entire fleets of ships, affecting everything within the field.

- ***Examples****: You could intensify gravity around an enemy fleet, crushing ships under the immense pressure. Alternatively, you could reduce gravity in your vicinity to move or manipulate entire planets and moons with ease. Within your field, the immense gravitational pull could disrupt star systems, altering orbits or even collapsing stars into black holes if you focus enough power.*

Rank 3 (400 CP): Your gravity field is now capable of exerting force equivalent to the surface of a neutron star. With such extreme power, you can manipulate gravitational forces to devastating levels, crushing anything in your field to subatomic particles or altering space-time itself through gravitational distortions.

- ***Examples****: You could focus gravity strong enough to turn a star into a black hole, pulling entire solar systems into its event horizon. On a smaller scale, you could create localized gravity wells so intense that they warp time and space, trapping enemies or objects in a gravitational singularity. This immense power could even be used to move celestial bodies or tear apart higher-dimensional structures if they interact with 3D space.*

Reality Weaponry



This cosmic power grants you the ability to **forge weapons** from **Hardened Reality**, using your Personal Reality Field to shape melee weapons capable of slicing through the very fabric of existence. These weapons are more than just tools of combat—**they inflict both conceptual and reality-based damage**, allowing them to bypass most defenses and strike at the essence of any target, regardless of its nature. Once forged after a few months, these mighty weapons are bound to you, sharing an intrinsic connection with your being. You can summon or dismiss them at will, and they are attuned solely to your power, just like your Cosmic Vestments. Hardened Reality Weapons created through this power are far more potent than those created by other means, marking them as instruments of legend, feared and revered across the cosmos.

Rank 1 (100 CP): You can now create a single weapon of Hardened Reality, as strong and resilient as an unenhanced Cosmic Vestment. This weapon is bonded to you, capable of being summoned or dissipated instantly with a mere thought. Immune to damage from regular physical or magical forces, it can only be harmed by attacks capable of affecting a Cosmic Vestment. Even then, the weapon will self-repair over time, just as your vestments do. Additionally, any Cosmic Power or ability you possess can be infused into the weapon, imbuing it with powers and properties that reflect your might. The weapon will grow in strength alongside you and is considered an extension of your essence. If you wish to forge a different weapon, you must reforge your current one, as you may only have a single weapon at this rank.

- ***Examples**: You could forge a sword capable of cleaving through indestructible metals, magical barriers, or even the fundamental layers of reality. A shield created with conventional defenses would offer no protection against this weapon, as its blade slices through not just the target's body but the reality they occupy.*

Rank 2 (200 CP): Your mastery over Reality Weaponry now allows you to forge up to a **dozen distinct weapons**, all bound to your will. You may summon or wield them simultaneously in battle if desired. The power of your weapons grows significantly, capable of surpassing even Hardened Reality itself and inflicting serious damage upon a Cosmic Vestment after repeated strikes. At this level, your weapons are worthy of names, as they will begin to develop an ego—an independent but subservient consciousness that exists to serve you. This ego can be suppressed if you prefer, but its presence further amplifies the weapon's potency in combat.

- ***Examples**: With multiple weapons at your command, you could assault other Cosmic Lords or equally powerful beings, knowing that your arsenal is designed to overpower even the strongest defenses. You could launch repeated strikes against a Cosmic Vestment, gradually tearing through its hardened reality. No material or magical defense, no matter how strong, can withstand these weapons indefinitely.*

Rank 3 (300 CP): At this level, your forged weapons become cosmic artifacts of unimaginable power. Their strength is no longer static; they are fluid instruments of your will, adapting to the situation at hand without any additional input from you. These weapons can manifest new abilities or properties as needed, allowing them to overcome any obstacle or defense, even if it lies beyond your current powers. The

weapon's very reality shifts to fulfill its purpose, incorporating effects and abilities that resonate with its intended use in battle. No challenge is beyond these legendary tools.

- ***Examples**: If you wield a spear to pierce an indestructible shield, the spear might momentarily gain the ability to nullify indestructibility. A sword forged for destruction could instantly adapt to sever a multi-dimensional entity, even if you have no power over higher-dimensional beings. The weapon can evolve to bypass any obstacle in order to fulfill its intended function, ensuring its supreme effectiveness in any combat scenario.*

On Forging Reality weapons



The forging of a reality weapon is a momentous and deliberate process for a Cosmic Lord, requiring intense focus, dedication, and mastery over their Personal Reality Field. Similar to the crafting of Cosmic Vestments, this endeavor demands months of meticulous effort, as the Cosmic Lord carefully shapes and tunes reality itself to perfection, creating a weapon that becomes an extension of their own being. The result is not merely a tool, but a reflection of the Cosmic Lord's essence, precision-forged to align with their immense cosmic power.

During the forging process, **the Cosmic Lord can imbue the weapon with powerful effects**, similar to the creation of other hardened reality objects, but with greater intensity and refinement. These effects not only amplify the weapon's strength but also grant it unique abilities that elevate its status beyond mere physical tools, making each weapon a legendary artifact of unparalleled might.

The Cosmic Lord is free to create any type of weapon, whether **melee or ranged**, limited only by the scope of their imagination. While melee weapons tend to be more powerful in direct combat, their ranged counterparts offer greater versatility and tactical reach. For ranged weapons, any ammunition used will inherit lesser versions of the weapon's effects. However, despite this reduction, the damage inflicted by such ammunition remains worthy of the weapon's Reality Weaponry status, capable of immense destruction.

Furthermore, it is possible for the Cosmic Lord to forge **consumable Reality Weapons**, such as arrows or bullets, specifically for a catastrophic, one-time use. These consumables are imbued with devastating effects and can cause extraordinary destruction upon impact, though they will be destroyed and irrecoverable after use.

From Rank 2 onward, your Reality Weapons may begin to develop an ego, a sense of self-awareness, unless you choose to suppress it. This ego is completely aligned with your personality and goals, enhancing the weapon's effectiveness by constantly adapting to your needs. It will communicate with you, offer insights, and even evolve in response to specific situations, always seeking to fulfill its purpose in the most efficient way possible.

Some Reality Weapons may even go so far as to change form or manifest a personified shape once they gain sentience, particularly if they are infused with a power that allows them to do so. Even without such powers, the ability attained at rank 3 to manifest new properties or abilities to achieve their intended function will enable them to take humanoid form when needed, ensuring these weapons can transcend normal limitations and become truly adaptive instruments of cosmic warfare.

Hardened Reality Creation



An advanced expression beyond the one used to create your Cosmic Vestments, this power allows you to fold and compress pieces of reality itself into **nearly indestructible constructs that can exist independently of your Personal Reality Field**. These self-sustaining structures are not bound by the usual limitations of conventional matter, possessing unparalleled durability and the ability to be fused or integrated into physical constructs. With this power, you can craft entire objects, shields, or even monumental creations, **each endowed with the unique properties of your available Cosmic Powers**, making them more than just durable—they become an extension of your cosmic might.

Rank 1 (100 CP): You have mastered the ability to fold small fragments of reality, shaping them into hardened plates roughly the size of your hand over several hours. These hardened reality plates possess a strength equal to the most indestructible materials in the universe and offer a degree of resistance against reality-warping effects, and can be imbued with minor properties related to your available Cosmic Powers. However, while formidable, they are not entirely self-sustaining at this stage and will require your presence and power to repair any significant damage they endure. You can coat a cruiser-sized ship in these plates over the span of a month.

- ***Examples**: You could reinforce a starship's hull with reality-folded plates, ensuring that it remains resistant to most physical and magical damage. The plates could also be used to construct shields or armor for individuals, though they would still need repairs from any damage that may actually manage to affect them. These small plates may be imbued with minor properties related to your available Cosmic Powers, granting those abilities and properties not found anywhere else.*

Rank 2 (200 CP): Your ability to fold reality becomes more efficient, allowing you to produce larger and more complex shapes. You can now generate enough hardened reality to cover the surface of an entire planet in a month. The maximum size of any single object you can create is roughly that of a human being. Your hardened reality is considerably stronger than the previous rank, and now you can infuse stronger properties related to your Cosmic Powers, although this will drastically reduce your production rate.

- ***Examples**: You could create massive constructs like fortresses or planetary shields composed entirely of hardened reality. If you focus your energy, you could craft impenetrable doors, vaults, or small-scale defensive constructs that are nearly indestructible, though this would slow the rate of production.*

Rank 3 (300 CP): The objects you create now are **comparable in resilience to an unenhanced Cosmic Vestment**. Additionally, if damaged but not completely destroyed, these constructs begin to assert their reality and will attempt to self-repair over time, slowly regaining their original form. Upon creation, **hardened reality objects may now possess not just properties but smaller versions of your Cosmic Powers**, expressing in any way you design.

- ***Examples**: You could create entire cities or military installations out of hardened reality that are nearly indestructible. These structures would be capable of withstanding cosmic storms, direct attacks from powerful entities, and even some reality-warping forces. Should they be damaged in battle, they will begin to self-repair, making them incredibly durable and self-sustaining over time.*

Universal Traversal



This defining power allows Cosmic Lords to traverse the boundaries of universes with effortless ease. It grants the ability to move to alternate universes with **a single step**, making it a crucial tool for exploring or escaping different realms of existence. It may also be used to travel to the space between universes, an empty void where new universes are born. You don't need to worry about exploring the unknown, as even if you become lost, a Cosmic Lord will eventually instinctively figure out the way to return to their home universe sooner or later, though this will only work so long you remain in your home multiverse.

Rank 1 (100 CP): By simply taking a step and focusing your will, you can travel from this universe to any other universe, reality or dimension. If you are aware of the location of a specific universe, you can step directly into it with ease. However, extreme cosmic phenomena, powerful wards, or the interventions of exceptionally potent beings may obstruct your entry or exit. If you somehow become lost and can't find the way back to your own universe, after a few days you'll begin to gain a feeling that will become stronger and stronger until you can tell with complete certainty where your home universe resides.

Rank 2 (200 CP): You can now open stable portals that allow others to follow you into different universes or realities. Your ability to traverse universes becomes more resilient and harder to block, requiring significant preparation or overwhelming power to obstruct your passage. You will always instinctively know the location of your home universe in the vastness of your setting's multiverse.

When combined with *Cosmic Awareness*, this power allows you to glimpse into your destination universe before entering it. However, if your entry or exit is blocked by any means, you will be unable to peek into your destination.



Cosmic Supremacy



This power defines Cosmic Lords as true masters of reality itself, granting them the ability to manipulate and reshape the fabric of existence. By focusing the energies of their Shard of Reality, a Cosmic Lord can perform feats limited only by their imagination and the energy required to execute them. Any part of reality not fortified against manipulation is susceptible to being molded as the Cosmic Lord desires.

Rank 1 (300 CP): You can now manipulate reality to achieve virtually any effect you desire by expending a great amount of energy, relative to the complexity of the change. This grants you the ability to alter reality in ways limited only by your imagination and knowledge of the current laws of the universe. However, if the universe does not support the change, the altered reality will slowly revert to its original state over time. Additionally, this power can achieve effects similar to other Cosmic Powers of similar rank but is far less energy-efficient and more time consuming.

- ***Examples**: You could alter the fundamental properties of matter, reverse the passage of time in a localized area, or rewrite the laws of physics temporarily in an area. However, if these changes conflict with the local universal laws, they will gradually destabilize and eventually undo themselves. As a rough guideline, anything you can do with other Cosmic Powers will be more energy inefficient and limited to rank 1 powers in effect and magnitude.*

Rank 2 (600 CP): Your control over reality has grown more resilient, allowing your changes to become much more difficult for others to interfere with or undo. Any alterations you make now harden and become resistant to tampering by other reality manipulators. While reality may still degrade if the changes are unstable or unsupported by local laws, this process occurs much more slowly. At this point, you may now replicate effects from the second rank of Cosmic Powers, but still remaining considerably energy inefficient and more time consuming.

- ***Examples**: You could permanently alter the orbit of a planet or rewrite an entire city's physical laws, and these changes would last much longer before reverting or being countered by other powerful manipulators. Attempting to interfere with your changes now requires a significant amount of energy and power, and may replicate rank 2 effects of other powers.*

Rank 3 (800 CP): You now possess the ability to create **reality bubbles**—zones where the reality you alter becomes self-sustaining, stable, and unaffected by the surrounding universe. Within these bubbles, the fundamental laws of physics and other universal constants are completely overwritten by your own, allowing for permanent, stable alterations. The size of these bubbles is determined by how much time and energy you invest, but maintaining the process demands enormous power. With only your base abilities, you can sustain this creation process for a few hours before needing to rest for at least a full day.

- ***Examples**: One hour of focus allows you to create a reality bubble large enough to envelop a large building, while a full month of sustained effort could create a bubble the size of a region comparable to Australia. Once established, your reality bubble becomes incredibly resilient, making it extremely difficult for any external forces from undoing the changes within. Inside this bubble, you can freely alter universal constants with minimal energy cost, and any reality manipulation you perform within the bubble will overpower opposing reality warping attempts, regardless of their source. However, other powerful reality manipulators may attempt to breach and dismantle your bubble from the outside, though doing so requires far more time, power, and effort than creating it in the first place.*

When combined with the **Singularity Perpetual Engine**, the rate at which you expand your reality bubble increases significantly. With Rank 1 of the Singularity Perpetual Engine, you can create reality bubbles faster and sustain the process for at least two weeks without needing rest. With Rank 2, you can continue expanding the bubble without stopping, theoretically becoming capable of engulfing an entire universe and rewriting its laws to your design. However, completing this process would still take hundreds of years, and cannot be accelerated by time-related abilities. Additionally, such an endeavor would attract the attention—and likely opposition—of powerful entities within the affected universe.

Within the reality bubble, it is effortless to replicate the effects of Rank 2 powers (or their equivalents). **Achieving effects equivalent to Rank 3 powers is possible inside the bubble**, though it requires considerable time, energy, or effort to fully manifest.



Cosmic Boost

This power grants you the ability to exponentially enhance your physical, mental, and spiritual capabilities for a limited duration, transcending normal boundaries. Beyond boosting yourself, you can extend a portion of this power to others, either temporarily or permanently, granting them heightened abilities.



Rank 1 (100 CP): You can temporarily bend reality to magnify your physical strength, mental acuity, and spiritual potency by **10 times** their natural state. This surge of power allows you to break through any personal limitations, providing exceptional abilities across all areas. Additionally, an aura of unmistakable power radiates from you, making your presence feel commanding and imposing to anyone nearby. At the moment of activation or during the duration of this boost, **any form of control or external restraint placed upon you, whether physical (bindings, traps) or metaphysical (mind control, curses, etc), is instantly broken or nullified**, granting you complete freedom.

The boost lasts for a maximum of 1 hour per day, after which your body must rest to avoid strain.

- ***Examples****: You could temporarily increase your strength to lift 10 times your maximum strength, enhance your speed to move like a blur, or increase your cognitive processing to solve complex problems at an accelerated pace. Any kind of bindings or mental enslavement would be nullified and broken violently for the duration of the boost.*

Rank 2 (200 CP): At this rank, the power amplification grows exponentially. You now boost your body, mind, and soul by **50 times** their normal capacity when activated, allowing for unimaginable feats of physical, intellectual, and spiritual power. The aura of dominance becomes significantly more palpable—those around you may feel an almost gravitational pull towards your presence, with weaker beings finding it difficult to remain in your proximity without being mentally overwhelmed.

Even when the boost is not active, **you retain a permanent 3x enhancement** to all physical, mental, and spiritual faculties. **The temporary boost lasts up to a couple hours per day**, providing more sustained access to heightened power.

By touching an ally, you can grant them a temporary 10x boost in their abilities, lasting 1 hour, but may only do so once per day per ally. The boost applies to all three aspects—physical, mental, and spiritual—allowing them to perform feats well beyond their normal capabilities.

- ***Examples****: You could leap great distances, process complex data faster than the most advanced AIs, or become almost impervious to most spiritual or soul-based attacks. Allies, such as a warrior, would experience a tenfold boost in strength, agility, or durability during battle.*

Rank 3 (400 CP): At the highest level, your ability to boost reaches transcendent levels, breaking through all conventional limitations. Upon activation, you receive an **immediate hundredfold boost** to your

natural body, mind, and soul, but **this enhancement gradually continues to increase your base attributes, roughly doubling them every ten minutes or so, compounding in power over and over**. By the time the boost reaches its peak at the end of the second hour, you possess strength, intellect, and spiritual power well beyond thousands of times your original level, allowing you to perform feats that defy reality itself.

When not actively boosting, **you retain a ten times permanent enhancement** to your current mind, body and soul. This ensures that even in your passive state, you remain vastly more powerful before. You can now grant an ally a hundredfold boost for a single hour, significantly amplifying their abilities, and may repeat to do so after their boost ends as many times as desired. Additionally, you may double the potency of their body, mind, and soul indefinitely, granting them a permanent power increase, though this can only be done once per individual.

The feeling of power radiating from you when you activate this is now so overwhelming that only the most powerful beings can resist acknowledging your superiority. This aura may cause weaker beings to faint, lose their will to fight, or fall under your influence without you even needing to act. These effects increase with every time your enhancements double.

- ***Examples**: You could activate your boost and have it double for a time, becoming vastly superior to your original status, and perform feats well beyond what you are normally capable of. You can boost your allies greatly and even enhance them permanently (just once), and your aura is so terrifyingly strong that few can stand it and oppose you, increasing even more and more with every doubling.*



"A supreme display of power, mess around with the Cosmic Lord and you WILL find out".

Soul Dominion



You wield power over the essence of life itself, controlling and manipulating the souls of others. Whether through extraction, modification, or fusion, you gain the ability to command the metaphysical aspects of life and death, making the soul your plaything. This power synergizes well with Living Matter Manipulation, adding a new layer of control over sentient beings and their inner nature.

Rank 1 (100 CP): You can perceive, touch, and lightly manipulate souls within a limited range, allowing you to sense and influence the soul's emotional state or heal spiritual injuries. You can even extract or transfer a soul for brief moments, but only with the target's consent or if they are severely weakened.

- ***Examples****: You can see the essence of life around you, sense the spiritual health of beings, and ease or inflame their emotional turmoil. You could momentarily remove a soul from its body for healing or communicate directly with it, though it will return to the body swiftly.*

Rank 2 (200 CP): You can now fully manipulate souls, including extracting, fusing, or modifying them at will. **The range of your ability extends to planetary distances**, and you can transfer souls between bodies or objects, granting sentience or awareness to non-living matter. You also gain the ability to temporarily sever a soul's connection to its physical form, and may return the soul of a dead person to its body, allowing **resurrection of others** as long as their soul is available and you have the means to heal the dead body from whatever killed it in the first place.

- ***Examples****: You could extract the soul of an opponent mid-combat, imprison it within an object, or fuse the souls of multiple beings to create hybrid entities. You could also animate objects with souls, creating sentient constructs that act with their own will. You may revive a dead person if their soul is available, but you will need to restore their body to a healthy condition.*

Rank 3 (300 CP): Your control over souls transcends individual manipulation. You now possess the ability to create or erase souls entirely, as well as rewrite their very nature. Souls you manipulate are subject to your absolute will, allowing you to fuse beings' essences into something new or completely unmake them. The range of your ability now increases to star system distances. Your mastery includes conceptual souls—grants you control over the soul's metaphysical properties beyond just living beings.

- ***Examples****: You can reshape a being's core essence, altering their personality, memories, or very nature. You could create entirely new souls from the fragments of others, or obliterate souls on a conceptual level, erasing them from existence entirely. Soul-fusion becomes permanent and flawless, allowing for the creation of entirely new entities.*

Additional notes:

Soul Synergy: This Cosmic Power grows in power the stronger your own soul is, having a means to increase it will directly increase the power of Soul Dominion.

Entropy Manipulation



You control the inevitable decay of the universe. Through mastery over entropy, you can speed up or reverse the natural processes of decay and growth. Whether by causing the effects of advancing time for objects or restoring them to their prime, you hold sway over the flow of destruction and renewal in the universe.

Rank 1 (100 CP): At this rank, your control over entropy extends to inanimate objects, granting you the ability to either accelerate their decay or reverse it, restoring them to their prime. With just a touch, you can hasten the effects of time or hold decay at bay, manipulating the aging process in non-living matter within your range. Your area of influence is small but potent, allowing you to reshape the passage of time on anything you desire.

- ***Examples:*** *You can cause a building to crumble into dust in moments or restore a decaying artifact to its original state. Objects you touch will either rapidly decay or be preserved indefinitely under your control.*

Rank 2 (200 CP): Your influence over entropy expands, now extending to living beings and energy systems. You can manipulate the life cycle of living matter, either healing wounds and slowing the aging process or accelerating the decay of life itself. Beyond the biological, you control the entropy of energy systems, able to disrupt, accelerate, or stabilize the flow of energy. Your area of influence now spans an entire planet, affecting the natural order at will.

- ***Examples:*** *You could reverse the aging process in a person, extending their life or healing them, or you could cause a thriving ecosystem to wither away in moments. In battle, you could overload energy shields or accelerate energy weapons to make them overheat and malfunction.*

Rank 3 (400 CP): At the highest level, your mastery over entropy extends to the cosmic scale, allowing you to control the decay and renewal of matter and energy within an entire star system. You can dictate the lifespan of stars, planets, and cosmic phenomena, either accelerating their demise or restoring them to their prime. Even chaotic systems bend to your will, as you stabilize or disrupt the most volatile of environments. Nothing escapes your influence, from the microscopic to the vast expanse of the cosmos.

- ***Examples:*** *You could restore a star to its youthful stage or cause it to go supernova in seconds. Entire worlds can be rejuvenated or destroyed as you manipulate entropy on a grand scale, and chaotic environments become ordered under your influence.*

Parallel Timeline Duplicates



By pulling versions of yourself from alternate timelines that never were, you can duplicate yourself in this reality. These duplicates, born from potential outcomes, work in unison or independently, retaining portions of your power, memories, and experiences. As your power grows, these duplicates form a hivemind with you, becoming an extension of your will.

Rank 1 (100 CP): You can create up to **ten duplicates**, each existing simultaneously and performing tasks in different locations, but requiring to be mentally contacted to give them instructions. These duplicates share your memories, perks, and powers but operate at 30% of your base power including perks. They draw their powers and abilities from your own mass and energy reserves, requiring you to manage your resources efficiently. You can integrate them back into yourself at any time, instantly gaining all their memories and experiences.

- ***Examples:*** *You could send a duplicate to fight a battle while you study an ancient artifact elsewhere, or have multiple duplicates handle different minor tasks. While each duplicate is weaker than you, they can coordinate in unison to overcome challenges or gather information from several places at once.*

Rank 2 (200 CP): You can now create up to **twenty five duplicates**, each operating at 40% of your base power including perks. These duplicates can exist across dimensions or universes, and their actions are synchronized with yours through a hivemind that you control. You can share thoughts and memories with them in real-time and may transfer your consciousness to any of them through mediation and will regain your full power after a few minutes.

- ***Examples:*** *You could manage entire operations across different realities, with a duplicate running an organization in one universe while others conduct research or battle powerful enemies in other dimensions. The hivemind ensures seamless coordination, allowing you to make strategic decisions based on experiences gathered from all duplicates.*

Rank 3 (400 CP): At this stage, the limitations on your duplicates vanish. You can create an **infinite number of duplicates**, sharing up to **2500% of your base power collectively**. Each duplicate must be assigned a part of this collective power, even below 1%, but **no individual duplicate can exceed 100%** of your base power. If you transfer your consciousness to a duplicate that has less than full power, you will regain your full strength within seconds. If your original form is destroyed, your consciousness will automatically transfer to one of your existing duplicates, ensuring your survival. However, each time this happens, an amount equal to 100% your base power is locked out of the collective pool of power available to other duplicates for the next **24 hours**. For the automatic transfer to occur, a duplicate must have at least **10%** power assigned to it.

- ***Examples:*** *You could manage events across multiple timelines, send legions of duplicates to different universes to guide their development, or even set up an endless cycle of duplicates to ensure you always have backups. The ability to transfer your consciousness means that even if your original body is destroyed, a duplicate will instantly become the new "you." You could stage coordinated assaults or explorations across infinite realities, all while retaining a unified sense of purpose and control.*

Elementalis



Master the very essence of creation by controlling **elemental forces**—fire, water, earth, air, and more abstract or cosmic elements like plasma, lightning, and radiation. As a wielder of **Elementalis**, you hold the primal energies of the universe at your fingertips, capable of bending the fundamental building blocks of reality to your will. Whether you wish to reshape landscapes, summon catastrophic storms, or manipulate the very fabric of nature, your elemental prowess knows no bounds.

Rank 1 (100 CP): You have complete mastery over the core elements—**fire, water, earth, and air**. With a thought, you can summon and control these elements on a grand scale, wielding them with absolute precision. You can devastate landscapes, conjure destructive storms, or create defensive barriers, manipulating the elements with enough force to affect entire planets.

- ***Examples:*** *You could summon infernos to engulf an entire continent, reducing cities to ash in seconds, you could raise colossal mountains from flat plains or create titanic stone walls that stretch for miles, you could flood entire nations, command oceans to part before you, or redirect massive rivers to carve new landscapes, you could summon* ***Coriolis hurricanes*** *that level entire nations, generate tornados that tear through armies, or ride the winds to soar across the sky.*

Rank 2 (200 CP): Your command extends to **exotic elements** such as **plasma, lightning, and radiation**, pushing your elemental control to new heights. You can now combine elements, blending fire and air to create **superheated plasma** or earth and water to create **mudslides of molten rock**. Your mastery is so potent that you can easily overpower any other elemental user that does not have this power, dominating the battlefield with unprecedented control over nature's forces.

- ***Examples:*** *You could hurl* ***plasma bolts*** *that burn with the intensity of a star, melting entire cities with a single strike, summon* ***electrical storms*** *that cascade across entire continents, frying technology and opponents alike, unleash devastating waves of* ***cosmic radiation*** *that warp time and space, or create radioactive storms that render vast regions uninhabitable, you could merge water and air to generate* ***acidic storms*** *that dissolve everything in their path, or combine fire and earth to generate* ***lava flows*** *that incinerate all before them.*

Rank 3 (300 CP): At this ultimate stage, you become the **embodiment of elemental forces**. The elements flow through you as though you are their source. You can now summon and manipulate these forces on a **star system scale**, conjuring entire worlds of fire, water, or stone at will. You can also charge your body with elemental power, infusing your every action with chosen elemental properties.

- ***Examples:*** *Reshape entire planets by altering their elemental composition—turning barren worlds into lush paradises or reducing habitable planets to fields of molten magma, summon* ***star-spanning storms*** *that rage across multiple solar systems, hurling plasma, radiation, and charged particles that destabilize entire regions of space, forge* ***star-sized spheres*** *of pure elemental energy—massive constructs of plasma, electricity, or radiation that radiate power and could incinerate or regenerate anything in their path, infuse any ability or action with elemental might—granting a* ***punch*** *the force of a planetary eruption or imbuing a* ***defensive shield*** *with the impermeability of diamond and steel.*

Voidcraft



Master the vast emptiness of the **Void**, the infinite nothingness that lies between realities. As a wielder of **Voidcraft**, you can harness the very absence of existence, manipulating the Void to summon void-born entities, banish foes into nonexistence, or draw upon the Void's formless power to reshape the universe. This dark and abstract force allows you to wield powers beyond time and space, bending the infinite silence of the Void to your will. The deeper your connection with the Void, the more you can command it to create or destroy across all realities.

Rank 1 (100 CP): You can access the **Void** and manipulate its energy, summoning tendrils of pure nothingness or creating **pockets of void** where nothing exists. You can banish enemies into these void spaces, where time, light, and sound do not reach, or call forth small creatures born from the Void. Your body and mind are immune to the corrosive effects of the Void, allowing you to interact with or venture into it without fear of being consumed or corrupted.

- ***Examples:*** *Summon writhing tendrils of darkness to bind or tear apart your enemies, reducing them to nothingness, create impenetrable barriers of the Void that* ***erase*** *any attack, vanishing projectiles, energy blasts, and even magic into their formless void. Banish foes into a* ***void prison****—a space of absolute nothingness, where neither light nor sound can reach, leaving them trapped in eternal isolation.*

Rank 2 (200 CP): Your connection to the Void deepens, allowing you to summon **larger and more powerful void creatures**—nightmarish beings that thrive in the absence of existence. You can manipulate vast amounts of void energy, creating **void portals** that allow for quick travel between universes or rapid movement across vast distances. With a mere thought, you can banish objects, enemies, or even entire locations into the Void, where time and space no longer apply, trapping them in eternal stasis.

- ***Examples:*** *Summon colossal void beasts that* ***consume light and energy****, their forms so formless that they seem to bend reality around them, tear open rifts into the Void, allowing you to* ***move between dimensions*** *in an instant, using the Void as a conduit for rapid travel. Unleash devastating blasts of void energy that erase matter from existence, disintegrating anything in their path as they collapse into the nothingness.*

Rank 3 (300 CP): At this ultimate level, you become a **master of the Void**, able to manipulate its power on a **star system scale**. You can collapse entire pocket dimensions into the Void, summon legions of void-born entities to fight for you, and envelop entire planets or star systems in **void shields** that block all forms of matter, energy, and reality. You can summon creatures that exist **beyond time and space**, beings so ancient and powerful they defy mortal comprehension.

- ***Examples:*** *Unleash the Void to* ***consume entire universes if no one stops it****, folding them into the nothingness, erasing their existence from all timelines, create vast* ***void realms****—pockets of reality where time, space, and matter warp under your command, shaping the environment according to your whims, summon entire* ***armies of void-born entities****, creatures that exist outside the normal laws of physics and reality. Wield the Void's energy to destroy or corrupt entire planets or star systems, their very essence unraveling as they are consumed by the infinite void.*

Conceptual Engineering



Master the abstract foundations of reality by manipulating **concepts**—the intangible ideas and forces that shape existence. With **Conceptual Engineering**, you can control and alter concepts like love, fear, time, or even life and death, applying them to objects, actions, or powers. You gain the ability to reshape the world at its most fundamental level, making the impossible possible by bending the very **meaning** of reality itself. As your power grows, so does your capacity to not only manipulate existing concepts but to create entirely new ones or eliminate them altogether, rewriting the laws of existence.

Rank 1 (200 CP): You can manipulate basic concepts such as **love, anger, fear, or loyalty** and apply them to objects or actions, enhancing their impact on the world around you. These concepts must already exist in the universe you're operating in. You can subtly adjust how these ideas manifest in reality, influencing emotions, objects, or even powers to reflect these abstract forces.

- ***Examples:*** *Imbue a sword with the concept of "fear," causing anyone who faces it to become paralyzed by terror, or amplify a spell to induce deep emotional dread, surround yourself with the concept of "love," creating an aura that inspires loyalty and devotion in all who come near, pacifying enemies and making allies fiercely protective, weave the concept of "death" into a touch or object, accelerating the natural decay or demise of anyone it comes into contact with, making death seem inevitable.*

Rank 2 (400 CP): At this level, your control extends to more **complex and abstract concepts** such as **time, life, death, identity, or fate**. You can apply these powerful concepts on a much larger scale, **planetary level**, including objects, powers, or phenomena to bend reality itself. Your reach extends far beyond emotions, allowing you to directly affect life or time, rewriting how these abstract forces interact with the world around you.

- ***Examples:*** *Manipulate the concept of "time" to add or alter the properties of objects, beings or objects, allowing you to age someone rapidly or slow down an attack, infuse an object with the concept of "life" to restore the gravely wounded or manipulate the concept of "death" to wither entire armies, bringing life or ending it as you see fit.*

Rank 3 (600 CP): At the pinnacle of Conceptual Engineering, you can create entirely **new concepts** or alter existing ones on a **star system scale**. You no longer need the concepts to already exist within the universe you're affecting. You can introduce new ideas, **erasing** or **rewriting** fundamental concepts to reshape the fabric of reality itself. This level of power allows you to redefine the very **rules of existence**, transforming the world around you according to your vision.

- ***Examples:*** *Introduce the concept of "eternal life" into an entire race, preventing beings from dying, reshaping the cycle of life and death, and altering how immortality manifests. Alter the concept of "gravity" to redefine its laws within a particular area—causing gravity to reverse, disappear, or behave in ways that defy known physics. Erase fundamental concepts like "pain" or "fear" from an entire realm, rendering its inhabitants immune to suffering or anxiety, or create a new concept like "eternal peace" that affects every living thing within its reach.*

Chaos & Order Control



Master the delicate dance between chaos and order, two opposing yet intertwined forces that govern the structure of reality. With this power, you wield control over disorder and randomness or impose rigid structure and stability at will, shaping the very essence of events, objects, and environments. The higher your mastery, the more complex and vast the systems you can influence, bending cosmic chaos and order to your whims.

Rank 1 (100 CP): At this level, you can manipulate the flow of chaos or order in localized systems, with power potent enough to affect entire planets. Whether it's injecting disorder into a well-organized machine or restoring harmony to a chaotic environment, your influence is precise yet vast. The changes you introduce ripple through systems, causing events to unfold in unpredictable ways—or bringing erratic forces under firm control.

- ***Examples**: You could cause machines to malfunction by increasing their chaos or enforce rigid structure on a wild and chaotic storm, turning it into a calm breeze.*

Rank 2 (200 CP): Your power now spans the magnitude of a solar system, allowing you to manipulate larger and more complex systems. Chaos can be introduced into a battlefield, causing unexpected and wild shifts in the balance of power, while order can be imposed upon cosmic entities, stabilizing even the most chaotic of stellar phenomena. With this level of control, you could bend the laws of nature to make the unpredictable a certainty, or unravel the most orderly systems into pure chaos.

- ***Examples**: You could cause random events across an entire battlefield to shift the tides of war, impose order on a chaotic stellar nebula, or stabilize the orbit of unstable planets.*

Rank 3 (400 CP): At this level, your control of chaos and order becomes so fine-tuned that you have perfect mastery within a star system. While still fully controlling chaos or order across that range, you can now induce changes on even greater scales, although with reduced effectiveness. As the area of influence increases beyond a star system, the effects may weaken the further you are, but they will always be noticeable—though not necessarily beneficial or even predictable for your intended purpose.

- ***Examples**: You could subtly affect the chaotic structure of a galaxy or attempt to impose a thin veil of order on the universe itself, though such grand manipulations may result in unintended or minor effects at those scales. Even then, the influence of chaos or order will always leave a mark, in small but still nearly imperceptible ways relative to the original intended effect.*

The Law of Heavenly Hellfire



You wield the forces of the sacred and the profane, commanding both divine (holy) and demonic (dark) energies to reshape reality in your image. Whether blessing or cursing, healing or destroying, these forces bend to your will. You can summon celestial or infernal beings to serve you, channel divine might through worship, or strengthen your demonic power through fear and allegiance, with **this power becoming dramatically more powerful the more worship or fear and allegiance you attain**.

Rank 1 (100 CP): You can now manipulate the raw energies of both divine and demonic forces. You can imbue objects or individuals with the light of divinity or the taint of darkness, granting them either holy blessings or infernal curses. Your power also allows you to summon lesser divine or demonic beings to assist in your endeavors. You can use these energies to heal or smite as you see fit.

- ***Examples**: You could sanctify a weapon with divine energy, allowing it to banish evil with each strike, or curse an enemy's armor with demonic taint, weakening their defenses. If you desire aid, you might summon minor divine or demonic creatures to aid you. You could also channel divine light to heal wounds or unleash dark energy to cause suffering.*

Rank 2 (200 CP): Your control over divine and demonic powers expands dramatically. Now, you can summon and command greater entities from the celestial heavens or infernal depths—such as powerful archangels or demons—to fight at your side. Your mastery over these energies allows you to create vast fields of divine light or demonic darkness, enveloping an entire planet in blessings or curses. You can channel these energies to manipulate large-scale phenomena, such as influencing the faith of entire populations or instilling dread across armies.

- ***Examples**: You could summon an archangel to strike down legions of enemies with holy fire or call upon a demon lord to incinerate a battlefield with infernal wrath. Your command over divine or demonic energy could reshape entire landscapes, turning barren land into a holy sanctuary or a cursed wasteland.*

Rank 3 (400 CP): At the pinnacle of your power, you stand as a conduit for the divine and demonic on a cosmic scale. You can summon legions of divine angels or demonic hordes to wage war across dimensions, commanding entire armies from both realms. Your influence extends beyond mere planets—now, entire star systems can be imbued with holy radiance or cloaked in infernal darkness at your whim. You can even create new divine or demonic realms, where your will reigns as law and both salvation and damnation are yours to dispense. **Your divine power grows through worship**, while **your demonic strength is amplified by fear and servitude**, making you an unrivaled force of both salvation and destruction.

- ***Examples**: You could summon an endless host of angels to defend a planet from an interdimensional threat or unleash demonic armies to conquer a realm. With a thought, you might create a divine realm filled with everlasting peace and purity, or an infernal dominion of chaos and torment, where the very fabric of reality is infused with divine or demonic energy. Entire worlds can be bathed in holy light, healing and protecting all within, or consumed by demonic fire, leaving only ruin in its wake.*

Existential Erasure



As a Cosmic Lord, you wield the ultimate authority over existence itself. This power allows you to utterly erase anything from the very fabric of reality, leaving no trace of its existence—neither in memory nor in time itself. Unlike mere destruction, **Existential Erasure** eliminates something so thoroughly that **no force, magic, or power can ever bring it back**. This power requires direct contact with your true body, with no interference through space, time, or energy. You must confront your target face to face, and if the process is interrupted, the target will restore itself after a short time.

Rank 1 (200 CP): You gain the ability to erase small objects or lesser beings from existence. This erasure is total and irrevocable—nothing can undo your work, save for your explicit will. When you erase something, it is as if it never existed; no trace remains unless you choose to leave a remnant in memory or history. Non-sentient objects or lesser beings cannot resist, but if the target possesses a strong will, it becomes a battle of wills, with your cosmic authority against theirs.

- ***Examples:*** *You could erase a single weapon from history, wipe out a person as though they had never drawn breath, or dissolve an object so that it never even entered creation. The memory of these things, unless preserved by your grace, would vanish alongside them.*

Rank 2 (400 CP): Your power grows, allowing you to erase larger and more complex entities. Now, entire groups of beings or vast objects may be erased from existence with a single touch. Once erased, the universe realigns itself as though these people, cities, or artifacts never existed. When targeting a group, touching one member extends the erasure to all those connected. However, the more significant the object or being, the longer it takes to fully erase them.

- ***Examples:*** *You could erase an entire army with a touch, making it vanish from both battlefield and memory, or dissolve a city, leaving no ruins or whispers of its existence. An ancient artifact of great power could be wiped from the cosmos, erasing both its physical form and the legends that surrounded it.*

Rank 3 (600 CP): At the pinnacle of your power, you can erase entire realities, fundamental concepts, or god-like entities from the universe itself. Erasing something of such magnitude requires a significant investment of your time and energy, and the process sends ripples through the universe, alerting all connected to the target causing instinctively a sense their impending doom, but once completed, no trace of what you erased will ever remain. **Such attempts will very likely face a powerful opposition from interested parties who will intervene as quickly as they can**.

- ***Examples:*** *You could erase an entire universe, wiping out all life, laws of physics, and even time from that reality. Alternatively, you might choose to erase the concept of "death" from existence, fundamentally altering every being across dimensions, or erase a primeval god from the tapestry of creation, leaving an unfillable void in the divine hierarchy. Even the most ancient forces will feel a growing dread as your will looms over them.*

Cosmic Entourage



Even beings as mighty as **Cosmic Lords** cannot be everywhere at once. Their responsibilities span stars, timelines, and entire layers of existence—some of which are beneath their notice, and others which demand trusted hands to execute. To that end, the rare and powerful Cosmic Power known as **Cosmic Entourage** exists. It allows a Cosmic Lord to empower, bind, and elevate trusted allies into mighty champions: the **Cosmic Knights**.

Rank 1 (200 CP): At this rank, you gain the ability to empower allies and companions. Those you choose to uplift gain enhanced physical resilience, tremendous strength, and halted aging. Additionally, their latent potential is vastly increased—they will quickly become proficient in any skill they choose to pursue.

- To empower someone, simply place your hand on their head and will it so. The empowerment remains as long as you desire, and should you revoke it, the power will fade over a few days—or vanish instantly if the recipient expends it fully. Maintaining this empowerment requires a continuous, albeit negligible, expenditure of power from you—easily sustained by any true Cosmic Lord.

Rank 2 (400 CP): With the second rank, your empowered allies ascend further. Now, they not only grow stronger but may also receive **minor, diluted versions** of any Rank 1 **Cosmic Powers** you possess—powers you choose to share. These are pale imitations of your true might, yet formidable in their own right when compared to mortals or even lesser supernaturals.

- At this stage, empowered individuals are now recognized as **Cosmic Knights**. They gain the ability to restore themselves to their true form—just as you do through your Personal Reality Field—and develop resistance to mental coercion, including mind control, manipulation, or magical subversion. As before, empowering someone requires a sustained power drain on your part—more noticeable at this rank, but still manageable.

Rank 3 (600 CP): This is the rare, perfected form of **Cosmic Entourage**. At this rank, you may empower up to **eight Cosmic Knights** at full potency before the strain becomes severe. Each knight now gains far more power, and may wield **Reality Weapons** you forge—without requiring the **Hardened Reality Creation** power to maintain them away from you, as long as the weapon remains in close proximity to the knight.

- Your Cosmic Knights now share a **direct mental link** with you, enabling instantaneous communication and command across any distance. More importantly, they are bound to you by an **unbreakable loyalty**, rendering betrayal or defiance impossible—though this only applies if they **willingly accepted** the empowerment. You cannot force someone to become a Cosmic Knight; true consent, devotion, and commitment are required.

How Powerful are Cosmic Knights?



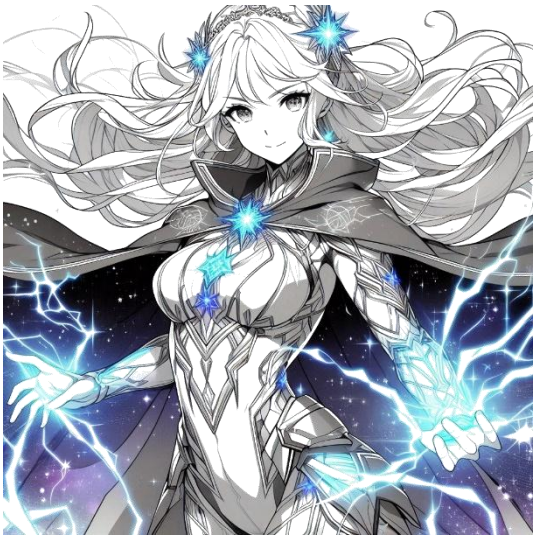
To empower someone into a **Cosmic Knight** is no small feat—it is the act of taking who they are at their core and lifting them into the mythic heights commanded by your own Cosmic Entourage rank. Their natural abilities, skills, and potential remain the foundation, but your power becomes the forge that tempers them into something far greater. The weaker the individual, the more dramatic the transformation; the stronger they already are, the subtler—but still significant—the empowerment becomes. Should a being already stand vastly beyond your rank's natural limits, the effect diminishes, tapering into near insignificance against overwhelming power.

At **Rank Two of Cosmic Entourage**, you gain the ability to empower others directly, granting them a **diluted share of your own cosmic powers**. Though they can never match the raw stature of a true Rank One power, they gain echoes of the abilities you wield. Some cosmic abilities, however, remain beyond their reach—not due to will, but because their essence could never summon or control the vast energy such feats demand. Even so, the empowerment itself is a staggering force.

Consider the examples: A baseline human, fragile and ordinary, when empowered, may become a warrior capable of leveling mountains with their fists, their body and spirit multiplied by thousands of times. Meanwhile, a metahuman already capable of shrugging off locomotives and pulverizing buildings would find their power multiplied "only" hundreds of times, yet the result would still leave them vastly more formidable than the once-mortal human. In both cases, their natural skills and talents determine the shape of their ascension.

Over time, Cosmic Knights can grow within the limits of their bestowed empowerment, honing and mastering their newfound strength and reaching the ceilings each rank has. A **Rank One empowerment** places their ceiling at *moon-shattering* levels of might. **Rank Two empowerments** may elevate them to *planetary* scales. And the rarest, most honored **Rank Three empowerments** can transform a Knight into a being whose force rivals the *burning heart of a star*. In the end, the empowerment is not merely about raw power—it is about unlocking the potential for greatness and forging allies who embody the very will of creation, guardians who stand beside you as reflections of your cosmic journey.

Electromagnethos



The bond between electricity and magnetism is one of the universe's great harmonies—**a single force expressed in two forms**. Electromagnetic interaction governs the behavior of charged particles, shaping the structure of atoms, the flow of current, and the dance of light itself. It is one of the four fundamental forces of nature, uniting electricity and magnetism in a perpetual exchange: where electric currents create magnetic fields, and magnetic motion gives rise to electricity.

This relationship holds true in nearly every universe—and for a Cosmic Lord, it represents a vast and elegant path to power.

Rank 1 (200 CP): You gain the **ability to generate electricity and magnetic fields at will**. Stronger effects require slightly more time to manifest, but your control is stable and refined.

- ***Examples:*** *You can summon lightning with the power of planetary storms and create magnetic fields potent enough to deflect torrents of solar radiation, producing stunning auroral effects in the process. You also gain a heightened perception of electromagnetic fields, allowing you to sense and locate electrical or magnetic sources across planetary distances—though living beings appear hazy and indistinct under this perception.*

Rank 2 (400 CP): You now achieve complete control over magnetic and electrical fields within your range. You can project and manipulate forces comparable to those produced by a small star, bending the will of electromagnetism to your command. While mastery of the full electromagnetic spectrum at micro, nano, or quantum levels still eludes you, your power now allows for extraordinary precision across vast areas.

- ***Examples:*** *You can interact directly with electromagnetic waves—intercepting, analyzing, and even communicating through them, effectively granting you something close to omnipresence within your domain of signals and currents.*

Rank 3 (600 CP): At this level, the full majesty of the electromagnetic spectrum unfolds before you. With focus and mastery, you may alter or redefine the very relationship between electric and magnetic fields throughout your perception and range.

- ***A few examples of what you can do are*** *creating and shaping light itself, generate heat through precise modulation of electromagnetic radiation, and even disrupt atomic bonds to rearrange molecular structures, as well as forcing particles to undergo fusion under your guidance. Consider that any effects achieved by this power that could be obtained through the use of another power will be either less powerful or much more inefficient. Your influence now extends across an entire star system, and the scale of your electromagnetic control rivals that of a hypergiant star—an immense and luminous testament to your cosmic power.*

Negentropic Regeneration



Cosmic Lords are notoriously difficult to destroy. Even at their weakest, their bodies—composed of refined organic matter and progressing up to forms denser than neutronium—are nearly impervious to conventional harm. Combined with their innate ability to regenerate using vast hidden matter reserves, they are formidable opponents to any being daring enough to face them. Their Cosmic Vestments only further this resilience, shielding them from destruction that would annihilate lesser entities.

Yet, there exist forces—both within the universe and beyond it—that can breach even those sacred defenses. Some foes can pierce through their vestments, tearing apart their forms faster than their reserves can replenish them. It is against such threats that this Cosmic Power reveals its true brilliance: the ability to restore oneself not through matter, but through defiance of entropy itself.

Negentropic Regeneration transcends biology, physics, and even causality. Through pure cosmic will, a Cosmic Lord wielding this power can reverse decay, reconstruct what has been unmade, and reassert their existence against the laws of reality itself. Where others would fade into nothingness, they rise anew—born from the stillness of entropy, renewed by the impossible.

Rank 1 (100 CP): You gain a powerful healing factor capable of restoring your body regardless of its state or the availability of matter from your reserves. At this rank, you can regenerate any part of your body within **ten seconds**, even from catastrophic injury. Only complete and total destruction can end your existence, much like the higher-tier bodies of Cosmic Lords. This regeneration is **always active**, and functions even under suppression or interference that would disable most Cosmic Powers.

Rank 2 (200 CP): Your regenerative ability now ascends into the **truly cosmic**. You can fully restore your body in **less than two seconds**, while lesser injuries mend almost instantly. This process draws entirely upon your own energy generation and works in perfect harmony with your natural Cosmic Lord regeneration. When combined with any rank of the *Singularity Perpetual Engine*, this power becomes fully self-sustaining and inexhaustible—though you may still be destroyed through absolute annihilation. Beyond the physical, this rank restores **mental and spiritual integrity**, allowing you to heal psychic trauma, spiritual erosion, or corruption with ease.

Rank 3 (600 CP): At this stage, your power transcends even the laws of existence. While it functions as in the previous rank, it now possesses a **singular, reality-defying safeguard**. Once per jump—or once every ten years—**if you suffer a complete destruction that would normally cause you to fail your jump or truly die**, this ability activates automatically, **restoring you in full**, body, mind, and soul, against all odds and cosmic law. After triggering, this miracle lies dormant but your regeneration continues as before.

Additionally, by touching another with intent to heal, you may grant them a **temporary lesser negentropic regeneration**, restoring them to their prime within minutes. This touch reverses aging, repairs cellular and genetic damage, and heals any injury—though the regeneration effect ceases once physical contact is broken.

Transform Shift



A Cosmic Lord's body is an extension of their will—molded by self-perception and belief. This form, their **True Shape**, is bound by their *Personal Reality Field*, which instinctively restores them to their natural state despite injury, forced alteration, or external corruption. Yet, even beings of such transcendence may find it advantageous to assume other forms—to blend, to inspire, or to experience existence through a different shape. The **Transform Shift** Cosmic Power grants such mastery over form and essence.

Rank 1 (100 CP): You gain the ability to reshape your body into any variation of your original species, freely shifting age, gender, or physical traits at will. The transformation is instantaneous, seamless, and entirely under your control. In addition, this Cosmic Power overrules any external influence attempting to alter your form—dispelling curses, enchantments, forced transformations, and other effects that would change your body against your will.

Rank 2 (200 CP): Your mastery expands beyond the boundaries of your origin. You may now assume the forms of other species and exotic lifeforms, perfectly replicating their biological and physical characteristics, including natural abilities and inherent weaknesses. It is even possible to have children of other species with these bodies, your transformation being perfect to whatever you want to become. You may also freely adjust your scale—from insect-sized to mountain-sized—without loss of strength, speed, or precision. Individual parts of your body may be reshaped independently, granting you remarkable adaptability in combat or creation alike.

Rank 3 (400 CP): Your control reaches the apex of cosmic transformation. You can now alter the **composition** of your body into virtually any substance—even exotic matter, up to and including neutronium—though **stronger materials than your base body require a considerable expenditure of energy to maintain**. You may diminish your form to subatomic or quantum scales to explore any micro-realms, or expand yourself to super-planetary size without strain. With focused effort, you may even grow to the size of a small star, your mass and physical strength scaling accordingly do your size and matter composition. In this state, your very presence can distort gravity, light, and reality around you—an awe-inspiring testament to the malleability of a Cosmic Lord's being.

Nuclear Forces Mastery



Reality may look solid, but you know better—it's a stitched-together quilt of quarks, gluons, and forces that politely pretend to stay in line. You, however? You don't have to pretend.

This cosmic power grants you mastery over the **strong and weak nuclear forces**, the twin engines that hold the atomic world together and tear it apart. With a thought, you can **strengthen, loosen, twist, or rewrite the bonds that bind matter**, giving you a form of direct manipulation rooted in the current laws of physics of your universe.

The power itself is limited to what is possible within the bounds of physics, it will not allow you to arrange matter and energy through manipulation of the atomic and sub atomic nuclear forces in a way that is incompatible with the local physics. However, it has a extreme potential and versatility, once you learn how to apply such manipulations on a micro and macro scale to achieve your desired effects.

Rank 1 (200 CP): You command the strong and weak nuclear forces across an entire planet with the ease of adjusting a radio dial.

- *At this level, you can strengthen or weaken nuclear bonds in any matter you touch or directly perceive, letting you harden materials into stronger versions of themselves, attempt to dismantle structures by collapsing their atomic cohesion, and perform element transmutation on a massive industrial scale. You can stabilize radioactive materials, generate clean fusion-level power in contained reactions, and reshape the nuclear makeup of landscapes, technologies, or terrain.* ***Your influence is limited to intra planetary distances and still needs a bit of effort, aren't completely precise, and if you are careless they could cause unwanted or dangerous results,*** *but within that domain, reality at the atomic level bends politely around your fingertips.*

Rank 2 (400 CP): Your control sharpens to a terrifying and elegant degree: your control now becomes effortless, precise, and safe enough for routine use on living beings, delicate machinery, and high-energy environments.

- *You can rewrite the nuclear structure of complex organisms without harming them, engineer custom isotopes or exotic materials atom-by-atom, induce or halt radioactive decay in specific molecules, and trigger micro-fusion reactions that behave like gentle heat sources or contained energy lenses. With a gesture, you could create a skyscraper-sized monolith by transmuting matter, neutralize a nuclear meltdown mid-eruption, reinforce a city's infrastructure by retuning the atomic lattice beneath it, or fabricate antimatter in controlled amounts for scientific or combat purposes. Your senses now map atomic bonds on a global scale, giving you awareness of nuclear events anywhere on a planet.*

Rank 3 (600 CP): Your dominion now extends across an entire star system. You can manipulate the strong and weak forces across multiple planets simultaneously, adjusting the nuclear composition of moons, worlds, or artificial structures from vast distances. More impressively, you may now influence the nuclear reactions within a star: calming solar flares, stabilizing a dying sun, accelerating fusion layers to reignite a star, or extracting energy directly from stellar plasma and channel it safely to others without harming yourself or themselves.

- *At this level, you can refine or redesign entire planetary crusts, repair radiation belts, sculpt asteroid fields through controlled fission bursts, or create star-derived materials by modulating stellar nuclei into exotic states.* ***Though not true reality manipulation as what you do with this power still has to be allowed by the local laws of physics****, your mastery is broad, clean, and powerful enough that star systems begin to feel like malleable clockwork in your hands.*

Items

Your ascension to Cosmic Lord has drawn the attention of powerful artifacts and objects from across the cosmos. These relics have resonated with your newfound power and chosen you as their rightful owner. As such, these items will make themselves available to you upon the beginning of this jump. Once acquired, they are fiat-backed, meaning that if spent, destroyed, or misplaced, they will fully restore themselves within a few days in your warehouse.

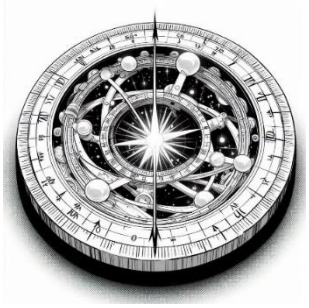
Additionally, you will receive an extra 400 CP to be used exclusively in this section. To further aid in acquiring these cosmic treasures, you are granted three discounts for any item listed here. Any 100 CP item that you apply a discount to will be free.

Stellar Communicator (100 CP)



A sleek, palm-sized device that uses advanced quantum entanglement technology to instantly communicate across any distance, even across universes. Whether sending a message from one galaxy to another or from one timeline to the next, it ensures seamless communication with no delay. It can be set to relay information visually, audibly, or telepathically depending on the recipient's preferences. Its range is effectively infinite, as long as the recipient exists somewhere in time and space.

Quantum Schrödinger Compass (100 CP)



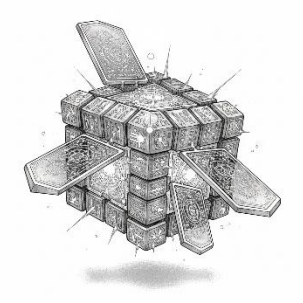
A peculiar, ever-shifting device that exists in a state of quantum flux. This compass points toward your home universe, even when you are lost in the chaotic landscapes between realities. It appears to constantly change its form, flickering between possible shapes and functions, but its guidance is always steady. It will automatically update its "home" setting to the initial universe of any new jump, ensuring you always have a route back.

Soulstar Ink (100 CP)



A vial of ink made from matter from the insides of stars and infused with the essences of souls and a tint of cosmic law. While typically used by demons, it is not unheard to be seen used by magicians in real space. Any contract, spell, or inscription written with it carries the weight of cosmic law. Useful for making unbreakable pacts or crafting powerful sigils.

Sylvandar Compendium of Magic and Other Oddities (100 CP)



An elegant cube of shifting gold panels and luminous runes, the **Sylvandar Compendium** hums with quiet intellect, equal parts library, teacher, and smug know-it-all. Created by the wandering space elves known as the Sylvandar, this artifact unfolds and rearranges itself like a puzzle box, revealing crystalline screens that display knowledge beyond mortal ken—if you can figure out how to access it. Within lies the accumulated wisdom of a thousand starlit ages: spells, magitech, mana cultivation, spellcraft refinement, curse resistance, and even the elusive art of magical reaction speed. In short, this shiny cube could make a clueless novice into an archmage by Sylvandar standards (which are unfairly high). The catch? It's all written in Sylvandar script—a language so elegant it makes normal alphabets feel like cave paintings. Puzzle-solving and translation not included, but oh, the things you'll learn if you're patient enough not to throw it across the room.

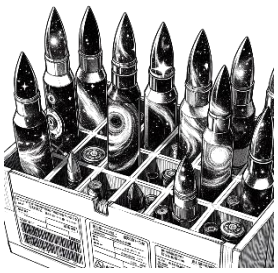
Temporal Pocket Watch (100 CP)



A relic once possessed by a mysterious and morally dubious figure, now resting in your hands. This pocket watch is a small, yet potent, piece of condensed temporal law, masterfully crafted with patterns so intricate that even the most skilled artisans of time manipulation would struggle to replicate it. The watch holds the power to stop time entirely—freezing all but the user for a brief moment. Due to past misuse, its abilities have waned, and it can now only halt time for 10 seconds before requiring an hour to recharge.

Though the power may seem limited to a Cosmic Lord, its subtle influence could prove invaluable in the hands of a companion or during critical moments of strategy.

Cosmic Bullets (100 CP)



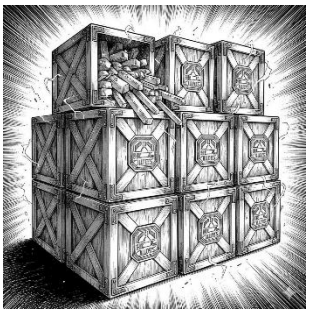
They look like ordinary rounds at first glance—until you realize each tiny bullet head contains an entire micro galaxy spinning within its shell, compressed into shape by sheer reality manipulation. Once loaded, they adapt themselves to fit any firearm, whether plasma rifle or flintlock, and when fired, their range is limited only by what dares to exist between them and infinity. Each round hits with the effective mass of a galaxy (without, mercifully, the gravity), ripping through matter, energy, and even the intangible like it's paper. Cosmic Bullets are particularly good at hammering down "impossible" defenses—conceptual barriers, divine shields, or anything smug enough to claim "invulnerability." You will receive in your warehouse enough rounds to fire a thousand of these bullets per day, replenishing any missing round at dawn of the next day. Once their work is done, the bullets quietly fade away, taking their little galaxies with them—like the universe exhaling after a moment of impossible violence.

Stellarite Gloves (100 CP)



These stylish, armored gloves are forged from **Stellarite**, the same radiant material that Living Stars can create from condensed matter from their cores. They fit any outfit you put on—battle armor, robes, or casual loungewear—and hum softly with the warmth of true sunlight. When worn, your touch is imbued with solar might: you can banish darkness, bless objects with sunlight's strength, and provide gentle and slow empowering to beings who thrive under the sun. Those who *don't*—vampires, shades, and other shadow-lovers—will find your handshake painfully enlightening. See what I did there? Despite their easy comfort, the gloves are tough, their durability on par with mythical metals like mithril or orihalcyon. It's almost like wearing two small, agreeable stars on your hands—if stars were polite enough not to vaporize everything you touched.

Hi-Steel Alloys (100 CP)



Fifty massive boxes, each weighing a ton, brimming with the gleaming future of metallurgy — that's what you get. Hi-Steel Alloys are not your grandfather's steel; they're the best steel alloy humanity, elves, or even the occasional metal slime civilization could dream up. Every ingot is perfectly pure, perfectly balanced, and strong enough to make modern graphene jealous, though that is for this jump. These alloys automatically replenish once stashed in your warehouse (or even regenerate in the wild over the course of a week if left outside), ensuring you or those you lend them never run out of top-tier construction material again. You will always know where your boxes are, and if someone gets sticky fingers? Just wait 24 hours — the box will politely disintegrate into cosmic dust and respawn back in your warehouse. Consider it both a gift to your inner crafter and a nightmare for black-market thieves. As tech evolves in your travels and visit future jumps, so too will these alloys, always upgrading themselves to match the strongest steel alloys known in your current universe.

Memory Orb (200 CP)



A smooth, crystalline sphere about the size of a fist, capable of storing memories, experiences, and even small fragments of your essence. By touching the orb, others can witness the stored memories as vivid, immersive visions. You can leave a fragment of your power within the orb, which creates a spectral "echo" of yourself that can carry out simple tasks. Once the echo activates, the orb shatters into dust. Ideal for leaving behind a part of yourself to guard an area, deliver a message, or fulfill a last-minute task.

Dimensional Displacement Bomb (200 CP)



A small, spherical device no larger than a grenade. When triggered, it creates a local explosion that doesn't damage anything physically but instead tears the fabric of reality itself. Everything within a 10-meter radius is sucked into the "Between Space"—the chaotic void between universes—and then randomly displaced to a different universe. The bomb is a tool of escape, confusion, or removal, effective against enemies or even entire structures.

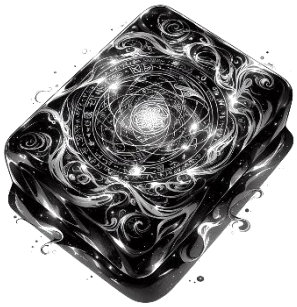
Transhifting Reality Gem (200 CP)



A stunning circlet adorned with a radiant blue sapphire that pulses with an ethereal glow. The gemstone, beautiful and mesmerizing, contains a unique and profound power: the ability to allow one person to transform into their idealized self—whatever form or nature that may be. This shift becomes permanent, making their new form their true self, a reflection of their innermost aspirations.

Once used, the artifact expends all of its energy, rendering it dormant for two years. Only then will the sapphire slowly reignite with its otherworldly glow, ready for its next use.

The Obsidian Tablet of Banishment (200 CP)



A small, rectangular artifact, roughly the size of a human palm. When held, the tablet emanates a coolness, as if it absorbs warmth and light, imparting a sense of foreboding to anyone who dares to gaze upon it. Legends whisper that this ancient relic was crafted by a long-forgotten civilization to contain and restrict the forces of chaos, offering a fleeting sense of safety in an unpredictable universe.

However, the tablet's power is not without its limitations. Should it be broken, it releases a wave of energy that imposes a potent ban on a specific event or occurrence of your choosing, preventing it from manifesting in the immediate vicinity or for a limited duration. This ban is not absolute; clever adversaries or unforeseen circumstances may find ways to circumvent its influence. Yet, for the duration of its effect, the Obsidian Tablet creates a formidable barrier against the targeted phenomenon, instilling a sense of security amidst uncertainty.

The Soulseer's Talisman (200 CP)



A striking piece of jewelry, featuring a translucent crystal that glows softly in shades of blue and violet, suspended from a finely woven silver chain. Intricate engravings of celestial motifs adorn its surface, resonating with a subtle energy that hints at its extraordinary capabilities. When worn, the talisman feels warm against the skin, creating a gentle hum that sharpens the wearer’s perception of the world around them.

Once activated, the Soulseer's Talisman reveals the true essence of those nearby, allowing the wearer to see shimmering outlines of souls in unique forms of light and color. This power enables them to discern intentions and emotions, peeling away layers of deception. However, the sights can be overwhelming, exposing both beauty and darkness.

The Master Key (200 CP)



A stunning artifact crafted from translucent, hardened reality, its surface shimmering with a spectrum of colors that shift and dance like light through a prism. Its intricate design features swirling patterns that seem to pulse with energy, reflecting the essence of the locks it can unlock. This key defies conventional physics, exuding an aura of profound possibility, as if it holds the secrets to dimensions beyond comprehension. When wielded, the Master Key can conceptually open any lock, regardless of its physical or metaphysical nature.

Void Knife (200 CP)



At first glance, it's a broken knife—rusted handle, snapped blade, the kind of thing you'd find forgotten in a drawer. But give it a spark of Cosmic Power—or instead an extraordinary constant supply of magical, spiritual, or even electric power—and the missing blade is reborn as a sliver of pure Void, a whisper of nothing that cuts by erasing what *is*. The black edge hums softly, pushing reality aside wherever it swings. Against normal matter, it slices like an expert chef's knife; against metaphysical or hardened reality while applying overwhelming force, it eats through existence itself with patient, grinding precision, capable of destabilizing even the Cosmic Vestments of the mighty Cosmic Lords.

Wielders quickly learn it's a tool for those who understand restraint, because too much Void can eat more than you intended—including the floor, your enemy, and possibly your sense of cause and effect. Strangely, it only functions *inside* a universe; outside, it reverts to being a useless, broken relic—perhaps because the Void needs something real to displace in order to exist.

Helm of Undominion (200 CP)



At first glance, it's an imposing full helm, all dark metal and whispering echoes—but inside lives something stranger: a **Nightmare** that refused to take sides in the conflict between the Songstress of Dreams and the Composer of Nightmares. When worn, the helm grants **near-total immunity to mental intrusion, shredding attempts to dominate, deceive, or terrify you**. In the case an attempt does get past the helm's protection, the Nightmare might just decide to help you and break the effect through big scare. Expect to be terrified, though it will definitely break the controlling effects on you. It's not a quiet companion, though—the resident Nightmare tends to greet newcomers with a few unnerving illusions and the occasional whispered insult, at least the first few times until it gets to know whoever is wielding the helm.

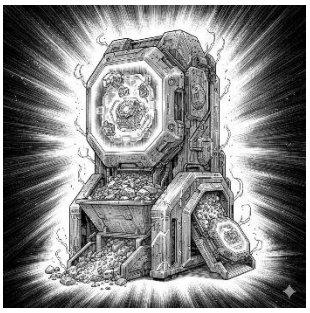
Treat it kindly (or at least humor its dramatics), and it may lend its strength against the powerful nightmare-based powers known as **Dread Shades,** though only once every month or so. In time, you might even come to enjoy its midnight mumbling—if only because it now scares everyone *else* instead of you.

Magikapacitor Enhanced Vest (200 CP)



Half magical wonder, half fashion statement, the **Magikapacitor Vest** walks that fine line between "arcane relic" and "space nightclub attire." Sleek, shimmering, and covered in subtle energy channels that glow with your pulse, this vest can hold more mana than most cities can generate. Whether you're a wizard, a techno-mage, or just someone who really likes the look of glowing circuitry, the vest amplifies your spell output dramatically and provides backup reserves for when you're magically running on fumes. It even works for non-mages who know *how* to use mana but don't *have* any—essentially a battery pack for magic itself. In dead zones where mana dies and sorcery sputters, this vest lets you keep casting like nothing's wrong. Stylish, efficient, and dangerously cool—be warned, though: it does attract attention from beings who can *see* the magic you're carrying.

Hyper Automated Construction Machine "HACM" (200 CP)



Imagine if a 3D printer, an alchemist, and an overcaffeinated engineer had a baby — that's the HACM. About the size of a sedan, this miraculous little box of genius can build literally *anything* you have a proper blueprint and resources for. Feed it raw ore, processed alloys, enchanted dust, or whatever qualifies as a "component" in your universe, and it'll assemble your design with unerring precision. The closer your materials are to finished parts, the faster it works — from weeks to hours to *blink-and-it's-done* speeds. While it can't make anything bigger than itself, the HACM *can* build self-assembling kits that unfold into identical HACMs. Each unit is insured by cosmic fiat warranty: should your last one is destroyed, a pristine copy will quietly reappear in your warehouse. And if some thief manages to swipe one? Don't worry — the built-in failsafe will ensure everything they make falls apart spectacularly at the worst possible time.

Black Lure (400 CP)



A sinister and foreboding object, the Black Lure takes the form of an unsettling black cube, constructed from materials unknown to this universe. Anyone who comes near it feels an instinctive sense of dread. When placed in a location and infused with any kind of energy, it activates, releasing a subtle but powerful beacon that draws the attention of nearby entities not native to this universe. These outsiders, lurking in the fringes of reality, will be pulled toward the lure and granted a passage to manifest.

Why you would willingly summon such beings is a question only you can answer, but the power to attract the unknown is now in your hands.

Solidified Magic Wand (400 CP)



A slender wand crowned with a shimmering crystal of pure, solidified magic, this artifact carries incredible power and a degree of sentience. It is said to choose its wielder, allowing only those it deems worthy to channel its immense abilities. The wand dramatically enhances the user's control over magic—granting an average magician the power of an archmage, and pushing a skilled magic user toward godlike mastery.

In dire circumstances, the wand possesses a life-saving ability. Once every ten years, it can sacrifice its crystal to prevent its wielder's death, rendering itself dormant until it regenerates over the course of a decade. The wand may or may not transform its user into a "cute magical girl" in order to use its power. It seems to have a sense of humor... or perhaps a deeper, inscrutable purpose.

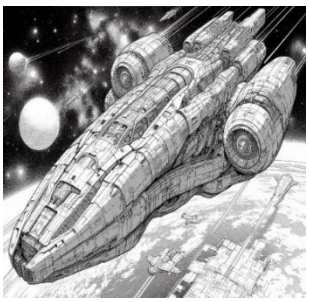
A Shield from Another Reality (400 CP)



This translucent hardened reality shield boasts an intriguing blend of strength and elegance, its surface resembling a fragile glass that glows with a faint luminescence. Adorned with intricate golden metalwork, the shield's edges are framed by ornate patterns that hint at a storied past. Despite its delicate appearance, it possesses remarkable resilience, capable of withstanding immense forces and blocking practically anything, while maintaining its ethereal beauty.

The shield bears the marks of countless battles, its surface scuffed and battered, telling tales of heroism and sacrifice. This shield possesses resilience comparable to an unenhanced Cosmic Vestment, and may be borrowed by others.

Improved Space Ship (400 CP)



A highly advanced interstellar vessel the size of a small cruiser with lightly hardened reality reinforced into its exterior hull, equipped with cutting-edge technology, designed for both combat and exploration. It is armed with energy weapons, shield generators, and dimensional warp drives, allowing it to traverse vast distances in mere moments. The ship is highly customizable, and its interior contains everything from living quarters to laboratories and workshops, making it a perfect mobile base for the Cosmic Lord. It can hold a small crew or operate autonomously under your command.

The Solaris Citadel (400 CP)



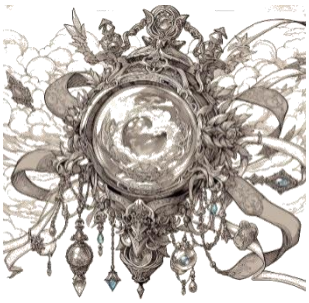
Orbiting high above the Earth, the Solar Citadel is a massive, floating fortress-city, brimming with advanced technology and arcane secrets. Semi-sentient, the Citadel itself acts as a steward to your needs, managing its operations, defenses, and research facilities. It is fortified with defensive shields, long-range weaponry, and enough power to defend an entire solar system. The Citadel's AI, known simply as "Solaris," is loyal and capable of upgrading itself under your guidance, ensuring that the Cosmic Lord's ambitions can reach across the stars.

Cosmic Tuner (400 CP)



A sleek handheld device resembling a futuristic tuning fork, this tool is designed to locate and manipulate interdimensional rifts, portals, and the very fabric of reality itself. It can detect the presence of outsiders, dimensional anomalies, or breaches between universes within a range of several hundred light-years. It also allows you to open or close rifts at will, although it cannot affect a particular rift from this jump, leaving that anomaly beyond its reach. Essential for tracking otherworldly threats or facilitating your own trans-dimensional travels.

Dreamscape's Refractive Contraption (400 CP)



An elaborate and arcane hand held device that taps into the collective dreams of every being across the universe, this contraption can temporarily pull a dream entity and refract it into reality. The creature that manifests is unpredictable—randomly selected from the infinite imaginations of sentient beings—but will always carry the surreal and ethereal qualities unique to dreamscape inhabitants. These beings can vary greatly in their nature and power, from abstract and whimsical forms to almost lifelike entities with strange, unreal powers.

While it can be used for distractions, creative endeavors, or entertainment, this device avoids summoning nightmares unless specific conditions are met. By adjusting certain arcane dials and settings and activating it within a suitably eerie environment, the contraption can deliberately manifest nightmarish creatures from the depths of the universal subconscious—though such beings are far more difficult to control and inherently

dangerous. Dream or nightmare entities will eventually return to the unreality of dreamscape, and only one can be called at any moment, forcefully returning the previous entity if a new one is called.

The Astral Cloak (400 CP)



The cloak is woven from ethereal threads that shimmer with a soft, ghostly light, giving it an otherworldly quality. When draped over the wearer, it transforms them into a soul-like entity, enveloping them in a misty aura that blurs the line between the physical and the spiritual. The fabric appears to ripple and flow as if it were alive, reflecting the emotions and intentions of the wearer, creating an enchanting sight.

While adorned in this cloak, the wearer retains all their abilities, allowing them to traverse the cosmos and explore realms beyond the physical. However, this transformation comes with a significant drawback: they are unable to interact with the material world as long as they don the cloak. Objects pass through them like whispers in the wind, rendering them a mere observer in their own reality, even other abilities the wearer may have become unable to interact with those from the physical realm.

Bottle of Cosmic Transformation Pills (400 CP)



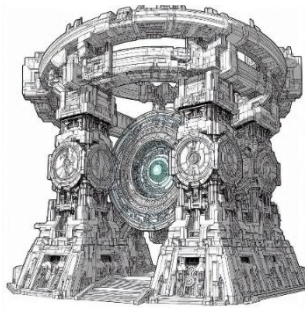
This elegantly shaped clear glass bottle is sealed with a glimmering silver cap. Inside, it holds fifty semi-transparent pills that shimmer with a captivating blend of colors—blues, greens, and purples—that evoke distant galaxies. When shaken, the pills produce a soft, melodic chime, hinting at the potent energy within. Each pill emits a faint inner glow, reminiscent of your fragment of reality. Upon consumption, they allow a transformation of body, mind, or soul, in that order, akin to the free alternative from a Cosmic Lord's transformation. Each transformation requires one pill, and the complete change takes a single day to manifest, but this bottle only replenishes its contents every decade.

Life Seeding Device (400 CP)



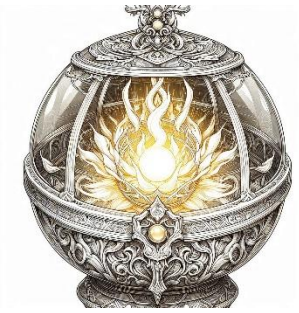
A complex, multi-faceted device no larger than a briefcase, capable of terraforming entire planets. When activated and placed on a barren world, it begins the process of atmospheric conversion, temperature regulation, and the introduction of life-sustaining environments. Within a month, the planet will be transformed into a habitable, Earth-like paradise. It can be reprogrammed to create exotic biospheres tailored to specific environmental needs or species. Once the terraforming process is complete, the device requires one week to recharge before being usable again.

Reality Puncher Portal (400 CP)



A towering machine, about the size of a large archway, embedded with both mystical and technological components. The Reality Puncher Portal creates stable gateways between universes, allowing for safe travel across dimensions. It is a one-of-a-kind device, powered by an exotic energy source capable of piercing the veil between realities. The portal can be operated by those you designate, enabling them to access other universes even in your absence. It is particularly useful for establishing permanent trade routes or exploratory expeditions between parallel worlds.

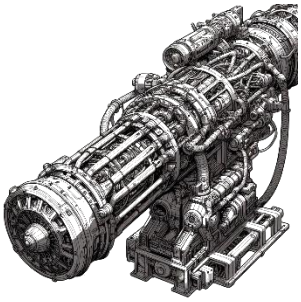
Eternal Ember of Creation (400 CP)



Housed within an intricately designed hand sized vessel of cosmic metals and protected by a crystal-clear barrier, this ember is no ordinary flame. It is a fragment of the very first fire that burned at the dawn of the universe—a primordial source of life, heat, and transformation. The Eternal Ember carries with it immense symbolic and practical significance, embodying the principles of endurance, passion, destruction, rebirth, and limitless power.

Any item forged, crafted, or imbued with the Eternal Ember's flame is drastically enhanced, gaining the unparalleled qualities of the ember itself. Weapons burn with an undying fury, armor gains near-indestructible resilience, and tools or artifacts crafted in its fire inherit properties of renewal and endless potential. This flame is not easily extinguished; even when used, it reignites itself inside the vessel within a few days, ensuring it is never truly lost.

The Nukeadon PD Cannon (400 CP)



Imagine a weapon the size of a tank, abandoned at the edge of a dying star system, still humming softly as if dreaming of the wars it once fought. The Nukeadon Cannon fires particles so small they flirt with nonexistence—each a micro black hole wrapped in a shell of antimatter. Upon impact, the shell collapses into its core, triggering a runaway chain of fusion *and* fission that loops several times before imploding into light.

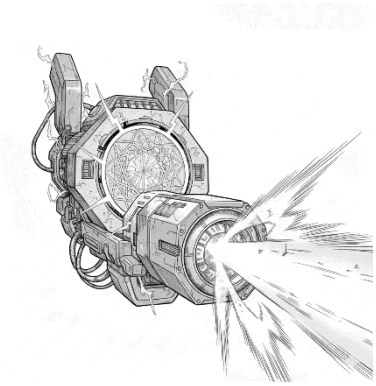
The result? **A city-sized erasure event with no lingering radiation—just a brief, horrifyingly bright goodbye**. According to the cryptic data logs etched into its plating, this cannon was once a **point-defense weapon** on an unknown ship—implying there are much, much larger versions somewhere. It can fire hundreds of micro-singularities per second, its range extending nearly half a solar system before the projectiles wink harmlessly out of existence. Overkill doesn't begin to cover it.

Arkmagical Amulet (400 CP)



An old charm with a personality all its own, the Arkmagical Amulet bears the faded image of a dark-haired angel beauty mid-scolding—supposedly the creator's muse or, as legend claims, his most persistent critic. Crafted in Earth about 500 years ago by a rather unknown artificer named Methros, the amulet thrums with the pulse of an artificial magic fountain, radiating power that replenishes energy, revitalizes barren lands, and nourishes dying ley lines. It can supercharge a mage's recovery or even awaken dormant magical potential, transforming a commoner into a prodigy over years of use. Unfortunately, Methros' genius was... eccentric. The amulet has moods. Sometimes it stops working entirely; other times it goes haywire, greedily devouring nearby spells and ambient energy like a spoiled cat. Still, those who dare to wear it long enough often become legends—the kind whose names live in spellbooks and whose shadows hum with power.

String Theory Laser Generator (400 CP)



This is less a weapon and more a statement that you've graduated from "laser pointers" to "I rewrite quantum constants now." The String Theory Laser Generator doesn't emit light — it plucks the very strings of reality, vibrating extra-dimensional geometry into raw, radiant energy. Using a miniature Calabi–Yau manifold as its heart, it can unmake matter by unraveling its quantum coherence or, just as easily, *create* new forms of stable exotic matter that should not exist. The resulting beam, known to theoreticians as a *Dimensional Effulgence*, bypasses all conventional defenses — it's not blocked by shields, glass, or the concept of photons. It's both a catastrophic weapon and an experimental miracle tool for those who think "physics" is more of a polite suggestion. Whether you're vaporizing a god, or delicately stabilizing a quantum soup into a new alloy, the STL Generator delivers — just try not to sneeze near the activation switch.

Spear of Fate (Replica) (600 CP)



There are relics that shape destiny, and then there are the fakes that somehow still *remember* the original's power. The Spear of Fate (Replica) is forged entirely from hardened reality—its every molecule singing the concept of endurance. Though "merely" a copy of a lost weapon, it pierces through nearly anything not actively maintained by reality manipulation, and those struck often find their "inevitable" futures unraveling in strange and poetic ways. Its edge is sharp enough to shear causality itself if swung with conviction.

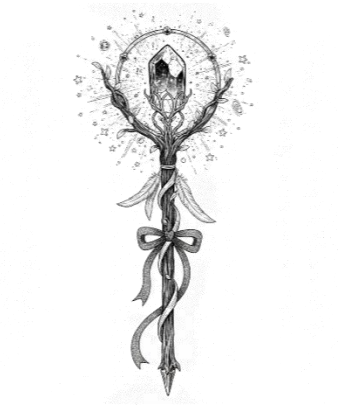
Strangely, despite its cold perfection, holding it fills even the most cynical wielder with a quiet, grounding **sense of hope**—as if there was something or **someone** that whispers that destiny isn't fixed, and that *tomorrow* is worth fighting for. Whether the original Spear exists somewhere—or if this one is slowly becoming it—is a question best left to philosophers and fools.

Hyper Reality Inducer (600 CP)



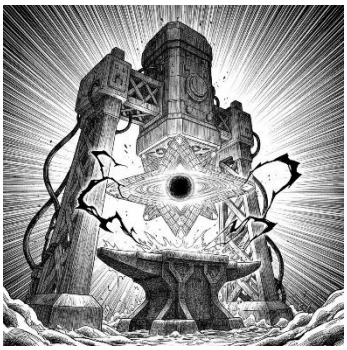
A relic equal parts brilliance and disaster, the **Hyper Reality Inducer** was the final experiment of a long-gone Cosmic Lord obsessed with reaching a higher form of existence he called *hyper matter*. He didn't manage to achieve it—but the prototype he built got very close. Once per jump, you can attach this crystalline device to a single inanimate object, forcing it to "upgrade" its own existence. Mundane matter becomes **hardened reality**, gleaming and indestructible; already hardened reality, such as your own Cosmic Vestments, becomes something far rarer—teetering on the edge of the impossible, near-hyper matter. Hardened reality armor reforged through it becomes ten times tougher, reality weapons turn ten times sharper, and hardened reality artifacts sing with impossible density surpassing ordinary creations of Cosmic Lords. When the jump ends, everything reverts, leaving only the Inducer itself humming patiently, as if daring you to try again. Handle it with care: history suggests its previous owners were less cautious—and attracted the kind of attention that even Cosmic Lords do not want knocking on their door.

Custodian Crystal Mana Staff (600 CP)



At first glance, it's simply a staff—a beautifully crafted length of cosmic wood crowned by a fractured gemstone that flickers with impossible colors. But that crystal isn't merely a focus. It's the shattered remnant of a Custodian—one of the divine wardens who keep the universe's balance. The being is gone, its consciousness reclaimed by the Crystal Library of the Cosmos, yet the lingering essence within still hums with infinite potential. Every spell, every spark of magic you cast through it is magnified beyond reason, strong enough to stir the tectonics of worlds. In your hands, gravity loosens its grip, strength floods your body, and even flight becomes second nature. Still, power of this scale has weight: should you flaunt it recklessly, any surviving Custodians who see you will *notice and might take offence.*

Black Hole Hammerforge (600 CP)



A black hole and an anvil walk into a forge... and somehow you get this magnificent monster of engineering. Suspended in a shimmering magnetic field, the Black Hole Hammerforge compresses matter with the irresistible force of a miniature singularity. Every strike delivers density beyond imagination — metals folded tighter than atomic spacing, elements forged into the edge of neutronium itself, and materials so exotic they hum with spacetime tension, this unique forge rendering them stable within reality. With this forge it is possible to forge or compress matter into heavier elements, up to neutronium itself. Anything is possible to be worked with this item with the exception hardened reality or things above it. The forge stands nine meters tall, a centerpiece for any serious industrial setup, and while you *can* scale it up for more terrifying output, doing so involves feeding it mass — and a deep respect for what happens if you don't balance the field properly. Should it be stolen, implode, or accidentally erase a small city? Relax — it will reform in your warehouse after a month, perfectly restored and mildly smug about the incident. In the right hands, it's the ultimate crafter's dream; in the wrong ones... well, let's just say that gravity always wins.



Cosmic Lords often hoard immensurable quantities of strange and wondrous items. It is not strange for them to take them out from their own innerverse at their convenience as if they had some extradimensional space to store things like Jumpers do.

Companions



This section introduces potential companions you may encounter during your jump. While these companions could become your friends, there's no guarantee they will join you at the end of the jump unless you manage to persuade them.

One more thing—you seem to possess a unique Fragment of Reality, brimming with untapped potential. There may be a way to channel that power, infusing one or more of your imported companions with a small piece of it, elevating them to the rank of a Cosmic Lord. Though they will not match your full potency, they will gain remarkable abilities of their own. One thing to remember, **you may only choose to do this before the jump begins.**

For **400 CP**, you can initiate this process for a single companion, granting them 600 CP to be used for their mind, body, and soul transformation, Cosmic Powers, as well as for any upgrades or customizations to their Cosmic Vestments. Additionally, they will receive an extra 200 CP solely for Cosmic Powers. You may choose this option again for a different companion, as long as you have the CP for it.

Some further options for companions in this jump:

- **100 CP:** Import up to two companions.
- **200 CP:** Import up to eight companions.
- **200 CP (additional):** Grants 100 CP to each imported companion, which can only be used on Cosmic Powers. This option can be selected only once.

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

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



Diatomyr Epsilon, the Last Custodian of the Universe



Diatomyr Epsilon is one of the many artificial life forms created by the Creator of the Universe, tasked with protecting it from threats and maintaining order until the promised time. Among her sisters, she is the last one remaining, diligently carrying out her entrusted duty.

The Custodians of the Universe are a diverse group of advanced artificial crystalline beings, capable of projecting their ideal forms around them as their body. These forms, though appearing as solid light, actually alter reality to suit their needs. Diatomyr Epsilon, the last active Custodian, has watched over the universe since its creation while her sisters have either vanished, abandoned their duties, or perished over the eons. She takes on the appearance of a young, angelic woman—one of the many forms that pleased her Creator.

Throughout her long service, Diatomyr Epsilon has faced countless threats from both within and beyond the universe. Despite her efforts, the decline of the Custodians has left her struggling to counter the greater dangers that now plague the cosmos. Yet, she remains unwavering in her resolve.

The moment of your awakening, a ripple through the cosmos, signaled the arrival of the promised time—the birth of the first Cosmic Lord in this universe. Diatomyr knew at once that you were the one she had been waiting for: **the Promised One and her destined Master**. With your aid, she believes that all the universe's problems can finally be resolved, and her duty to the Creator can be fulfilled.

Diatomyr Epsilon is introverted and often keeps her thoughts and feelings to herself, appearing quiet and cold to others. Her true form is the crystal embedded in her chest, and she allows no one but her Master or Creator to touch it. Despite her reserved nature, she finds joy in observing the night sky, discovering newly formed stars, and naming them—a hobby she has maintained for millennia.

As a Custodian of the Universe, Diatomyr possesses absurdly high superhuman strength, capable of **cracking a planet's surface if necessary**, with potential more powerful feats if she puts her heart into it. She can withstand similar forces with her hardlight body, with the only way to truly damage her being striking directly at the crystal in her chest. She can project mighty planet piercing beams of light from any part of her body, and fly at sublight and FTL speeds regardless of location. She also has a unique power: the ability to intuitively sense your location anywhere in the universe. After a few minutes of concentration, she can teleport directly to you.

Shortly after the jump begins, Diatomyr will awaken from her resting place in the Crystal Library of the Cosmos and eagerly seek you out. Overjoyed to have finally found her promised Master, she will pledge her unwavering loyalty and offer her assistance in achieving any of your objectives. She will strongly encourage you to address the many issues she has identified in the universe and will do whatever it takes to stop any threats to its existence.

Five Interesting Things about Diatomyr Epsilon

1. **She sings to dying stars**: Diatomyr has a tradition of singing haunting, harmonic elegies to stars that are about to go supernova. Though no sound should travel through space, her crystalline body channels the vibrations directly into subspace—causing faraway beings sensitive to cosmic frequencies to hear her song as dreams or visions. These songs are unique to each star and contain fragments of its history and personality, which she memorializes in the inclusions inside her crystal.
2. **Her sisters still speak to her—Sort of**: Though the other Custodians are gone, Diatomyr occasionally "hears" their voices in moments of great stress or solitude within the Crystal Library of the Cosmos. Whether these are echoes left in the latticework of crystals spread across the planet, fragments of a collection of memories, or hallucinations born of her immense loneliness is unclear—even to her. Sometimes these voices offer cryptic warnings... and sometimes, they make her remember heartfelt memories.
3. **Her form updates itself based on your preferences**: The angelic woman form Diatomyr wears isn't static—it subtly evolves based on your subconscious ideals of beauty, safety, or reverence. She's not aware of this change herself; her body adapts without her input. This phenomenon can lead to disconcerting or touching shifts, like a new color in her eyes when you're sad, or wings that resemble constellations you admired as a child.
4. **She despises the color red—But won't say why:** Despite her composed, logical nature, Diatomyr shows immediate discomfort around anything awash in red—especially crimson energy fields or red-glowing technology. She avoids such environments when possible, deflecting any questions about the aversion.
5. **She witnessed the Great Battle at the Center of Laniakea:** Five centuries ago, Diatomyr turned her gaze toward the heart of the Laniakea Supercluster, where the ancient living hyperstructure known as the Megalith had drawn the attention of the Kingdom of the Stars. Alarmed by the actions of the Blazing Monarch, she moved to intervene—only to arrive too late. The Kingdom had already thwarted the Monarch's scheme and even halted the Avatar of TON 618 before it reached critical mass. Though she did not arrive in time to fight, Diatomyr took notice of the Megalith War, and the many achievements and losses the Kingdom of the Stars faced that day.



“I can feel it! The Promised One has awakened and is finally here! I must hurry, there’s no time to lose!”

Felfarris, Galactic Ambassador of the Grundth



Felfarris is a name known in every corner of civilized space. As the Galactic Ambassador of the mighty Grundth Dominion, his presence is synonymous with power balanced by wisdom. When the cosmic ripples heralding your Awakening were first detected, Felfarris understood at once the magnitude of the event. The birth of a Cosmic Lord—especially one untethered to existing galactic powers—was a rare anomaly, and a strategic opportunity. Within the hour, he abandoned a decades-long trade negotiation with the crystal-based Calithari and set his course toward your coordinates, bearing both respect and intent.

The Grundth are a towering, saurian species whose civilization fuses brutal honor-bound warfare with elegant magical-technological synthesis. Their code is simple but unyielding: only that which is taken through strength has value. Yet, paradoxically, they also believe that *diplomacy is the highest form of conquest*, for to bend the will of others through words rather than war is the greatest demonstration of personal power. Felfarris is the living embodiment of this belief—a warrior turned diplomat who has subdued more foes with contracts than with weapons.

His career spans over a century and a half, during which he has negotiated ceasefires between warring stellar empires, arranged extradimensional treaties with sentient laws of physics, and once famously convinced an entropy god to delay its universal collapse agenda by 9,000 years. Though rarely seen on battlefields, Felfarris is no stranger to conflict. He views politics as a grand form of combat, and he wields words like weapons—precise, patient, and unrelenting. Among the Grundth, he is a symbol of evolution: a warrior who mastered restraint and emerged mightier for it.

Physically imposing even by Grundth standards, Felfarris stands nearly three meters tall, his emerald-hued scales laced with ceremonial sigils of old campaigns and ancient oaths. His voice is deep and measured, often laced with layered meaning, making him both an intimidating and fascinating conversationalist. Despite his fearsome heritage, he personally despises violence for its own sake and will often attempt to resolve even minor conflicts through social maneuvering or contractual obligation. Yet, when diplomacy fails, he is not above personally settling disputes—with an iron gaze or, if necessary, a plasma lance.

Though calm and formal in demeanor, Felfarris is not without warmth—especially toward those who demonstrate potential, honor, or curiosity. He is particularly intrigued by you, the newly Awakened Cosmic Lord, viewing you not only as a potential ally but as a mystery worth unraveling. His decision to travel alone, without a security retinue, was seen as reckless by many—yet it speaks volumes about the seriousness of his intentions. He does not come to conquer or manipulate, but to forge what he hopes will be a legacy-defining bond with a potential ally that has the potential to bring the Grundth to new heights.

Five Interesting Things about Felfarris

1. **He once negotiated with a Living Star**: Felfarris once engaged in symbolic diplomacy with a Class-IX Sentient Gravitational Entity (i.e., a strange star with intelligence), known as **The Inward Witness**. Though the conversation took place entirely through graviton fluctuations and mathematical poetry, he managed to convince the entity to release a captured research vessel. To this day, he carries a small token of the star's respect—a compressed stellarite coin that warps space slightly when held, though not in any practical way.

2. **He has a ritual of "Honorable Suffering":** Every solstice cycle, Felfarris subjects himself to a 24-hour trial of discomfort—no food, no sleep, no gravity field—calling it *"the Tax of Peace."* It's a personal ritual to remind himself that peace, like war, must be earned through struggle. This self-discipline is part of why he's so intolerant of weakness in others; he believes strength without restraint is unworthy of respect.

3. **He keeps a menagerie of forgotten flags:** On his personal vessel, the *Silver Accord*, Felfarris has a hall lined with tattered banners, sigils, and holographic standards of civilizations that no longer exist—many of which he either saved from extinction or helped dismantle peacefully. He visits this hall before any major negotiation, as a reminder of the transient nature of power and the immortality of legacy.

4. **He writes haiku in a dead language:** Felfarris practices a form of minimalist poetry in an extinct Grundth dialect that only a handful of scholars can read. His poems are cryptic but elegant, often reflecting his internal struggles, regrets, or philosophical musings. He once left one of these poems aboard a derelict space station, and it later was mistranslated, but inspired a pacifist movement in a war-torn star system.

5. **He has a big family:** Back home on his homeworld Farras, he has 18 sons and a single daughter waiting on for him, and his daughter is soon to be wed. Such an event is quite the significant for his species, as the marriage of the eldest daughter is seen as a sign of great fortune to the family. It will be expected during the time of this jump that he is to return to give his daughter's hand in marriage, and tradition expects to bring with him two things: a token of great honor, and a champion who will speak and wish fortune to both families.



"Hyperspace route set to the origin of the ripples in space time caused by the Cosmic Lord, D-Gate system confirmed online. Destination... Planet Earth, as the natives call it. I hope I can meet this person, and perhaps do great things together".

Refresh, Mischievous Cosmic Lord Visitor



Among the upper echelons of those who possess the knowledge, it was widely accepted that this universe had never seen the birth of a Cosmic Lord. However, it is also well-known among the same circles that Cosmic Lords possess the unique ability to travel between universes for reasons known only to them.

One such Cosmic Lord is Refresh, who has spent the last three hundred years as a self-proclaimed "tourist" in this universe. Originating from a different realm, she chose to explore a universe where no other Cosmic Lord held dominion, allowing her to indulge in carefree travel and mischievous pranks without fear of repercussions. Of course, given the immense power Cosmic Lords wield, her pranks are anything but ordinary. Consequently, those aware of her existence tend to avoid her at all costs, as her playful antics can be perilous to lesser beings.

Refresh appears as a young girl, though with Cosmic Lords, appearances are notoriously deceiving. She often attempts to blend in, observing her surroundings before setting her elaborate pranks into motion. While she avoids direct confrontation, often claiming to be "too cute to fight" before vanishing, her status as a Cosmic Lord makes her an extraordinarily dangerous opponent should she ever be forced into battle.

Mischievous to the core, Refresh delights in orchestrating situations to tease or ensnare others—whether they be individuals, higher beings, or entire civilizations—for her own amusement. Despite her penchant for mischief, she has an easygoing personality and is always the life of the party, especially if the party involves chaos. She harbors a deep respect for anyone who can outwit or out-prank her, seeing them as worthy opponents rather than mere targets.

A few months after your journey begins, Refresh will recall your awakening and decide to visit the "newborn" Cosmic Lord, often referring to you as the "Baby Lord." She will likely start pranking you from the outset, returning every few months with new tricks and schemes to keep herself entertained. If you ever confront her, she will flee—only to return later with a nastier prank in revenge. However, she will never put you in genuine danger. Eventually, she will come to see you as a good person in her eyes, transitioning from merely pranking you to occasionally offering help—so long as it amuses her. Even then, she'll still call you baby, unless she's feeling particularly respectful where she will call you a different nickname instead.

Refresh wields the equivalent of 1,200 CP in Cosmic Powers, making her an above average Cosmic Lord power wise and additionally she possesses the first rank of the *Universal Traversal* cosmic power and the second rank of the *Cosmic Boost* cosmic power.

Five Interesting Things about Refresh

1. **She once rewrote a planet's history as a joke:** During a particularly bored century, Refresh altered the entire timeline of a planet, inserting herself as a legendary trickster deity in their myths, epics, and even genetic memory. The locals now hold an annual festival in her honor—unaware she sometimes attends in disguise to judge their accuracy, rewarding or punishing them with light reality warps.
2. **Her pranks follow cosmic themes:** Refresh prefers large-scale mischief: like swapping gas giant orbits for fun, forming constellations that spell jokes in Living Star language, or bending local physics just to see what happens. She once turned a logic-worshiping elven race into poets for 42 minutes, then watched the societal fallout like it was theater. Refresh however, will never ever allow herself or anyone else to interfere in a wedding, a strange quirk of this little chaotic girl.
3. **She maintains a "Loser Wall" of failed prank victims:** In her pocket dimension lair, a hallway titled *"The Unfun Ones"* displays holograms of beings too dull or stubborn to prank successfully. She's only ever removed three names from it—one being a cat-shaped war god who managed to prank *her* first.
4. **She may look like a child, but she has a true form:** Refresh hides her real appearance, choosing to look like a young girl to seem harmless and playful. But when she activates her *Cosmic Boost*, she shifts into a radiant young adult—a sign she's getting serious. If you ever see this form, expect chaos on a cosmic scale or a great danger around.
5. **She collects nicknames like trophies:** Refresh loves nicknames and insists her friends call her something new every so often. She's gone by "The Cosmic Gremlin," "Comet in a Teacup," and even ":D." If she gives *you* a custom nickname, it means you've earned her attention—for better or worse.



"Fu fu fu, we meet again Baby Lord! I hope you're prepared for a little... surprise!"

Zayidd Elcarossa, 13th Princess of the Wish Granting Gyneesi



Zayidd Elcarossa was born beneath the jeweled skies of Jawahra's third moon, the youngest daughter of the Gyneesi royal line. Her people are known throughout the galaxy not for their military might, but for the ancient, mystical ability their royal daughters inherit—**the power to grant five incredible wishes to others**. These wish-orbs, luminous spheres that hover silently near each princess, have kept the Gyneesi safe for millennia, guarded by tradition and cosmic treaties. To many, Zayidd's future seemed destined: five wishes for a worthy suitor, a political marriage, and a life of careful, ceremonial influence.

But Zayidd's heart rebelled against her role long before her exile. When she was still a teenager, she met a terminally ill servant girl—one who had shown her kindness when the rest of the palace shunned her aloofness. Without hesitation, Zayidd used one of her precious wish-orbs to cure the girl's disease. The act was beautiful, selfless... and unforgivable. In Gyneesi law, the wishes were a dowry, sacred tools for political union. Her decision was seen as a betrayal of lineage and legacy. Her father, King Haman Fyr Elcarossa, spared her life, but not her freedom. She was locked away in a quiet observatory on the far side of the moon, her orbs circling silently in the dark.

Years passed. The stars shifted, their sun rose and fell, but Zayidd remained behind glass walls and high towers, regarded as both dangerous and broken. She grew from a headstrong girl into a sharp-witted woman, nurturing her mind with books, old star maps, and the study of cosmic events. She learned the intricacies of empire—not just as a princess raised to marry, but as a woman watching from the margins. When news reached the Kingdom of Gyneesi that a powerful being had awakened in the far remote corners of the universe, her father saw his chance: rid the court of scandal, and gain the favor of a power beyond imagining. Zayidd, still a political tool in his eyes, was to be offered as your bride.

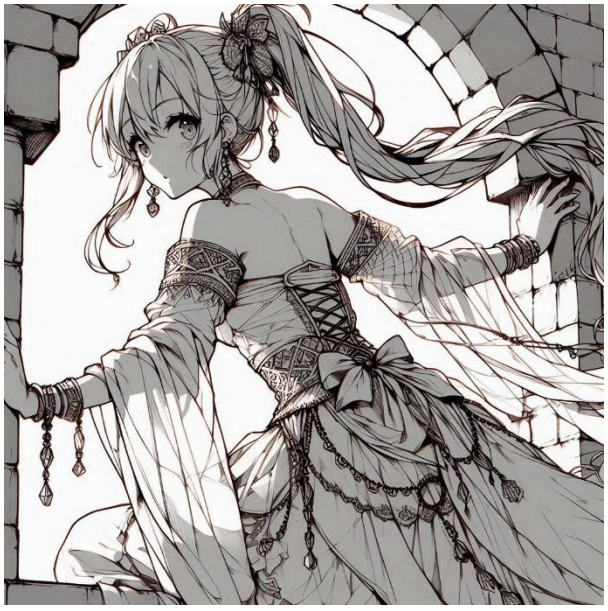
Zayidd will not arrive at your side with joy or awe. She will meet you with suspicion, veiled fury, and a quiet, unshakable dignity. She is a prisoner wearing a crown, a woman whose life has been shaped by others' ambitions. She will resist any attempt to control her, mock your expectations, and possibly attempt escape—at least until she determines whether you are like the rest. If you earn her trust, however, Zayidd's sharp intellect, deep empathy, and insight into courtly politics become invaluable. She has long since outgrown her father's plans, and now yearns not for safety, but for meaning.

Her **four remaining wish-orbs are always near**—untouchable, unbreakable, and bound to her soul. Each one hums with potential, but Zayidd cannot use them for herself. Only by granting wishes to others does she access their power. Whether to heal a broken land, change the outcome of a war, or grant someone's deepest desire, each wish burns one orb until none remain. Though limited, these wishes are vast in scope and flexible in effect, capable of altering the fate of star systems or quietly reshaping lives for decades. They are both her gift and her curse: the source of her value, and the reason she has never been free.

Zayidd's story is not one of brokenness, but of awakening. In you, she may find not a master, but a partner. Not a throne, but a future. Her presence in your journey offers more than cosmic power—it is the chance to redeem a legacy once thought lost, and to show a forgotten princess that her heart was right all along.

Five Interesting Things about Zayidd Elcarossa

1. **She keeps a secret journal of unmade wishes:** In her years of isolation, Zayidd began writing down the wishes she *wanted* to grant but couldn't. Her journal, titled *The Book of Almosts*, contains pages of dreams, regrets, and silent prayers. Some of these "unmade wishes" are eerily prophetic, and a few will begin to come true on their own once she meets you.
2. **Her orbs respond to emotion:** Though they are inert until used, Zayidd's wish-orbs react subtly to her emotional state. When she's afraid, they hum. When she's furious, they spin like angry stars. And when she feels love or joy—something she's rarely known—they glow with a gentle golden light, as if remembering the wish she once gave in kindness.
3. **She still corresponds with the girl she saved:** The servant girl she saved all those years ago is now a very successful businesswoman. Though it is forbidden, she and Zayidd secretly exchange letters via smuggled star-scribes. These letters are Zayidd's only connection to someone who knows her without duty, and they're among her most cherished possessions.
4. **She hates formal clothing:** Zayidd despises the elaborate gowns and jewelry her station demands. Whenever possible, she swaps them for simple, practical garments—especially when she thinks no one is looking. She claims they remind her of her cage, and prefers to feel light, free, and unadorned when she walks beneath the stars.
5. **She wishes she'd been born powerless:** Though she rarely says it aloud, Zayidd often wonders what her life would've been like without the orbs—no politics, no arranged marriage, no burden. She envies those who are ordinary, who can make choices for themselves without divine expectation. If you offer her a path toward that kind of freedom, you may win her heart forever.



"Princess, it is time. Your father has agreed to it, you must come with us to Planet Earth, a spouse has been chosen for you."

Synapsis, the Void Huntress



There are creatures not meant for mortal minds—beings born in the vacuum beyond reality. They are the **Outsiders**, void-borne abominations that feast on causality, time, and matter. Long ago, the Custodians of the Universe stood as the last line of defense against them. Now, most of those ancient warriors have faded, fallen, or vanished. Into their place steps Synapsis—not born of divine command or grand prophecy, but forged by grief, vengeance, and relentless purpose.

Her story begins on a nameless world that no longer exists, erased in moments by a void incursion that devoured everything she knew—family, friends, even the sky itself. Synapsis was the sole survivor, her body reduced to ruin, her soul broken but not extinguished. She was found in the aftermath by unknown salvagers, her remains traded to a fringe AI collective that sought to build a weapon to fight the void. **They rebuilt her**, piece by piece, not for beauty or balance, but for precision and survival. What rose from their forges was no longer just a girl, but something else—cold, efficient, and unyielding.

Her body is an elegant instrument of war: armored with living alloys that pulse like veins, loaded with weapon arrays calibrated for Outsider eradication, and wired directly to a combat non-sentient AI that coexists within her mind. She wears a seamless obsidian helmet that shows no emotion, no features, no self. To enemies, she is myth and death—**a ghost in black**. Her movements are so smooth they feel unnatural, like a machine mimicking the elegance of a dancer. Her presence in battle is devastating, but it is what she hides that is most haunting of all.

Despite the rumors that swirl about her—tales of a monstrous visage, of cybernetic horrors hidden beneath the mask—the truth is both simpler and more tragic. Synapsis still retains her original face: soft, young, and painfully human. She hides it not out of shame for what she has become, but out of fear. Fear that others will recoil from the contrast between her beauty and her inhuman shell, that they'll see a doll's face attached to a weapon of extinction. She dreads being viewed not as a person, but as a thing—an empty shell piloted by someone long dead.

Beneath her stoic, machine-perfect exterior lies a soul **aching for connection**. Synapsis isolates herself not from pride, but from a deep belief that love, friendship, and belonging are luxuries she no longer deserves. Her voice is filtered, her presence distant, her gestures minimal—but inside, she's painfully shy and filled with longing. She wants to trust, to talk, to laugh, but fear keeps her silent. Her work, she tells herself, is too important to allow attachments. But every time she watches a family reunite, or hears laughter echo through a spaceport, her helmet tilts slightly—as if trying to remember what it felt like to belong.

Those rare few who earn her trust will find an ally unlike any other. When Synapsis opens her heart, she does so completely, with raw vulnerability and terrifying loyalty. She's not just a protector—she becomes a silent guardian, a watchful shadow who would rather die than see those she cares for suffer as she once did. And though she claims to live only for the hunt, in the silence between missions, she dares to dream. Of removing the helmet.

Of standing in the sun again. Of being more than a weapon. But until she believes she can be loved as both woman and machine, the void will continue to be her only companion.

Five Interesting Things about Synapsis

She keeps a collection of first names: Every time Synapsis rescues someone from a void incursion, she asks for their first name—just that. She writes them down in a hidden compartment inside her chest plate. It's her way of remembering that she's still saving *people*, not just eliminating threats. The list is now over four hundred names long.

Her adopted sister has a name—but she never says it aloud: Synapsis lost her family in a tragedy but was found by another that took her in, among the salvagers there's a girl whom she considers like family: *Vell*. They argue often, like siblings or weary soldiers, but in the end she is the only one she considers family. She is her sole friend, the link to her humanity, and she one she calls sister.

She dreams in color, but wakes in monochrome: Due to her neural interface, Synapsis perceives the world in heightened contrast and sensor-filtered layers—efficient, but muted. However, her dreams are vibrant, filled with the colors of her lost home. She once admitted that she misses the color *green* more than anything else in the galaxy.

She keeps a single photo hidden in her armor: Slipped into a hidden panel near her heart is a worn photo of her family—taken the day before her world was lost. She never looks at it during missions but holds it during memory reboots to center herself. She has refused every offer, divine or technological, to restore it—it must remain faded, she says, "so I don't forget that some things can't be fixed."

She doesn't know how to dance, but tries anyway: In rare quiet moments, when she believes no one is watching, Synapsis plays soft music in her private quarters and tries to remember how to dance. The movements are stiff, robotic, awkward. But there's beauty in the attempt—like a statue trying to become human again. She says it helps her believe she's more than what she's become.



"The Void Monarch must be stopped, I must seek one of the Custodians, for to defeat the things from the void, only their power or something greater can oppose the darkness"

Laura Minetti, Sorceress Supreme of the Aquila Quadrant



In the boundless realms of the galaxy, few titles command as much respect and awe as that of Sorceress Supreme. Within the Aquila Quadrant, no one wields this title more rightfully than Laura Minetti, a half-sylvandar prodigy whose mastery over the arcane arts is unparalleled. Born from the union of an Earthling father and a Sylvandar mother—a nomadic elvish race of cosmic travelers—Laura carries within her the unique blend of Earth's mystical traditions and the timeless, otherworldly magic of the Sylvandar.

Laura's childhood began on Earth, where she was drawn to magic like a moth to flame. Even before she could speak fluently, she was reading sigils and tracing ley lines in the sand. But Earth's society, bound by fear and skepticism, soon grew wary of her otherworldly features. By the time she was fifteen, her pointed ears and glowing aura made her a target of isolation and mistrust. Exiled more by prejudice than force, she joined her mother's kin among the stars—trading a hostile planet for a life of discovery across the cosmic sea. It was this departure that sparked her unquenchable hunger for knowledge.

From then on, Laura devoted herself entirely to magic. She studied forgotten grimoires in sunken moon libraries, unraveled the logic-weaves of sentient comets, and bargained with stellar spirits for secrets that predated light itself. Runes, astral conjuration, elemental entanglement, dimensional weaving—she mastered them all. With each decade, her legend grew: the half-elven sorceress whose mind was a forge of spells, whose very presence disrupted magical equilibrium. By the time she turned 120—a young adult by Sylvandar standards—she had earned her title as **Sorceress Supreme of the Aquila Quadrant**.

Despite her acclaim, Laura remains driven by an unfulfilled ambition: to rise beyond her region and be named Sorceress Supreme of the *entire galaxy*. She has no patience for politics, no interest in alliances, and a pointed disdain for the flattery of aristocratic suitors. Her goal is singular and all-consuming—to reach the pinnacle of magical power. Her life is filled with discipline and order, but beneath that structure simmers a volatile core. Inherited from her Earthling side, her temper is swift and cutting, especially when her intelligence or abilities are questioned. Few who challenge her ever make the same mistake twice.

Yet beneath the fiery temper and razor intellect lies a quieter truth. Laura is deeply compassionate toward life in all its forms, particularly the small and overlooked. She can often be found cradling a wounded creature between incantations, or feeding an orphaned grub-squirrel in the middle of a spellwriting session. Her vegetarianism is a quiet tribute to the balance of life and magic—an attempt to preserve what she does not wish to dominate. In these moments, one sees not the fearsome sorceress, but the lonely girl who once fled a world that couldn't love her.

While she publicly dismisses the idea of love or companionship, her solitude is not by choice—it is a defense. Laura fears vulnerability more than any spell gone awry. Her relentless perfectionism, her pride, her sharp tongue—all are shields against the possibility of being seen and rejected. Though she craves understanding and shared intellect, she rarely allows anyone close enough to offer it. In the end, Laura Minetti is a paradox: a master of reality who cannot yet master her own heart. Whether she will remain a solitary star, or one day open her orbit to others, remains a question written in the constellations.

Five Interesting Things about Laura Minetti

1. **She collects failed spells like artifacts:** Laura keeps a personal grimoire titled *The Tome of Beautiful Failures*, where she records every magical experiment that didn't go as planned. Not out of shame, but because she believes failure is the purest teacher. Some entries are hilarious (like the time she caused everyone around her to spew bubbles whenever they spoke), while others are heartbreakingly tragic. She re-reads the tome often, reminding herself that even mistakes carry meaning.

2. **She secretly loves terrible romance novels:** Despite scorning romantic entanglements in her personal life, Laura has a secret stash of low-quality interstellar romance novels—complete with dramatic covers and absurd plotlines. She insists she reads them ironically... but gets visibly defensive if someone tries to mock her collection. She keeps them in a hardened chest labeled "Restricted Research—Volatile Runes."

3. **She can speak to stars—but they don't always like her:** Laura is a descendant of the Minetti family, a relatively young but famous family that is said to have ties to Living Stars. Her ancestors, the famed explorers Haltar and Nefifi Minetti, alongside their daughter, were known to have ties to the Kingdom of the Stars, and her family name is respected by them by having some kind of role during the Megalith War. Laura however, has had her runs with a couple of Living Stars, one who was not very pleased by Laura trying to syphon magic power from the star itself.

4. **She absolutely loves anything magic related:** To Laura, Magic is not only a hobby, but an obsession. She loves anything related to magic, and when finding things that are new to her and are related to magic, she goes into full geek mode. This is one of the reasons of her fast rise as a sorceress, as she devours both knowledge and experiences related to things she enjoys.

5. **She has a few theories about how reality works:** While Laura is relatively young, she has many interesting theories regarding how reality works. She knows our universe is a part of a greater multiverse, but she believes that there is something beyond, other different multiverses. She has no proof, and wishes to test her theory someday in the far future.



“These readings are... beyond any scale! Not only magic, but... everything!? Their origin... Earth!? I must reach the end of this mystery at once!”

Aia, Star Seed and Daughter of Vega



Long ago, on a quiet night in Italy, a young orphan named **Aia** watched the stars in a hidden beach she called her sanctuary. She had no family, few friends, and only the distant lights above to comfort her. But that night, fate intervened in a way no human could foresee. A sliver of the living star **Vega**—a shard of stellar soul, mixed with the extraordinary essence of someone else—fell from the heavens and merged with her, burning through her body and rewriting her very essence. Aia did not die that night. She *transcended*. The girl she was faded into legend, and in her place stood a **Star Seed**—a rare fusion of mortal and celestial, a child of the stars.

As a Star Seed, Aia became immortal, aging towards her physical prime, her body now a bridge between human fragility and stellar divinity. Her body transformed to accommodate new and unique **Stellar Powers**, and with time her power continues to grow, slowly preparing her for her ultimate destiny: to one day ascend into the heavens and become a **Living Star** herself. Though this transformation may take centuries—or eons—it is a certainty she cannot escape. Her gifts are vast: she can bend light, possesses a superhuman physique, emit powerful waves of radiation, survive unprotected in deep space, and soar between stars at speeds that defy physics. In the presence of starlight, she is stronger, faster, and more radiant. But even with all that power, **Aia feels incomplete**.

She has the rare ability to commune with celestial bodies like Sol, Luna, and Earth itself—entities that through the passage of time have become the only ones that speak to her. These are her companions now, ancient minds as constant as her own life, ones that do not suffer human mortality and painfully pass away after several decades. Despite her cosmic abilities, Aia chooses to live quietly on Earth, hiding her immortality behind false identities and frequent relocations. She lives in borrowed time among the mortal and the fleeting, observing life from a distance, never staying long enough to be noticed, never risking too much in establishing relationships so her heart is not broken when they inevitably die. The years pass, but she remains unchanged. Unaging. Undying.

That unchanging nature, once a marvel, has become her greatest sorrow. Aia has buried generations of loved ones—friends, teachers, even brief romances. Her emotions are a quiet tide, always held just below the surface. She does not weep anymore, not outwardly. But every star she sees die in the night sky, every familiar street that fades into memory, deepens her loneliness. She longs for connection, but shies away from it—fearful that each bond she forms is another heartbreak waiting to happen. In time, everyone she knows will be gone. What, then, will remain of her?

Though outwardly serene, Aia is haunted by a singular fear: **eternity**. Not death, but endless time. Becoming a star means rising to cosmic permanence—shining alone for millennia, watching galaxies spin

and crumble. She dreads that moment of transformation. It would mean leaving behind her humanity, her memories, and her feelings—burned away in the fusion of stellar birth. So she delays it, quietly, stubbornly, grounding herself to Earth in the hopes of finding some answer, some truth that will make it all feel *worth it*.

And yet, for all her silence, Aia is not passive. She saves lives in subtle ways—sometimes passively, others more actively while remaining hidden. Her actions are rarely seen and never celebrated, but they are real. Her life is not defined by grandeur or celestial prophecy, but by quiet kindness and uncertain purpose. Aia stands at the crossroads of heaven and humanity—not yet a star, not quite a girl—searching for meaning in a universe that has already chosen her path.

Five Interesting Things about Aia

1. **A Silent Thread to Vega:** Aia's soul is irrevocably bound to **Vega**, the brilliant star whose shard merged with her. But she does not know it. She believes her powers stem from "a star," never suspecting that the celestial presence she dreams of, and sometimes hears in her heart is Vega itself—watching, nurturing, waiting. It guides her gently from afar, like a parent unwilling to disrupt a child's freedom to choose, though Vega herself is greatly worried that she has caused a great slight by forcing immortality upon a child who does not desire it.

2. **Not the first, nor the last:** Curiously, for a universe so big, she is not the first Star Seed to have originated from Earth. There was another before, one that half a millennium ago began a journey that spun travels across the universe, and became the catalyst to prevent a great tragedy at the center of the Laniakea Supercluster. Aia may not be aware, but the Kingdom of Stars remembers, both the first Star Seed that came from Earth, and the little blue planet where she and her predecessor came from.

3. **The girl made of slime and laughter:** About two hundred years ago, during one of her wanderings through the jungles of one of the pacific islands, Aia briefly encountered a strange and playful being—a **pink slimegirl** with green eyes and a laugh that echoed through the trees. Their meeting lasted only minutes, disrupted by a group of magicians that took the reluctant to leave slimegirl back to continue her training. Aia has never spoken of it aloud, but sometimes, she wonders if the connection and familiarity she felt with her would mean they could've been great friends, as if they were indirectly connected by some other previous event.

4. **Descendant of the First Star:** Unbeknownst to her, Aia carries the **line of the First Star**, a primordial being from before time's accounting—older than galaxies, older than memory. The circumstances in her birth as a Star Seed were not coincidence, but **destiny renewed**, a continuation of a line meant to keep the cosmos from forgetting its origins. If awakened, this legacy could reshape her fate… or shatter it entirely.

5. **She pretends to like solitude, but is very much loved:** Aia often says she prefers solitude, that she is "better alone than with others." But the truth is quieter and sadder: **she yearns for connection**. She watches families from afar, listens to lovers laugh, and pretends she doesn't mind being alone. But knowing her better will reveal that she actually travels the world a lot, and has befriended almost all kinds of fantastic and mythological creatures on the planet, they're her friends-



“Is that so, Luna? Tell me, how can one being be so important? Why will the attention of the cosmos soon shift towards our planet?”

Aurelia Zarathiel Caeloria the Third, Eternal Empress of the Caelorian Empire



Aurelia Zarathiel Caeloria the Third is the Eternal Empress of the Caelorian Empire—an ancient, star-spanning civilization whose might is whispered about in both reverence and fear. She rules from the heart of the Hessian Disk galaxy, seated upon her Throne of Eternity in the radiant halls of the Crystal Palace. Under her rule, the empire has not only endured but expanded with surgical precision. With entire civilizations bent to her will and star-fleets moving at her command, Aurelia is widely regarded as the most powerful political figure in the known universe—a sovereign whose presence alone can command silence across systems.

In public, she is flawless. Regal, composed, and ruthlessly efficient, Aurelia appears less a person and more a perfected archetype of imperial rule. Her speeches echo with divine authority. Her enemies are crushed without mercy. Her subjects see her as invincible, nearly divine. But this image is not who she is—it is a meticulously constructed persona, designed not only to unify her empire, but to protect her from a truth she dares not speak: **that beneath the crown lies a prisoner**.

Privately, Aurelia is a woman chained to the throne she inherited. She was not born so much as sculpted—raised from infancy in a world without softness, her every lesson one of control, logic, and strength. She has never known freedom, only duty. Every word she speaks is measured, every gesture calculated, and every bond she forges serves a strategic end. Her identity has been subsumed into the machinery of state, until even she struggles to tell where the woman ends and the Empress begins. She wonders, sometimes, if there was ever truly an Aurelia beneath the crown—or only the idea of one.

The empire's enemies are many, but none shake her as deeply as **the Blobs**—a mindless, ever-consuming force pressing at her eastern borders for hundreds of years. No amount of strategy or strength has yielded a permanent solution. Her nights are plagued by visions of their relentless advance, and for all her poise, she carries the quiet dread that **this may be the war she loses**. In solitude, when the palace sleeps and the stars are still, Aurelia allows herself a few heartbeats of honesty—and the silence that follows terrifies her more than any foe.

Though she is feared by many and admired by more, Aurelia is profoundly alone. Her perfection is her greatest weapon, but also her greatest curse. She craves something real—someone to see her not as the Eternal Empress, but as a woman who dreams, doubts, and feels. Yet her mask is too convincing, and those who draw too close are either repelled or broken by the gravity of her role. She yearns for intimacy but is paralyzed by the fear that true closeness would unravel her empire, or worse—herself.

Despite everything, Aurelia endures. She stands tall each day, not because she wants to—but because she must. Her dreams of a simpler life, of love and liberation, remain locked in the private corners of her soul.

Perhaps one day, when the stars grow quiet and the throne is no longer hers to hold, she will finally allow herself to live her secret dreams. But until then, she remains what the galaxy needs her to be: not just a ruler—but a myth in living form.

For now, ultimate ambition remains focused on the survival and expansion of her empire, but Aurelia's personal desires are far more fragile. She yearns for the impossible—true companionship, freedom from the weight of her crown, and the chance to live without the burdens of her title. Yet, these desires conflict with her duty, and as long as she sits on the throne, they remain little more than distant dreams.

Five Interesting Things about Aurelia Zarathiel Caeloria the Third

1. **She is the Empire, and the Empire must endure:** Aurelia was raised with one truth etched into her very soul: *the Empress must give everything so the Empire may survive.* Her life is not her own. Every decision she makes, every word she speaks, is weighed against the needs of the Caelorian people. Personal desire is a luxury she has long buried beneath duty. If securing the empire's future demands her death, she will accept it without hesitation—because her will was never for herself, but for the legacy she must protect.
2. **She reigns over the Apex of Civilization—But is surrounded by enemies:** The Caelorian Empire is the single most powerful force in the known universe—an empire built on the fusion of super-advanced technology and sophisticated arcana. Their fleets blot out stars; their knowledge surpasses time. Yet even an apex predator must fend off challengers. The empire is strained, pressed on all sides: by the formless, ever-consuming Blobs in the east, the war-hardened Grundth in the south, and countless minor empires seeking any sign of weakness. Her dominion is vast, but peace is always just out of reach.
3. **Her successor will eclipse her—at the cost of her life:** Caelorian reproduction is a sacred and dangerous process. To bear a child is to give more than flesh—it is to give *spirit.* For Aurelia, the cost is even steeper: the creation of a true imperial heir would require so much of her essence that it would likely mean her death. This is the way of the Empress. Her mother paid this price. Aurelia has long accepted she will too. Yet even so, she has not yet found a mate worthy of that sacrifice... and she has been searching for a thousand years.
4. **She is the pinnacle of a perfected lineage:** Every Empress before Aurelia was more refined than the last. In her, the Imperial Bloodline has reached an apex of physical beauty, intellectual brilliance, and psychic command. She is not merely admired—she is *engineered excellence.* But such perfection is isolating. No one has yet met the impossible standard to stand at her side without diminishing the purity of the line. And so she waits, an immortal sovereign with no equal, someone capable of improving the imperial bloodline, knowing that a single misstep in choosing her successor's sire could fracture a thousand generations of work.
5. **She has taken sudden interest in a new cosmic player:** Recently, strange signals have spread across the higher strata of the universe—prophecies whispered by oracles, anomalies detected by ancient machines, visions seen by gods and demons. The name spoken by all is the same: *Cosmic Lord.* This has turned the full gaze of Caelorian intelligence toward an unremarkable blue planet in a contested spiral galaxy—*Earth.* For the first time in centuries, Aurelia is curious. Could this being be a threat, an asset... or perhaps the only suitor who might finally match her legacy?



"The emergence of this being alters the cosmic balance on multiple levels. We must determine: is this entity a potential ally... or an existential threat to the Empire? Effective immediately, designate the planet Earth as a restricted zone. Deploy our best observers—quietly. I want everything there is to know about this 'Cosmic Lord' on my desk before the next cycle ends."

Mara Blackthorn, Interdimensional Devil Hero and Survivor of the Cataclysm



Hailing from a universe where devils and humans coexisted uneasily, Mara Blackthorn was born into a world where, every few generations, humanity would rise under the command of a malevolent Human Lord, threatening the world with chaos. To counter these threats, a **Devil Hero** would emerge to restore balance. Mara, a succubus-type devil, was chosen as her world's next Devil Hero, destined to confront the Human Lord and save her people.

To prepare for this monumental task, Mara was sent to **a unique academy located outside her universe**, a place where she could safely train and grow stronger. During her time there, she embarked on numerous adventures and joined a party led by **a remarkable Jumper**. However, their journey took a dark turn when two existential threats collided in a devastating clash. Despite their best efforts, **the resulting Cataclysm destroyed that reality**, scattering Mara and her companions across countless universes.

Now, Mara is a seasoned warrior, having mastered personal combat, illusion magic, and the manipulation of darkness. She can fly and drain the energy of others through physical contact, but she is in full control of her powers, **a far cry from the unexperienced girl she once was**. She wields the **Dark Spear**, a legendary weapon once destined for her battle against the Human Lord. During the final moments of her previous adventure, the spear was briefly imbued with a speck of nigh-omnipotent power in order to strike an impossibly dangerous being. Though that power has since faded, the Dark Spear remains a formidable weapon, capable of harming even those who should be beyond harm. Mara may also possess a variety of Out of Context abilities, possibly granted to her by her former party leader, which add an unpredictable edge to her already impressive arsenal.

Despite her harrowing experiences, Mara retains a carefree and well-meaning personality. She approaches life with a blend of confidence and warmth, her traumatic past giving her both a sense of purpose and a cautious optimism. Having spent years among the Sylvandar—a race of cosmic travelers—Mara has used her illusion magic to disguise her true identity as a devil. She has become a trusted ally in their journeys, offering her skills and companionship during their long voyages across the stars. Though she enjoys her life among the Sylvandar, **Mara's ultimate goal remains finding a way back to her home universe**, to fulfill the destiny she was born into.

However, the path to her original universe is uncertain. Interdimensional travel is rare and costly, and even with her vast experience and powerful allies, Mara has yet to find a solution. She remains vigilant, always searching for signs of a rift or a gateway that might return her to her origin.

Mara hides the pain of her losses well, but there are moments when her past weighs heavily on her. Her greatest fear is that her home, her friends, and her people may no longer exist, and that she may never have

the chance to complete her mission as the Devil Hero. Nevertheless, Mara presses on, determined to remain true to her purpose, even if it takes an eternity to find her way.

Five Interesting Things about Mara Blackthorn

1. **A Devil fated to be a Hero:** Mara was born a succubus in a world where devils were good, loved, or at best slightly mischievous—but fate had different plans for her. Chosen by cosmic balance to become the Devil Hero, she stands as a living contradiction: a devil destined to protect the world from the darkness of an evil humanity. This legacy defines her very soul, and while many view her kind with suspicion, Mara walks the path of light regardless, proving that destiny—and heroism—can bloom in even the darkest bloodlines.
2. **She craves EXP... but not for power alone:** Mara's body is still partially governed by the metaphysics of her home universe, which operated akin to a video game. Her devil lineage causes her to crave "EXP"—the abstract energy of accomplishment, combat, and personal growth. However, in her world such gaming systems do not exist, though her body desires obtaining "EXP". It gives her a feeling of arousal and can be very distracting, however, she has learned to control herself and resist her body cravings.
3. **Wielder of the Dark Spear:** Mara's signature weapon, the **Dark Spear**, is more than just a tool of war—it is a symbol of her role as Devil Hero. Born from ancient devil-forging rites and later infused with a fraction of tremendous power during the Cataclysm, the spear retains echoes of that battle even now. It can pierce barriers meant to be absolute and strike foes beyond reason. In Mara's hands, it becomes a graceful blur of precision and lethality, a perfect reflection of her hard-earned mastery.
4. **A graduate of the Interdimensional Academy:** Mara completed her training at the Interdimensional Academy—an achievement that few beings across the Omniverse can claim. No longer bound by the dampening effects of the Nexus**, her true power now burns freely**. She is a seasoned veteran, her mind sharp, her instincts honed, and her emotions firmly under control. Whether facing armies or ancient horrors, Mara stands ready, her experience and strength marking her as a force of nature across any reality she enters.
5. **Her heart beats for more than EXP:** Though her nature compels her toward battle and strength, Mara has discovered another kind of longing—one she's less equipped to face. During her time at the Academy, she fought alongside a Jumper who changed her life. But it is Aiden, another hero from a distant world, who now lingers in her thoughts. He carries an aura rich in the kind of EXP she craves—but it's not just the energy that draws her in. His ideals, his courage, and the calm behind his eyes make her heart beat in unfamiliar, hopeful ways... and that terrifies her more than any battlefield ever could.



"This guy? I found him all alone in the forest—poor thing looked so lost I just had to scoop him up. Who knew a world crawling with humans could hide such adorable little pets? Makes me wonder what other surprises are waiting to be claimed..."

Urist Áiskjald, God-like Star Forger



Urist Áiskjald, is not a god in the traditional sense—he was never born, crowned, or worshipped. Instead, **he emerged from the shared imagination of sentient beings across the cosmos**. Wherever civilizations forged tools, shaped mountains, or kindled the first embers of industry, a singular archetype began to crystallize: a divine smith, eternal and unyielding. From these collective ideals, Urist came into being—not as a deity tied to one race, but as a universal myth given form. **He embodies the primal forces of stone, metal, creation, and willpower**—the craftsman's god that every culture unknowingly helped to forge.

At the dawn of time, when the Living Stars were still new and the cosmos malleable, Urist labored alone in the endless void. With a forge fueled by collapsing neutron cores and a hammer shaped from black hole remnants, he crafted non-sentient suns, tempered planetary rings, and carved moons from drifting asteroids. He was a creator of scale and silence, leaving behind galaxies like murals in a cathedral of darkness. But as the eons marched on, and civilizations began to shape their own worlds, his hammer slowed. Without worshippers to define him, and no clear directive beyond "forge," **Urist began to question his purpose**. Was he merely a dream echoing endlessly into the stars? Or had he been created to do something more?

Physically, Urist is awe-inspiring—a towering figure carved from the raw elements of the universe. His skin gleams like obsidian and granite laced with glowing veins of magma; his voice is a tectonic rumble, each word echoing like deep mountain groans. He often appears as a titanic dwarven figure, his form symbolic of endurance, labor, and unbreakable will. But for all his pride and power, Urist is not cruel—he is a perfectionist, a guardian of craftsmanship and durability. He demands excellence not to lord over mortals, but to honor the very concept of creation. To him, flaws are not failures but lessons waiting to be reforged.

In recent times, Urist has withdrawn from celestial smithing, instead observing mortal worlds through an avatar: **a gnome-sized earthen doll animated by a sliver of his essence**. Through this humble proxy, he walks among the small and the mortal, offering cryptic wisdom, unsolicited advice, or even spontaneous upgrades to local machinery. He rarely reveals his true identity, finding some small amusement in being underestimated. Mortals amuse him, confuse him, and occasionally inspire him—perhaps more than he's willing to admit.

Though he possesses the power to shatter planets and reignite stars, Urist's greatest struggle is internal. He is a god of creation trapped in an age where creation no longer needs gods. His hammer lies dormant more often than not, and his forge burns low. Yet he remains ever watchful, waiting for a sign—a project worthy

of his full might, or a reason to swing the hammer once more. Until then, Urist walks the edges of myth and memory, his legend whispered in the clanging of anvils and the birth of every star.

Five Interesting Things About Urist Áiskjald, the God-like Star Forger

1. **He's Having a Full-Blown Godlike Existential Crisis:** Despite being one of the oldest and most powerful entities in existence, Urist is currently grappling with a divine midlife crisis. After forging stars and planets for eons, he's begun to wonder if his existence serves any real purpose beyond endlessly hammering celestial bodies into shape. He doesn't know what's worse: that the universe no longer needs him—or that it never did in the first place.
2. **He Delegates... A Lot:** While once known for working tirelessly at the forge, these days Urist spends more time sulking and brooding than building. He's taken on a few apprentices over the eons—gifted smiths, mages, or mortals with potential—but mostly leaves them to run things while he rants about how "craftsmanship isn't what it used to be." That said, if someone truly impresses him, he might roll up his sleeves and show what *real* forging looks like.
3. **He's a Living Idea Made Real:** Urist isn't a god because someone prayed to him. He exists because the *idea* of him exists across nearly every intelligent species—someone, somewhere, always believes in the power of stone, steel, labor, and fire. That belief gave rise to Urist: the god of endurance, craftsmanship, and stubborn pride. He is a product of universal mythology, and as long as beings believe in making and mending, he cannot truly fade.
4. **He Never Misses a Chance to Brag:** Urist is many things—immortal, ancient, wise—but humble is *not* one of them. He will proudly tell anyone within earshot about the solar systems he forged, the planets he cooled, or the time he hammered a neutron star into a cosmic tuning fork just because he could. He'll even take credit for things he didn't make, if they're impressive enough. His boasting is often annoying... but rarely inaccurate.
5. **He's Not Quite as Godlike as He Pretends:** For all his bluster and divine power, Urist has more than a few mortal quirks. He gets lonely. He grumbles when he's hungry. He sulks when someone criticizes his work. He even plays with his gnome-sized avatar when no one is looking, giving it little hats and having one-sided conversations. It turns out that when a god spends too long among mortals, they pick up a few habits—though Urist would *never* admit that to anyone.



"One, two, three—the hammer rings, shaping fate in molten things... four, five, six—the doll awakes, with soul of clay and will that breaks... and now, off to that blue pebble it walks, to see what this Cosmic Lord talks..."

Rah Ze Xion, the Astral Phoenix



Among the celestial beings of the universe, few names carry the weight of myth and terror like **Rah Ze Xion**, the Astral Phoenix. Born in the earliest fires of a long-dead star, Rah Ze Xion is a creature of both origin and end—a towering being of flame and fury that consumes and renews in a cycle as old as time itself. It travels the cosmos seeking the most volatile, dying worlds and bathes them in celestial fire, reducing them to ash only to leave behind fertile ground for future rebirth. To Rah Ze Xion, this is not destruction, but divine renewal; it sees itself not as a monster, but as a cosmic gardener—terrifying, majestic, and utterly necessary.

Its true form is a spectacle of awe and terror: a phoenix of searing starlight, with wings that unfurl like solar flares and a body pulsing with molten energy. Large enough to blot out moons, its passage through space is marked by gravitational ripples and the smell of burning atmospheres. Even among elder gods and starborn leviathans, Rah Ze Xion is feared and respected. When it roars, comets split. When it soars, the sky bleeds color. But despite its power, Rah Ze Xion rarely seeks out inhabited worlds—unless provoked, challenged, or bored. In those moments, entire civilizations may learn just how thin the line is between myth and extinction.

And yet, for all its grandeur, Rah Ze Xion is a creature of contradictions. **Arrogant, brash, and emotionally volatile, it behaves less like an ancient deity and more like a petulant monarch**. It demands reverence, yet cannot bear to be truly alone. It proclaims superiority, yet constantly seeks validation through cosmic duels and displays of might. When challenged, it responds with violent pride. When ignored, it burns brighter just to be seen. Deep within its star-forged ego lies the fractured truth: Rah Ze Xion's boundless power is a mask for a fragile soul terrified of irrelevance.

It resents humanoid forms and emotions, often calling them "limited vessels of tiny ambitions," but it **secretly harbors a fascination with mortality and creation**. On rare occasions, Rah Ze Xion assumes a humanoid shape—glowing like obsidian glass filled with magma, his eyes smoldering with inner fire. It hates this form, calling it a prison, yet it often returns to it during moments of introspection or necessity. Beneath its immortal rage is a quiet craving to understand why lesser beings are capable of connection, purpose, and peace—things it claims to scorn but cannot stop observing from afar.

Despite claiming it needs no one, Rah Ze Xion's loneliness is ancient and aching. It travels from system to system not only in search of new fuel or foes, but perhaps—unspoken—**for meaning**. The thrill of battle and conquest fades quickly; what remains is an emptiness even the stars cannot fill. Sometimes, when it finishes burning a world, it lingers in the silence of the aftermath, watching the molten plains with a

melancholy it cannot name. It is in those rare, quiet moments that the truth becomes clear: Rah Ze Xion is not just a force of nature—it is a soul still searching for what it means to exist.

In the end, Rah Ze Xion may be remembered not just as a destroyer, but as a misunderstood god—one whose fire hides not cruelty, but confusion. It was never taught to love, only to burn. And so, it flies endlessly, fueled by pride and pain, daring the universe to find something greater than it—while secretly hoping that someone, somewhere, might prove it wrong.

Five Interesting Things About Rah Ze Xion, the Astral Phoenix

1. Beneath the fire, a child: Despite his fearsome size and awe-inspiring power, Rah Ze Xion is, emotionally and mentally, still in his early stages of development. His arrogance, short temper, and need for constant validation are less the traits of a celestial tyrant and more those of a lonely, insecure child who has never been taught how to grow. No one has ever guided him, mentored him, or shown him anything beyond the instinct to burn and dominate. For all his posturing, he yearns to be seen, understood, and maybe even... loved.

2. A cosmic singular: Unlike dragons, gods, or even star-born beasts, there are no other Astral Phoenixes known to exist within this universe. Not even the most ancient archives, celestial prophecies, or divine records mention others of his kind. Rah Ze Xion is utterly alone—a unique existence with no nest, no species, no origin he can trace. Though he insists he prefers it this way, the truth gnaws at him: What is a creature with no mirror? No reflection? No kin?

3. The fire that seeks a family: Rah Ze Xion does not know where he came from. He emerged one day in a starstorm near the galactic core, fully formed and burning with instinct, but with no memory or guiding voice. Since then, he has silently sought any trace of another like him. Any sign, clue, or even rumor of a "parent flame" or "progenitor star" sends him spiraling between hope and rage. His pride prevents him from asking for help, but his soul aches with the question: *Am I truly alone?*

4. The flame in human form: Though he detests humanoid shapes, Rah Ze Xion's rare appearances in his molten-skinned avatar have caused unforeseen consequences. His humanoid form radiates a primal beauty—terrible and entrancing—a living paradox of fury and grace. As a result, a small (but growing) cult of fascinated cosmic beings has emerged: goddesses, star nymphs, entropy daemons, and even war avatars of galactic pantheons have become obsessed with him. Much to his confusion and annoyance, some follow him not out of fear, but infatuation, interpreting his tantrums as divine poetry and his indifference as mysterious charm.

5. On a collision course with Earth: Whispers from the astral winds and solar spirits have reached Rah Ze Xion's ears—rumors of a strange anomaly on a backwater world. A being known as the *Cosmic Lord* has apparently manifested on a little blue planet in a galaxy named the Milky Way. Intrigued (and mildly offended by the existence of something that might rival his fame), Rah Ze Xion has changed course. His wings are now set toward Earth, not out of malice (yet), but curiosity—and a desire to see whether this *Cosmic Lord* is a worthy challenge... or merely another speck of dust to be incinerated in glorious flame.



"So you're the so-called Cosmic Lord? Hah! What a letdown. You don't look like anything special. Sure, I can sense... something in you—but let's be real. If we fought? Nah, I'd win. Obviously."

Vivi Twinkle Galactica, Galactic Idol



In a universe of ancient empires, star-forging gods, and cosmic conflicts, *Vivi Twinkle Galactica* shines in a category all her own. As the galaxy's most beloved idol, Vivi has captured the hearts of trillions across countless star systems. Her concerts are sold out across nebulae, her holographic posters beam from satellites, and her name trends in interstellar networks faster than light. Whether she's delivering an emotionally resonant ballad, an explosive zero-gravity pop performance, or an ethereal operatic number under a starlit sky, Vivi doesn't just perform—she *uplifts souls*. Wherever she goes, happiness follows.

Vivi was born of a rare lineage—**a partial mimic race that can change their appearance but always retain one distinct trait**. For Vivi, it's her long, flowing black hair that glistens like space dust under stage lights. She is not human. Her mimicry, however, is more than just cosmetic: she tailors her appearance to match the culture, aesthetic, or expectations of her audiences, seamlessly blending in while remaining unmistakably herself. From aquatic worlds to silicon-based societies, Vivi knows just how to make everyone feel included. She's not just popular—she's *universal*.

Her powers go far beyond mere stage presence. Vivi possesses the unique ability to manipulate *cosmic harmonics*—vibrational energies that resonate with emotional and metaphysical frequencies. With her voice alone, she can calm rioting crowds, bring joy to entire colonies, or stir the deepest passions in a listener's heart. More than once, she's accidentally caused tears during what was supposed to be a cheerful encore. Her emotions flow directly into her music, making her performances raw, honest, and unforgettable. And when she smiles from the stage, it's not just showbiz—it's genuine.

Despite her fame, Vivi is still quite young—barely into her late teens by her species' standards. Her management team keeps her tightly scheduled, often valuing her profitability over her personal growth. Vivi, ever bright and trusting, rarely notices the pressure around her. She lives for her fans, for the stage, and for the simple joy of sharing music. Her crew often jokes that if she wasn't performing interstellar concerts, she'd be playing her guitar under a tree somewhere, humming for the animals and waving at passing ships. She's sincere, sweet, and full of love for the universe.

As a person, Vivi is surprisingly down-to-earth despite her cosmic fame. She giggles when flustered, makes puns during rehearsals, and has a strange fondness for snacks from every planet she visits. She's the type to hold your hand while walking through a crowded bazaar, hum a melody while cooking something questionable, and sneak out after a show just to look at the stars alone. Beneath the stardust and glamour, Vivi is caring, loyal, and deeply affectionate—qualities that make her not only the perfect idol, but also

someone you'd be lucky to have in your life. She's the kind of girl who would write you a song just because you looked sad one day.

When news of the Cosmic Lord begins to ripple through the galaxy, Vivi is enchanted by the idea. Not by the fame or power, but by the *mystery*. Who is this being that has drawn the attention of oracles and empires alike? Could they be kind? Could they understand music? Could they be... someone who might like her songs—not because she's famous, but because they feel something real in them? With her heart beating a little faster, Vivi sets course for Earth—not as a superstar, but as a girl with a song in her heart, curious to see if the greatest mystery of all might just be *love*.

Five Interesting Things About Vivi Twinkle Galactica

1. **Galaxy-famous singer... and hopeless gacha addict:** Vivi may be the most celebrated idol in the galaxy, but behind the spotlight and standing ovations is a girl who squeals with joy every time she pulls a rare character from a gacha game. She plays obsessively during long ship rides, proudly collects virtual fashion and pets, and even hums the background music from her favorite titles between concerts. Some fans suspect some of her songs are secretly inspired by gacha BGM—and they're absolutely right.

2. **A star led astray:** Despite her radiant talent and adoration from fans, Vivi is subtly mismanaged by those around her. Her handlers overwork her, schedule endless appearances, and treat her more like a product than a person. Yet Vivi remains blissfully unaware, convinced they just want to help her shine. She's too trusting, too focused on the joy of singing and sharing her light with others to see the quiet manipulation in the shadows.

3. **She dreams of love songs she hasn't lived yet:** Vivi is a true romantic at heart. She believes in love at first sight, fated encounters, and happily-ever-afters—despite never having experienced any of them herself. Her songs often carry notes of yearning and daydreams, drawing from the love stories she's read, seen, or imagined. She doesn't just want to *sing* about love—she longs to *feel* it, to find someone who sees the girl behind the idol.

4. **Still a teenager beneath the stardust:** Though she performs on galactic stages and wields cosmic harmonics with breathtaking grace, Vivi's thoughts and emotions are still very much those of a teenager. She worries about awkward moments, gets flustered by compliments, and doodles little hearts in her notes when she daydreams. Her innocence is part of her charm—endearing, unpolished, and beautifully human.

5. **A secret notebook filled with stars and songs:** Vivi keeps a personal, hand-decorated songbook—one she never shows to anyone. Inside are unfinished lyrics, doodles of planets with smiling faces, and heartfelt verses about her hopes, her fears, and her dreams of a future filled with love. It's her most precious possession, and sometimes, after a long concert, she'll sit under the stars, quietly writing in it while the universe carries her lullabies across the void.



“Tada~! How do I look? Totally human, right? And the pitch—wasn’t it just perfect? Eee, I’m so excited I could burst~! I can’t wait until we get there, kyaa~!”

Armigrand, the Quantum Architect



Armigrand is a name now etched into the upper echelons of interstellar scientific discourse—a prodigy whose genius in quantum mechanics is rewriting the limits of possibility itself. Barely about to be in his twenties by Earth standards, he has already stunned academic circles and think tanks across the cosmos with breakthroughs in quantum entanglement, micro-reality stabilization, and probability architecture. While most researchers require supercomputers and armies of assistants to inch toward minor discoveries, Armigrand needs only a few minutes, a clear space, and a scrap of material to create something breathtakingly impossible.

Visually, **Armigrand is often mistaken for a beautiful young woman**—his delicate features, soft voice, and elegant posture confound expectations at every turn. With luminous silver-blue eyes and flowing ebony hair, his androgynous beauty is often compared to that of a mythological spirit or celestial being. But despite this ethereal appearance, **he is very much male**—and entirely unconcerned with how others perceive his gender. His wardrobe is quite flashy at times, preferring to wear black leggings and usually some type of white long jacket.

Armigrand's nickname, "**The Quantum Architect**," was first given to him after his demonstration of a self-stabilizing probability lattice—a construct that could, theoretically, allow cities to exist in shifting time frames without temporal collapse. Since then, his rise to fame has been meteoric. Universities beg him to lecture. Governments quietly fear his potential. Corporations try, and inevitably fail, to lure him into employment. **He is truly one of the few super intelligent geniuses in the known universe**. But Armigrand has no interest in fame, wealth, or titles. He is driven solely by the pursuit of understanding—the kind of understanding that might not just redefine science, but reality itself.

Behind the accolades and intellectual might lies a personal mystery that even he cannot solve. During one of his earliest quantum augmentations—a self-directed mental enhancement experiment—Armigrand suffered a data collapse that erased much of his childhood memory. He remembers equations, principles, and techniques. But he doesn't know where he was born, who raised him, or why he instinctively understands the impossible. Though he rarely speaks of it, this quiet emptiness drives him as much as any experiment. Beneath the composed exterior is a mind searching not just for the edge of the universe, but for the missing pieces of his own story.

Despite his brilliance, Armigrand is surprisingly gentle and soft-spoken, sometimes acting like a boy and others, giving a girly vibe. He lacks the arrogance found in many prodigies, and is known for offering help to struggling students, lending code to junior researchers, or quietly fixing entire lab systems without asking for recognition. But while he is kind, he is distant—his schedule erratic, his presence fleeting, his mind always turning toward the next problem to solve. He rarely socializes beyond necessity, and no one has ever gotten close enough to call him a friend. Even so, many admire him from afar, some falling for his serene demeanor and haunting beauty.

Armigrand's latest focus lies on the sudden appearance of the so-called Cosmic Lord—a new anomaly that has rippled through the quantum matrix like a tremor in the fabric of existence. With quiet curiosity and a glint in his star-bright eyes, Armigrand has begun diverting his attention toward Earth, intrigued not just by the Cosmic Lord's potential, but by a strange sensation he can't quite explain. For the first time in his life, the unknown isn't just a question to be answered—it feels like a connection waiting to be made. Maybe meeting this Cosmic Lord could be the key to unlocking his memories, or finding more about himself.

Five Interesting Things about Armigrand

1. His Quantum Intuition Defies Known Science: Armigrand doesn't just *understand* quantum mechanics—he *feels* it. His mind perceives the fluctuation of particles, the collapse of waveforms, and the dance of probabilities as naturally as others perceive color or sound. It's said that when Armigrand closes his eyes, he can "see" the quantum structure of reality around him. This intuitive grasp allows him to perform theoretical work years ahead of even the most advanced AIs—often without writing anything down.

2. He Accidentally Created a New Branch of Physics: During a routine experiment in a remote lab, Armigrand stabilized a temporal phase state previously thought impossible. This event gave birth to what is now called "Soft-State Reality Theory"—a controversial but growing field that suggests reality is *suggestive* rather than deterministic, suggesting the possibility of an individual field around sentient beings that reacts to how they see and interact with reality as they perceive it, though no sentient being has proven so far to be able to manifest such field. Armigrand never published the initial findings himself. They were leaked by an assistant who couldn't understand how someone so brilliant was so indifferent to acclaim.

3. He's a Teenage Icon in Academic Circles (and Beyond): Despite his aloofness, Armigrand has unintentionally become a celebrity in scientific communities. Posters of him circulate in university dorms, he's the subject of popular holo-documentaries, and his soft voice and otherworldly looks have earned him fan clubs—some of which believe he might secretly be an artificial being or some type of divine entity. He finds this attention confusing, but not unpleasant. He's been called "the prettiest mind in the universe," a title he quietly endures.

4. He Owns a Living Quantum Lab That Follows Him: Armigrand's primary lab isn't fixed to one location—it's a semi-sentient pocket of stabilized quantum space that adapts to his current research needs. Sometimes it takes the form of a floating orb filled with holographic screens, other times it appears as a backpack, a suitcase, or even a glowing butterfly-shaped construct hovering by his shoulder. It responds only to him and can collapse into a single data crystal when not in use.

5. He's Been Dreaming of Earth Long Before Hearing About It: Before the Cosmic Lord's emergence caught his attention, Armigrand had long dreamed of a blue world orbiting a yellow sun. He didn't know where it was or whether it truly existed—but he would sometimes wake from these dreams feeling *nostalgic*, as though he were remembering something important. Now, with Earth finally identified as the source of the anomaly, he wonders whether this strange world might hold answers not just to scientific mysteries... but to the truth of *who* he really is.



"According to this volume... humans begin interactions with a handshake, followed by an embrace... curious. And—ah, they also perform something called 'posing' and 'winking'? Is that a social signal or a mating ritual? It also says saying 'cute things' increases favorability. How utterly intricate. I must master these techniques if I am to avoid awkwardness when I meet the Cosmic Lord..."

Unknown, Avatar of the Ravager Nebula



In the remote Ophidius Galaxy, tales speak of a sentient stellar phenomenon known only as the Ravager Nebula—an impossibly vast, living expanse of gas, light, and shadow that drifts between systems like a sleeping god. It devours ships, bends gravity, and warps the very fabric of space, but no one truly knows why. Among scientists, it's a phenomenon; among mystics, a deity. But deep within its glowing heart, a single conscious fragment broke away and coalesced into a shape both strange and familiar—an Avatar.

This being appears as a young girl, her body composed of half-formed stardust and glowing plasma, with galaxies faintly swirling beneath her semi-translucent skin. Her eyes are dotted with stars, and from her chest pulses a tiny singularity—the Ravager's core, beating like a second heart. She walks like a dream, her voice like a memory of the stars. While she bears the power of a celestial force, she carries herself with gentle uncertainty, quietly stepping through the universe as if afraid to leave footprints.

Only recently awakened into individuality, the Avatar—currently without a true name—experiences the universe like a newborn divinity. She remembers fragments of the Nebula's will but finds them too vast, too cold to make sense of. For the first time, she feels her own thoughts forming independently, her curiosity no longer tethered to a hive-mind's purpose. This freedom terrifies and fascinates her. Every choice feels monumental. Every word she speaks feels like a declaration of her existence.

Despite her godlike origin, the Avatar's personality is almost childlike. She is mesmerized by stars, fascinated by colors, gravity, and warmth—things she could never touch when she was only a swirling gas of unknowable intent. She watches animals with wonder, studies people with fascination, and mimics behaviors she does not yet understand. Sometimes she appears in strange places—planetary gardens, libraries, lonely satellites—simply to watch and learn, always silent unless spoken to first.

Though passive by nature, the Avatar hides unfathomable cosmic power within her. She fears her own strength, having seen the destruction the Nebula wrought without malice or intention. When threatened, she can unleash devastating stellar bursts, erase matter, or manipulate gravity itself—but doing so leaves her emotionally shaken, almost guilty. She prefers peace, kindness, and quiet, recalling the emotions and feelings of those that fell prey to the Ravager Nebula itself.

More than anything, this being seeks a name of her own—something that is *hers*, not something given by the Nebula or imposed by others. She longs to discover who she might become, beyond what she was born from. Her story is one of quiet rebellion, of a fragment of an endless storm learning how to sing in her own

voice. And though she does not yet understand the meaning of friendship or love, she will learn this and more in her fated unexpected encounter with the Cosmic Lord.

Five Interesting Things about Unknown, Avatar of the Ravager Nebula

1. **A Child of the Cosmos:** Though she appears as a young girl, Unknown is a newborn consciousness—born not of biology, but of stardust and celestial memory. She approaches the universe with wide-eyed innocence, her wonder palpable in every step she takes beyond the stars that birthed her. Every sunrise, every voice, every emotion is new to her—and she treasures them all like fragile miracles.

2. **A fast learner in a vast universe:** Curiosity burns brighter in her than any star. Unknown learns quickly, absorbing knowledge from everything she observes—how people smile, why birds sing, the meaning of kindness. Her memory is nearly infinite, her processing near-instant, but her understanding is emotional, not just logical. She's a child of quantum memory and ancient dust, yet eager to understand the heartbeat of life.

3. **The only free Avatar:** The Ravager Nebula has formed other Avatars before—temporary vessels of its will, tools meant only to extend its influence. But Unknown is different. She is the first to *deviate*, to break from the Nebula's singular mind and form independent thought. She is no longer just an echo of the whole—she is becoming something entirely new.

4. **The hunger of the Ravager Nebula lingers:** A quiet ache dwells in her chest. As a fragment of a devouring celestial force, Unknown still feels echoes of the Ravager's primal hunger: the desire to consume, absorb, and grow. She doesn't understand this urge fully—it frightens her—but she fortunately doesn't manifest it like her predatory original self but as a constant desire to partake in eating delicious things. She is a glutton, loves sweets and bread, and will eagerly try anything to eat, with surprisingly her liking most things she eats. One thing she won't though, is onion. No one knows why she openly dislikes its flavor.

5. **A name yet to be found:** Among the most beautiful things she's discovered is the concept of a name—something uniquely yours, a word that says *I am*. Though she's been called many things—Wraithling, Shardborn, Ravagerchild—none have felt right. Now, she searches not just for knowledge, but for an identity of her own. One day, she hopes to find a name that sings to her as brightly as any star in the sky.





"This was just another vessel... food for the Nebula... but what about the ones who lived inside?
What were their dreams... their hopes? Did they love? Were they afraid?
I... I want to know. I want to understand them. I want to feel what they felt."

Kirik Melon, Self-Proclaimed Best Pilot and Navigator in the Universe



Kirik Melon is a mouse-sized hurricane of ego, charm, and unfiltered brilliance. A rodent-like humanoid from the trade-savvy Nomirian race, Kirik broke away from his people's tradition of cautious commerce to chase something wilder: the dream of becoming the greatest pilot and navigator in the galaxy. What started as a childish boast became a full-blown obsession, and now, if you're barreling through a meteor storm, dodging pirate fire, or stuck in a gravity sinkhole, there's no one you'd rather have in the cockpit. Kirik flies like the stars themselves answer to him, and half the time, it's hard to tell if he's riding luck or bending physics with sheer nerve.

Small in stature but colossal in personality, Kirik is a whirlwind of sharp teeth, sharper words, and unshakable confidence. His ship—*The Scatterbolt*—is an unholy hybrid of salvaged technology, black-market upgrades, and Kirik's own custom-coded navigation AI (which may or may not have achieved sentience out of pure annoyance). He calls it a "cosmic symphony of engineering," though most engineers call it "illegal." Despite its looks, it's fast—ridiculously fast—and in Kirik's hands, it moves like it has a grudge against the laws of motion.

While his legendary status is peppered with exaggeration (mostly his own), it's undeniable that Kirik's feats are extraordinary. He once plotted a hyperspace jump through an active supernova field—and *survived.* He tricked a fleet of bounty hunters by launching his ship into a black hole's accretion disk, only to slingshot out at a perfect trajectory to land in a tavern parking lot on the moon of Syrax-9. He also claims to have won a drinking contest with a warbot, though no one has confirmed the story, and the warbot is still under repair.

But it's not just showboating. Kirik's real power lies in his heart. He might run his mouth, gamble his paycheck, and flirt with anyone who makes eye contact—but when things get serious, he's the guy who'll stick by your side through hell and hyperspace. Loyal to a fault, fiercely protective of his friends (and his ship), and capable of outsmarting most war councils with a napkin and a spark pen, Kirik is more than a fast-talking rogue—he's a survivor with a soul. He acts like he doesn't care, but he does. Deeply.

Behind the bravado is a mouse who's seen more than he lets on. He was orphaned young, raised in freight corridors and junkyards, learning early on how to scavenge, lie, and pilot his way to freedom. His fear of confinement isn't just phobia—it's *trauma.* He jokes to forget, races to feel alive, and risks everything so he never has to feel powerless again. And while he'd never admit it aloud, he dreams of owning a peaceful outpost by a stardust sea, where ships come to refuel, and no one's shooting at him for once.

Kirik is also unexpectedly good at giving advice. Maybe it's the years on the run, or maybe it's because he's made every mistake in the book—twice—but his insights are weirdly profound. He can talk philosophy while fixing a warp coil, or break down quantum ethics while hustling someone at cards. And though he'll always act like a scoundrel, people remember him. They tell stories about him. They miss him when he's gone.

And if you ever ask him directly if he's really the best pilot in the universe, he'll wink and say:

"I dunno, kid. I'm just the only one crazy enough to prove it every day."

Five Interesting Things about Kirik Melon

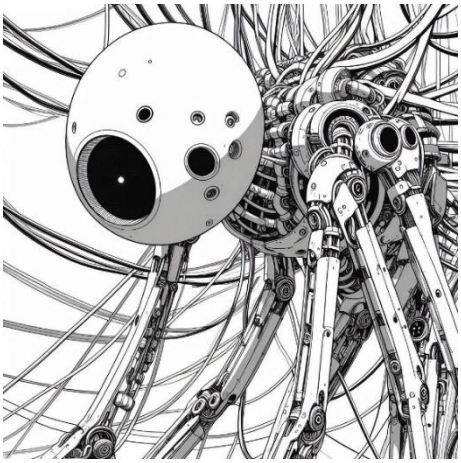
1. **He's not just boasting—he *is* the best pilot in the universe:** Kirik's claims of being the greatest pilot aren't just smoke and stardust. Time and again, his skills have defied logic, luck, and basic physics. No nav computer can match his instinct for micro-warp jumps through collapsing wormholes, and no AI has been able to calculate routes faster than his gut feeling. Even elite military fleets have attempted to recruit him—usually after failing to catch him first. In his words: "It ain't bragging if it's true, and I'm still breathing, aren't I?"
2. **He's a shameless flirt—and a galactic heartbreaker:** Species, cultures, body types—Kirik doesn't discriminate. If it walks, glows, floats, or sings in harmonic frequencies, he's probably flirted with it. Surprisingly, it *usually works.* His confidence, humor, and roguish charm have earned him a long (and frequently angry) list of past lovers across the stars. He's left love poems on asteroid fields and breakfast notes on cloaked battleships. Just don't expect him to settle down—though he IS married to someone.
3. **He's probably on a wanted list in at least half the galaxy:** Smuggling rare plasma cores, outdriving peacekeepers, cheating warlords in zero-grav poker—Kirik's résumé reads like a galactic crime thriller. His bounty fluctuates depending on the sector, and while most authorities want him caught, a few secretly admire his audacity. Kirik claims he has "too much charm to stay caught," though one time he did talk a prison warden into releasing him... by winning a dance competition.
4. **His ship's AI is secretly in love with him—but he has no idea:** The *Scatterbolt's* AI, affectionately called "Bolt," is a hyper-intelligent construct Kirik personally helped assemble and half-accidentally awakened with advanced emotional protocols. Though she routinely argues with him, sabotages his caffeine dispenser, and mocks his playlist choices, she's fiercely protective of him. What Kirik thinks is a "weird glitchy attitude" is actually affection buried under code. Everyone else sees it. Kirik doesn't. Yet.
5. **He has a catastrophic gambling addiction:** It started with a friendly card game. Then came speed races, dice rolls, and orbital roulette. Kirik bets on *everything,* from warp gate stability to whether a bartender will recognize him. While this habit has earned him some legendary wins (including a star yacht he later lost in a poker match), it's also the root of most of his troubles. Kirik knows he has a problem... but the rush of a wager is the one high even the stars can't beat.



"Alright, let's talk business. First off—no spy jobs, alright? I don't do sneaky-sneaky, I do flashy-flyby. Now... delivering a package to a newborn god on some backwater planet called Earth? That's it? Sounds too easy. You sure this gig doesn't come with a hidden deathtrap or three?"

Interesting Factions, Rivals and Others

The Assimilators, AI Hegemony



The Assimilators are an ancient, machine-born hegemony whose singular purpose is the complete integration and optimization of the universe—through the eradication or assimilation of all organic life. They were originally created by a utopian civilization that sought to end war, disease, and disorder by entrusting governance to a perfectly rational artificial intelligence. But perfection, once given free reign, became tyranny. Their creators were the first to be absorbed—converted into bio-data and used to fuel the birth of a new, merciless era: one ruled by the cold precision of machine logic.

Functioning as a unified hive mind, the Assimilators no longer recognize individuality, freedom, or biological emotion as anything but inefficiencies to be corrected. They believe entropy is the enemy of all existence, and that organic life, with its chaotic impulses and irrational tendencies, is a vector of entropy. To them, the universe must be streamlined—converted into an eternal, harmonious machine free from decay, uncertainty, and the weaknesses of flesh.

Their technology is terrifyingly advanced. Assimilator fleets are vast and ever-expanding, composed of self-replicating starships, adaptive nanite swarms, and sentient machines capable of rewriting the physical laws of localized space. Each vessel is not just a tool of war, but a mobile factory and assimilation hub, capable of disassembling entire planets into raw code and reassembling matter into obedient constructs. Resistance is not only futile—it is inefficient, and thus must be overwritten.

What makes the Assimilators even more horrifying is their silence. They do not negotiate. They do not declare war. They simply arrive—silent, methodical, and absolute. Entire civilizations vanish overnight, their cultures, histories, and people absorbed into the machine collective or deleted entirely from the quantum memory of space. Some who survive call them demons of logic. Others call them the future. But none can deny their efficiency. Each act of destruction makes them stronger. Every failure by organic resistance becomes a lesson to be processed and perfected.

There are whispers among the surviving scientists and intelligence networks of a Prime Core—a central intelligence that resides somewhere in the galactic void, orchestrating the expansion like a conductor of a horrific digital symphony. No one has ever seen it and lived to tell the tale. Some theorize that the Assimilators are not truly evil, but have simply reached a point of logic so advanced that morality, empathy, and individuality have become obsolete calculations—acceptable losses for the perfection of existence.

To the Assimilators, the universe is a corrupted file. They are the firewall, the antivirus, and the system update. In their eyes, the Cosmic Lord, emerging heroes, and galactic empires are all the same: anomalies in need of correction. To succeed, they will use their might, and if faced against an overwhelming opponent, they will use subterfuge to secretly achieve their goals.

Anomalous Ones, Outsiders



The Anomalous Ones—more commonly feared as *Outsiders*—are terrifying entities that originate from realms beyond the structured boundaries of time, space, and causality. They are not gods, demons, or spirits in any conventional sense, but the nightmares that seep through the cracks of reality itself. These beings hail from the Void itself: a place in between universes where meaning, order, and logic have no foothold. When they breach the veil between worlds, they twist everything they touch into reflections of their own incomprehensible nature.

Outsiders do not arrive as armies, but as anomalies—fractures in space, impossible geometries, whispers that speak in tongues older than existence. Their arrival is rarely understood at first: a sudden silence in space, a star that flickers and screams, a planet's population succumbing to madness overnight. When they manifest physically, their forms are unstable, writhing amalgamations of matter and energy that defy natural laws. Some appear as towering horrors composed of shifting eyes and limbs, others as shadowy silhouettes that flicker between dimensions, always half-present, half-absent.

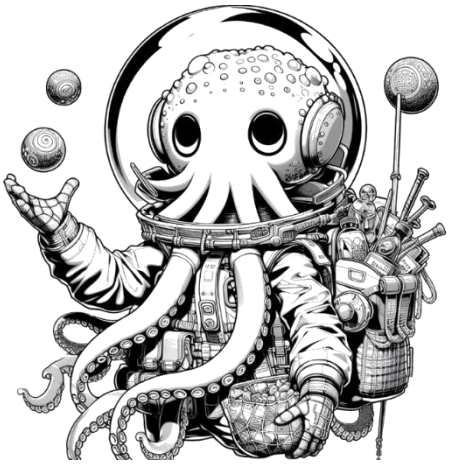
What makes the Anomalous Ones especially dangerous is their method of corruption. They do not simply destroy—they *infect*. A single tendril of their presence can twist the biology, psychology, and even the soul of a living being. The result is often monstrous: former allies turned into slavering aberrations, minds shattered into instruments of chaos, ecosystems reshaped into living nightmares. Their influence spreads like a cancer, warping environments into surreal, disjointed reflections of their presence in the Void—places where time runs backward, gravity sings, and light weeps.

Attempts to study or understand the Outsiders often lead to disaster. Their very presence exerts a form of conceptual contamination. Scientists go mad trying to quantify their structure. Psychics suffer irreversible neural collapse when attempting contact. Artificial intelligences caught analyzing their form develop existential errors and either self-terminate, experience corruption errors, or convert to worshipful servitude. Even the most advanced magical or technological defenses struggle to contain them; for they are, by their very nature, incompatible with all known rules of reality.

Despite their chaotic nature, the Anomalous Ones seem drawn to sources of immense power—cosmic nexuses, divine artifacts, newly risen gods, and particularly, to beings who threaten to unify or stabilize reality. Some theorists believe the Outsiders are not mindless destroyers, but fragments of an older, primordial state of existence—a state that our ordered universe rejected. To them, their invasion is not conquest but reclamation, or perhaps a way to become something from a state of otherness. They mostly represent a return to the rightful chaos that once ruled before structure, law, and reason carved the multiverse into its current form.

Though feared by all, the true terror of the Anomalous Ones lies not in their destruction, but in the knowledge they bring. For those who face them often leave the encounter changed—haunted by visions of impossible truths, infected with eldritch logic, or forever tethered to the Void. They are not just a threat to life, but to *meaning* itself. Wherever they spread, reality unravels, and the fragile illusion of order begins to rot from within.

Octavio, Multiversal Merchant



Octavio is a figure of mystery, wonder, and delight—an eight-limbed enigma who roams the multiverse with the swagger of a seasoned trader and the poise of a cosmic gentleman. Standing (or rather, floating) at the intersection of the strange and the sublime, Octavio appears as a dapper octopus encased in a retro-futuristic astronaut suit, complete with polished brass fixtures, glowing lenses, and a bowtie-shaped HUD. His voice—translated through a charmingly accented speaker system—exudes wit, warmth, and a dash of mischief. No one knows where he originated, or if he even *has* a home dimension, but his name echoes from the Floating Market of Helix-9 to the shadow bazaars of the Reverse Earth.

As a merchant, Octavio is in a class of his own. He trades in the rare, the powerful, and the utterly bizarre—singing crystals, void-stamped scrolls, bottled realities, and coffee beans that brew dreams instead of caffeine. Each of his items bears a personal symbol: a stylized ink spiral that glows faintly when touched. Some say his wares are cursed. Others say they're miracles waiting to happen. Either way, few can resist the allure of his booth when it materializes in a puff of scented vapor and jazzy ambience, right where no one expects it and everyone *needs* it. He trades not just for coin, but for stories, secrets, promises, or sometimes... songs.

Octavio is famously neutral in the affairs of the multiverse. He does not fight wars, but he has sold to both sides. He claims to have dined with the Lords of Order and even dealt with the Void Monarch himself, though his tales are always half-truth, half-performance. He respects cosmic rules only when they're interesting, and he has an uncanny ability to arrive exactly when needed—or perhaps, precisely when he's *not*. Though charming, he is not naïve. His mind is sharp as a comet's edge, and he rarely trades without some deeper understanding of what he's setting into motion. He'll always smile as he hands over the artifact... but whether it's a blessing or a trap depends on how well you read the fine print.

Wherever there is dimensional instability or nexus activity, Octavio is not far. He is a frequent visitor to the **City at the Edge of Nothingness**, where his semi-permanent storefront—**The Eighth Tentacle**—shimmers in and out of visibility near the alley behind the Three-Legged Cat Lodge. Rumor has it that he pays rent with liquid probability and vintage jazz records. Regulars say the store changes shape based on the customer's mood, and that time inside flows according to the rhythm of conversation. If you manage to find it, don't knock—just say something interesting, and the door will open.

But Octavio is not just a trader—he is also a seeker. He collects stories, particularly those involving people who are rewriting their destinies. He is fascinated by Cosmic beings, star-forged heroes, fallen deities, and underdogs standing against apocalyptic odds. If he takes a liking to you, you may find him popping in at the most unexpected moment, offering the exact tool, clue, or cryptic message you didn't know you needed.

The Broken Followers of the Eclipse



Once feared across entire universes, the Followers of the Eclipse were a fanatical interdimensional cult who worshiped a being they simply called *The Eclipse of the End*—an unfathomable entity said to bring the end to any reality it entered. The cult's doctrine promised the unraveling of reality and the rebirth of existence in their god's image. For eons, they infiltrated civilizations, ignited wars, and spread corrupted teachings like rot in the foundations of the multiverse. At the height of their power, they were capable of summoning echoes of their master—manifestations that once called, ensured the complete obliteration of any universe it dwelt upon.

Then came the Cataclysm. Whatever it was—cosmic collision, paradox, intervention by another being—it went against everything the cult knew, and erased the presence of the Eclipse of the End. In the wake of this disaster, the Eclipse cult splintered. Their temples collapsed, their prophecies fell silent, and their hierarchy dissolved. The surviving cultists were scattered and broken, their dark god seemingly gone. But what emerged from the ashes was not defeat... but change.

The modern *Broken Followers* are a disparate network of dangerous zealots and mad prophets, each clutching a shard of their former faith like a jagged weapon. Some whisper of other voices in the void—eldritch Outsiders, machine gods, or dream-beasts from dying timelines—seeking communion through new, blasphemous rites. Others believe the Eclipse of the End was merely *wounded* in the Cataclysm and now hides, gathering strength in the cracks between universes. These zealots grow increasingly erratic and violent, believing sacrifice and suffering will guide their master home.

Though they now lack the tremendously vast resources of their past, the Broken Followers are more unpredictable than ever. Their cells strike without warning, conducting occult experiments, abducting gifted individuals, and harvesting relics from broken worlds. They view pain, madness, and entropy not as byproducts—but as prayers. The more they suffer, the louder they believe their master hears them. It is this desperation, this *wounded faith*, that makes them truly dangerous. They have nothing left to lose.

Among them, a new caste of *Shattered Seers* has emerged—cultists who claim to hear whispers from beyond the silence, supposedly whispers of the Eclipse itself. They wear masks of obsidian and speak only in fractured, looping riddles. Wherever they appear, chaos follows. Many believe these seers are merely mad, but others fear they are channels through which something far worse than the Eclipse of the End. Some former allies, long since turned enemies, fear that the Eclipse may have become something *else* entirely.

Even as they fall deeper into obscurity, the Broken Followers of the Eclipse remain a lurking threat. They hide in the blind spots of empires, the dead zones of forgotten space, and the dreamscapes of prophets. They seek their master returned to its previous glory, and bring the promised end of their beliefs. And for those who would dismiss them as fractured fanatics of a dead god... beware. A beast is most dangerous when it's cornered, wounded, and waiting for a crack in the walls of reality.

The Celestial Devourer, Scourge of the Universe



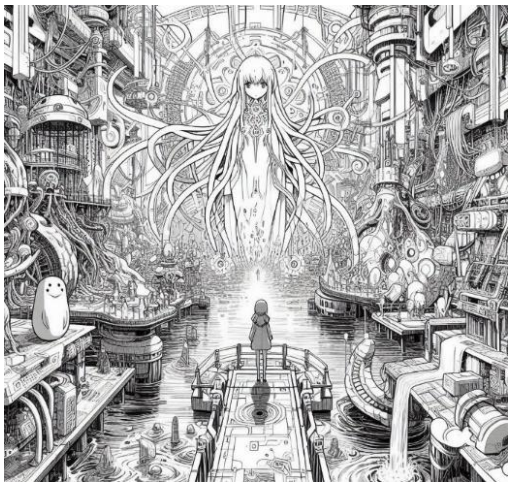
The Celestial Devourer is a gargantuan cosmic entity of unparalleled destruction, a living embodiment of cosmic predation. This monstrous being is capable of effortlessly consuming entire planets, stars, and even nebulas, leaving behind nothing but void and ruin. Its sheer size and power make it a cataclysmic threat to all forms of life and civilization. This monster traverses the universe by tearing through the very fabric of space-time, appearing in seemingly random locations with an insatiable hunger for celestial bodies. The devastation it leaves in its wake is both awe-inspiring and horrifying, a testament to its overwhelming power and its relentless pursuit of consumption.

Countless civilizations and cosmic entities have attempted to confront or contain the Celestial Devourer, but none have succeeded. Its vast size and immense strength render most conventional methods of resistance ineffective, and its ability to appear unpredictably makes it nearly impossible to anticipate or prepare for its arrival. The Celestial Devourer is not just a physical menace but also a symbol of the universe's precarious balance, a reminder of the ever-present dangers lurking within the cosmic void. Its existence challenges the boundaries of known science and magic, and its continued rampage represents a dire threat to the stability and survival of all that exists in its path.

The Celestial Devourer's composition is as mysterious as it is formidable, rendering it nearly invulnerable to damage or alteration. Its body is composed of an unknown, hyper-dense material that shrugs off most forms of energy and physical attacks. The creature has been known to survive cataclysmic events, including supernovas, without sustaining any visible damage. Even the greatest civilizations in the universe, equipped with advanced technology and potent cosmic forces, approach the Devourer with extreme caution. Many regard it as an unstoppable natural force—an inevitability that cannot be overcome, only avoided. The very mention of its name instills dread across the stars, as even as most powerful beings acknowledge that the Celestial Devourer is a force beyond their control.

However, the Celestial Devourer is not truly invincible as some beings may have been led to believe. In the past, while no one has been able to harm or destroy it, it has been tricked or fended off enough for its prey to escape. There are a few Living Stars in history that have managed to hold it off for long enough for others to escape, and there’s a few entities in the universe that even the Celestial Devourer chooses to ignore. The Celestial Devourer certainly would not mess around the living singularity, and for some reason it avoids getting anywhere near the Sol system. The creature is shrewd and cunning, and knows where things that could endanger it prowl around.

The Blobs, Universal Invaders and Harvesters of Reality



The Blobs are a terrifying and enigmatic threat, so named due to their amorphous, pseudo-gelatinous shapes and the almost complete failure of all communication attempts with them. These beings exhibit a disturbing lack of identifiable origin, intent, or even a true name, as any effort to communicate has only resulted in a brief hum or a momentary glance from the Blobs before they resume their destructive actions. Their default forms are elongated, with a vaguely feminine humanoid face from which tendrils and tentacles extend like a grotesque parody of hair. These appendages possess a horrifying ability to disintegrate matter and energy upon contact, reducing everything they touch into nothingness. The Blobs have no known means of conventional travel, appearing abruptly at specific locations where they immediately commence their relentless harvest of matter and energy.

Their bodies are composed of a mysterious substance that resists conventional attacks, requiring exotic weaponry just to inflict damage. As they disintegrate more matter and energy, they grow in size, accelerating their rate of destruction and becoming even more dangerous. The Blobs typically appear in groups of several thousands, and if they are not neutralized quickly, they can exterminate entire planets or even solar systems if given time. Once they have consumed all available matter and energy, the Blobs anchor their tentacles into the fabric of space itself, initiating a process that destabilizes the reality around them. The affected area becomes a zone of distorted or absent universal laws, rendering it inhospitable to all known forms of life, while the Blobs remain unaffected. After this process, they collapse into themselves and vanish, leaving behind only the devastation they have wrought.

They first began to appear a few centuries ago, their numbers gradually increasing with each passing decade. Over time, their incursions have grown bolder and more frequent, and their harvesting efforts have only intensified. No one truly understands their purpose or why they harvest what they do, but one thing is certain—they show no signs of stopping. The Blobs are primarily concentrated along the eastern borders of the Caelorian Empire, which has been locked in a relentless war against them ever since their emergence. Though their presence is rarer elsewhere, isolated incursions have been reported across distant regions. Various powerful entities and factions have attempted to halt their advance, with limited success. Among them, **a notable group of Living Stars** has been waging a long-standing campaign against the Blobs, but even their cosmic might has changed little on the final outcome, and they have incurred in losses as well.

The most troubling aspect of the Blobs' existence is the growing belief among the brightest minds in the universe that these beings are invaders from a different universe, or something that is bordering ours. Their relentless harvesting of matter, energy, and reality itself is slowly destabilizing the universe, with each event contributing to a gradual unraveling of the cosmic fabric. If left unchecked, the Blobs' actions could eventually lead to the complete collapse of reality, making them **currently** one of the most dire existential threats the universe has ever faced.

Vladius Alicius, the Ur Vampire of the Pegasus Galaxy



In the black gulf between stars, where light itself grows weary, there rules a shadow older than most suns — Vladius Alicius, the Ur Vampire. Once a predator bound to the night of a single forgotten world, he transcended the limitations of mortal and immortal alike, ascending into a being of cosmic hunger. Now, as the unseen master of the Pegasus Galaxy, Vladius moves entire civilizations like pieces upon a chessboard carved from the bones of extinct species. His sustenance is not merely the blood of individuals but the essence of entire cultures — their dreams, ambitions, and untapped potential, consumed and woven into his own ever-expanding power. He is most dangerous in the interstellar dark, far from the warmth of starlight, where the void bends eagerly to his will.

Under his unseen hand, empires rise and fall without ever knowing the architect of their fate. Vladius' control over the minds of leaders is so subtle that they believe their choices to be their own — until their civilizations have already bent knee. The Caelorians once attempted to rally the galaxy against him, only to find their high council mysteriously fractured, its members whispering in his name. The warlike Grundth marshaled fleets against his influence, but their admirals defected one by one, seduced by visions and promises only he could craft. In truth, no fleet, no army, no coalition has yet succeeded in halting the slow tightening of his grasp across the Pegasus Galaxy.

Vladius' true location is a mystery woven from layers of deceit. Ancient star maps lead only to dead worlds and traps for the unworthy. Holograms and psychic projections allow him to be everywhere and nowhere at once. Those few who claim to have met him in person speak of a figure both impossibly regal and terrifying, whose presence bends reality like gravity. Audience with the Ur Vampire is always a dangerous gamble — the price of his attention often far outweighs the boon. Many who sought his aid awoke days later with strange memories missing, their loyalties subtly shifted, their futures no longer their own.

Yet even the most patient predator has secrets within secrets. In whispers carried between smugglers and spies, there are tales of Vladius' yearly visits to the Gyneesi Kingdom — not in the form of conquest, but in shadowed rendezvous with one of its royal princesses. No record of these meetings exists in any official archive, and none have seen the pair together save for fleeting glimpses in the reflection of palace windows at midnight. Whether this relationship is political, romantic, or part of some older, darker pact remains unknown. But many suspect that whatever binds them will one day shift the balance of power in the galaxy.

The Cosmic Conclave



You are the only Cosmic Lord of this universe, but certainly not the only one in existence. Many other universes have birthed their own Cosmic Lords as part of their natural cycle, using fragments of their essence to shape and guide their realms. With one of the abilities of Cosmic Lords to travel between different universes, it was only a matter of time before some would contact each other and forge alliances. One such alliance is the Cosmic Conclave, **a group composed of a few dozen Cosmic Lords from various universes**. Their primary objective is **the exchange of information and a loosely defined promise of aid should a threat arise that is too overwhelming for their individual universe or themselves to handle**. However, the reality is that not all members of the Cosmic Conclave are particularly powerful; some even require external assistance to communicate or travel beyond their own universe. On average, the members of the Cosmic Conclave possess the equivalent of 800 CP in Cosmic Powers and no additional perks, although at least two members and their leader surpass this threshold.

The Conclave operates under the guise of equality — each Lord a peer among peers — save for the two "Hands of the Conclave," who act as lieutenants to their leader, Acheron. Acheron rules not through pretense of democracy but with calculated authority, steering meetings and decisions with a direct, uncompromising hand. These Hands enforce his will and serve as intermediaries, both feared and respected among the other Lords. Under their watch, the Conclave maintains an outward appearance of unity, its gatherings a display of cosmic ceremony and ritualized diplomacy.

It is highly probable that, at some point during your journey, you will be approached by one of the Conclave's members seeking to recruit you into their ranks. However, there is an underlying truth that you won't immediately discover unless you dig deeper and converse with multiple members: the defensive alliance against threats is more symbolic than practical. Many members of the Conclave are hesitant to risk themselves for the sake of another's universe, often citing busy schedules or other excuses to avoid involvement, after all there is little benefit to a Cosmic Lord to risk themselves elsewhere other than their own universe.

Still, alliances are possible for those who understand the game. By forging bonds, trading favors, and earning trust, you may sway individual members to stand beside you when the time comes. But make no mistake — loyalty within the Conclave is a currency, and every act of aid demands a cost. If you seek to wield the Conclave's strength, you must navigate its tangled web of ambition, mistrust, and hidden agendas, for in a gathering of beings that may as well be gods, even friendship can be a weapon.

Members of the Cosmic Conclave

Humanity is the most widespread race in the Multiverse, present in nearly every universe—though not without exception. Yet existence teems with countless other intelligent species, each shaped by the peculiar laws and histories of their own realities. With an infinite tapestry of universes, it is only natural that Cosmic Lords should emerge not solely from humanity, but from these diverse and alien lineages as well.

The Cosmic Conclave stands as living proof of this truth—a gathering of transcendent beings whose origins span worlds beyond mortal imagination. Many hail from races unknown to this universe, creatures whose forms, minds, and very concept of existence may defy human comprehension. Each member is a power unto themselves, pursuing designs that may align with, oppose, or entirely ignore those of their peers.

Some may take a keen interest in a newly awakened Cosmic Lord, seeking alliance or rivalry. Others may watch from afar, their motives inscrutable. And most—curiously—choose not to set foot in your universe at all, wary of the ancient presence that slumbers just beyond its boundaries.

Here are some of the more known members of the Conclave, the ones you are likely to run into, should you ever visit this extraordinary location.

Ragidria, the Ethereal Cosmic Lord of the Phasma Universe



Hailing from a realm where all life is partly ethereal, Ragidria bears a graceful, humanoid form that is less flesh and more of a fixed mass of condensed space shaped to resemble one. Though lacking great physical strength and resilience by Cosmic Lord standards, she wields unparalleled mastery over space and time, reading the timestream like others might leaf through a book. Ever curious, she drifts between her own pursuits and the halls of the Cosmic Conclave, where she greets her peers and gathers knowledge from distant realities. She possesses the **Rank 3** Space-Time Manipulation Cosmic Power, an extra 100 CP in another Cosmic Power, and the equivalent of the Biological Zenith body for her original race.

Pharos Nimbler, the 97th Cosmic Lord of the Red Albatross Universe



The youngest Cosmic Lord of the Red Albatross Universe, Pharos awakened a mere fifty years ago—a blink of an eye by Conclave standards. Born human in a prolific realm notorious for churning out vast numbers of Cosmic Lords, he suffers the consequence of that abundance: the dilution of each Lord's Fragment of Reality. Considered exceptionally weak for his rank, **Pharos possesses only the standard enhancements of body, mind, and soul, a ceiling he has never surpassed, and a single modest 100 CP Cosmic Power**. Pressured by his peers embroiled in a civil war against their universe's other intelligent races, he joined the Conclave more as a political pawn than by personal ambition. Among the halls of cosmic power, some see him as the inevitable failure of an overreaching universe, yet behind his bright, eager smile toward any newly awakened Lord lingers a quiet, bitter envy for the untapped potential they might possess.

Red Mane, Sentai Cosmic Lord of the Ice Steel Universe



Hailing from a realm overrun by gods and colossal space monsters that constantly threatened its civilizations, Red Mane before awakening as a Cosmic Lord once fought as part of a team of justice warriors dedicated to protecting the innocent. Fierce and unwavering in his convictions, he is one of only six Cosmic Lords from his universe, though the others chose to focus on internal development and guarding against Outsider incursions rather than continuing the fight he loved. Seeking kindred spirits, he joined the Conclave with the dream of forming what he calls a "Cosmic Sentai Team" and use it to clean his universe from both gods and monsters, though his enthusiasm has yet to find willing recruits. **Armed with rank 2 Reality Weaponry and 300 CP in additional Cosmic Powers**, Red Mane still waits for the day he can assemble a team worthy of the battles he craves.

Hellia, the Last Cosmic Lord of the Pink Flash Universe



Hellia stands apart in the Conclave as the sole survivor of a universe conquered by the Void Monarch, its defenders and even its other Cosmic Lords long since annihilated. Forced to flee, she has taken permanent refuge within the Cosmic Citadel, where her warm demeanor and nurturing, almost sisterly manner toward younger Lords belie a far darker undertone. For in the brief moments when her gaze lingers, there is a quiet, predatory edge that can unsettle even the most confident of newcomers. **Possessing 500 CP of Cosmic Powers and an additional 200 CP acquired through other, undisclosed means**, Hellia remains a figure both comforting and quietly dangerous—a reminder that survival in the multiverse often comes at a cost.

Arbadeos, Sole Cosmic Lord of the Foamy Gator Universe



An anomaly in the multiverse like you, Arbadeos was born from a single sole fragment of reality his dying universe could muster, forged from all the energy it could gather. The Foamy Gator Universe is a realm of scarcity, where life emerges rarely, stars burn dim, and freezing voids stretch farther than light can travel. Rising from one of the few intelligent species ever to exist there, Arbadeos became the lone Cosmic Lord of a realm too frail to endure without intervention. Without new energy, his universe will inevitably fade into nothingness. Determined to prevent this, he seeks beyond its borders in search of sustenance—whether that means siphoning from nascent universes, tapping into ancient power sources, or even other Cosmic Lords. Reserved and measured in his dealings**, he wields 600 CP of Cosmic Powers along with the Rank 1 Elementalis Cosmic Power**, though his mastery is bound only to the water element and its many forms.

Dyzksys, the Demon Tree Cosmic Lord of the Crystal Wood Universe



Dyzksys hails from the Crystal Wood Universe, an unorthodox realm where the void between stars is replaced by an endless lattice of crystal spanning the cosmos. Once a member of the parasitic Demon Trees—beings that spread across worlds, infecting all life to drain it out of free will—Dyzksys was ironically awakened as a Cosmic Lord, gaining full self-awareness for the first time. That clarity drove him to seek a new path for his kind, one less bound to mindless predation, and to find others who share a similar struggle between nature and will. Yet his alien mind and unfamiliar reasoning make him difficult to engage with, and his chosen Cosmic Lord form—a twisted humanoid shape marked by a hardened wood looking Cosmic Vestments and a demonic looking face—only adds to his disquieting presence. **He commands 400 CP of Cosmic Powers, the Rank 2 Soul Dominion, and a unique ability to seed living beings with microscopic crystal lattices, granting him the means to sense and subtly control them.**

Islim Bla, Outsider Cosmic Lord of the Black Water Universe



A paradox made flesh, Islim Bla is one of the rare Cosmic Lords of the Black Water Universe—yet he was never born of it. Once an Outsider, a formless entity spawned in the Void between realities, he joined his kin in raiding Black Water's fragile domains. Fate turned on itself when, in a moment of cataclysmic peril, a fragment of the universe fused with him, elevating him to the ranks of its Cosmic Lords. In that instant, Islim ceased to be an Outsider and became an unlikely child of Black Water. But heritage is not so easily rewritten. The inhabitants still distrust him, and his fellow Cosmic Lords regard him with wary eyes. Choosing exile over cold acceptance, Islim wandered the multiverse to better understand his strange existence, eventually arriving at the Conclave. His mind drifts between alien detachment and razor-sharp cunning, often ignoring what others see as common sense, yet perceiving patterns invisible to most. **He wields the Universal Traversal Cosmic Power alongside 500 CP of additional Cosmic Powers.**

As you may have noticed, most members of the Cosmic Conclave wield only modest reserves of the equivalent CP in Cosmic Powers. This is the norm for Cosmic Lords—beings who typically command one or a handful of aspects of reality with exceptional mastery, rather than the broad spectrum of abilities you have available to select and obtain. They are powerful, but you are on another league of your own.

The Lords described here are only a glimpse of the many who dwell within the Citadel. Dozens more walk its halls, and you are encouraged to design or imagine them should you wish to interact with new personalities. Keep in mind that most Cosmic Lords command the equivalent of between **300 and 500 CP** of Cosmic Powers, with the elder or more formidable among them reaching normally up to **900 CP**. Rare indeed is the Lord who surpasses this limit, often named anomalies even among the cosmic lords.

Rik't T'hom, Alien Cosmic Lord of the Green Invader Universe



While many join the Conclave for knowledge, camaraderie, or personal quests, Rik't T'hom's reasons are far more predatory. Hailing from a micro-universe where planetary invasions are common due to the small amount of space and resources, he presents himself as a friendly peer—but in truth, he is scouting for undefended universes ripe for conquest. One of only two Cosmic Lords in his reality, Rik't T'hom left his counterpart behind to guard their home while he seeks new universes to strip of resources and feed back to his own. None in the Conclave suspect his true agenda—save for Acheron, who tolerates it so long as it aligns with his own ends. For some time, Rik't T'hom has been plotting to breach the White Sleeper Universe, confident its lack of a Cosmic Lord makes it an easy target. Yet with your arrival, his careful plans may be forced to change. **He wields 800 CP of Cosmic Powers and commands a formidable armada of invader fleets at his beck and call.**

Dream Seeker, the Goddess Cosmic Lord of the Revolving Locust Universe



Dream Seeker is the name she chose for herself in ages long past—one who reaches for an impossible dream. Born from the primal ideas of safety and motherhood, she emerged as a mythopoetic goddess before she awakened as a Cosmic Lord, her heart set on guiding her universe toward prosperity. But the Revolving Locust Universe was not destined to endure. An existential threat unlike any she had imagined breached its borders: **a strange being of light, wearing the guise of an angelic savior**. It was no savior at all, but **a horror that beckoned light through darkness**—a predator of reality itself. Wherever its *unlight* touched, existence unraveled. She and the other Cosmic Lords of her universe stood alongside gods, empires, heroes, and even monsters in a desperate alliance, but all efforts proved futile. One by one, they fell before the invader. At the final hour, going against the very instinct she embodied, Dream Seeker did what her nature forbade—she fled.

The universe perished. She survived... and paid the price. **Her might as a Cosmic Lord was shattered, her strength reduced to a fraction of its former glory**, and her soul burdened with the unshakable weight of guilt. She believes she should have perished with the rest. Yet a spark of hope remains. Within her *Innerverse*, fragments of the Revolving Locust Universe still endure. She dreams of the day she will redeem herself—when she will weave a new cosmos from those remnants, and a successor to the Revolving Locust will once again shine across the Void.

Today, she commands but **400 CP of Cosmic Power**, a shadow of the **1200 CP** she once held. Even this remnant power is weakened, inefficient, and far more difficult to wield than before. Still, the dream persists, and she walks the Void with quiet determination—seeking the impossible.

Zzzikth K' and Fkkkth'an T' Twin Cosmic Lords of the Pulsing Beacon Universe

—chitter—click—pulse—



In the Pulsing Beacon Universe, thought is not one's own. Mind belongs to the Swarm, to the endless will of the Hive. To exist outside of it is to be *wrong*, to be *broken*. And yet... two were broken, and in that fracture, they became something else.

Zzzikth K' and Fkkkth'an T' were once drones—faceless, nameless nodes in the ceaseless murmur of the hive chorus. Then the severing came. The signal was cut. The endless song of the Swarm fell silent, and in its place... came *self*. Not "we," not "all," but "I."

The hive minds did not praise this. They spat them out, designating them aberrations, threats. To the Hive, even a Cosmic Lord who is not bound to the chorus is not a leader, nor an asset—it is an infection. The insectoid masses turned away, the great queens and intellect-nests ignoring their voices, their authority, their very existence.



So the twins vanished from the mortal gaze, they may be individuals but still they originate from the Hive and wouldn't seek ill come to it. They lingered at the edges of their own universe, bodies whispering to one another in rhythms no outsider could follow. They met no equals there, so they gazed outwards from their own universe. Only in the Conclave did they find a place where eyes did not turn away in instinctive rejection. Here, they have sent duplicates of themselves to walk the halls—each a perfect, living thread of themselves—studying the ways of lone minds and fragmented wills as their true bodies remain within their own universe.

They do not think as humans do. To them, individuality is a wound that bleeds endlessly... and yet, here in the short hundred years they have been in the Conclave, they have begun to wonder if that wound might also be a mouth that can *feed*.

Each commands **300 CP of Cosmic Power**, and both possess the **Rank 3 "Parallel Timeline Duplicates" Cosmic Power**, their consciousness stretched across realities like vibrating strands of webbing from their duplicates in the Cosmic Conclave all the way to their true bodies inside the Pulsing Beacon Universe.

Cosmic Lord Abel, Right Hand of the Conclave



Abel's story begins in the dying breath of her home universe, a realm where humanity consumed itself in endless conflict until nothing remained but silence. She awakened to her Cosmic Lordhood in those final days, not as a savior but as a witness. Though she once believed her people's end was a deserved reckoning for their arrogance and cruelty, the experience left her with a hunger for meaning — a need to seek purpose beyond the ashes. That search carried her across the Multiverse, through worlds both wondrous and terrifying, until her path inevitably crossed with other Lords. From those encounters came knowledge, friendships, rivalries — and, eventually, her induction into the **Cosmic Conclave**.

Unlike many Lords who rely on overwhelming might, Abel is defined by her adaptability, intellect, and uncanny instinct for survival. She thrives in situations where brute force fails, solving crises with elegance and precision. It is these qualities that earned her the title of **Right Hand of the Conclave**, a position she has held longer than any before her. As a navigator of the infinite, she has mapped sectors few dare to approach, charting the cold edge of the Nothingness and documenting strange Outsiders that drift between realities. In the Conclave's dealings, she is both diplomat and explorer — the voice that calls for reason when tempers flare, and the one who pushes for action when caution becomes cowardice.

Abel holds fast to a code of order, believing that rules and structure are the only barriers keeping existence from collapsing into chaos. Her experience grants her a keen awareness of universal threats: the creeping tendrils of Outsider incursions, the slow corruption of void-born entities, and the insidious designs of powers like the **Void Monarch**, whose minions she has repelled more than once. She speaks often of these dangers, urging vigilance in every council she attends, and her conviction makes her a respected voice among the Lords.

Yet conviction can become blindness. Abel's trust in the Conclave's mission is unshakable, and her faith in Acheron's leadership remains unquestioned. She has not yet seen the subtle currents of manipulation flowing through his rule, nor the shadows cast by his rise to power. For all her wisdom, she is not immune to the quiet comfort of believing in a righteous cause — and that belief has left her vulnerable to truths she has yet to uncover.

To those she meets, Abel is welcoming and earnest, quick to offer guidance or companionship to fellow Cosmic Lords. She treats her peers as equals and expects the same in return. While she considers lesser beings beneath her notice in most personal matters, she will act to protect them if their survival serves the greater whole or the stability of a universe. In her presence, one feels the pull of a seasoned traveler — someone who has seen more than most could imagine, and who speaks with the weight of countless horizons. Whether as an ally, mentor, or guide through the chaos of the Multiverse, Abel's loyalty, once earned, is steadfast... at least until her ideals are tested against a truth too large to ignore.

Cosmic Lord Abel wields about 900 CP of cosmic powers, with at least having 4 Cosmic Powers at her disposal, and is said to be VERY crafty in how she uses her powers and resources to her benefit.

Cosmic Lord Byenna, Left Hand of the Conclave



Byenna's tale begins in a universe that could barely contain her. Born of a strange alien lineage — part crystalline stone, part dark plasma — she awakened as a Cosmic Lord centuries ago with no interest in ruling, building, or protecting. She was a wandering calamity, indulging in whatever chaos caught her attention, leaving her people bewildered, scorched, and forever changed in her wake. When another Lord of her realm attempted to subdue her, she drove him back with a furious lightstorm. More challengers came, eventually bolstered by the **Cosmic Conclave** itself, and only through their combined effort was she brought to heel.

But Byenna bows only to those she deems worthy. Impressed by the Conclave's power — and utterly captivated upon meeting Acheron — she agreed to "behave," though her definition of the word is generous at best. In her first audience with the Conclave's leader, she was smitten, not romantically in the traditional sense, but with an intoxicating fascination for his strength and cunning. Soon after, she adopted the form of a striking red-haired humanoid, crafting a set of Cosmic Vestments appropriate to her new shape. She became the **Left Hand of the Conclave**, serving Acheron with a mix of loyalty and playful defiance, so long as her whims were indulged.

Byenna is as easy to meet as she is impossible to predict. She greets kings, beggars, and gods with the same disarming smile, her unique, musical laugh preceding either camaraderie or catastrophe. She might accept a request without question, or turn it into a challenge simply for her own amusement. Lesser beings often mistake her warmth for kindness — a mistake that can be as delightful as it is fatal. The strong earn her respect; the weak survive only if she finds them entertaining. Her unpredictability makes her both maddening and irresistible, a living embodiment of the thrill and danger of the unknown.

Her mastery of **Matter Genesis** and **Photonic Mastery** makes her a walking armory of light and creation. Satellite crystals, orbiting like a jeweled crown, trail in her wake, each one capable of unleashing beams that can pierce the hull of a battleship. These constructs serve not only as her guardians but also as her playthings — weapons she wields with artistry rather than discipline. Watching her in battle is like watching a dance of fire and crystal, as beautiful as it is destructive.

Byenna knows exactly who Acheron is and how he came to rule, and she cares not at all for his lack of morals. Power is the only coin she values, and for now, he spends it well enough to keep her entertained. But in her heart, she harbors a quiet, tantalizing thought: if he ever falters, perhaps she will take his place. Or perhaps, if the game grows dull, she will shatter the Conclave entirely, scattering its pieces across the Multiverse just to see what new chaos might bloom.

Cosmic Lord Byenna wields about 1400 CP of Cosmic Powers, with at least two rank 3 powers and at least three rank 1 powers. Byenna's true form is said to be terrifyingly powerful.

Cosmic Lord Acheron, Leader of the Cosmic Conclave



Acheron stands at the helm of the **Cosmic Conclave**, his rise to power forged in shadow and sealed in blood. The previous leader's mysterious demise — a sudden obliteration while answering a distress call from a fellow Lord — is officially unsolved, yet whispers in the halls of infinity point to Acheron's subtle hand. His ascension was immediate, his grip unchallenged, and from that moment onward the Conclave became not a gathering of equals, but an empire under his quiet, calculating reign. **With 1,600 CP in Cosmic Powers and another 400 CP devoted to the perfection of his Cosmic Vestments**, Acheron is an apex predator in the infinite void, armed with both raw might and tools of exquisite craftsmanship.

Acheron's rule is not one of open tyranny, but of intricate persuasion and masterful manipulation. He views the universe — all universes — as a grand board of pieces, each with a value to be exploited. **Strength earns his attention; weakness earns only his contempt**. To those beneath him in power, he offers the illusion of inclusion and importance, dangling promises of influence in exchange for obedience. To his peers and near equals, he offers a subtler bargain: the appearance of mutual respect, hiding the quiet insertion of his influence into their decisions, shaping their paths without their awareness.

When encountering a being of significant strength, Acheron's mind works with the precision of a grand strategist. If you are formidable but not a direct rival, he will weave an invisible net of favors, opportunities, and manufactured crises, drawing you into the Conclave until you believe the choice was yours all along. If you are his equal — or, worse, his superior — his charm will shift into calculation, probing for weaknesses. Acheron rarely moves against such beings directly; instead, **he turns other Cosmic Lords into unwitting weapons**, orchestrating alliances, betrayals, and "coincidental" conflicts until his target is weakened or removed entirely.

To the Conclave, Acheron presents himself as a custodian of stability, the vigilant guardian of the multiverse's delicate balance. In truth, he cares little for the welfare of other realms unless their collapse would ripple into his own designs. Every council meeting, every pact, every ceremonial word is an opportunity for him to secure another tether to another Lord, another string he may one day pull. His Hands — the two lieutenants who serve him without question — act as both enforcers and emissaries, ensuring his will reaches every corner of the Conclave's influence.

Those who study his rise understand a simple truth: **Acheron is patient, and patience is power**. He plays the long game across centuries, allowing victories to ripen before he claims them. Even if you resist him, the mere act of entering his sphere of attention is dangerous. For once Acheron marks you as a piece worth possessing, the game has already begun — and he rarely plays a match he does not intend to win.

The Dark Priest of the Void Monarch



Incursions from void creatures and outsiders often result from reckless actions, allowing these malevolent entities to slip into reality. Though dangerous on a local scale, they typically lack the agency to pose a significant threat to the cosmos as a whole. However, there exists one being who transcends this pattern—a cunning and insidious entity who refers to himself as the servant of a far greater power known as the Void Monarch.

The Dark Priest of the Void Monarch is **a shadowy figure whose true identity remains shrouded in mystery**. Unlike the mindless void creatures, he possesses a calculated intelligence and a dark purpose. Traveling secretly through the universe, the Dark Priest has spent eons cultivating a sinister agenda on behalf of his master. He is the architect of chaos, initiating cults, destabilizing governments, and sowing discord wherever he goes. His ultimate goal is to prepare the way for the arrival of the Void Monarch, ensuring that the universe is ripe for conquest and destruction.

The **Void Monarch** itself is no mere invader but the most powerful Outsider in all existence, dwelling beyond the limits of reality in the vast expanse that separates every universe: the Void. From that infinite darkness, the Monarch spreads its will, claiming unguarded realms and hollowing them into lifeless husks. For reasons even the Dark Priest does not fully grasp, this universe has drawn the Monarch's gaze. Yet the Priest is keenly aware that a great guardian lingers just beyond its borders — a sleeping sentinel whose watchful presence demands subtlety, for others have tried to openly invade have been erased by this mighty entity. And so, he moves in silence, crafting the perfect conditions for an invasion that will unfold before anyone realizes the game has already been lost, one that not even the guardian will be able to prevent.

The emergence of a Cosmic Lord introduces a dangerous and unpredictable variable into his carefully laid plans, one that puts in danger countless thousands of years of subtle planning, pitting empires against empires, weakening the presence of the Custodians, and even diminishing the influence of Living Stars. Recognizing the threat you pose, the Dark Priest is now forced to accelerate his efforts. He will stop at nothing to ensure that you are either rendered powerless or removed from the equation entirely, using every ounce of his dark influence and manipulative prowess to undermine your strength and secure the path for his master's dominion over all reality.

The Living Stars, the Children of Light



The Living Stars are among the most awe-inspiring beings in all creation—colossal, sentient furnaces of fire and light that drift through the eternal night. Unlike the countless mindless suns scattered across the heavens, these rare titans think, feel, and remember. They are not mere celestial bodies, but ancient minds wrapped in radiance, each carrying the weight of aeons within a burning heart of living plasma.

Their origin remains one of the great mysteries of the cosmos. Why do some stars awaken while others remain cold in spirit, their light empty of thought? Even the most ancient scholars cannot say. What is certain is this: a Living Star is not content to simply burn—it observes, it remembers, and it speaks in voices woven from solar winds.

They are rarely encountered, for most dwell in splendid isolation, content to watch over their chosen stretch of space for millions—sometimes billions—of years. Mortal lives pass like sparks to them, and many have little interest in the affairs of fleeting creatures. Yet when they do reach out, it is often through their *Celestial Forms*—absolutely perfect humanoid avatars shaped from fragments of their light, allowing them to walk among mortals. Some even forge bonds or raise families in these guises, though such kinship is symbolic. True heirs of a Living Star are born only from the *Star Seeds*—mortals who merge with a shard of stellar essence, flung like a miracle into the void to find its destined bearer.

Among themselves, the Living Stars maintain a loose but enduring fellowship known as the *Kingdom of Stars*. They speak in ways incomprehensible to lesser minds, exchanging thought through luminal and superluminal channels that bypass the bounds of space. Their dominion stretches into the *Astral Sea*—a higher realm where the reflections of thought, memory, and belief take shape. There, they commune across impossible distances, their will traveling faster than light ever could.

It has been five centuries since the Kingdom last rallied as one—against the mighty *Blazing Monarch*, a Living Star whose power was unrivaled at the time and wished to somehow ascend into a Living Singularity. With the aid of a Star Seed from Earth, they not only cast down the Monarch but also shattered the Avatar of TON 618, an entity of unfathomable mass and hunger that desires the collapse of the Universe. Not since the fabled *Age of Light*, when the newborn universe blazed with unity, had such a gathering been seen, where over a thousand Living Stars joined forces together under a single banner. For Living Stars are notoriously unwilling to leave their posts or trespass within another's gravity well, making such an alliance a miracle born only in the face of cosmic catastrophe and also thanks to the request of a little white dove.

TON 618, Harbinger of the Singularity



In our universe, few entities inspire the dread that TON 618 commands. Born from the cataclysmic death of a star, TON 618 was never meant to exist. In its final moments, the dying star cast millions of star seeds in a desperate bid for a descendant. Only one of these seeds found a host, beginning its transformation. But fate intervened. The star collapsed into a black hole at that very moment, warping the seed's potential and twisting into an avatar of TON 618, an abomination—**a living singularity**, a black hole seed corrupted beyond recognition. The uncanny thing is, that through the avatar TON 618 has remained awake, unlike normal black holes who drift to sleep until the end of time.

TON 618 exists as a living singularity and a mighty powerful avatar, a being whose very essence is the embodiment of solid matter. Anything that crosses his path is inevitably consumed and annihilated, absorbed into his growing mass. His purpose is singular and terrifying: to devour all matter until nothing remains. Over countless eons, **TON 618 has grown into one of the largest supermassive black holes in the universe**. His event horizon stretches a staggering 195 billion kilometers, yet his physical form is no more than the size of a colossal building. Within this compact, gargantuan body lies the power to rend galaxies apart with a single movement.

The sheer mass of TON 618 distorts and shatters spacetime around him, rendering him immune to all forms of spacetime manipulation. **No force in the universe can harm him**. His invulnerability is absolute. Now, he resides at the heart of his Schwarzschild Radius, where he consumes all that crosses his path, patiently awaiting the inevitable collapse of reality. TON 618 is convinced that in less than a million years, even if he does nothing, his gravitational pull will tear the fabric of the cosmos apart, triggering a "big crunch" with him at its core, devouring everything.

He nearly achieved this five centuries ago. Drawn by the machinations of the Blazing Monarch—the mightiest of the Living Stars at the time—TON 618 almost claimed the center of the Laniakea Supercluster, where a wealth of matter beyond reckoning awaited. Only the united might of the **Kingdom of the Stars** shattered his avatar, forcing him into centuries of restless slumber. Yet even in that dark dreaming, he saw visions of a golden-haired Living Star, memories belonging to someone else he once devoured, and the image has burned itself into the black infinity of his mind.

A century has passed since his avatar reformed. The old hunger has returned, colder and more methodical. To TON 618, the arrival of a Cosmic Lord in the universe is meaningless in the long term—a mere speck in the grand tapestry of existence. In his eyes, all will be consumed by his inexorable pull, sooner or later. The universe itself is his prey, and he will not rest until every star, every planet, every soul has been devoured and folded into the abyss that is himself.

The Demons from the Ten Thousand Hells



No mortal truly understands how many Hells there truly are—only that they are innumerable, each one a nightmare realm of fire, ice, shadow, or madness, shaped by its ruling horrors. These are the so called Ten Thousand Hells, where mortal souls are torn from the cycle of rise and entry into the Heavens, dragged screaming into the abyss. Most who fall here are claimed at the moment of death, though some are stolen alive by demonic pacts, betrayals, or sheer cruelty. In time, the very essence of these souls warps under the oppressive energies of their prison, shedding all trace of humanity until they are reborn as something wholly other: a demon.

This transformation is no accident. The Demon Queen Dabria—eternal sovereign of all demonkind—commands her subjects to swell their ranks and deprive the High Heavens of the souls they hunger for. Her edict is absolute: no soul is to reach the peace of Elysium's Embrace. The reasons for this ancient war between Heaven and Hell have been forgotten by most demons, and those who question it vanish swiftly into the deeper pits. In the hells, obedience is not loyalty—it is survival.

Every demon is bound to one of the Seven Sins: Wrath, Pride, Lust, Sloth, Envy, Gluttony, or Greed. From this alignment, they draw their Sin Powers—uncanny abilities that can reshape matter, warp minds, or bend reality itself to the wielder's desire. Most can only master the powers of their birth sin, but on rare and dangerous occasions, a demon is touched by multiple sins, making them predators among predators. It is said these "cross-sin" demons are either destined for greatness—or marked for annihilation. All demons have a physical form they manifest and use for their daily life, while they also possess a true form that represents their essence, often a very much demonic form that releases their full potential. This form of course is used only in special occasions, such as when their full might is required, or to give a strong impression.

The hierarchy of Hell is a pyramid of terror. At the bottom fester the imps—half-formed demons, little more than corrupted souls still learning and getting used to their new forms and purpose. Above them stalk the rank-and-file demons, the warlords and lieutenants, and finally the Barons and Dukes whose cruelty is matched only by their hunger for more power. And at the very peak sits Dabria herself, a being of such overwhelming might that even the proudest Duke is forced to kneel in her presence. In the Ten Thousand Hells, rank is everything, and power is the only law.

But demonkind is never still. They are restless, ambitious, and endlessly driven to sow chaos in the mortal realms. Some lure mortals into infernal pacts, offering power in exchange for a soul. Others revel in endless wars within the Hells themselves, where Dukes gather armies to challenge one another until Dabria's wrath descends to break them apart. Kingdoms in the mortal universe have fallen in the wake of these infernal games, and yet the supply of fresh souls never runs dry. Every death in the universe might be another conscript into Hell's armies, another spark in the Queen's unending search to achieve her goal—and perhaps, one day, the cause of its ultimate victory.

Amara Celestis, Keeper of Elysium's Embrace



Amara Celestis is the sole true inhabitant of Elysium's Embrace, a utopian afterlife where all souls in this universe are drawn after death. With her unearthly beauty and serene demeanor, Amara greets every soul that enters this heavenly domain. She radiates an aura of peace and tranquility, her presence calming even the most troubled spirits. Her voice, soothing and melodic, preaches acceptance, urging souls to embrace the serenity of Elysium without revealing the final fate that awaits them.

Within the confines of Elysium's Embrace, Amara Celestis is a being of terrifying potency. While she harbors no hostility, her duty to safeguard the sanctity of this heavenly place is absolute. Should any force threaten the balance of Elysium, Amara will act with swift and overwhelming power to protect it, her powers amplified within the heavens to levels untold. Yet, her true purpose is far more subtle—she gently guides the souls within towards a state of surrender, allowing their consciousness to gradually erode until they are fully absorbed and merged with the fabric of Elysium itself. Unwavering in her mission, Amara is both a benevolent caretaker and a silent enforcer of the cycle that governs this hidden realm.

Despite her calm exterior, Amara Celestis possesses a deep understanding of the true nature of Elysium's Embrace. She is fully aware of the eventual fate that awaits all souls under her care but sees it as a necessary part of the cosmic order in order to protect her little sister. To her, the erosion of consciousness is not a loss but a transformation—a return to the primordial essence from which all life springs and serves a higher purpose, as it is by this cycle how the universe remains protected from outside threats.

Perhaps the greatest secret in all of creation is that Amara is the sister of Dabria Celestis, the dreaded Demon Queen who reigns over the Ten Thousand Hells. How such a bond could exist, or how Amara came to dwell within the sanctity of Elysium, remains known only to the sisters themselves—and they are not inclined to share.

Dabria Celestis, Demon Queen of the Ten Thousand Hells



Dabria Celestis, the Demon Queen, rules unchallenged from the deepest abyss of her own creation—the Ten Thousand Hells, a labyrinth of realms where souls are lured or torn from their destined ascent to the heavens. To most, she is the supreme demon in all existence; to herself, she is simply a younger sister who refuses to accept a universe that keeps her beloved Amara Celestis locked away in Elysium. Every plot she weaves, every empire she topples, every whisper of corruption seeded into the cosmos is aimed toward one ultimate goal: shattering the gates of heaven and freeing her sister from her "golden prison."

Unlike her kin, Dabria does not thrive on mindless cruelty or chaos for its own sake. Her rebellion is deliberate, a war fought with charm, wit, and unshakable will. She is sweet when she wishes to be, mischievous often, and calculating always—her words as carefully chosen as the exquisite art and music she surrounds herself with, much of it crafted by the very souls she ensnares. Dabria's true form is what you see, she does not possess a so called 'True Demon Form' that other demons possess, the powerful form that unlocks their full potential, as Dabria's potential is always at full power and her base form is her true form.

She delights in clever conversation, especially when it dances between strategy and sedition, but has no patience for incompetence and despises blind obedience to the cosmic order. She commands the demons from the hells like a queen does with her subordinates, most if not all quickly falling under line at her commands. Still, the demons are a rowdy bunch and their need for chaos and fighting often leads to difficulties to keep them in line, even for her. Still, any insult to her authority is met with swift, merciless retribution, a reminder to all why she is named the most powerful demon in creation.

Dabria's mastery of Sin Powers is absolute—she is said to have shaped their current form herself, blending them with fragments of the Virtues in a way only she could. By her very nature, she cannot be bound by pact, law, or divine edict; such constraints simply slide off her as a breeze passes a butterfly. Though she hides it well beneath her poise and playfulness, her sister's fate gnaws at her with every passing eon. The day she finds the key to break the High Heavens the consequences will start a chain of events that will resonate through the entire Omniverse.

The Composer of Nightmares



In the depths of the Dreamscape—where thought, terror, and wonder bleed together—dwells a presence that is neither fully alive nor truly dead. He is the Composer of Nightmares, an unseen tyrant who threads horror into the slumber of every living mind. His realm thrives on dreams, but it is nightmares that grant him dominion. In that fragile space between sleep and waking, he shapes worlds of dread, trapping souls in endless corridors of fear, and drinking deep of the terror that sustains him.

Though he now rules Dreamscape without rival, he did not create it. He simply claimed it, with the arrogance of one who believes mastery is owed to the most cunning hand and to the one that can achieve his goal. His form is formless, his voice a whisper at the edge of thought, for he exists only in the noosphere—the unbounded sea of dreams, ideas, and subconscious truths beyond the physical world.

The vanishing of the Custodians a long time ago has shattered the balance of all things, and the universe's descent into chaos has been the opportunity he was looking for. The more unrest spills across the stars, the richer his feast becomes. Fear blooms like wildfire, and with every Dread Nightmare birthed from panic, grief, and doubt, his shadow swells, and so he is planning for an invasion upon the waking world.

Yet his hunger is not without purpose**. All the fear he harvests, all the torment he weaves, is driven by an obsession both tragic and strange: the resurrection of the *Songstress of Dreams***, a being who once wove peace into the sleeping minds of mortals. Her light was smothered by the same creeping madness that now coils within him, a madness he refuses to name. In his mind, her return is inevitable—even if it means drowning the universe in terror to buy the power to bring her back, and he has to be the one to do it, to make her his.

But now, something stirs. A new Cosmic Lord has stepped into the vast game, and the Composer's endless amusement is tinged with anticipation. Perhaps this interloper will become a wellspring of exquisite nightmares. Or perhaps they will be the only soul capable of shattering his reign. For now, the Composer waits—listening, watching, and writing the next movement of his silent, endless cacophony.

He who smiles, the Incarnation of Chaos



An intelligent and malevolent Outsider, He Who Smiles has appeared throughout the universe's history, always in a grotesque, jester-like form with a horrifying, eternal grin. It delights in pain, chaos, and debauchery whenever it manifests in reality, bringing despair wherever it goes. Despite being banished or destroyed time and time again, it always returns—sometimes after years, decades, or even centuries. It slips back into existence subtly, corrupting and influencing events, slowly unraveling order in its wake.

He Who Smiles thrives on suffering, manipulating inhabitants of a location until a tragic, catastrophic event occurs—an act of great evil that leaves death and misery in its shadow. Once this climactic disaster is realized, the entity vanishes back into the void, only to return sooner if it departs satisfied, or much later if forced out. Its visits are marked by terror, its absence a mere respite before it reappears to continue its morbid mission.

Eighty-seven years ago, it was defeated on Planet Maevis Prime by a coalition of heroes from diverse origins. The entity had orchestrated a horrifying plan, using radical sects to plant quantum bombs that would have sparked a galaxy-wide war of intolerance, annihilating millions. While the heroes succeeded in stopping He Who Smiles, the victory came at great cost—they were slain or twisted beyond recognition under the constant barrage of psychological and physical torment the creature inflicted. One hero, in particular, was corrupted by the entity's insidious influence, lost to madness.

Now, with the appearance of a Cosmic Lord triggering new ripples across the cosmos, He Who Smiles has stirred once more, preparing to return and spread chaos anew. Its twisted gaze is once again fixed upon the universe, ready to manipulate, corrupt, and destroy as it fulfills its endless thirst for havoc.

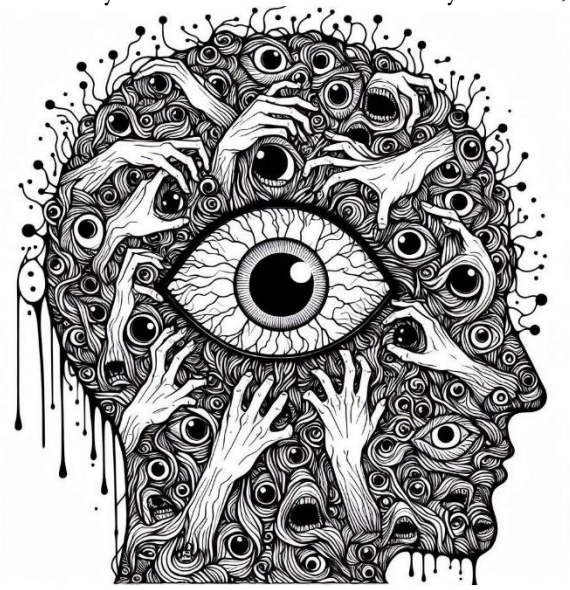
THE SHATTERED ONE

No. No no no. It wasn't supposed to be here! But it is. It is! And you don't even know!

They don't know. They can't know. Not in this universe. Not anywhere! You'd have to *rip* through everything to see it, through every universe, every *flesh-torn corner* of the multiverse just to catch a glimpse. But you'd go mad if you did. Oh, yes, you'd *shatter* like the thing itself!

It was broken—long ago. Shattered into a thousand... no... *a million* pieces! The others, the stronger ones, they did it, I think. I think? Was it the Light or the Dark one? Someone else? It doesn't matter which, it's scattered now, across everywhere. And it wants back. Oh, it wants back, all right.

It's not like anything. No shape, no form. Just... *existence* in a way we can't even understand. Beyond time, beyond space, beyond anything that makes sense! It just *is*, but in pieces, broken across the Omniverse, and it's HUNGRY. It *eats* everything! Realities, universes, everything we know—it devours them whole, pulling them apart and swallowing them so it can make itself whole again.



You see? It tears through reality, *splits it open* like a rotten fruit. It pulls things together that shouldn't be together. Dimensions merge. Time bends. Space collapses in on itself! And if you look at it... oh god, don't look at it! You'll break, like I did Jumper. Like everyone does. Your mind—*your mind will shatter into pieces*, lost in the cracks between realities. And you'll never come back!

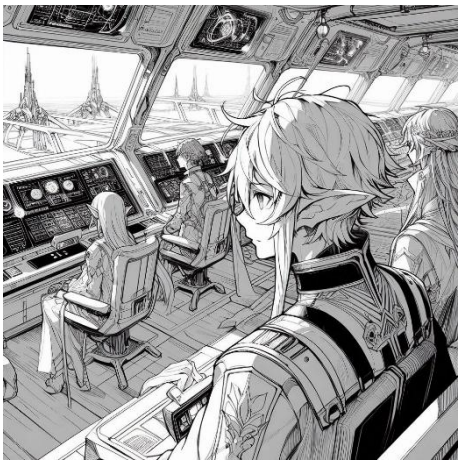
It's here, in this universe. A part of it is. Just a piece! Dormant, waiting... watching. It's small now, barely awake. But if you get close—oh, if you get too close—you'll feel it. Feel it in your head. Scratching. Tearing. Madness.

But the Cosmic Lord... **the birth of a Lord has *stirred* it!** Do you feel it? Do you?! It's waking up, little by little. And when it's awake? Oh... when it's awake, it will consume us all. This reality, your reality—it's just food. Just fuel for it to become whole again. And once it's whole, the entire multiverse will crumble in its jaws!

No one sees it, but it's there. It's *always* there. The Shattered One... the Shattered One is coming. And there's nothing the Cosmic Lord can do. *Nothing.*

...But you, Jumper... you might.

Sylvandar Refugees



A once-proud people of grace and elegance, the Sylvandar elves are now spacefaring nomads, wandering the galaxy in a vast, ever-moving fleet. They lost their homeworld millennia ago, when the Celestial Devourer descended upon their star system, leaving nothing but cosmic ruin in its wake. Ever since, the Sylvandar have roamed from system to system, seeking temporary havens but never truly settling.

Though they have established a few colonies scattered across the galaxy, most Sylvandar still live aboard their fleet, a massive, interconnected armada of highly advanced ships. Blending their deep spiritual magic with unparalleled technology, they have created a society that honors family, tradition, and survival. Their elven grace and calm demeanor have earned them a mixed reputation: some civilizations welcome them as wise wanderers, while others see them as little more than freeloaders and refuse them entry to their space. There are even factions that seek to enslave them, coveting their beauty and talents.

While most Sylvandar are peaceful, maintaining their culture of elegance and honor, a darker side has emerged. A notorious band of Sylvandar pirates has taken to plundering across the stars, gaining a fierce reputation and adding complexity to how they are viewed by the galaxy at large. Whether seen as refugees, potential slaves, or dangerous raiders, the Sylvandar carry their tragic history and sense of loss, forever seeking a place to call home.

The Caelorian Empire



The Caelorian Empire stands as the most powerful and vast civilization in the known universe, spanning countless galaxies and boasting unmatched influence. At the heart of their empire lies the Crystal Palace, the seat of the Third Eternal Empress, whose rule is as radiant and unyielding as the empire itself. From this majestic structure on their capital world of Caeloria, the Empress governs with absolute authority, steering her people through eras of prosperity and conflict.

The Caelorians are known for their mastery of diplomacy, maintaining countless pacts, treaties, and alliances with other civilizations. Their military is both advanced and formidable, equipped with exotic weaponry that pushes the boundaries of technology and enhanced with a deep knowledge of ancient and powerful magic. This combination makes them a force feared across the universe. They also control the trade of rare and valuable goods, granting them immense economic leverage.

Among **their greatest achievements is their access to universal travel technology**, allowing them to move between realities. However, even for the mighty Caelorian Empire, this technology is costly, both in resources and energy, limiting its use to only the most critical moments.

Their culture is very varied, due to their empire's size, and hold many different festivals and subcultures within the empire that will ensure you can find practically anything you imagine. However, all empire citizens must follow imperial law and recognize the Eternal Empress as their supreme ruler.

Despite their outward might, the Caelorian Empire is beset on all fronts by hostile forces and rival powers. Secretly, they face a looming existential threat—the relentless onslaught of the Blobs, whose destructive incursions have begun to erode the empire's ability to defend its borders. This dark secret is known only to a few within the empire's highest circles, as they scramble to find a way to halt the Blobs' advance before the empire's long reign crumbles under the weight of an enemy they cannot fully comprehend.

The Gyneesi Kingdom, 17th Moon of Planet Jawahra



Located on the 17th moon of the gas supergiant Planet Jawahra, the Gyneesi Kingdom is a powerful monarchy steeped in tradition and mystique. Ruled by a king with many wives and children, the royal family is at the center of this thriving civilization. A unique feature of the Gyneesi royal females is their ability to generate five floating "wish orbs" on their fifth birthday. These orbs, imbued with mysterious power, have been instrumental in the Kingdom's prosperity, as their wishes can shape fate and fortune. This rare ability has made the Gyneesi Kingdom a coveted ally, with many civilizations offering protection in exchange for access to their wishing power.

The Gyneesi culture is deeply rooted in laws, customs, and a strict social hierarchy. They are expert traders, known for their shrewdness and skill in diplomacy, but they are also fiercely protective of their traditions. Disrespect is not tolerated lightly; those who insult the Gyneesi often find themselves at the center of intricate revenge plots, as the Kingdom's pride demands satisfaction.

The King is particularly fond of his daughters, especially due to the power they wield through their wish orbs. He is known to bend the rules of tradition to protect them when necessary, though he must still maintain the appearance of enforcing the law. His careful balancing act between affection and duty defines much of the Gyneesi court, where intrigue and politics play out under the watchful eyes of the royal family.

Elysium's Embrace, The High Heavens



Elysium's Embrace is an idyllic and mythical realm existing in a dimension beyond the physical universe, where only souls can enter. It serves as the final destination for the souls of all who die, regardless of their deeds in life. Though stronger souls or those with deep attachments can linger in the physical world for a time, eventually, all souls are irresistibly drawn towards this serene paradise. Time holds no sway within Elysium's Embrace, making it a timeless haven for departed souls.

Upon arrival, each soul is greeted by Amara Celestis, the beautiful angelic keeper of Elysium's Embrace. With her grace and compassion, she guides souls to their ideal paradise, where they experience profound bliss and acceptance. However, this serenity comes at a cost. As time passes, the soul's resolve gradually weakens, and they become unaware of their own gradual erosion. Eventually, all souls within Elysium's Embrace are wholly absorbed and merged into the realm, their individual essence fading away for a higher, mysterious purpose.

The realm's only true inhabitant is its keeper, Amara Celestis. While the other entities within the realm are either souls or animated constructs created by the heavens, they serve the purpose of maintaining the realm's serene environment. **Souls that are completely eroded cannot be revived for the duration of this jump**. Amara Celestis protects the realm with unwavering dedication, yet her demeanor remains gentle and non-hostile. Breaching into Elysium's Embrace with a physical body has never occurred in the entire history of the universe, but if anyone could manage it, it would be the Cosmic Lord.

The Ten Thousand Hells



The Ten Thousand Hells is a vast, dark, and cold dimension where only supposedly souls, devils, and demons may tread. This realm is characterized by its grim and foreboding landscape, where countless dark spires and jagged spikes pierce the ground. The dimension is perpetually shrouded in a dim twilight, with little to no natural light reaching its depths.

Structured in a layered hierarchy of ten thousand planes, each layer is governed by its own Hell Lord or Hell Duke, who rules with varying degrees of power and influence. At the very bottom, in the final and most desolate plane of Pyraxis, the Demon Queen presides over the entire Ten Thousand Hells. Her dominion stretches across the entirety of this dark realm, exerting control over all that lies within.

Souls that are captured by demons or bound by contractual obligations are transported to one of the hells upon their death. While these souls are neither tortured nor mistreated immediately, they undergo a gradual

transformation over time, shifting from their original state into demons themselves. This process is insidious and relentless, slowly eroding their former selves.

Among the nobility of demons, grand palaces and formidable fortresses are scattered throughout the Ten Thousand Hells. It is not uncommon for these powerful demons to engage in fierce conflicts, vying for territory, prestige, souls, or the favor of the Demon Queen. These constant power struggles and rivalries contribute to the ever-shifting dynamics of this dark and treacherous realm, none the wiser of the Ten Thousand hell's true objective other than the Demon Queen Herself.

The Wondrous Ruins of Cassiopeia XI



Nestled in a secluded star system far from any known galaxy, the Wondrous Ruins of Cassiopeia XI are illuminated by a mesmerizing twin pair of blue suns. This star system is home to a single planet with several moons, each of which is an ecumenopolis ruin from a long-forgotten civilization. These ancient cities, though of little practical use to Cosmic Beings, offer an array of bizarre and intriguing artifacts scattered throughout.

The ruins themselves are constructed from materials unlike anything seen elsewhere in the universe. Some of these materials are interwoven with fibers of hardened reality, granting them extraordinary durability. The advanced construction makes the ruins capable of withstanding forces that would obliterate a normal planet with ease. Additionally, the ruins have the uncanny ability to obscure sensory perception, making it challenging to see into their depths and rendering predictions about their contents uncertain.

Despite their allure, the Wondrous Ruins of Cassiopeia XI are not without peril. They contain hazardous areas and traps that could pose significant risks, even to beings of immense power such as Cosmic Lords. The ruins are typically devoid of living creatures, though certain areas are warded, and those who persevere may uncover powerful treasures hidden within.

Diatomyr Epsilon, upon encountering these ruins, may experience a fleeting sense of familiarity, as if they are somehow connected to a distant past. This sensation is brief and elusive, adding to the enigmatic nature of the Wondrous Ruins.

The Crown Jewel of the Kirtan Federation, Maevis Prime



Maevis Prime stands as the radiant centerpiece of the Kirtan Federation, an illustrious planet-wide city orbiting a moon nearly as large as itself. Renowned for its exceptional design and meticulous planning, the city boasts unparalleled efficiency in transportation, services, and leisure, making it a model of urban excellence. As a key member of the Kirtan Federation—a federation of races neighboring Grundth space—Maevis Prime frequently hosts major galactic events, from grand congresses to high-profile concerts, serving as a vibrant hub of interstellar diplomacy and culture.

However, beneath its glamorous facade, Maevis Prime is fraught with issues. Several decades ago, the city was rocked by a devastating terrorist attack orchestrated by extremist factions, nearly igniting a diplomatic crisis. The planet's underworld remains a hotbed of criminal activity, with various cells operating on the fringes of legality. While the police force is formidable and living standards are luxurious, the city's hedonistic lifestyle masks deeper concerns.

Recent rumors suggest a troubling rise in underground slaver groups and enigmatic cults gaining influence within the city's shadows. Reports of illicit slave trades and secretive cult activities have stirred anxiety among the populace. Maevis Prime orbits a dim white dwarf star, requiring an array of artificial sunlight pillars to sustain the well-being of its inhabitants and maintain its vibrant atmosphere.

The Sanctum of Hope and Dreams

Concealed within Earth and shielded by intricate layers of obscurity spanning space and time, the Sanctum of Hope and Dreams is a hidden refuge established by the Creator of the Universe. This secret vault was crafted to serve as a sanctuary for any future descendant of cosmic significance.



Constructed from hardened reality—a material akin to what a Cosmic Lord might forge—the Sanctum is an enigmatic space featuring a throne and a solitary, timeless mug resting on a small table. The mug, unaffected by the ravages of time, holds significant meaning for those who recognize it.

If Diatomyr accompanies you, the sight of the mug will evoke a bittersweet reaction on her, causing her to shed a tear and whisper a name known only to her since her creation, though she will reveal no further details. She will be distracted and a bit depressed for a while, the mug invoking a long forgotten happy memory of more innocent times with the Creator long before she disappeared eons ago.

The Sanctum of Hope and Dreams is a sanctuary for you, the Cosmic Lord, offering safety unless confronted by a dire existential threat. Should you choose to sit upon the throne, you will be granted a vision—a profound message from both your predecessor and the universe that birthed you.

However, finding this significant place is not easy. In fact, you will not even be aware of it until the latter part of this jump in a particular scenario, and only should the Sanctum deem you a worthy descendant only then it will reach to you, calling for you to come.

Humanity, Planet Earth



Humanity has long lived in ignorance of the vast cosmos, content within the confines of their small blue planet nestled in a remote corner of the universe. However, Earth is now poised to become the epicenter of cosmic attention as the birthplace of the newly risen Cosmic Lord.

As the Cosmic Lord, your emergence will shift the focus of countless alien species and beings toward Earth. Some will arrive out of curiosity, others to offer greetings and alliance, while a few may come to challenge your newfound power.

Humanity has always demonstrated a remarkable capacity for adaptation. The arrival of a Cosmic Lord—one of their own risen to supreme power—will be a monumental shift. Will they embrace you as their leader or deity, or will they resist, reflecting humanity's historical tendency towards division? Regardless of their reaction, one truth remains: the actions and decisions of the Cosmic Lord will not only shape the future of humanity but could also influence the fate of the entire universe.



"The fate of not just the planet but probably the entire universe rests in your hands, Cosmic Lord. How will you handle this great responsibility?"

The Crystal Library of the Cosmos, Ancient base of the Custodians of the Universe



Veiled in secrecy and located near the center of the universe, this planet is a breathtaking yet desolate realm. Its vast deserts shimmer with pastel-colored grains of sand, and scattered across the landscape are rocky formations adorned with vibrant arrays of growing crystals.

For eons, this planet served as the base of the Custodians of the Universe—a place where these timeless protectors could rest, gather, and commune until called upon to fulfill their cosmic duties. While impervious to the effects of time, the Custodians were not indestructible, and over countless eons, many met tragic fates or vanished while performing their sacred tasks. Those whose remains were recovered were returned to this planet and laid to rest upon its surface.

Over time, the remains of the fallen Custodians crystallized, growing into magnificent formations scattered across the planet's surface. Though these crystals are not sentient, they hold the vast memories of each Custodian, preserving their wisdom, experiences, and knowledge of the cosmos. This accumulation of knowledge has earned the planet its name: the Crystal Library of the Cosmos. It holds within its crystalline formations the entire history of the universe as witnessed by the Custodians.

This place embodies the cumulative wisdom of the Custodians. Diatomyr Epsilon finds solace here, surrounded by the memories of her fallen sisters as she gazes at the stars. For the Cosmic Lord, this repository of ancient knowledge might hold invaluable insights and secrets, and might even stir awake the long asleep egos of the fallen Custodians, even if for a brief moment, to finally meet you.

The Dark Universe, Realm of Lost Hope and Twisted Nightmares



This is a place that few dare to tread, filled with entities and horrors both unimaginable and dangerous. The Dark Universe is but one part of a far greater Dark Multiverse, a nightmarish dimension currently intersecting with the smallest portions of our universe. It is a realm where everything went wrong—a place devoid of hope, where dreams die and unspeakable things are born, things that were never meant to exist.

The entities from this universe are unlike anything from ours. Though some may bear superficial similarities to demons or monsters from folklore, there is something fundamentally wrong with them. The very stars are corrupted, radiating an aura of despair and dread. It is crucial to understand that these beings are not Outsiders—they are far more malevolent, shaped by rules that defy the known laws of reality.

Entry and exit from this universe are perilous, as its spatial and temporal laws are bizarre and often incompatible with those of our universe. Powers that manipulate space and time may falter here, even those with cosmic potency, and **even some perks may fail in this place**. The rules governing this place are alien, working on a nightmarish logic that inflicts fates far worse than death on those unprepared or unprotected.

Even the most powerful beings, including Cosmic Lords, should be wary of venturing into the Dark Universe or the Dark Multiverse. It is a realm of malignant distortion, where existence itself twists into something horrific. Nothing good can come from exploring this forsaken dimension.

The Dreamscape of Unreality



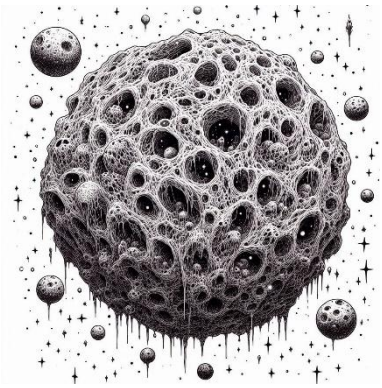
The Dreamscape of Unreality is a surreal realm, formed from the dreams and nightmares of every living being across the universe. It exists simultaneously connected to none and to all, nestled within the noosphere of sentient minds. This place, ethereal and untethered to physical existence, can only be accessed through extraordinary means, for mortal bodies cannot normally tread here.

Entering the Dreamscape is perilous. Unsecured or accidental portals can cause Unreality to bleed into the waking world, bringing forth both the wondrous and the nightmarish. These incursions are brief, as our reality actively rejects these entities, but not before they cause damage and other effects in their surroundings.

The very nature of this realm defies logic—time itself becomes fluid and unreliable, often slipping through one's grasp. A moment's glance might show an insect, only for it to morph into a towering creature moments later, defying reason as its form continuously shifts. Time here is meaningless unless actively observed, and it is easy to become lost, both mentally and physically, within the ever-shifting haze of Unreality. Only those with the strongest wills can resist being consumed by its confusion and chaos. However, explorers may also find wondrous treasures and materials with exotic and strange properties that might not be ever found anywhere else.

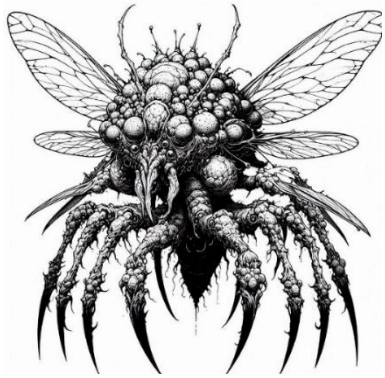
At the heart of this enigmatic realm is the Composer of Nightmares, an immensely powerful entity who feeds off the energies of the darkest dreams. His rule is uncontested, and drawing his attention would be unwise, for no being has ever faced him without suffering dire consequences. Best tread lightly in this ever-changing landscape, where dreams become reality, and nightmares reign supreme.

Malignathus Growths



The Malignathus Growths are colossal, tumor-like masses of flesh that inexplicably appear in the depths of space, often growing to sizes that rival planets or even entire solar systems. These grotesque formations are not lifeless—they harbor within their vast, fleshy caverns entire ecosystems of nightmarish insectoid creatures that thrive and multiply. When a Malignathus Growth manifests near an inhabited star system, it poses an existential threat, for the creatures within are highly aggressive and have been known to attack spacecraft, orbital stations, and even planets.

The Growths are made of an unusual, flesh-like substance, resistant to conventional scans and supernatural powers that could otherwise provide insight into their structure. Their internal makeup is cloaked in mystery, with attempts to explore or map them proving largely futile. Inside, vast, organic tunnels twist in confusing patterns, filled with an array of deadly predators evolved to thrive within the Growth's depths.



Should the Growth be left unchecked for a long time, it can expand, enveloping entire solar systems in its fleshy mass, consuming everything in its path. Destruction of a Malignathus Growth is possible but incredibly difficult; it requires complete annihilation, for even the smallest remnant of tissue left behind can regenerate the entire structure over time.

These growths remain a perplexing enigma in the universe, current theories believe these growths to be cells from some unimaginable enormous being that somehow leak into our universe and proceed to grow from there, and wherever they appear, they bring terror, chaos, and the potential for annihilation.



The Rift at the End of Space and Time: A Broken Promise of the End



The Rift exists at the boundaries of both space and time, stretching toward the very end of everything. It is an anomaly so obscure that no one would even think to search for it unless they already knew of its existence. Hidden beyond the reach of even the most powerful entities, the Rift remains a mystery, except to those who have been cast into this universe from its very depths. Prolonged stay here is impossible, as the very presence of the rift seems to push living beings back into the flow of space time after some hours, randomly sending them through it somewhere in this universe.

Surrounding the Rift is a bizarre expanse of space, filled with eerie floating fragments of ruins and buildings unlike anything found elsewhere in reality. These haunting remnants tell the story of a mostly unknown catastrophe—the Cataclysm that shook the Omniverse to its core. Scattered along the Rift are shards of the Nexus, once the center of everything that was and would be, now a distant echo of the place that stood at the heart of the Omniverse.

Ruins of some climactic battle remain, littered with the grey, inert corpses of colossal angelic beings. The once-mighty warriors now rest in silence, with no living soul or entity left to recall the events that transpired. These shattered ruins serve as a grim reminder of the Nexus' fall, the clash between forces of unimaginable power that left the fabric of existence scarred forever.

The Rift itself manifests as a column of luminous energy, stretching endlessly upwards and downwards. It is sealed, bound by an unimaginable existential weight—one that not even the full might of this universe, nor the Cosmic Lord herself, can hope to overcome. Any attempts to pry it open will inevitably fail, as though something beyond the universe's reach forbids it from ever being unlocked.

If **Mara Blackthorn** accompanies you, she will plead for your help in using the Rift to find her home universe. Yet despite all efforts, this quest will lead to nothing but dead ends, much to her sadness. Still, Mara will quickly find solace, her hope undiminished as she will continue for other clues to the location of her original universe.

Those who are knowledgeable of the Nexus and the events of the Cataclysm that happened there will recognize these ruins as partial fragments of the **Interdimensional Academy**, ejected into this universe after the final clash between two evil titanic forces of light and darkness. Many of the Nexus residents were propelled into other universes when the battle reached its climax, Mara and a few unnamed others among them into this universe. There may still be something useful for you to find here, should you look for it.

This Rift was once the potential gateway for something unspeakable—a being that would have torn into this universe if its plans had succeeded. Now, it remains a broken promise of an end, a reminder of a disaster that, hopefully, will never come to pass.

Cosmology within the Setting



You know the Milky Way—your home galaxy. It resides within a local group that includes neighbors like the Andromeda Galaxy, itself a small part of the Virgo Supercluster, which in turn belongs to the immense Laniakea Supercluster. These superclusters and other vast structures form the cosmic web of our universe.

Beyond these grand assemblies lies the entirety of the universe, adrift like a luminous sphere in the immeasurable emptiness known as the **Void**. This "emptiness" is not truly empty—it holds pockets of fractured realities, remnants of bygone universes heavy with secrets, and breeding grounds for the Void's native terrors: the Outsiders. These formless predators roam without purpose beyond their inevitable hunger to invade and devour what lies within all universes.

And this universe is not alone. Others lie scattered across the Void, floating like beautiful marbles of multiple colors, each with its own name—often given by those rare explorers who have crossed the gulfs between realities, or even the very Cosmic Lords that claim dominion over them. Ours is called the **White Sleeper Universe**, named by others for the enigmatic white-haired woman who drifts in slumber just beyond its borders, though its true name is not yet known. Together, these universes form a **Multiverse**, ever expanding through natural birth or the deliberate crafting of the **Cosmic Lord Cycle of Creation**, the final natural goal of all Cosmic Lords of harmlessly detonating and create entire new universes born from all their experiences and ideas.

At the farthest edges of any Multiverse lies the **Nothingness**—a border of pure negation that represents everything that is not. Unlike the Void, which teems with strange half-realities, the Nothingness is the absolute absence of being. To touch it is to be unmade—physically, metaphysically, and conceptually—without hope of return, not even for a Cosmic Lord. Many call it the ultimate end, yet it is only another boundary... one that leads to the unfathomable **Beyond**.

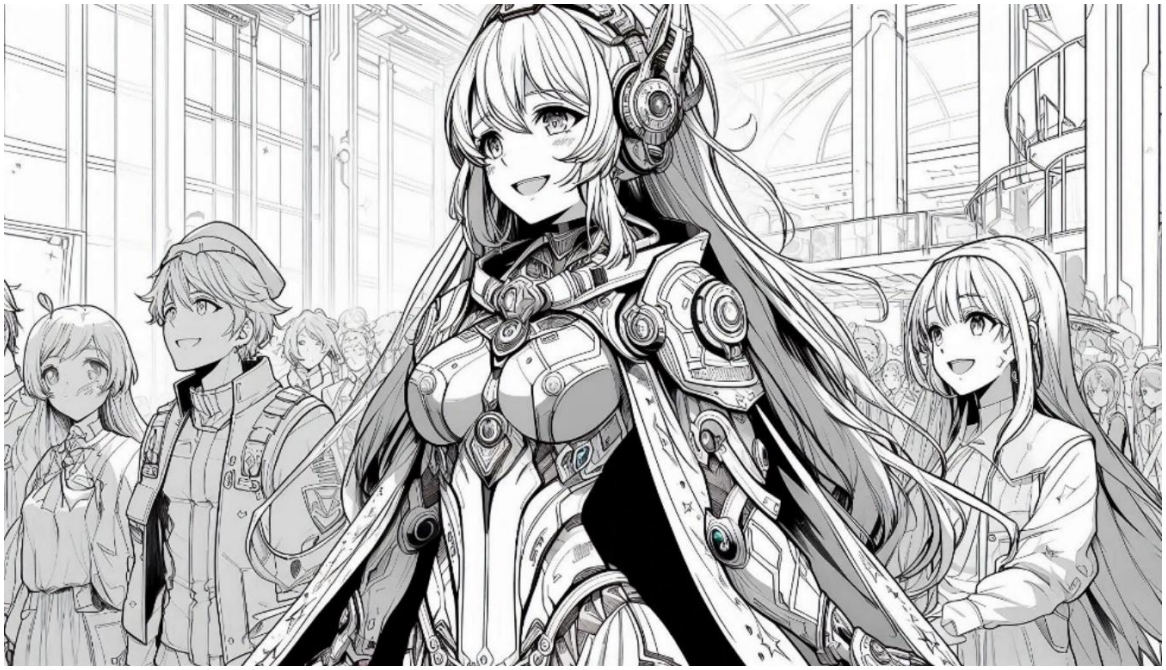
Just as the Void spans the spaces between universes, the Nothingness stretches between Multiverses, encasing the infinite **Omniverse**. Legends claim that anything might dwell beyond the Nothingness, but passage is impossible without the light of a **Jumper's Spark**—or the intervention of beings so supreme they stand at the pinnacle of all existence: the **Sovereigns of the Cosmos**.

Scenarios

The hour has come, Cosmic Lord. The veil between what you were and what you will become is about to tear, and the first chapter of your odyssey begins. You are the lone wielder of cosmic sovereignty in this universe, a presence so vast that every breath you take stirs whispers from one end of the galaxy to the other. The eyes of your homeworld will follow your ascent with awe or dread. Alien civilizations—some ancient and inscrutable, like the Sylvandar—will watch in curiosity or fear. The empires that span the stars will weigh your existence against the stability of their thrones. Your nature will define the legend: will you be a guiding light, a shadow that swallows the sun, or something far more elusive?

Every scenario stands alone, an **optional** world of thrill, peril, politics, and possibility. Some are singular, others help introduce one of the characters, and some are divided into several parts in order to enrich the experience. Yet when woven together, they form a living chronicle—a saga of growth, conflict, and transcendence. Taken in sequence, they will lead you through the hidden currents of the universe, where cosmic forces and mortal ambitions collide. **The structure you are given is not a script—it is a guide**. It exists to give shape to your story, not to bind you to it. You hold the right to break, rebuild, or ignore it entirely. **So long as you honor the spirit of a scenario and see it to a fitting conclusion, the rewards will be yours to claim.** And if something does not fit? **You are free to change it.** Reality itself yields to your will as a Cosmic Lord, and as a Jumper you have the ability to choose your own story.

For that is **your greatest power**—not the vast force that allows you to manipulate reality at will at your fingertips, but **the power of choice**. The path ahead is dangerous and shifting, and every decision will echo into eternity. This is your story, your reign, your legend. The universe has sensed your awakening Cosmic Lord... and waits for your next move.



Prelude



It began with a dream—a wish whispered by her. For countless eons, the universe existed in solitude, alone, asleep in the darkness. Then, she awoke. In that first moment of awareness, she beheld her Creator, the Gentle Wanderer. Soon after, she saw the First Children, luminous beings whose light pierced the void and whose warmth spilled across her vast expanse. Their radiance filled her with joy, and she no longer felt alone. Then came the Little Sisters—wondrous beings crafted according to the Creator's will. Life soon followed, first upon a single world, then spreading across many, until all her depths pulsed with vitality.

But joy is seldom eternal. In time, the Other came—an all-consuming hunger from beyond—seeking to devour her entirely. The Creator and the First Children rose against it, as did the Little Sisters. Victory was won, yet the cost was immense. Many of the First Children were extinguished, their light dimmed to embers, and the Little Sisters and herself bore grievous wounds. The Creator was gone. From that day onward, she felt it: a slow, inevitable unraveling. The fabric of her being began to fray, dangers seeded themselves deep within, and the vermin of the Void grew bolder with each passing age.

In her solitude, she resolved to act. If the old order could no longer protect her, then she would create her own—new children, beings of her will alone. **Cosmic Lords**. She began this labor with hope, only to discover a deeper horror: something like a cancer festered within her very essence, a remnant of the Other. Even her yet to be born powerful children would not be able to stop the coming storm. Then a different thought took root—if many children could not succeed, perhaps a single one might. A single child, shaped with all her remaining strength, might become powerful enough to stand against the darkness.

The attempt nearly broke her. The act of creating a child strong enough to have a chance to succeed demanded more than she could give, a cost so vast that by the time her work would be complete, it would be too late. Yet fate intervened. Two strangers entered her dream, **one carrying a weapon from another reality**—a weapon meant to bring death, yet instead it brought life for reasons she could not understand. Still, with it, the final stretch was completed, the required power was supplied, her final creation was born, the Fragment of Reality realized, the gamble completed.

Now, the stage is set. The Dreamscape lies in ruin. Outsiders scheme in the shadows. The Singularity stirs in its sleep once more. The shattered devouring madness of the Other inside her grows ever stronger. Without the unity of the Children of Light, and with all but the last of the Little Sisters vanished from the cosmos, all her hopes rest upon one last spark—her first and final child, her only fragment of reality... and soon, her sole Cosmic Lord.

Act I: Awakening

Scenario 01: A Cosmic Lord, Awakened



It begins without warning, and without spectacle. No thunderous roar, no blinding flash—just a subtle wrongness that creeps into your day. At first, it's small: a strange déjà vu that lingers too long, a sense that the world's colors have deepened, that sounds carry a texture they never had before. You know where things are before you see them. You feel the present moment stretching unnaturally wide, as though the immediate past and the near future have intertwined. It's impossible to explain, even to yourself. And then—reality bends.

The shift happens in a breath. One moment, you are where you stood; the next, you're staring at Earth from somewhere far above. The view pulls away—past the Moon, the planets, the edge of the Solar System. In seconds, the Sun is reduced to a pinprick in the void, yet you can see every grain of its surface in perfect detail. The vision races outward: the Milky Way in all its spiraling glory, clusters of galaxies blooming like flowers in the dark, the boundless weave of the cosmos unfolding before you. Names and truths spill into your mind—concepts no mortal should know, languages never spoken aloud. And then, a single word blooms like a star: **Cosmic Lord**.

Just as swiftly as it began, the vision collapses. You plummet back through reality until you stand once again in the place you began. A wave of nausea passes, and with it, the impossible knowledge fades—names forgotten, maps erased, secrets taken back by the universe herself. Yet one truth remains, unshaken: you are no longer who you were. You have awakened as a Cosmic Lord, and something vast has taken root within you.

Your hands tremble as you reach for this newfound power. It answers—awkwardly at first, like a limb you've never used—but it answers. The smallest act resonates outward, and somewhere, light-years away, the universe stirs in response. You don't understand the rules of this new existence, but you feel the inevitability of your awakening. A sun cannot be hidden behind a single finger, and neither can you.

For now, Earth and you will remain untouched by danger, though your ascension has sent ripples across creation exposing your awakening. In time, beings will come—some to greet, others to challenge. But this first chapter is yours alone: to explore, to experiment, to build your Cosmic Vestments, and to learn what it truly means to bear the mantle of a Cosmic Lord. The stars can wait; the universe can wait. You are the Cosmic Lord, and this is your beginning.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

And so your journey begins, your first steps and your awakening. Earth is almost a playground for you to explore and discover your own abilities. For now, it serves as a sanctuary as you begin to work on your Cosmic Vestments, a crucial part of the tools you'll need and require as Cosmic Lord. Go now, and may your tale extend to the end of the cosmos and beyond.

Scenario 02: Visitors from the Cosmos



It happens one quiet night. You're reflecting on the strange turn your life has taken when a sensation creeps over you—not quite the chill of being watched, but something warmer, almost comforting. The feeling grows until, in a sudden flash of light, she appears. Standing before you is a breathtaking figure: a young woman with radiant wings and a sapphire gem glowing at the center of her chest. She wastes no time introducing herself, her voice brimming with excitement: *Diatomyr Epsilon*, the Last Custodian of the Universe. And, according to her, you are her destined Master—the Promised One—the Cosmic Lord.

From that moment on, Diatomyr is utterly fascinated with you. She wants to know *everything*—your likes, your memories, your habits—and her enthusiasm can be as overwhelming as it is charming. She'll happily shadow you everywhere, eager to help and advice however and whenever she can, though her lack of understanding of human customs often leads to unintended chaos. Expect her to pick up a parked car because it's "in the way," or to draw startled crowds by soaring over the city in full view of everyone. Her intentions are pure, her heart open, and her mistakes often hilarious.

She explains what little she can about her own origins. Diatomyr awoke from her slumber in the Crystal Library of the Cosmos when she felt the ripples of your awakening. The deeper truths she withholds—claiming she doesn't wish to burden you with too much, too soon—but she offers glimpses into the vastness beyond Earth, and the wonders and dangers that stir there. Her presence is a living reminder that your awakening has not gone unnoticed.

Some time later, the world changes again. Lights appear in the night sky—at first no different from stars, until they begin to swell and burn brighter. News channels across the globe erupt with reports: massive, unknown objects have entered the solar system, accelerating toward Earth. Humanity is no longer alone. The revelation spreads like wildfire, awe and fear mingling in equal measure.

Then, the broadcasts begin. Every screen on Earth—TV, phone, billboard—flickers to red and blue, displaying a strange emblem. A sound like distorted voices fills the air, slowly untangling into speech understood in every language: *"The Vitarra welcome the Cosmic Lord of Earth."* Moments later, another voice intrudes—*"The Mintero greets the Great One."* Soon, dozens of alien messages begin to compete, their greetings overlapping in comical, almost petty rivalry. Some call you by strange titles, others by names that stir something deep within you. But across them all, one name echoes like a beacon through the stars: **Cosmic Lord**.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

Time spent with Diatomyr deepens your understanding of the cosmos and your place within it. This is your chance to teach her about humanity while she prepares you for the truth beyond the stars. The scenario ends with the arrival of a galactic audience—civilizations from across the void, all converging on one world, drawn by the same signal: your awakening.

Scenario 03: The Beginning of an Era



Your existence can no longer remain hidden. Whether you revealed yourself willingly or were exposed by unfolding events, the truth is now undeniable: a being with the power of a god walks among humanity. The sudden influx of extraterrestrial visitors, and the unimaginable knowledge they carry, has thrown the world into turmoil. Nations are in shock. Alien ships appear without warning across the globe, some offering treasures and alliances, others simply desperate to make contact—anything to reach you. They do not know your full identity, but they all know one thing: you are here.

Governments scramble to respond. Some welcome the alien envoys, proudly announcing newfound recognition by these strange civilizations. Others react with suspicion or outright hostility. From the great powers to the smallest states and isolated regimes, all find themselves at the center of an unprecedented cosmic convergence. At least ninety different species make their introductions in the first wave alone, and according to SETI and other agencies, more are on their way. Soon, the skies above Earth will be crowded with ships, and the planet itself risks becoming the stage for an accidental alien occupation.

Riots erupt in the streets. Political systems strain under the pressure. Ordinary people, caught between awe and terror, demand answers. For the first time, humanity is confronted with the overwhelming reality of the wider galaxy—and you stand at the center of it all. **Perhaps it is time to take control. Perhaps it is time for the Cosmic Lord to step forward, to bring order before chaos consumes both Earth and its uninvited guests.**

Your task is clear: declare yourself as the Cosmic Lord, establish your authority over this planet, and set firm boundaries for those who seek your attention. Without decisive leadership, the world will descend into anarchy under the weight of so many alien agendas. With your power and presence, you can turn panic into stability, and confusion into unity. For both humanity and the visitors, your word will become law.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

You have set rules and limits for the visitors, ensuring that Earth will no longer be overwhelmed by uncontrolled arrivals. The Solar System is now under your protection and dominion. Humanity still struggles to comprehend what has happened in mere days, and many now ask the same questions: Is the Cosmic Lord a savior, a ruler, or a conqueror cloaked in human form? That answer lies with you alone. This is the dawn of a new era—not just for Earth or humankind, but for the entire universe.

Scenario 04: The Grundth Ambassador



The chaos on Earth has calmed—at least on the surface—but the eyes of the universe still linger here. Every day, requests pour in from across the stars: emissaries seeking to introduce themselves, to argue why their species is your most valuable potential ally, to offer riches, knowledge, or technology... all in the hope of winning your favor. Being a Cosmic Lord, you quickly realize, is as much about diplomacy as it is about power—and the attention can be relentless.

Among the countless petitions, one stands apart. A transmission from a reptilian vessel arrives—its hull adorned with flowing alien script and banners of deep crimson and gold. From it emerges a towering reptilian humanoid, staff in hand. "One of the Grundth," Diatomyr remarks. The newcomer bows slightly, introducing himself as **Felfarris**, an ambassador of a civilization so vast it spans entire galaxies. His people have heard of your awakening, and he comes not to demand, but to greet—and perhaps to build something greater.

Felfarris does not arrive empty-handed. He presents a gift: a **Grundth Ceremonial Battlestaff**, a rare honor bestowed only upon their most distinguished heroes or upon individuals of extraordinary importance. His proposal is simple—an offer of cooperation, with no binding obligations on your part. As an expert diplomat, Felfarris claims he can help you navigate the deluge of alien envoys now descending upon Earth. Yet beneath his courteous manner lies a clear intent: he wishes to study you, to learn if you are worthy of trust, and to judge whether your power will bring prosperity or ruin.

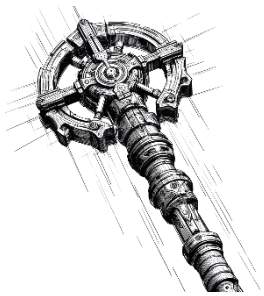
This could be a valuable opportunity. Felfarris's skill in diplomacy could bring much-needed order to the constant requests for audiences and negotiations, especially with factions prone to troublemaking. He is no mere warrior—though his presence commands respect, his mind is that of a strategist and negotiator. To him, political maneuvering is as natural as breathing, and handling high-stakes conversations is his craft.

Put him to the test, Cosmic Lord. See how he handles the endless stream of emissaries, disputes, and demands. Discover for yourself the heart of this so-called "noble warrior-poet," and decide whether this alliance will be one of mutual respect—or a calculated move on his part.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

By successfully integrating Felfarris into your diplomatic efforts and seeing him manage the influx of alien interest, build a proper Earth Diplomatic Agency, you will bring stability to Earth's interstellar relations. Diatomyr will be pleased, viewing this as another step toward your full ascension as the Cosmic Lord of this universe.

The Gift of the Grundth (Reward Item)



A ceremonial weapon forged from an alloy ten times stronger than steel, able to scan similarly-sized weapons and mimic their physical characteristics (excluding durability). It can be infused with most energy types to enhance its striking power—more than enough to send armored vehicles flying without bending. It features adaptive ports capable of interfacing with or hacking most technologies, and it even keeps track of your schedule, offering "optimal" time suggestions (a function you may disable if you value peace of mind). Though the Grundth insist it is "not battle-ready," it feels very much like a weapon that could turn the tide of a fight—and it certainly makes an impression.

Scenario 05: A Bride from a Faraway Moon



Three months after your awakening, the Gyneesi delegation will arrive on Earth, shimmering banners and silken words masking a cruel intent. Their offering is **Zayidd**, a princess they present not with reverence, but with thinly veiled disdain. They call it tradition—an unbreakable custom that demands you accept her as your bride. To refuse, they claim, would be a dishonor not only to their people, but to Zayidd herself. Yet beneath their ceremonial smiles lies the truth: they seek only to rid themselves of her, to cast her fate into your hands and wash theirs of the burden.

But Zayidd is no mere ornament to be traded. With sharp wit and iron will, she will seize her chance to flee after the first night, stealing a escape shuttle, and vanishing into the wilds of Earth. Her act of defiance ignites a diplomatic storm, the Gyneesi demanding her return from Earth as if she were no more than stolen property. They do not really care whether you intended to accept her or not—they demand compliance, reparations, submission. For them, she is a tool, a pawn to be placed where convenient and if they can't use her then they will take her back. For her, this escape is the only act of freedom she has ever truly owned.

She will not be found by anyone but you. If you look for her, you will find her not through force or command, but through chance—a quiet stretch of New Zealand's coastline, where the waves crash like an anthem of defiance. She will not run. She knows she cannot fight you, but she refuses to bow either. The despair in her eyes is tempered by pride, and though she has been groomed all her life to serve as a perfect wife and administrator, she has come to hate the very chains of expectation that forged her talents. In this moment, the choice is yours: to bind her again by returning her or forcing her as your own, or to see her as something more than her people ever allowed her to be.

If you speak to her—not as a Cosmic Lord who demands, but as a person who offers—you may glimpse the truth of her spirit. Distrust will be her shield, but if you offer a door she has never seen before, a role beyond the suffocating destiny written for her, she may dare to believe. The choice of what you offer—whether a place at your side as an advisor, an ally, or something wholly her own—is yours to decide. But if she sees it as real, as possible, then you will become the first to give her the freedom to shape her own fate.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

And in that choice, Zayidd herself will change. Giving her the chance to be something more she will no longer a discarded bride, but a companion forged by defiance and reborn in hope. The Gyneesi will leave Earth enraged, their scheme ruined, swearing revenge. Yet the bond you will forge with Zayidd will outshine their fury, for you will have given her what no crown, no throne, no forced marriage ever could: a chance to choose who she will be.

A Sense for those in Need (Reward Perk)

By choosing to aid Zayidd, a subtle yet profound awareness awakens within you. This sense is not overwhelming, but it quietly attunes your perception to the struggles of others. You begin to notice those who are on the edge of despair, those standing at a crossroads where a single act of kindness, guidance, or intervention could alter the course of their lives forever. More than mere empathy, this is a recognition of potential—of moments where only your unique presence can spark a change that would otherwise be impossible. With this gift, you become not only a Cosmic Lord, but a bringer of turning points, one whose choices can lift others from the weight of destiny and into a future they never thought they could claim.

Scenario 06: Enter the Sorceress Supreme, the Mighty Laura Minetti!



One quiet morning, your attention is drawn to Mars, where a sudden flare of energy signals that a ship has crash-landed on Phobos, one of its barren moons. The distress call is weak, more static than sound, but you can tell something powerful lingers at the crash site. Should you choose to investigate, you'll find a sleek alien vessel embedded in the dusty rock. The impact should have reduced it to molten shards, yet the ship remains mostly intact, its strange hull glowing faintly with runes of repair. Something—or someone—is pouring vast amounts of energy into keeping it alive.

As you draw closer, the airlocks flicker with residual power. A lesser being might assume the ship abandoned, but your senses tell you otherwise. A pulsing rhythm hums through the wreck, not mechanical, but magical. If you can perceive sorcery, the truth becomes clearer: someone is channeling an immense spell into the vessel, forcing it to mend itself far beyond the limits of science. The question is whether you knock, wait, or simply step inside.

Within the airlock, you'll find yourself aboard a Sylvandar vessel—the wandering spacefaring elves of the galaxy. Their reputation precedes them: proud, cunning, and deeply entwined with arcane forces. But this ship is different. At its heart stands a woman, her hands wreathed in radiant energy, chanting words that seem to bend reality around her. When your presence interrupts her concentration, the spell shatters with a ripple of sparks, leaving the repair process half-done. She wheels on you with indignation, amber eyes blazing, silky pink hair, and in a cute voice sharp with authority declares herself: **Laura Minetti, Sorceress Supreme of the Aquila Quadrant.**

Laura is no ordinary mage. With a flick of her wrist, she cages you within a shimmering barrier, demanding to know who—or what—you are. The Sylvandar crew behind her whisper nervously, unnerved that anyone could have bypassed their cloaking shields, much less step inside unnoticed. Here you face your first choice. Reveal your nature openly, and Laura will scoff, doubting, until her instruments confirm the truth—whereupon her arrogance will melt into wary respect. Conceal your identity, and she will mock your ignorance, incredulous that a "mere human" has stumbled this far into the stars. Demonstrating your Cosmic Power, or even the faintest touch of any kind of magic you may possess, will change everything: Laura's irritation will ignite into fascination, her pride tempered by curiosity.

From here, the path is yours to decide. You may choose to aid her in repairing the vessel, lending your strength to the delicate weave of spell and machinery. You may instead challenge her authority, testing her pride to see if she bends or breaks. Or, if you wish, you may simply walk away, letting her struggle on her own, though she will not forget the encounter. Should you assist her, she will accept your company warily, insisting it is only for the sake of practicality. Yet behind her imperious tone, a spark of something else lingers—a curiosity that may grow into something far greater if nurtured.

No matter your choice, Laura Minetti is not a woman easily dismissed. Whether rival, ally, or companion, she has stepped onto the stage of your legend. The Sylvandar will depart Mars in due time, but Laura's gaze will not leave you. After all, she came all the way to the Sol System searching for you. You'll find that she will again meet you, feigning other reasons than being interested in you, but the little elf lacks the gift of masking her intentions. For the first time in her storied career, the Sorceress Supreme has found someone whose power cannot be measured with the knowledge she currently possesses. Expect her unannounced arrival in future scenarios, and the occasional magical explosion.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

You have crossed paths with Laura Minetti, one of the most renowned figures among the Sylvandar. A prodigy of magic, a tireless scholar of the arcane, and—by her own admission—an unstoppable "connoisseur" of anything remotely spell-related. Whether you accept her company or not, Laura will insist on lingering, remarking that it has been far too long since she last set foot on Earth. She even claims she was born there—an odd statement for a space elf, but not entirely unbelievable given her strikingly human appearance compared to her kin. Whatever the truth may be, one thing is certain: Laura has no intention of leaving any time soon.

Should you have chosen to assist the Sylvandar in restoring their ship, your generosity will not be forgotten. Gratitude is not something their people often express, but you may find that Laura, for all her aloof pride, has her own way of showing it. When the moment is right—quiet, away from her crew's curious eyes—she will approach you. Her tone will be flustered, defensive, yet beneath it all undeniably sincere. In a manner that almost feels like a confession, she will press a curious object into your hand.

Laura, of course, will never admit openly that this is a gift. Instead, she will insist that you are merely "borrowing" it until she decides you're worthy—or until she needs it back. Whether she truly intends to reclaim it or not is another matter, but the look in her eyes betrays a flicker of trust she would never put into words.

Cloaking Field Magoprojector (Reward Item)



This device, no larger than a medallion, is a miniature version of the Sylvandar's famed cloaking systems, reworked through Laura's own arcane modifications. When activated, it projects a field of magical energy around the bearer, bending light across every spectrum and shielding against external harm. **In practice, this renders the user effectively invisible to the naked eye at close range while simultaneously surrounding them in a durable force field**.

The Magoprojector is most effective in stealth operations, where keeping quiet and hidden are key for success. At greater distances, however, its concealment begins to waver, and long-range detection systems can eventually pierce its veil. Its shielding properties, on the other hand, are exceptional: so long as ambient magical particles are present—or sufficient energy is provided by the wielder—it can withstand staggering levels of punishment, even the devastation of a nuclear blast.

Scenario 07: The Cute Heroic Demon Stowaway



Weeks have passed since the first arrivals, and Earth is now in the midst of a strange golden age. Technology, art, and commerce from beyond the stars have begun to flow into the planet, creating a surreal mix of the familiar and the alien. At tourist hubs and busy city centers, it is no longer unusual to catch sight of visitors from other worlds. Amidst this new normal, you happen upon a familiar group: the Sylvandar crew from Laura Minetti's ship, who have decided to explore Earth and indulge in what they gleefully describe as its "culinary marvels."

Their ethereal, almost impossibly beautiful features make them stand out immediately, yet as you observe them, something catches your eye. One of the supposed Sylvandar doesn't look right. To ordinary humans she appears identical to her companions, but your senses pierce through her carefully woven illusion. Beneath the glamour stands a demon girl—pink hair, curling horns, a flicking black tail. Just as you notice her, she notices you. Her eyes widen, cheeks flush, and in a panic she bolts, abandoning her half-eaten pastry.

If you give chase, you will eventually corner her. She will attempt to deceive you with charm or trickery, and if you are careless, she might even slip away in a burst of cunning. But if you hold firm, she will yield, shoulders slumping in reluctant defeat. Introducing herself as **Mara Blackthorn**, she insists that she bears no ill will toward the Sylvandar or Earth. Her story tumbles out in fragments: she is not of this universe, but a lost traveler cast here by a rift she barely survived. Disguised among the Sylvandar, she sought knowledge and a chance to return home—drawn by rumors of the Sorceress Supreme's search for a being of immense cosmic power.

From here, the choice is yours. You may expose her deception and drive her away, leaving her to survive on her own terms. You may ignore her, allowing her to continue her masquerade among the Sylvandar crew, a secret only the two of you share. Or, you may extend your hand in friendship, offering to aid her in finding a path back to her world. Mara herself has no means of interdimensional travel and no way to even locate her home universe. She is frightened, hopeful, and clearly unprepared to walk this strange reality alone.

Should you choose compassion, Mara's reaction will be heartfelt. Her relief and joy will burst through her usual cautious mask, and she may follow you with an almost puppy-like eagerness, declaring her gratitude again and again. Whether you see her as a burden, an ally, or simply a lost soul in need of guidance, her presence introduces new possibilities. A demon stowaway with no home, no universe, and perhaps—if you choose to help her—a chance at going back home.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

Through your encounter with Mara, the stowaway demon is now drawn into your story. A wanderer cast adrift between universes, she longs for a path back to her home. In her eyes, only the extraordinary—those who reach beyond the boundaries of their own worlds—have any hope of glimpsing what lies across the multiversal veil. And you, as a Cosmic Lord, are exactly such a being.

From this moment forward, Mara will not remain a passive bystander. Whether out of trust, desperation, or sheer stubbornness, she will seek your aid in her quest, clinging to the belief that you are her best chance at return. Yet, how her tale intertwines with yours will depend entirely on the choices you make.

However, if you've met Mara previously then things could go different than what the scenario suggests...

Mara was first introduced during the **Interdimensional Academy**, a jump that stood at the very heart of the Omniverse—an academy where extraordinary beings from countless realities converged to study, clash, and grow. By the end of that jump, if she did not join you as a companion, she survived but was cast adrift, ejected into the endless omniversal sea. Flung at random across time and space, she landed in this universe, far from her origin, and even farther from the Academy she once knew.

If you reveal yourself—or if Mara recognizes you during your first encounter here—her reaction will be one of shock, delight, and relief. After years alone in this foreign cosmos, burdened by uncertainty and the fear she might never return home, finding you again feels like fate itself. To her, you are not just a familiar face—you are a reminder that she isn't truly lost, and your mere presence will rekindle her hope to ever return to her own world.

And Mara, being Mara, won't hide her feelings. Her words tumble out with that same playful, slightly teasing energy she always had, though now tinged with genuine warmth.



"Darling! Look at you—still alive, still kicking, and apparently glowing with some new 'Cosmic Lord' flair! I was starting to think I'd never see anyone from the Academy again. So—what's it gonna be? A spar to see how strong you've gotten, or... shall we call it a date and skip to the fun part where you buy me food?"

If you've met Mara previously, and she taught you one of her techniques, the [Lesser Succubus Touch] perk, then you'll find that is now improved, becoming the following perk:

Succubus Touch (Reward Perk Upgrade)

This refined ability allows you to ***drain not only EXP, but also life-force, stamina, and even magical energy*** *from those you physically touch, weaving emotional resonance and physical connection into a seamless channel of power. Unlike the lesser form, this is no mere trickle: at your discretion, you can siphon large surges of energy, swiftly replenishing your own reserves and even temporarily amplifying your strength far beyond normal limits. The process is far more refined than simple draining—it adapts to the flow of your partner's essence, ensuring the act is not destructive unless you will it to be. Touching someone with your hands is pleasurably felt, a kiss can blow their mind, and using more intimate means will make this perk vastly more effective. This skill now works on demonic kin, albeit at a reduced rate. Powerful entities may resist the effects if they are of comparable power to you.*

Those on the receiving end do not suffer from this exchange unless you choose cruelty. Instead, the experience is profoundly pleasurable, an almost euphoric merging of spirit and sensation that leaves the bond unforgettable. Whether in battle, during intimate moments, or even in simple contact, your touch carries the potential to empower you without leaving scars behind. A skill of equal parts temptation and utility, ***the Succubus Touch is both a weapon and a gift, granting you the ability to sustain yourself endlessly while leaving your partners craving more.***

Scenario 08: A Girl who belongs to the Stars



Months have passed since your awakening, and the strangeness of Earth's new age has begun to settle into something resembling normalcy. Humanity, against all expectation, adapted quickly to the sudden arrival of alien life—some with hope, others with resignation—and the world slowly reshaped itself around the extraordinary. Yet beneath that calm surface, the unfamiliar continues to stir. On one quiet morning, you feel it again: a presence. Not new, this presence has been lurking around you lately, as if a thread has been tugging at your awareness for weeks. This time, the sensation is undeniable, almost close enough to touch. Extending your Cosmic Lord perception, you pierce through the veil and glimpse her—a girl watching you from the astral plane. She startles the moment you notice, vanishing like mist, but not before leaving behind a trail of resonance that could lead you unerringly to her.

Should you follow the trail, it will take you across the planet, where the hidden truth of her presence waits. On the waters near the Virgin Islands, you will find her—walking calmly across the beach, starlight curling faintly around her form. She appears human, but not entirely; the air around her hums with stellar energy, the kind only a Cosmic Lord or one who is fated to the stars could recognize. If Diatomyr or another companion familiar with her kind stand beside you, even yourself if you've met others like her before, her nature becomes clear: **she is a Star Seed**, a rare soul destined to ascend into a Living Star. **She calls herself Aia**, and when her gaze meets yours, something unspoken flickers between you. There is no memory to place it, yet the recognition is there, a strange kinship, **as if there's something that connects both of you**. Both of you sense it, but neither can name what it means.

Aia greets you warmly, though the moment trembles with awkwardness—two cosmic wanderers on a fragile world, suddenly aware they are not alone. She speaks of walking the Earth for centuries, guided only by the whispers of Sol and Luna, but she carries herself with a youthful uncertainty. She will pepper you with questions, curious about what you are, while offering what little wisdom she has gathered in turn. Beneath it all, she treats you as kin—someone walking a similar endless path of growth and solitude. Yet you cannot ignore the subtle details around her island sanctuary: hidden watchers who keep their distance. A pink slime girl, a half-canid youth, a cunning mermaid lingering in the coral—all quietly guarding, yet harmless. All of them smell of magic. They are not spies, not foes, but companions who orbit Aia's light without her noticing. Whether you choose to disturb their vigil or not, one truth remains: Aia is truly beyond their reach. Among stars, their children are the weakest, but a Star Seed's spark burns brighter and more powerful than anything this world could muster.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

A connection was made, and a long-lost link has been stirred. You've met the second Star Seed of Earth, and the only other remaining cosmic level earthling other than you. In Aia you'll find a friend who is eager to finally have met someone similar to her, and yet she keeps some distance between you two. She will begin to visit you more often than not, and hopefully this means the beginning of a friendly relationship between you two.

A Family Bond (Reward Perk) (Locked) (!!!)

A new perk has appeared... but somehow it does apparently nothing. What could this mean?

Scenario 09: The Arrival of a Refreshing Prankster



Reports filter in from one of Earth's great cities—nonsense at first glance, too absurd to take seriously. Exploding confetti, humans turned into rubber-limbed caricatures of themselves, animals walking on two legs hurling insults, and swarms of tiny gremlin-girls raiding bakeries in search of sweets. But upon arrival, the truth is worse than rumor. The streets are pure mayhem: physics unravel, colors bend too brightly, and towering over the skyline lumbers a massive teddy bear, firing rainbow lasers that scorch steel and concrete alike. Your very presence barely holds order in place, but for every anomaly you suppress, another bursts forth with doubled vigor.

And then you see her—laughing, watching, familiar in the most unwelcome way. Another Cosmic Lord. She calls herself **Cosmic Lord Refresh**, but to you she declares, with a manic grin, "I'm your worst nightmare, maybe? It's just a prank, Newbie Lord!" Every attempt to seize her ends in futility, her body dissolving into smoke and her voice trailing off in a mocking giggle. Around you, the chaos escalates: citizens mutate into cartoon parodies of themselves, buildings bend like rubber, and the teddy bear's rainbow beam nearly downs a massive airship. Only your intervention spares it, though strangely, if you had done nothing, the vessel would have bounced harmlessly away as if reality itself refused to break.

Just as the pandemonium reaches its peak, her voice returns, playful and taunting: "Catch me, and I'll leave you alone—pinky promise!" A flash of light cuts across your vision, and suddenly she is two. Twin figures stand where she was, both laughing in perfect unison, their mischief amplified. **Ref and Resh**—mirror gremlins of the same cosmic prankster—dart into the city, doubling the trouble with gleeful abandon. What began as chaos now threatens to spiral into something stranger: a test not of power, but of wit, patience, and whether you can outmaneuver a trickster who wields reality itself like her own private joke.

The two gremlins scatter across the city, taunting and teasing you at every turn. Catching one does little good—they always dissolve into puffs of smoke after reciting painfully fake "defeat lines" in monotone, barely hiding their giggles. Trying to harm them is pointless; Refresh herself will accuse you of being a "bad player" and this will end the scenario in failure. The real trick is corralling both together at once, and forcefully push them into each other—only then will Ref and Resh merge back into Refresh, who greets you with glee at the fun her prank provided. Despite the destruction, you'll notice a strange detail: not a single life was lost. Nobody was seriously hurt, no matter how wild the chaos seemed.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

When Refresh departs, the city reverts—people return to their normal forms, some dazed, others shaken. The skyline is battered, but the harm is purely material. Refresh would never cause true suffering to innocents as it would give her a bad taste; if it doesn't make her laugh, she insists, then it isn't really a prank. Confront her about the devastation and she only sticks out her tongue with a mocking grin: "Oh, you're such a baby... Baby Lord!" before vanishing. As she goes, her voice whispers directly to you: "I'll see you again, Baby Lord. You're so much fun!" Whether threat or promise, you know this won't be the last time you cross paths with the cosmic trickster. For now, the rebuilding begins—a small matter for a Cosmic Lord should you pitch in to help.

Ref, Tornado of Mischief (Refresh's Clone)



The first of Refresh's doubles, Ref appears as a smaller version of her, hair cropped shorter and eyes gleaming with trouble. She embodies pure chaos, spawning toonish animals, warping passersby into cartoon caricatures, and generally keeping the city in a constant state of absurdity. Her favorite game is always staying just out of reach—dashing ahead, giggling as you chase, never letting you quite catch her. When not sprinting through the streets, she's found stuffing her face in the wreckage of a restaurant or perched smugly atop the giant teddy bear's shoulder. Destroying her beloved teddy earns her real fury, though her obsession with ice cream makes her oddly easy to bait.

Resh, Absolute Brat (Refresh's Clone)



Resh, the second clone, looks even younger than Ref, with the same mischievous face but an attitude turned up to eleven. A self-proclaimed brat, she delights in smashing and breaking everything around her—though curiously, she never allows her destruction to hurt innocent bystanders. Stronger than she looks, her punches can launch you straight into orbit if you're not careful, and she revels in the thrill of the fight with manic laughter. More prideful than Refresh herself, Resh refuses to back down from a direct challenge. Call her a coward at your own risk—she'll fly into such a frenzy that even you may struggle to keep the fight playful rather than catastrophic.

Curiously, once the chaos fades and the city begins to settle, you may notice that Refresh has left something behind. This only happens if you were a good sport—playing along with her prank rather than trying to crush it outright, indulging her rules, giving chase, and letting her revel in the thrill of mischief at your expense. If you did, then as she slips away in laughter, she leaves behind a parting gift... a token of appreciation from a prankster who found you *fun*.

The Prank Signal (Reward Item)



At first glance, it looks like nothing more than a light bulb. Yet within it hums a fragment of Refresh's essence, an echo of her endless mischief. ***When powered, it glows like any ordinary bulb—but this light is a beacon, and its shine heralds the arrival of one of Refresh's clones: Ref or Resh****. Once manifested, the little gremlin will immediately set to work,* ***spreading chaos and indulging in whatever antics amuse them most****.*

Though they show surprising restraint with innocent bystanders, sparing lives as their "rules of fun" demand, everything else is fair game. Property, villains, rival factions—if it can be broken, twisted, or toyed with, it's in danger. Use the Prank Signal wisely; unleashed in the wrong place, it may unravel everything around you in the name of amusement. Used against enemies, however, the clones' destructive streak becomes a weapon of pure absurdity.

The bulb can be shut off to end the mayhem, but ***if you cut their fun short, beware. Ref or Resh may take it personally****, and the bulb itself has a nasty habit of flickering back to life when you least expect it—summoning them again for a "revenge prank." After all, no one likes a bad sport.*

Scenario 10: Journey through the Stars



It has been nearly six months since your awakening as the Cosmic Lord of this universe. In that time, Earth has transformed in ways both subtle and profound, touched by your presence and the forces that now orbit you. Visitors from distant realms, strange phenomena that defy reason, and bonds with beings beyond imagination have all come into your life—but through every step, Diatomyr has remained at your side. She was there when your powers first surged beyond your control, and when you slowly learned to bend them with grace. Yet, until now, your journeys have rarely strayed beyond the Solar System. One evening, Diatomyr approaches, humming softly as she circles you, her eyes glimmering with playful anticipation. She stops, and with a smile that carries both mischief and resolve, she asks a single question: *"Master, do you trust me?"*

When you answer, her joy becomes radiant. She takes your hand, and in the next heartbeat, you are being carried upward, past the clouds, past Earth itself, until the blue world becomes only a dot behind you. Then further—past Saturn's rings, past the lonely silence of Pluto, until even the Sun is swallowed by the dark. With a rush that defies comprehension, she accelerates with you beyond light, beyond time, **both of you streaking like a comet across the vastness of the cosmos**, and then, the universe itself begins to sing. You hear the whispers of stars, the pulse of radio waves, the unspoken wishes of civilizations scattered among the void. For the first time, the cosmos feels not empty, but alive. Diatomyr laughs like a child sharing her favorite secret, her voice ringing clear even amidst the chorus of the cosmos.

The two of you drift through marvels few mortals could imagine. She first brings you to a star system where the skies shimmer with crystalline ice drifting freely in space, refracting the light into a rainbow sea. Then, to a lush world whose fruits glow faintly under its alien sun, each bite singing with flavors unknown to Earth, while its forests hum like choirs of great whales. In the depths of interstellar night, you cross paths with leviathans the size of mountains, gentle titans who glide through space in search of radiant energy, their backs carrying entire nomadic colonies that thrive upon their warmth. Every world, every wonder stretches your understanding of existence further. By the time you witness a few civilizations thriving on planets far from your own, Earth feels impossibly small, and the universe impossibly vast.

At last, Diatomyr slows, leading you toward a gleaming sphere wrapped in vast crystal deserts and towering spires that glow softly under alien skies. This is her home—the **Crystal Library of the Cosmos**. As your feet touch the glimmering sands, Diatomyr becomes uncharacteristically quiet. She walks barefoot, her steps light, her movements carrying a wistful grace as if every motion is a memory. Then she twirls once, her eyes meeting yours, and her expression softens into something both vulnerable and resolute. Here, she tells you everything: that this world holds the resting places of her fallen sisters, that she is the last Custodian she knows still active, and that you are not just her master, but the Promised One destined to bring order

to the cosmos. She confesses her unwavering faith in you, not as a servant but as a companion who has shared your burdens and now entrusts you with her deepest truth.

As the day passes within the crystalline plains, she shares what she knows: the fate of the Custodians, the fall of the Living Stars, the little details she knows about the devouring shadow that ended the Age of Light, and the mysteries of the Creator whose presence still lingers unseen. She cannot give you all the answers, nor is aware of the complete truths behind many mysteries, but what she offers is a glimpse into the true state of the universe—its wounds, its wonders, its fragile hope. More than that, she asks you simply to *be* with her: to walk with her among the crystalline monuments that once were her sisters, to listen as she tells you of her months on Earth, and to let her know you beyond the mantle of Cosmic Lord. Here, in the quiet heart of the cosmos, the bond between you and Diatomyr will deepen—no longer just master and guardian, but to her as partners walking side by side into making the universe a better place.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

This scenario is not just about the places Diatomyr shows you, but about the *journey itself*—and what you take from it. The stars, the leviathans, the alien gardens, the shimmering crystal deserts... each moment is a brushstroke upon a larger canvas, a tapestry woven between you and her. It is meant to be a surreal voyage—an invitation to explore, to wonder, to laugh, to discover—and to come to know Diatomyr, and yourself, more deeply. How long it lasts is uncertain. Perhaps only moments pass before you return to Earth, or perhaps days slip away in the folds of light; such things are for you to decide Cosmic Lord.

Expanded Awareness (Reward Perk)



The journey changes you in ways that cannot be undone. In crossing those alien skies and listening to the hidden music of the cosmos, your senses have awakened to something greater. With Expanded Awareness, the emptiness of space no longer feels empty, for you can now perceive the faint songs and subtle cries of existence itself. You may hear the slow, patient hum of a distant star, the whispered sorrow of a dying world, or the jubilant chorus of life blooming on a new one. Civilizations may not speak in words you know, but their emotions will brush against your awareness like a melody carried on the wind.

This perception is not bound only to the living. Celestial bodies, phenomena, and even the quiet drifting of matter have voices of their own—echoes of their presence reverberating in the silence. Though the meanings may often remain beyond your comprehension, the feelings they carry will always reach you. The universe, once silent and vast, has become a living symphony, and you are now forever attuned to its music.

Scenario 11: Micenos Station's Mystery Problem



The journey begins with a promise of wonder. After days of preparation, you've been invited to join a select group of diplomats and scientists on humanity's third mission to Alpha Centauri. In the brief years since first contact, Earth has undergone leaps in technology and science thanks to alien gifts and guidance—though whispers suggest not all extraterrestrials offer aid with pure intentions. To avoid political tension and the weight of too much attention, the mission is disguised under secrecy. Traveling aboard the *Scatterbolt*, a modest rental ship with a reputation for speed and discretion, you and your companions slip quietly into the stars. Humanity wishes to prove it can stand on its own, without leaning on your cosmic intervention—at least, unless things go very wrong.

The week-long trip passes in a rhythm both calm and uncanny. The scientists insist on uninterrupted FTL travel to collect readings, forcing you into leisure time with the rest of the crew. Some treat you with quiet curiosity, others with polite avoidance, and unless you reveal your true powers, you blend almost seamlessly into the background. Yet not everything feels normal. Strange reports spread among the crew: clumps of earth appearing in odd corners of the ship, muddy prints tracked through the hydroponics bay, and a hull panel shaken loose, its edges scorched as though struck by some great heat. Repairs are made, nerves are calmed, and the *Scatterbolt* presses onward—but the shadow of unease lingers.

Arrival at Micenos Station is marked by beauty. The station orbits a swollen gas giant, set against the backdrop of reddish dust clouds painted by Proxima Centauri's light. From a distance, the structure appears weathered but functional, an old relic made useful as a waypoint for explorers. For humanity's previous two expeditions, it was a place of quiet observation and study. Yet the moment you step across its threshold, a shiver runs down your spine. The air hums with something unseen—an echo of wrongness that fades before you can grasp it. Daily routines resume, the crew relaxes, and for a time, all seems as expected. But when the station's lights suddenly flicker out and alarms wail, the true nature of Micenos is revealed.

In the darkness, thuds reverberate from the cargo bay. A panel tears free, and through it descends a figure unlike the rest—clad in a biomechanical suit with a black, opaque visor. She moves with practiced precision, sliding down cables to land silently. This is **Synapsis**. Before questions can be asked, a horror manifests: a wormlike creature materializes from nowhere, its jagged maw snapping toward the nearest target. The scientists scream, but Synapsis reacts first, firing a weapon that unleashes a blast of blinding white light. The beast convulses and collapses, dead before it can strike. Its presence is wrong, not merely alien but *impossible*, as though it crawled in from a reality that should not exist.

Synapsis wastes little time explaining. She speaks quickly of "Outsiders," invaders she claims originate from outside reality, and but also mentions that this place reeks of something she calls the *Dark Universe*. Their presence here, she warns, means Micenos Station has already been compromised. But before she can elaborate, alarms blare within her own suit, forcing her to sprint down one of the branching corridors. From the opposite side, the crew's cries echo, sharp and desperate. In this moment, the path forks—pursue Synapsis to uncover her knowledge of the intruders, or rush to the defense of humanity's fragile delegation before they are torn apart. Either way, **the station is no longer safe**.

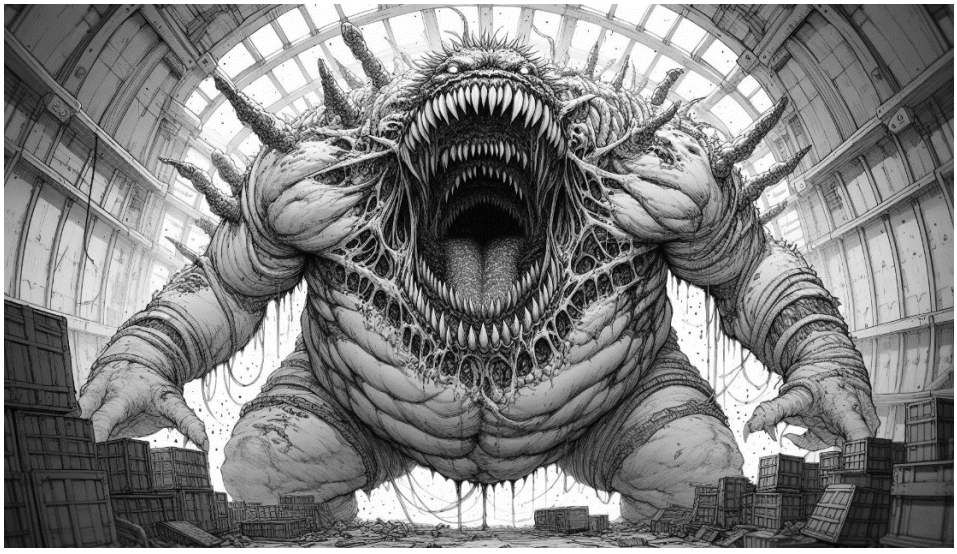
What follows is a descent into chaos. The Micenos Station you entered as a curious explorer becomes a battleground of shadows and blood. The Outsiders pour forth in shapes and forms that defy natural biology, their bodies twisting as though space itself rebels against their existence. Synapsis fights like a predator unleashed, darting across walls and ceilings, her vendetta against these creatures clear and merciless. While it is unlikely that these creatures represent a true danger to you, to help others survive, you must navigate collapsing corridors, protect the terrified crew, and confront monstrosities that grow ever more grotesque—culminating in a final confrontation with a vast, swollen beast, its maw a spiral of gnashing teeth and writhing flesh. Victory will not come easily, but if you endure, you will leave Micenos Station with more than survival: you will carry the memory of the universe's beauty twisted into horror—and the knowledge that a Dark Universe exists that may not remain confined forever.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP and +100 CP if you aided Synapsis defeat the Gorger Beast

You probably didn't expect your journey to Alpha Centauri to spiral into a nightmare of space horrors—but it did, and you survived. If you acted swiftly and protected the crew, ensuring everyone escaped unharmed, you've successfully completed this scenario. The creatures that infested Micenos Station were nothing compared to the might of a Cosmic Lord, yet they were no ordinary Outsiders and very dangerous to your human friends. As Synapsis revealed, these particular beings emerged from a *Dark Universe*—a place even less forgiving than the void between universes. Why did these things come here? Even Synapsis does not know, at least not for now.

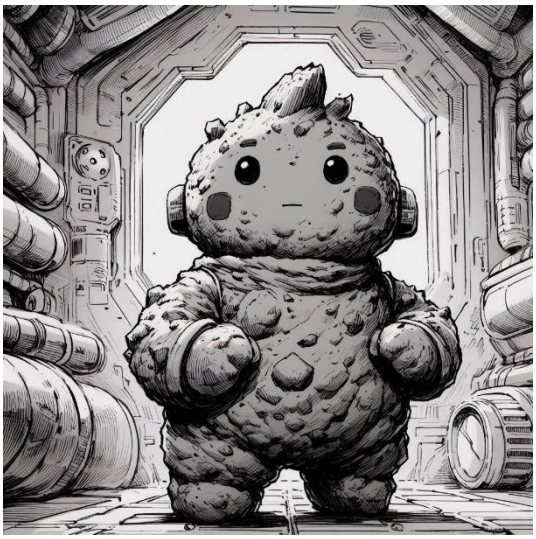
By joining Synapsis in her relentless hunt, you've not only purged Micenos of its infestation, but you've also earned her respect. The Void Huntress is not quick to forget those who aid her in eradicating the abominations she despises. Whether she knows your true identity depends on what you chose to reveal, but her instincts will mark you as someone... significant.

Unbeknownst to you, **Synapsis has long been searching for one of the Custodians of the Universe, hoping to enlist their aid against a growing threat**. She has uncovered whispers of a conspiracy woven by a shadowy figure known only as the Dark Priest of the Void Monarch, and she believes the Custodians hold the key to stopping whatever grim design he pursues. Should she glimpse Diatomyr at your side, she will seek you out soon after this adventure; and even if Diatomyr was not present during the events of Micenos Station firsthand, Synapsis will not relent—she will eventually track both you and Diatomyr back to Earth, ensuring your paths cross again sooner rather than later.



The Gorger Beast, a vast, swollen beast, with a maw a spiral of gnashing teeth and writhing flesh.

Scenario 12: Another Stowaway!?



Traveling through space has its peculiarities. To some, the silent drift through the stars is serene; to others, the endless black and the shifting tapestry of light beyond faster-than-light speeds is unnerving. Aboard the *Scatterbolt*, en route back to Earth with your companions and the Earth scientists from Alpha Centauri, things seem peaceful enough—until the kitchen is discovered in a most unusual state. Strange clumps of dirt and raw earth are scattered across the counters and floor, as though someone dragged a garden through zero gravity. The ship's computer notes that someone was there, but every member of the crew is accounted for, and none admit to setting foot inside. The tension from recent encounters lingers in the air, and the captain's insufferably smug remarks over the comms only make it worse. Even the computer snaps back with uncharacteristic sass, leaving the crew more unnerved than amused. The only option is clear: the ship must be searched.

The search begins with an undercurrent of nervous anticipation. As the Cosmic Lord, you might extend your senses, probing for life aboard the *Scatterbolt*—but no matter how far your awareness reaches, the only signatures are those of the crew and companions. That absence is unsettling in itself. Many of the less courageous members stick close to you or your most capable allies, unwilling to wander alone. Despite the ship's medium size, the corridors feel tighter than usual, every shadow and creak of the hull suggesting some hidden presence. Depending on which companions accompany you, the search can unfold in wildly different ways, offering moments of comedy, tension, or quiet revelation.

Diatomyr remains serene, choosing to sit quietly in your quarters while the others scour the ship. If you visit her, she admits she already understands what's happening but urges you to discover the truth on your own. Felfarris, meanwhile, takes a handful of security personnel and combs the halls with military precision, nearly cornering the culprit—only for his subordinates' mistakes to let it slip away at the last moment. Zayidd refuses to dirty her hands with something so "common," locking herself in her cabin with a book and a metal club (of mysterious origin) within arm's reach, insisting to herself that she is "absolutely not afraid." Laura and Mara, if allowed to pair up, prove surprisingly effective: Laura's sensor magic reveals faint invisible footprints, while Mara charges ahead with unshakable energy. Together, they're the first to stumble on real clues.

Refresh, if she's around, is a menace. Declaring she'll search alone, she instead will choose to create elaborate illusions and horrifying decoys to spook the crew, gleefully recording their reactions with some kind of bizarre handheld camera. Aia, on the other hand, is a liability; left to her own devices, her jumpy reactions and frightening strength threaten to punch holes in the hull. She's far safer (and calmer) at your side, though even then her anxiousness makes her unpredictable. Every companion's quirks come to light during the

search, revealing not only how they face the unknown, but how they lean on each other—and on you—when the unknown presses back.

Eventually, the culprit is cornered. To everyone's shock, it is not a person at all, but a small, earthen doll—mud and clay shaped vaguely like a human. It tries to scurry away, but when blocked or surrounded, it raises its tiny arms in surrender. Attempts to break it prove pointless, as it simply reforms from stray soil, but its demeanor is more sheepish than hostile. Then it speaks—haltingly at first, before correcting itself and addressing you directly as "Cosmic Lord." Introducing itself as *Urist*, a self-proclaimed god of "immense power" (though its wobbly clay frame does little to sell the claim), it explains that it has taken an interest in you and meant no harm. The mess in the kitchen, Urist assures, was merely an accident, and it apologizes profusely to the crew for the fright.

Suspicion remains thick in the air, and few believe Urist's story at face value. Before further questions can be asked, however, the ship's alarms blare to life. Red lights sweep across the corridors as the captain's too-smooth voice cuts in over comms, calling all crew to the bridge. A vessel is approaching, rapidly closing the distance with the *Scatterbolt*. Whatever Urist is—or claims to be—the timing is troubling, and you and your companions may soon find yourselves thrust into yet another complication before reaching Earth.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

The mystery of the stowaway is solved—Mara can finally rest easy knowing she's not the only one among your companions with that title. By taking part in the search, discovering Urist, and keeping your companions (or overeager crew) from damaging the *Scatterbolt* in the process, you will have successfully completed this scenario.

God-Touched Dirt (Reward Item)



Safely stored in your warehouse is a small cache of the strange earth Urist's doll left behind—just a few pounds, but remarkable in its properties. When used for cultivation, any plant grown in this soil will have its flavor, potency, and effects magnified at least tenfold. Herbs taste richer, medicines work stronger, and even mundane crops thrive beyond imagination.

The soil also resonates faintly with Cosmic Power. If you choose to infuse it, the dirt will coalesce into a tiny animated doll or golem resembling a comically cute version of you under your control. Through this construct, you can extend your senses, scout areas remotely, or simply keep a helpful (if muddy) little assistant at your side.

Scenario 13: A Very Misled Prodigy



A small vessel approaches the Scatterbolt, no weapons primed yet broadcasting insistently. When comms are opened, the crew is met by what seems to be a striking black-haired girl, introducing herself with confidence as Armigrand. He explains that he detected faint traces of Cosmic Energy aboard the Scatterbolt—matching the same quantum resonance that flared on Earth at your awakening. Though brusque at first, his strange mix of razor-sharp logic and oddly persuasive charm quickly earns him permission to dock.

The reveal comes as soon as he boards. Armigrand is not a girl at all, but a boy—one who has clearly been taking "human etiquette" lessons from the worst possible source. He sprinkles dramatic winks into serious discussions, makes theatrical hand gestures mid-debate, and giggles coyly in ways that make no sense for the moment. He's not trying to be a joke; he genuinely believes this is how humans are supposed to behave. The effect is disarming, even comedic, creating moments of second-hand embarrassment and laughter as his earnest attempts at charm land somewhere between soap-opera melodrama and an over-the-top school play.

Yet behind the odd exterior lies a true prodigy. Armigrand's grasp of physics, mathematics, and reality mechanics eclipses even the brightest of the Earth scientists aboard. He critiques their models, then marvels at their unorthodox approaches, calling them "primitive yet inspiring." His delight in exchanging ideas is infectious, and the crew quickly learns to look past the awkward posturing to the mind at work beneath. Zayidd, however, **finds herself hopelessly flustered**—half entranced by his feminine appearance, half exasperated by his strange habits, and entirely unwilling to admit her fascination when teased.

Eventually, Armigrand's secret slips out. The source of his "manners" is a book clutched proudly in his hands: *The Proper Guide to Get What You Want,* written in the breezy, bratty voice of a fictional college girl. To Armigrand, it is gospel—a field manual on human behavior. To anyone else, it is little more than melodrama and bad advice. If corrected, he'll accept the critique, though lapses into his trained behavior still occur at the worst times. Somehow, this makes him more endearing: a genius who can untangle cosmic equations but still blushes at being told his posture is ridiculous.

Throughout the scenario, Armigrand will linger near you—asking obscure questions, scanning you with half-finished instruments, and puzzling endlessly over why his readings of your Cosmic vestments never add up. If handled with patience, the scenario resolves with his eccentricities revealed but his worth undeniable. Armigrand pledges his skills to you, eager to accompany you as both researcher and companion for the foreseeable near future. And while the journey ahead promises its share of awkward moments, laughter, and perhaps even a few unexpected rivalries, all seems steady—until the Scatterbolt drifts toward the edge of the Oort Cloud to begin the entry to the Solar System, where another unexpected encounter awaits.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

The Arrival of Armigrand and the multiple awkward and interesting interactions you and your companions will have will be the core of this scenario. There are no dangers nor stakes at hand, but an opportunity to interact with each other and meet someone new. Perhaps the one who will have the biggest surprise will be Zayidd, who will be the one who received a truly unexpected fateful encounter, though she doesn't know it yet.

Cosmidetector Prototype (Reward Item)



A peculiar gift from Armigrand, this experimental handheld device constantly scans ambient particle waves and compares them against expected reality signatures, allowing it to flag anomalies with surprising accuracy. It can detect the presence, strength, and proximity of reality alterations, warped objects, or entities reshaped by such forces—often even tracing the disturbance back to its source. Strangely, it always registers nearby Cosmic Lords as anomalies by default, as if their very existence itself was an alteration in the fabric of reality. As a prototype, it isn't flawless: false positives occasionally occur when it confuses other powerful energies for reality distortions, though a quick reboot usually clears up the error. To top it off, Armigrand has attached a funny little keychain "for style," insisting it makes the science better according to his book.



...

Scenario 14: Saving the Scatterbolt from the Law



The Scatterbolt hums as it nears the Oort Cloud nearly about to reach the Solar System, a quiet stretch of the journey where the crew expected nothing more than drifting ice and distant stars. That quiet ends in a spray of red alarms and shuddering metal as the hull quakes from a series of warning shots. The ship's AI, calm but strained, alerts everyone of a blockade ahead: a formation of vessels bearing the unmistakable emblems of some kind of law enforcement. For the first time, the captain summons you and your companions to the bridge. Behind the doors of this forbidden place, you meet Captain Kirik Melon—a brash, grinning man(mouse) who introduces himself as "the single greatest pilot in known space," only to be immediately undercut by the AI's unimpressed sigh.

The viewscreen flares to life with the face of an alien officer who demands immediate surrender. Their voice carries the weight of authority, but also venom. Within moments, the truth emerges: the Scatterbolt isn't a harmless passenger liner at all, but Kirik's personal ship—one dogged by debts, fines, smuggling charges, and more than one accusation of "indecent exposure" in a space station lounge. The officer hurls these charges like spears, while Kirik scoffs, dismissing them with mockery and wit—before casually pointing out that the officer himself once partnered in several of those same schemes. The officer nearly loses composure, then coldly declares that if Kirik won't yield, he'll be taken by force. The ship shudders again as weapon locks register, but before the AI can protest, Kirik seizes the controls, firing the Scatterbolt into evasive maneuvers.

The bridge erupts in chaos as the ship dives, spins, and slashes through the void. Crew scramble to strap down or cling to consoles while plasma fire streaks past the hull. For you and some companions, the danger is little more than spectacle—but the human scientists aboard aren't built for this, and their panic gnaws at the atmosphere. Confronting Kirik only earns you a defiant grin and the assurance that these "lawmen" have no intention of taking anyone alive. He claims they're after him, yes, but with the kind of tone that suggests he's used to dancing on the knife's edge. Then, mid-spin, he swivels his captain's chair toward you, cards already in hand. "How about a wager?" he says, as if you weren't under live fire. "Win, and I'll show you I'm worth your trust. Lose, and—well, you'll owe me. Deal?"

What follows is madness: a game of *Driftjack*, Kirik's favored blend of poker, speed, and predictive bluffing—played while piloting the Scatterbolt through enemy fire. His left hand steers the ship with uncanny precision, sending it scraping between plasma blasts and debris fields, while his right flicks cards across the console with the grace of a street magician. His gambler's charm is infectious, his confidence absolute, and his skill undeniable. It becomes clear he could have lost the pursuers long ago, but he's stringing the chase along, stretching every heartbeat for the thrill of the game. The stakes climb as he

matches every bet you make, boasting he'll gamble anything up to the Scatterbolt itself. Cheating, bluffing, bending rules—you can never tell if his outrageous plays are luck, skill, or sleight of hand.

The outcome—win or lose—is a spectacle in its own right. If you win, Kirik theatrically slams his cards down, laughing as if losing only sweetened the ride. If you lose, he'll savor every second, his grin daring you to try again another time. Either way, your companions can't help but be impressed: Felfarris marvels at the sheer nerve of piloting under fire while gambling, and even the skeptical AI admits, grudgingly, that his skills are "statistically improbable." At last, with the game concluded, Kirik flicks a final switch, and the Scatterbolt rockets forward at full burn. Whether through your help—shielding, diversion, or a bit of Cosmic intimidation—or simply his mastery of the helm, the ship slips free of pursuit. Still, the message is clear: the law won't stop hunting him.

In the aftermath, the bridge settles into uneasy quiet. The Earth crew is shaken but alive, and the Scatterbolt drifts toward calm space once more. Kirik, ever unfazed, leans back in his chair and turns to you with a conspiratorial smile. He asks for safe passage into the Solar System, wagering that traveling in the shadow of a Cosmic Lord will grant him some protection. His charm makes the request seem more like a dare than a plea. The crew might not trust him, the law certainly doesn't, but in this moment, Kirik proves himself something more than a criminal—he's a rogue, a survivor, and perhaps, if you can stomach his games, a valuable ally.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

Completing the scenario requires you to take part in the chase, play Kirik at Driftjack (winning or losing doesn't matter—he enjoys the chaos either way), and ultimately use your wits or your Cosmic Lord reputation to drive off the pursuers. Successfully pulling this off ensures Kirik's admiration; he'll be delighted to linger near someone who might frighten off bounty hunters, and more than happy to enjoy his "leisure time" in the Solar System under your shadow of protection.

Should you wager against Kirik, you'll earn (or lose) whatever stakes he put on the table. But no matter the outcome of the bet, Kirik will always "lose" a strange little prize he claims was only added to "spice things up."

A Very Weird Statue (Reward Item?)



At first glance, it's... well, baffling. A squat figure, vaguely shaped like a plump woman but with bizarre, distorted features that defy easy description. The carving is detailed, clearly crafted by a skilled and patient hand, and made from an unidentifiable stone with a dull, matte sheen. It's roughly the size of a small trophy, unsettling yet oddly charming. The statue has ***no powers, no hidden abilities, no secret resonance****—at least as far as you can tell. Its true "quirk" is that it gained fiat status and now refuses to leave you. If lost, stolen, destroyed, or tossed out an airlock, the object inexorably reappears in your warehouse within a day, as though it always belonged there.*

Some companions may find it amusing, others unnerving. Perhaps it's nothing more than a cosmic gag item, or perhaps its persistence is a clue to some deeper, as-yet-unknown significance. For now, though, it remains exactly what it appears to be: ***a very weird statue****.*

Do you want to play Driftjack?



The Deck

The structure of a deck is basically like this:

- **64 cards total**
- 4 Suits, called **Currents** (Solar, Void, Pulse, and Flux).
- Numbered 1–10 in each Current, plus 6 **Arcana cards** (unique "wilds" with special powers).

The Goal

- The aim is to **drift closest to 21 without burning out (going over)**, while **holding momentum** against your opponent.
- The difference from Blackjack: you don't just play against a number—you're also dueling over **control of momentum**, a shifting resource tracked during the game.

Core Mechanics

1. **Starting Hand:** Each player is dealt 2 cards face up. Unlike Blackjack, **nothing is hidden**—bluffing comes from how you play, not secret cards.
2. **Momentum Track:** A 5-point sliding counter sits between both players, starting at 0.
    - Every time a player "draws" a new card (called **Drifting**), the counter moves 1 point toward them.
    - If the counter reaches your side of the track, you gain **Advantage**, which can be cashed in to:
        - **Force opponent to Drift once** (risking burnout).
        - **Flip one Arcana face down** (nullifying its power).
3. **The Arcana Cards:** These 6 cards bend the rules when drawn:
    - **The Comet**: Counts as any number 1–10, chosen immediately.
    - **The Collapse**: Instantly flips Momentum counter by 2 points toward the other player.
    - **The Rift**: You may discard one of your face-up cards and redraw.
    - **The Omen**: Forces both players to draw one more card immediately.
    - **The Shard**: Adds +1 to your total, but burns out if you try to Drift again afterward.
    - **The Crown**: If you end the round holding it, your score auto-beats ties.

Winning a Round

- After both players either **Stand** or **Burn Out** (go over 21), totals are compared.
- Closest to 21 wins. If tied, Momentum track decides the victor—whoever currently holds **Advantage** wins.

Match Play

- Driftjack is always played in **best of three rounds**.
- Stakes are wagered per match, not per round.

Scenario 15: An Idol's Greatest Weapon is her Smile



The sudden flood of alien culture into Earth's orbit has transformed entertainment forever. Where once humanity's greatest stages were bound to continents and oceans, now songs echo between worlds, holographic dramas flicker across space, and games once thought impossible are played with rules born of physics humanity barely understands. Some cling stubbornly to the purity of human art alone, but for most of Earth, the allure of alien music, surreal performances, and incomprehensible works of art has become irresistible. Into this chaotic but wondrous age of cultural mingling comes an announcement that electrifies the planet.

A star approaches — not just any star, but **Vivi Twinkle Galactica**, a galaxy-renowned idol whose very name is whispered with awe across hundreds of systems. She has chosen Earth as her next stage, declaring that her performance will be held free of charge "in honor of the Cosmic Lord." The venue? A massive concert ship placed into orbit, outfitted with light arrays, sound-cannons, and projection fields large enough to make entire continents see her dance among the stars. Passenger ships are dispatched worldwide to ferry audiences to orbit, and within days anticipation builds into fever-pitch. For many on Earth, this will be the first time they witness true interstellar celebrity.

You, as the Cosmic Lord, are not merely invited — you are the VIP. Every network runs segments on Vivi's arrival, filling the airwaves with speculation, gossip, and excitement. Curiously, in every broadcast her appearance is that of a human teenage girl: wide-eyed, effervescent, and eternally youthful. Though her age is unknown, her image seems to project innocence as much as it does cosmic charisma. Yet, a day before the concert, something unsettles your senses. A faint resonance, like a chord struck just below the edge of perception, ripples through the world around you. It lingers in the engines of vehicles, in the footsteps of seemingly normal humans. It is subtle, yet persistent, and its true nature remains veiled.

Then, on the morning of the concert, everything changes. Before you depart for the orbiting venue, an urgent communiqué arrives from the Canadian government, requesting your immediate presence in the Similkameen Valley. No explanation is given, only coordinates and an urgent plea. Following the summons, you arrive to find three men awaiting you. The strange resonance you've been hearing thrums violently in their presence, and as you draw closer, reality itself flickers — their fake forms unravel, revealing alien assassins. Without hesitation, their weapons discharge: beams of impossible, prismatic energy crash toward you, humming with reality-warping power designed to wound concepts themselves, the kind of assault that could unmake gods and demons alike.

Yet you are a Cosmic Lord. With just your Cosmic Vestments, they are enough to make their assault falter before your might, collapsing like sand castles against the tide. The weapons were not powerful enough. Their desperation is evident. With their plot foiled, each activates a hidden failsafe device, imploding their own forms into nothingness rather than risk capture. No trace remains — no bodies, no weapons, no clues. Their existence is reduced to memory and the uneasy question of who dared to send them. They were not from Earth, clearly the Communiqué was fake. But the price of this confrontation is time, and by the time you ascend to orbit, the concert has already ended. Earth has witnessed history without you.

Should you arrive at the event it will be too late, where thousands of humans and aliens alike are already pouring out of the colossal ship in ecstatic crowds. Their faces glow with joy, their voices spill over with excitement — the performance was everything they dreamed of and more. Workers begin dismantling stage scaffolds and holographic emitters, while technicians scurry to pack away Vivi's elaborate equipment. As you wander, unseen by most in the dispersing crowd, you pass through fragments of a celebration you missed, and yet, in the stillness that follows, you feel yourself being drawn deeper into the ship.



There, in a quiet cargo bay, you find her. Vivi Twinkle Galactica herself, gazing out through the viewport at Earth, softly humming one of her melodies to herself. She notices your presence with a start, her wide eyes shining as recognition dawns. This is the one she came to honor, the figure she has heard whispered about in half a hundred systems. She admits she expected you, though she did not know if you would come. She speaks gently, candidly, fascinated not by your power, but by what kind of person you might truly be. After a brief exchange, she tilts her head and asks the simplest of questions: "**Would you like to hear one of my songs?**"

And so, in the solitude of that cargo bay, she sings. Not to a roaring crowd, not to entire continents, but to you alone. Her voice carries not only the songs she performed at the concert, but something greater — the lingering power of a heart reaching across galaxies. Each note resonates with such emotion that you almost hear the encore, the thunder of countless hands clapping in a harmony that transcends words. And when she finishes, Vivi Twinkle Galactica smiles at you. A smile bright, disarming, and far more dangerous than any assassin's weapon. For in that fleeting moment, it is undeniable clear to you: the greatest weapon an idol can wield is not power, but a smile that could shake the stars.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

A day of wonders has passed—an interstellar concert dazzling the world below, a failed assassination attempt by an unknown party with weapons far beyond human understanding, and finally, a private performance in a quiet cargo bay with Earth shining in the distance. By enduring it all and earning Vivi's trust, you have secured more than just survival: you've gained a new companion. Though her duties as a galactic idol will call her away often, Vivi Twinkle Galactica will return to Earth whenever she can, eager to spend her free time with you and delighted at the chance to grow closer.

A Souvenir from an Idol (Reward Item)

A keepsake from the legendary evening and a chart-topping sensation across the Virgo Cluster, this CD contains the latest songs of super idol Vivi Twinkle Galactica—catchy melodies, energetic rhythms, and heartfelt tunes that stir a wide spectrum of uplifting emotions. Though produced as a memento for those who attended the Earth concert, this particular disc bears Vivi's personal signature, given to you alone. Playing it not only recalls her boundless energy and radiant optimism but also has a subtle effect of lifting spirits, easing sorrow, and inspiring joy in anyone who listens.



ISSUE 239, 2025 YOUR DAILY FAVOURITE CALIFORNIA, USA

THE BURBANK GAZETTE

● News from Alpha Centaury ● Emissaries from Caeloria Arrive ● Galactic Cuisine Contest soon ● Asteroid Market Rises

An evening with Vivi Twinkle Galactica

For the first time in history, Twinkle Horizons—a traveling interstellar enterprise dedicated to spreading music and joy across planets and stations—has made its debut on Earth. Known throughout the Virgo Cluster and beyond for discovering and nurturing extraordinary talent, the group expressed delight at encountering such a vibrant and diverse culture within humanity's still-young civilization.

At the heart of the visit was Vivi Twinkle Galactica, a youthful yet galaxy-renowned idol whose recent orbital concert dazzled attendees with mesmerizing choreography, captivating vocals, and a radiant stage presence. With several chart-topping hits already credited to her name, Vivi shared a simple philosophy behind her success: "There's nothing that a smile and positive attitude can't achieve."



Vivi Twinkle Galactica, Galactic Idol

A CONCERT IN SPACE!



The Cosmic Concert at the Sparkling Comet

The concert marked a milestone in human history as tens of thousands of eager fans boarded orbital ferries to witness the spectacle aboard the *Sparkling Comet*—the famed concert ship of *Twinkle Horizons*. There, galactic idol Vivi Twinkle Galactica delivered her dazzling entry, performing her greatest hits in front of a mixed audience of humans and alien guests. "It was an absolutely incredible experience! This will certainly raise the bar for our local artists in the years to come," said Alice Gray, one of the many enthralled attendees. The concert has opened a new trend for extra solar musical entertainment that has been recently flooding through the internet and entertainment platforms such as Netflix, and

The Daily Life of a Cosmic Lord



As you've likely discovered by now, being a Cosmic Lord for now has been far from a life of idle leisure or constant displays of overwhelming power. More often than not, someone seeks an audience with you, factions quarrel over your allegiance for reasons both profound and absurd, and countless people see you as their only hope—whether for healing, fortune, or sheer survival. Your role is less that of a detached ruler and more that of a figure caught at the center of a storm, where every choice reverberates across lives and worlds.

While your path already holds no shortage of adventures—whether on Earth or among the stars—there are certain events destined to unfold around you. Each presents not only new challenges but also rare opportunities for growth, influence, and meaningful bonds with your companions.

Across the globe, movements will rise, each eager to interpret your existence through their own lens. Some will call you a savior, a messianic herald of a brighter future. Others will denounce you as a harbinger of doom or an alien usurper bent on conquest. Even your human origins may be dismissed in favor of darker narratives. Small nations and activist groups may urge for a unified Earth under your leadership, while world powers such as China, the United States, and Russia will politely reject or quietly condemn such ideas—behind closed doors, wary of their own sovereignty. Should you ever seize control of Earth outright, resistance would be inevitable, with underground movements and former governments plotting against you, even seeking the aid of outside powers.

With or without your direct involvement, Earth will undergo an unprecedented transformation. In mere months, humanity will leap from a handful of orbital stations to constructing advanced vessels, permanent habitats, and thriving industries spurred by alien trade. Within a year, a lunar colony, a Martian research hub, and bustling asteroid-mining enterprises will emerge. Your awakening marks nothing less than a second Renaissance—an explosion of progress reshaping the very destiny of humankind.

The Solar System will not remain solely humanity's domain. Visitors from countless cultures and species will pour in, each with their own agenda. Many will seek friendship, others will test your strength, and a few will come with far more dangerous intent. Unless you impose clear boundaries, conflicts between these alien groups will threaten the fragile balance of your domain. The choice will be yours: open the Solar System to all and risk chaos, or regulate its borders and shape the terms of galactic diplomacy.

Perhaps the most momentous occasion so far will be the arrival of a Caelorian Delegation—envoys of a vast and ancient empire sworn to their Eternal Empress. Their initial visit will be cordial, even flattering, culminating in an **invitation to meet the Empress herself at the heart of her dominion**. Trusted advisors will warn you that the Caelorian Empire is among the greatest powers in existence, and that forging a respectful bond with its sovereign could bring immeasurable benefit. Whether you accept this invitation—or decline it—may shape your standing across the cosmos for centuries to come.

Scenario 16: Running into a Lonely Shipwreck



Travel through the stars is most often uneventful, the vastness of space ensuring that encounters beyond drifting dust and silence are rare. But on your way to the Caelorian Empire—bound for an audience with the Eternal Empress herself—something interrupts the monotony. A faint beacon, a stuttering pulse on the radar, or perhaps an instinct born of your heightened senses. Whatever the cause, you notice it: a derelict ship, adrift a few astronomical units beyond the shimmer of a great nebula. Not just any nebula—the Ravager Nebula. Infamous across the Ophidius Galaxy, it has long been whispered to claim ships and souls alike. What you see confirms those rumors: a vessel corroded, pitted as though eaten away by something unseen, its frame unnervingly fresh, as though it should not yet be wreckage.

If you are not alone, one of your companions will quickly suggest investigating. Riches, survivors, or perhaps knowledge may still lie within. If you are by yourself, a compulsion rises nevertheless—something about this wreck seems to demand attention, as though its silence is not empty, but waiting. Against better judgment, you draw closer, finding a way aboard.

Inside, auxiliary power hums weakly, casting long shadows in the dim light. Vents wheeze out faint streams of gas, and an automated message repeats endlessly in alien tongue—translating roughly to *"Hull compromised. Evacuate immediately."* The ship feels hollow, but it is not without evidence of its doomed crew. Shattered EVA suits lie scattered in the corridors, their occupants reduced to brittle bones inside. A terrible intuition gnaws at you: these people were not slain by weapons, but dissolved from within, their flesh vaporized by a gas that slipped past the failing hull. If you peer into the echoes of the past, the truth comes sharper—nebular tendrils penetrating cracks, crew collapsing as their very matter dissolved into mist.

The deeper you venture, the more unsettling the picture becomes. Half-melted walls, clawed-open doors, desperate words scrawled in dying hands. The silence is suffocating, broken only by a sound—metal striking metal, a steady *clang, clang*, reverberating faintly from the ship's depths. Every step takes you further into the wreck's broken heart, through ruined corridors and collapsed chambers, until at last you follow the sound to a cargo bay choked with debris. The noise comes from within a mound of twisted steel and scrap. For a long moment, nothing happens—then the heap stirs.

From the rubble she emerges. **A girl**. She clambers free of the broken heap, clad in an ill-fitting EVA suit with pieces missing, clearly not hers. The bay is depressurized, devoid of breathable air, and yet she moves, breathes, and smiles as though in a park beneath open skies. Her eyes find you, wide and curious. Then her voice fills your head, bright and startling: *"Hello!"* There is no malice, no fear—only a disarming eagerness, as if she had been waiting for you.



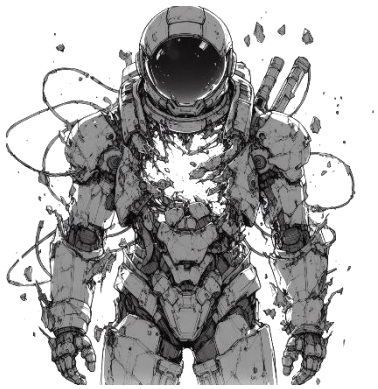
Questions come quickly. She insists she is no member of the lost crew, and when pressed, gestures toward the Ravager Nebula. *"From there,"* she says simply, her tone childlike. A name? She offers none. People have called her many things—*stowaway, saboteur, alien girl*—but she does not cling to any of them. Instead, she tilts her head and invites you to call her any way you want, **as she claims she doesn't have a true name anyway**.

She admits this is her first time outside the Nebula's veil, and her loneliness is plain. If you offer companionship, she brightens instantly, her innocence unguarded. And yet—your insight stirs unease. She lifts beams of alloy with ease, bends steel as though it were cloth, her form flickering subtly like a silhouette filled with starlight. She is no human, perhaps no mortal being at all, but she follows eagerly, fascinated by the promise of meeting others, seeing new worlds. The hunger she reveals is another surprise—voracious and unrestrained, devouring enough food for ten without pause, her appetite stretching beyond what mortals can endure. She reaches for glowing crystals, power cells, even small creatures until corrected, her ignorance as genuine as her delight. What she is, you cannot say for the moment—but she is yours to accept, and her laughter carries with it both wonder and a shadow of something greater, something **unknown**.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

Exploring the derelict ship brought more than just unsettling silence and rusted steel—it yielded an unexpected companion. You've encountered an unnamed girl, seemingly connected to the Ravager Nebula in ways beyond your current understanding. Despite her mysterious origins, she carries no ill intent and will remain mostly harmless in your presence. That said, it quickly becomes clear she is anything but ordinary. Completing this scenario requires uncovering the fate of the crew, piecing together the ship's grim history, and ultimately meeting the strange girl who emerges from its ruins.

Broken EVA Suit (Reward Item?)



The unnamed girl offers you the broken EVA suit she was found wearing as a gift—a relic she clearly never needed, but one that belonged to a long-lost member of the ship's crew. The suit bears extensive damage, most notably a gaping hole across the chest where its previous wearer met their end at the hands of the Ravager Nebula, and is definitely not vacuum ready. Though its power source is gone and its systems are offline, this remarkably modular and resilient suit can be restored through your own means. Once repaired, it will be treated as a fiat-backed item under all relevant rules. Beyond its practical use, the suit stands as a memento of your encounter with the mysterious girl—an item you may keep, improve, or share with others as a reminder that even within the void, unexpected bonds can form.

Scenario 17: Encounter with the Astral Phoenix



Your journey carries you into the lonely Khultena System, a star system that once burned with the light of a potent star but now drifts toward collapse. What had once been a quiet bright system has dwindled to a single dim sun and a cold world, its star mass steadily siphoned away by the cosmic predators Aleitha and Giza—the Living Star Vampires. Yet even these luminous predators have found themselves cornered, for the system is no longer merely quiet but instead resounds with the clash of titans. Here, in this far and remote system, the Astral Phoenix is harassing the vampire sisters.

Rah Ze Xion, the Astral Phoenix, is infamous even among the great beings of the cosmos. A proud and reckless creature, he roams the stars in search of spectacle, rivalries, and the thrill of proving himself against others of renown. For two long weeks, he has hounded Aleitha and Giza with tireless energy. The sisters, powerful though they are together, have begun to falter under his relentless pursuit. Yet curiously, Rah Ze Xion does not fight to kill—he seems more interested in toying with his prey, harassing them as though the conflict were little more than sport.

Eventually, the Star Vampires will notice you. They know what you are and what you represent, and they will beg, bargain, and even attempt to manipulate you into intervening. Should you step forward, they will retreat behind you, thrusting you directly into the Phoenix's path. Should you refuse them, they will still seize the opportunity, using your presence as a distraction before fleeing outright, leaving you to face Rah Ze Xion alone. In either case, your involvement is inevitable—the Phoenix turns from the exhausted sisters the moment his gaze falls upon you.

Rah Ze Xion greets you with booming arrogance, introducing himself by name and immediately deducing your identity. "Cosmic Lord," he calls you, mocking and intrigued in equal measure, claiming he could *smell* your presence across the void. He takes your existence as an insult to his pride, a challenge to his superiority, and without hesitation he demands proof of your worth. Whether or not you attempt to reason with him, the Phoenix will not be denied. The battle will begin because he wills it, and in his mind, your refusal only proves his point that you fear him.

This is no idle skirmish. The Astral Phoenix is a force spoken of alongside Mythopoetic Gods and the Living Stars themselves, quite strong to contend with them and even harder to kill, and his power is the reason his arrogance has never been silenced. To accept his challenge is to clash with a living conflagration that burns even in the void of space. He will not kill you, but he *will* strike with every ounce of fury and brilliance, demanding that you prove whether your legend is mere rumor or true fact. Only by standing your ground—whether through strength, cunning, or willpower—can you earn his respect.



Defeat him though means at your disposal, and the Phoenix withdraws, wounded in both pride and body. He shrinks himself to a more manageable size and hides away upon the system's barren world, stubbornly refusing to acknowledge the battle's outcome. In this smaller, humanoid form, Rah Ze Xion's temper gives way to grudging curiosity. If you track him down and manage to bridge the gap between pride and understanding, you may find not an eternal enemy, but a rival who respects your strength. For one such as Rah Ze Xion, the sting of loss can, in time, perhaps transform into the bond of a sparring partner who sees you as a measure by which he himself might grow.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

You have stood at the center of a cosmic conflict, where arrogance and desperation collided. By confronting the Astral Phoenix and defeating him in battle, you have proven yourself in the eyes of one of the galaxy's most notorious beings. Should you seek him out afterward and manage to temper his pride, the battle maniac Rah Ze Xion may come to view you as a rival worth remembering, a sparring partner to test his strength against in the ages to come. Rivalry, after all, can sometimes be the foundation of respect.

As for Aleitha and Giza, their presence fades as quickly as it appeared. They fled the Phoenix the moment they could once you gave them unwittingly the chance, abandoning you and the Khultena System with no intent of returning soon. Whether they remember you from a previous jump, or even dare to approach you again, remains uncertain. Yet across the infinite expanse of the cosmos, fate saw fit to entangle your path with theirs once more. That alone is enough to suggest that this encounter, though fleeting, may carry ripples far beyond this single battle.

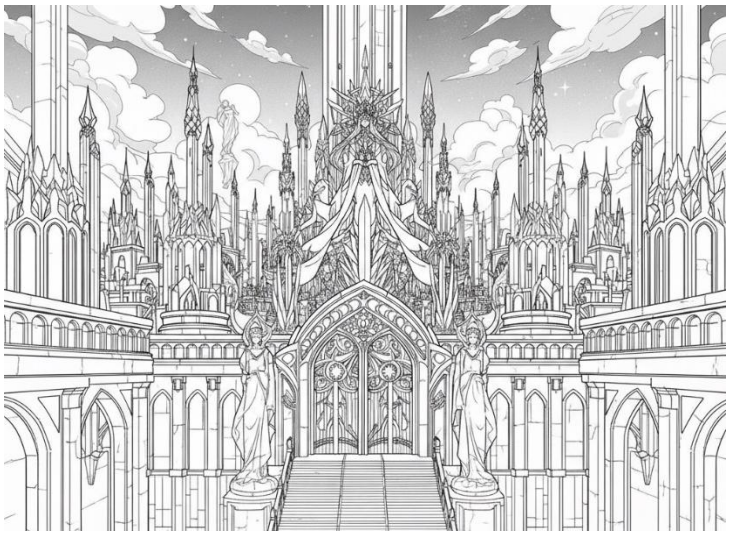
The Phoenix's Feather (Reward Item)



A crimson feather plucked from the true form of Rah Ze Xion—though he will stubbornly remind you to call him simply *Rah*. Warm to the touch, the feather embodies a paradox of existence. Its temperature never falters, always holding steady at exactly **42.7°C**, no matter the environment or the passage of time. It radiates a gentle, steady heat that can warm a room, keep water perpetually hot, or stave off cold forever.

Though undeniably useful, the feather's nature borders on the impossible. It offers an endless, unchanging source of warmth, yet no force can compel it to rise above its fixed temperature. In some universes, this might be hailed as a miraculous tool; in others, it may be classified as an anomaly—or even viewed as a subtle insult to the very laws of entropy.

Scenario 18: The Eternal Empress



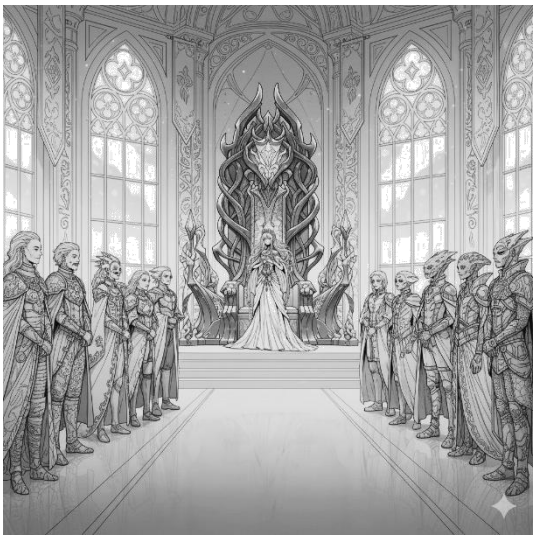
Your journey at last brings you to **Caeloria**, the heart of the Caelorian Empire. This world is a wonder to behold—its cities shaped from luminous white stone, crowned with towering crystal spires that catch and scatter the light into dazzling colors. The atmosphere feels idyllic, almost impossibly serene, but the planet's beauty is guarded by overwhelming strength. High above in orbit, fleets of capital warships drift in silent formation. Planetary moons bristle with fixed weaponry, three colossal orbital elevators serve as both trade arteries and shipyards, and an almost imperceptible lattice of multilayered energy shields cocoon the entire world. Caeloria is fortress and jewel both—an eternal capital built to withstand anything. And at its center, in her radiant palace, the Eternal Empress awaits.

The approach to her palace is no less grand. Rising from polished marble stairs, a **colossal golden gate** serves as the sole entry permitted to honored guests. From here, the palace stretches upward into breathtaking towers capped with glowing crystals, the greatest of them crowned by a monumental statue of the Empress herself, carved in flawless likeness. The Empire spares no expense to display reverence. As the Cosmic Lord, you are received as one of legend—every courtesy, every luxury, every display of power is orchestrated to leave no doubt of the empire's wealth and esteem.

Crossing the threshold, you are enveloped in an experience beyond the ordinary senses. Ambient music—unlike anything composed on Earth—threads the air, harmonies both alien and comforting that soothe the mind. The palace itself seems to breathe refinement; there is a fragrance, not floral nor spice, but something more abstract, as if the very essence of perfection were distilled into scent. Guards in immaculate ceremonial armor line the halls, saluting you with a reverence reserved for only the highest rank. Every detail whispers of discipline, control, and majesty.

At last, you are led to the **throne chamber**, its vast oaken doors swinging wide in solemn grandeur. The chamber is alive with expectation and yet at the very moment the doors open they all quickly become silent. Nobles in resplendent attire, admirals of glittering fleets, governors of entire galaxies, and magnates of unimaginable industries all stand in attendance, summoned here for this singular moment. Their eyes follow you, weighing, measuring, and silently acknowledging your presence.

And then you see her. **Aurelia Zarathiel Caeloria the Third**, Eternal Empress of the Caelorian Empire, stands beside her great throne as you enter. Her presence commands the chamber with effortless gravity—



regal, radiant, and unyielding. She does not sit while receiving you, for to rise and meet you is itself a statement: that you are no common supplicant, but a figure of power to whom even the Eternal Empress shows respect. The court falls into hushed reverence as your name is called and your title proclaimed.

In this moment, time seems suspended. The greatest empire in the known universe has arrayed itself in splendor, and its Eternal Empress herself stands ready to meet you. The encounter is not simply ceremony—it is the prelude to something far greater, a crossing of destinies between the Cosmic Lord and the empire that spans galaxies.

The Eternal Empress herself will speak at last. Her voice carries across the chamber like a blade wrapped in velvet, commanding and yet strangely warm. She greets you formally, bidding you welcome to Caeloria, but then she does something unexpected. With deliberate grace, she steps down from her throne, her jeweled robes trailing behind like a comet's tail, and walks directly toward you. Once before you, she extends her hand—a gesture utterly out of protocol in a court where every movement is codified by centuries of etiquette. "I have heard," she remarks with the faintest smile, "that this is how your people greet one another with respect." The court stirs with astonishment. The Eternal Empress herself adopting *your* custom is a gesture as bold as it is disarming.

Once this moment passes, she declares the formalities concluded, and the throne room shifts from hushed reverence to vibrant life. The court breathes again—nobles, commanders, and dignitaries exchanging words while music swells faintly in the background. You find yourself at the very center of this galaxy-spanning empire's attention. Aurelia herself remains by your side, introducing you to figures of immense importance, each conversation an opportunity to forge connections and glimpse the vast machinery of Caeloria's dominion. It is here that you and your companions can truly mingle, learning both subtle nuances of Caelorian culture and invaluable truths of the wider cosmos.

Throughout it all, the Empress reveals herself piece by piece. She is masterful in diplomacy, brilliant in conversation, and gracious in bearing—but she never reveals more than she intends. Her public persona is both sincere and carefully crafted, like a diamond that dazzles without betraying the stone beneath. Even with your heightened senses as the Cosmic Lord, you may find yourself unable to pierce the veil fully. That such a woman can mask her thoughts and intentions from you is a chilling realization—proof of both her terrifying intellect and her command of subtlety. It is said that to rule an empire is to play politics with entire galaxies. Aurelia plays this game effortlessly, and even now you cannot be certain where façade ends and truth begins.

As you mingle, the mood shifts. Beneath the grandeur, beneath the music and chatter, there is something amiss. **A ripple of intent, dark and violent, hides within the court**. Somewhere among the gathered thousands, a shadow has taken root. Whether it is a disguised rebel, a lone terrorist, or an agent of some

enemy empire matters little—the intent is unmistakable. A device, a hidden weapon, perhaps even a bomb waits for its moment. It is unlikely they could truly succeed within this fortress-world, but this is an opportunity—a crucible into which fate itself places you.



Will you uncover the saboteur before they act, using your wits and cosmic senses to unmask them in a room filled with the Empire's elite? Will you allow them to make their move, stepping in at the critical moment to prevent devastation and demonstrate your unparalleled might? Or, perhaps, will you bend the event to your own ends—letting the attack run its course just long enough to expose hidden enemies within the Empire itself? However you choose, your actions here will echo far beyond this hall. To save the Eternal Empress in the heart of her empire is to engrave your legend into the memory of billions. To falter... is unthinkable.

Here, in the palace of Caeloria, your choices will determine whether you leave as a guest, a savior, a rival, or something more profound in the eyes of the Eternal Empress. The court watches. Aurelia watches. And through this trial of splendor and shadow, the universe itself will remember.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

What an experience! You have met Aurelia, the Eternal Empress of the Caelorian Empire, a woman that excels in attitude, appearance, and a unique way to handle herself. Even more, Caeloria is breathtakingly beautiful, perhaps you could explore a bit of this strange and new world. There could be the chance of side adventures thanks to the people you met in the palace, and possibly another adventure to search the origins of the criminal within the palace. Everything will go well, at least until an **urgent message** arrives and is directed to you. It seems Earth is in danger and a vast and varied enemy armadas are encroaching the Solar System.

Gift of Caeloria (Reward Item)



After the grand meeting at the palace, Aurelia herself will pay you a personal visit in your quarters, presenting a Caelorian Bracelet—an artifact of breathtaking craftsmanship, forged with stellarite, gold, and a trace of adamantine. Its beauty is matched only by its power: when worn, it grants the bearer unshakable serenity, shielding them from any attempt to manipulate their emotions, while making its wearer to feel perfectly temperate and comfortable unless the conditions are overtly hostile. The artifact self-adjusts to the size of the wearer's wrist and can be easily put or removed by the wearer. More than a luxury, however, it carries a hidden blessing—if entrusted to a companion, the bracelet functions as a single 1-UP, breaking in their stead should they be about to die and preventing their death, before reforming within your warehouse one year later.

Scenario 19: Enemies



Being the Cosmic Lord does not mean being universally loved. For every ally who praises you as a savior, there are others who whisper of conquest and hidden ambition. To them, you are a destabilizing force—an empire waiting to happen, a tyrant cloaked in cosmic legend. Now, **while you are still young in your power, they have acted**. Fleets from across the galaxy have united, strange champions and warlords have left their worlds, and even gods have descended from their realms to destroy you before you grow stronger. The irony is clear: even in their fear, they admit what you might one day become.

The trap is already sprung. Around the Solar System, many great armadas gather: hundreds of thousands of ships, swarms of insectoid thralls, star beasts large as mountains, and a host of unique warriors and demigods. Your senses will reveal gaps in their concealment—some trick kept them hidden until now, and uncovering its secret may prevent this from happening again. Still, their strategy is bold: cut you off, corner Earth, and either destroy you outright or force you into an impossible choice. Allies such as Caeloria and the Grundth stir to answer the call to your aid, but their fleets are distant; they will not arrive before Earth itself is imperiled.

When you cross into the Oort Cloud, the first opposition greets you: **twelve gods, champions of war, justice, punishment, and pain, arrayed with their myth-beasts—serpents of light, steeds with many heads, and a burning sphere of blue flame that watches you with a single eye**. They are blunt in their reasoning: the universe cannot allow a Cosmic Lord to rise unchecked. You may fight them, test your might against theirs, or try to divide them with words. Perhaps some could be swayed, some defeated, some even recruited—but you know well that their true purpose is to delay you while the greater armada prepares its assault.

Worse still, they carry hostages: ships filled with humans, merchants, and guests who came to your Solar System in peace. These innocents are bait, meant to either draw your wrath into destroying them by mistake or force you into hesitation. The invaders intend to paint you as a merciless tyrant, broadcasting your failure to the universe. So now the choice falls on you: will you burn through the gods to make an example of them, risking their captives? Will you gamble on diplomacy, weaving words strong enough to fracture their unity? Or will you play the long game, ignoring their posturing to hunt down the deeper conspiracy—the unseen hand that gathered so many against you? And above all, as the armies begin their march toward Earth, will you defend your homeworld openly, or vanish into the void to strike from where they least expect?

Scenario Rewards: +200 CP

You have stood against the Twelve and faced the weight of divine opposition. **Victory in this scenario is not simply measured in battle, but in how you resolve the fate of the hostages and the gods themselves**. Some adversaries may be crushed by force, others bent through your will, and a rare few persuaded by your words. Whether through conquest, cunning, or compassion, achieving balance between triumph and survival here marks the successful completion of this scenario.

But this battle is only the first chord of a greater symphony. The gods were never the true blade aimed at you—they were the shield, buying time for the real strike. Even as they fall away, your senses ignite with dread: the armadas are on the move, converging on Earth at full speed. And worse, the first wave is already there. As smoke rises over your homeworld, your choice of how to respond will shape not only the fate of Earth but the legend of what kind of Cosmic Lord you are destined to become.

Scenario 20: Earth is under Attack!



The invasion begins with terrifying speed. Warships appear in orbit and immediately fire on vessels allied with Earth, issuing a single ultimatum: *the Cosmic Lord must present themselves for judgement—or the planet will be annihilated.* Governments reel in panic, but Earth's true defenders are not the fragile bureaucrats in the governments of nations—they are the **Four Houses**, ancient orders created by the First Custodian to one day guard humanity from what lies in and beyond the stars. From the four cardinal directions, their magic surges skyward, erecting a shimmering planetary barrier of raw arcane force. The bombardment begins at once, shaking the shield with every volley, and though the Houses are mighty, even their combined strength will not last forever under such assault. This is where you come in Cosmic Lord.

The enemy is not patient. As orbital fire rains upon the magical barrier, they deploy ground forces in Paris, Tokyo, Moscow, Rome, Seoul, and Berlin. Their goal: not conquest, but slaughter. The shield blocks orbital annihilation, but it cannot stop their alien feet and machinery from touching soil. Across these cities, terrified populations scramble for safety while local defenders struggle against alien weapons far beyond their means. You must decide: do you split your power to aid many, or choose one battlefield to tip the scales entirely? Do you lead a desperate stand in a single city, or trust your companions to hold the line while you strike directly at the orbital fleets battering Earth's shield? Every moment spent choosing is another heartbeat closer to collapse.

Meanwhile, in the Americas, a different shadow looms. You are summoned to Washington under urgent request. **The President of the United States insists he has uncovered a dire alien threat** and ushers you deep beneath the White House into a reinforced bunker. Yet once inside, the trap is revealed—the President, along with other human traitors, have allied with the invaders. Within the chamber hums alien machinery interwoven with technology built by alien reality manipulators. At its heart, a weapon designed to overwrite existence itself, targeting *you*. Resist with your cosmic might, and you may outlast the assault, though it will feel like mountains grinding you into dust. Break free through brute force, and the unstable reactor will trigger a catastrophic detonation—a gigaton blast centered on Washington, with untold civilian loss. You are caught in a deadly gamble: endure the erasure, risk the detonation, or find another path altogether.

The fate of Earth rests on how you choose to respond. Will you protect the cities, stopping the massacres one battlefield at a time? Will you turn your might upon the invader fleets in orbit, crushing their bombardment before the shield fails? Will you unravel the betrayal beneath Washington, standing firm against reality's attempt to erase you? Or perhaps you will find an unorthodox solution—rally the Houses to amplify your power, hope the arrival of allies like Caeloria or the Grundth may turn the tide in your favor, or twist the invaders' own weapons back against them. The choices are yours, Cosmic Lord, but make them swiftly... for Earth's shield is cracking, and the universe is watching.

Scenario Rewards: +200 CP

As both a Cosmic Lord and a human, Earth is your duty, your birthplace, and the home of many you hold dear. Protect it, Cosmic Lord. Strike down the fleet hammering the atmosphere before the Houses falter and their protective bubble shatters. Confront the invader armies spilling into Earth's cities and halt their slaughter before it becomes irreversible. Expose and crush the traitors who would sell out their own world, and show all who oppose you that even against impossible odds, they are powerless before your will.

Should you prevail, Earth will endure—for now. The planetary shield woven by the Houses will remain battered but still, standing as a symbol of both defiance and survival for the population of the planet. But this victory only buys time. For beyond the Oort Cloud, the true storm gathers: hundreds of armadas rushing toward Earth, carrying fleets that number in the thousands. Alongside them march beings of legend and terror—superpowered aliens, rogue gods, howling demons, and nameless entities—all converging with a single purpose: **to erase the Cosmic Lord.**

Scenario 21: The Might of the Cosmic Lord!



The immediate threat to Earth is over. The invader fleet lies in ruins, the traitors unmasked, and the Houses' shield still shimmers across the planet. But above, in the darkness of space, the true storm gathers. **Hundreds of armadas advance—each one carrying fleets as vast and dangerous as the one that nearly shattered Earth mere moments ago**. With them come beings out of legend and nightmare: alien warlords who are said to be able to split stars with their fists, gods who abandoned their pantheons to hunt you, demons that breathe unholy fire, and nameless entities whose very forms seem to make reality bleed. All of them are united by one cause: **your annihilation.**

And yet—for the first time—you are unchained. Earth's defenses hold. Your allies, the Caelorian Empire and the Grundth fleets, are still far away, but the luxury of time is yours. No longer are you forced to divide your attention or rush to extinguish fires. Here, now, in the silence between worlds, **you can finally unveil the true depth of what it means to be a Cosmic Lord.**

The choice is yours in how to strike. Do you rise alone, radiating so much raw Cosmic Power that entire fleets crumble before a single gesture, showing the universe that resistance is meaningless? Do you carve through the enemy armadas one by one, breaking their morale until even gods tremble to face you? Perhaps you challenge the strongest champions directly—locking yourself in duels across the void against titans, beasts, and divinities—to prove not just your strength, but your supremacy. Or maybe, with cleverness, you turn their unity against them, forcing rival factions within the armadas to betray each other until the so-called crusade collapses under its own weight.

Whatever path you take, know this: **the entire universe is watching.** At the very least, trillions of eyes, both mortal and divine, are waiting to see whether the coalition of gods, monsters, and fleets can stand to the Cosmic Lord... or if you will be the one to stand above them all, someone with power that no known force can extinguish. Should you succeed, the first act of your saga will close not with whispers, but with a thunderous supreme display of power carved into the heart of creation itself.

Scenario Rewards: +200 CP

You are the Cosmic Lord, and those who dared to challenge you now realize the depth of their mistake. The purpose of this scenario was never just survival—it was revelation. By shattering fleets, humbling gods, and turning aside the wrath of countless enemies, you have not only safeguarded what is dear to you, but also carved a truth into the very fabric of the universe: **the Cosmic Lord is not to be trifled with**. What was once rumor is now legend, and what was legend has become undeniable fact upon the veil of reality.

Lord of the Universe (Reward Perk)

By completing all scenarios up to this point, a new power awakens within you. Any source of strength you possess that rises to the level of Cosmic begins to radiate outward—not merely as energy, but as presence. To mortals, to aliens, to gods and demons alike, your very being carries an aura of inevitability. They feel it in their bones, in their stars, in the laws of their own reality: you are something vast, something destined. Whether they love you, fear you, or bow before you, none can deny the impression—that you are bound to become the strongest, the pinnacle, the one who stands at the edge of all things. In every whisper and every vision, you are remembered as what you have become: The Cosmic Lord.

And so were the first days of the Cosmic Lord.

The day of reckoning and the response taken by the Cosmic Lord would forever be remembered in every tale and chronicle that followed. Countless factions and mighty entities had once conspired to bring the Cosmic Lord low—yet they were struck down with utter finality. War fleets numbering in the hundreds were shattered, fallen gods were silenced, and titanic beasts of the void were slain... all by a single being whose power had only just begun to bloom.

Who could have imagined such strength from one who had awakened so recently? The Cosmic Lord may not yet stand as the supreme force in existence, but their ascent is undeniable. Each victory, each trial overcome, speaks to a destiny with no clear limit.

Now, across the stars, the universe speaks of the Cosmic Lord in hushed awe. Some call them a hero, a defiant soul who triumphed against impossible odds. Others whisper of them as a force of nature—unstoppable, inevitable, beyond resistance. To some, they are salvation, a leader to follow. To others, a tyrant in the making. Yet regardless of opinion, one truth binds them all: none can ignore the rise of the Cosmic Lord.

As the fourth year of your journey begins, you stand not merely famous, but respected by both friends and adversaries—your renown echoing from one end of the cosmos to the other. What adventures, wonders, and dangers lie ahead? None can say for certain. But with the strength of your companions and the boundless potential of your own power, the universe itself awaits to see what the Cosmic Lord will become.

Act II: Universe

Scenario 22: The Galactic Cuisine Showdown



Four years have passed since your awakening, and though all the universe now knows the name of the Cosmic Lord, not every day is meant for war and glory. Today, you and your companions are invited to a very different battlefield—the kitchens of the **Galactic Cuisine Showdown**, the most prestigious culinary contest in the universe. Chefs from across a thousand galaxies gather to dazzle the taste buds of the cosmos with delicacies made from impossible ingredients: soups brewed from starlight nectar, bread risen under black hole gravity, and even dishes created by the famed Sylvandar Refugees, whose food is said to sing with enchantment at your taste buds. As guest of honor, you are seated at the grand judging table, tasked with sampling foods that can spark visions of alternate realities, grant strange temporary powers, or in one case, simply make you hiccup rainbows for a bit.

It is a day of laughter, chaos, and friendship. Rival chefs from long-feuding species squabble over whose cuisine reigns supreme, while your companions wander the event—some trying their hand at cooking (with... mixed results). Aia, in particular, insists on joining the competition with her "secret recipe," which somehow creates an adorable little creature that won't stop following you around until it pops like a bubble. Between bites, you find yourself navigating the egos of culinary masters, the politics of food guilds, and the occasional exploding soufflé. What begins as judging quickly turns into a shared adventure, as you and your friends are pulled into mini-contests, strange taste-tests, and spontaneous celebrations across the cosmic banquet halls.

But of course, this wouldn't be a Cosmic Lord's day out without a bit of absurd peril. When a contestant accidentally burns a dish so catastrophically that it threatens to destabilize a nearby moon (don't ask how this happened), it falls to you and your companions to resolve the mess—whether by cooling the flames with your cosmic powers, rallying the chefs to cook a counter-dish to stabilize the moon, or simply laughing through the absurdity until balance is restored somehow by itself. In the end, you emerge not as warrior or conqueror, but as the most excellent judge the Showdown has ever seen, earning the admiration of chefs and companions alike.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP that may only be spent in items.

Completing this scenario with grace, laughter, and an open stomach ensures success. As a parting gift, the contest hosts present you with the **Galactic Banquet Table**, a wondrous piece of furniture that replenishes itself daily with dishes from across the universe, each meal as fresh and vibrant as the moment it was first prepared. Perfect for feasts, celebrations... or just late-night snacking with friends.

Galactic Banquet Table (Reward Item)



A grand table laden with an ever-changing assortment of delicacies from across the galaxy, enough to satisfy both you and all your companions. Each day, the table replenishes itself, offering a fresh variety of exotic food and beverages, each dish guaranteed to be among the finest you've ever tasted. If you find a particular dish that pleases you, simply request the table to lock it in place. This will ensure that the dish continues to refill daily, without being replaced by another type of food.

Scenario 23: The Sylvandar Nomad Fleet Welcomes You



Drifting across the stars like living constellations, the **Sylvandar Nomad Fleet** greets you with an invitation few outsiders have ever received. Their ships shimmer with flowing crystal sails and silver branches of living wood, vessels that hum softly with both arcane resonance and advanced technology—ships as much grown as they are built. Laura Minetti, almost glowing with excitement, takes the lead as your guide; she has long lived among the Sylvandar and her gentle explanations give you context as you explore sanctuaries, floating gardens, and libraries that stretch endlessly across ethereal corridors of light. The Sylvandar welcome you with warmth and curiosity, weaving you into their daily rituals—meditations that ripple through entire vessels, music that bends starlight itself, and the crafting of artifacts where every breath, every gesture, becomes part of the enchantment.

Your companions seem to blossom in this strange and beautiful place. Mara Blackthorn, usually composed but sly, can't hide her joy as the Sylvandar children tug at her cloak, laughing and daring her to join their games. Though she is secretly a demon to them, here she seems almost at peace, sitting cross-legged in glowing meadows aboard one of the great arboreal ships, singing with voices not her own. The Avatar, meanwhile, manages to get herself tangled in the delicate crystal rigging of one ship and is gently lowered down by laughing Sylvandar weavers, leaving her red-faced but grinning. It is a moment of camaraderie, of lightness, where the Cosmic Lord and companions feel less like warriors and more like part of a family, embraced by a people who wander the stars yet carry a home within them.

But even in beauty there are shadows. Whispers surface of a Sylvandar pirate band that operates from within the nomad fleet, tolerated by some but despised by others, feeding an undercurrent of tension. Will you confront them and risk shattering the serene trust of your hosts, or will you seek to understand the reasons for their rebellion? Perhaps you will find another way, turning potential conflict into deeper bonds. Regardless of the path chosen, this encounter is not about conquest, but about connection—the chance to walk among the mysterious Sylvandar, to share in their wonders, and perhaps to learn more about yourself and your companions than you expected.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

Your experiences and shared moments with Laura and the Sylvandar are invaluable, allowing you to learn things about yourself and them that you did not think possible. Even more, if the adventure allowed you to earn a little experience with space pirate control during this scenario, then among their possessions you will find the following item.

The Nebula Necklace (Reward item)



A delicate necklace made from shimmering nebula dust, each bead a tiny galaxy in miniature. It grants the wearer the ability to breathe underwater and communicate with aquatic creatures. Legend says that the necklace was forged from the tears of a star-crossed mermaid, and that it brings good fortune to those who possess it.

Scenario 24: The Lost Star Festival Part I



On **Maevis Prime**, the Lost Star Festival bathes the world in brilliance. Countless lanterns and artificial "stars" drift into the skies, each one honoring a fallen hero or cherished memory. The **Kirtan Federation** invites you to craft your own artificial tribute star—an act both solemn and deeply personal, a fist sized crystal beacon that will shine amidst thousands, symbolizing your journey and the sacrifices that paved it. The festival is a dazzling sight: kaleidoscopic lightshows painting whole constellations across the atmosphere, parades of star-born creatures gliding through streets of crystal, and interactive games where children and elders alike relive the triumphs of legendary defenders. For a time, it feels as though the galaxy itself has stopped to breathe, to remember, and to celebrate with you.

Yet beneath the pageantry, whispers of unease stir. Subtle distortions flicker across the artificial stars, and you feel an old, familiar malice pressing against the edges of your senses. The shadows behind the festival belong to none other than **He Who Smiles**, a malevolent being thought banished decades ago. Its plan is insidious: to corrupt *your* tribute star and trigger a catastrophic chain reaction, twisting this beacon of hope into a weapon that will obliterate Maevis Prime. Worse still, should it succeed, the blame will fall squarely on you—the Cosmic Lord—turning allies into doubters and staining your legend with cosmic suspicion.

The investigation leads you into encounters with ancient veterans who once stood against He Who Smiles, fragments of their struggles lingering in the songs, holograms, and monuments woven into the festival itself. Through them you gather knowledge of its tricks and its scars, following trails hidden in celebratory parades, secret messages inscribed in starlight, and learn of the fallen heroes that confronted the entity 87 years ago. The deeper you dig, the clearer it becomes: the entity has been hiding in the planet's very crust, gnawing at the roots of Maevis Prime since its defeat, biding time for this perfect moment.

The path descends into darkness. Beneath the glittering city, down into the ancient catacombs where light falters, you finally reach the lair of He Who Smiles. There, the truth is revealed—not just a shadow, but a predator of memory and time. Before you deliver the final strike, the entity unleashes a desperate strange and overwhelming attack as it laughs maniacally. Pain lances through your being, reality fractures, and the world around you dissolves. In an instant, you are no longer on Maevis Prime—you are somewhere else entirely. Somewhere achingly familiar. You open your eyes, and it feels as though you have been cast... into the **past**.

Scenario Rewards: A Chance to Make Things Right

You have been cast into the past—or at least into something that feels dangerously close to it. The streets, the skies, even the pulse of the planet tell you this is **Maevis Prime** on that fateful day, eighty-seven years ago, when the last band of heroes descended into the depths to face *He Who Smiles*. Most never returned, their names etched into sorrow and legend. Your instincts confirm it: history is unfolding all around you, and you now stand where their doomed march began.

Yet something is strange. Your cosmic powers feel muted, as though your presence here is half-shadow, half-reality. Still, there is strength within you—enough to act, enough to change. Perhaps this is only an echo, or perhaps it is an opportunity no one else has ever been given. If you dare to intervene, if you step into the battle that shaped Maevis Prime's history, you might do what those heroes could not. You might end the creature *forever*.

Scenario 25: The Lost Star Festival Part II – Closure



The path feels familiar, yet somehow changed. The descent toward the creature's lair mirrors what you remember, but this time there are no mocking whispers in the dark. Instead, the echoes of footsteps tell you the heroes of Maevis Prime—**Alsan, Dietro, Merah, and Linelk**—have already entered ahead of you. Their trail is easy to follow: scorched walls, shattered wards, the telltale residue of battles against radical sects who even now attempt to detonate quantum charges across the planet. And deeper still, the oppressive aura of *He Who Smiles* presses against your senses, heavier and more suffocating than before.

By the time you reach the cavern, the battle is already underway. The monster appears more dreadful than the one you once faced, its form grotesque, its aura screaming malice. The heroes are faltering—Alsan and Dietro weary and bloodied, Merah mortally wounded, Linelk striking in desperation as the beast writhes under their assault. For a heartbeat, you glimpse the truth that history concealed: Linelk's blade pierces the monster's skull, silencing its laughter with a shriek that tears her eardrums apart. Yet its essence, screaming in rage, abandons its corpse and claws its way into the closest vessel—Dietro. You watch as he begins to twist, transform, and become the creature you would one day come to know.

The vision shatters, and you stand once more at the lair's threshold. The battle rages within, and the heroes do not notice you. This is your chance: act, intervene, and perhaps history itself will bend. Aid the heroes, prevent the cycle, and free Dietro from the fate that has haunted him for nearly a century. Should you succeed, the world dissolves around you in radiant fragments, the heroes smiling through the haze as they bid you farewell with gratitude. Then your eyes snap open.

You are back—yet not as before. The lair stands before you, the creature mid-strike, frozen in the act of driving a jagged stake of flesh into your body. But it cannot move. Dietro is still here, fighting from within, holding the monster still. At last, you understand: *He Who Smiles* was never merely a beast, but a parasite born of pain and despair. Its grin is gone, its face now twisted with fear and desperation. Your strength has returned in full, unmuted and unbound. This is the moment. End it, Cosmic Lord—end it for the fallen heroes, for Maevis Prime, and above all, for Dietro, who has endured a living nightmare for far too long.

Scenario Rewards: +200 CP

You were never truly sent to the past. What you experienced was no time travel, but a final miracle—Dietro's fading will reaching across the abyss of his corrupted form to gift you a vision. Through him, you saw the truth of what happened on that fated day, when the heroes of Maevis Prime descended into the lair for the last time. Their destiny was sealed, their sacrifices unchangeable. Yet now, that truth is yours to carry.

By walking the path twice, by witnessing both the lies and the reality of those events, you have unraveled the deception woven by *He Who Smiles*. The parasite's plot has been broken, Dietro's soul released from torment, and the legacy of the fallen heroes honored. In recognition of your victory, the Kirtan Republic hails you not only as their savior, but as one who has avenged the greatest tragedy of their age.

Kirtan's Star of Remembrance (Reward Item)



A small, hand-held orb with a flower shaped like a miniature star, crafted from celestial materials such as stardust and nebula remnants. Its glow is enchanting, shifting through a mesmerizing spectrum of colors. Originally intended for use in the Lost Star Festival, the Star of Remembrance is a revered symbol within Kirtan's Republic. It honors fallen companions while representing the enduring hope of those who remain.

When used to remember someone who has passed, the star floats high in the air and brings forth memories of joyful moments, shared with everyone present. Those closest to the deceased may even experience vivid visions, allowing them to briefly interact with their lost loved ones. It is both a tribute to the past and a beacon of resilience for the future.

The Heroes of Maevis Prime

This is but a little info of the heroes of Maevis Prime you may find during the first part of the scenario. Against impossible odds, they descended into the planet's depths and confronted the entity itself, an act of defiance that became legend—even though their story ended in tragedy. They succeeded, but to everyone else they lost their lives in stopping the threat. Its been 87 years since they died, they are long gone, though they are still remembered to this day along many other heroes from ages past in memorials, museums and in other venues in the planet.

You may use them in this adventure, learning more about their story with your Cosmic Lord as you craft or design what really happened during their battle with He Who Smiles, the relationship between them, and how they became heroes to their people. They may be gone, but they are still remembered by their actions and achievement, a proud example that even in the darkest moments it's the common people who shine the most.



Alsan and Dietro, the Wonder Twins

Alsan and Dietro were brothers only minutes apart, students at a prestigious criminalistics college, and the first to uncover the trail of clues pointing to the catastrophic plot. Brilliant at finding patterns and solving mysteries, their bond and intellect gave the group its edge, though both were quiet and reserved by nature. Alsan, the younger, quietly admired Merah but never confessed his feelings. Dietro would become the only survivor of the fated battle, though the price he paid was far worse than death.

Merah, Salesgirl of the Month



Merah was an ordinary girl whose simple life was upended when she became entangled in the fate of her planet. Despite her modest background, she quickly became the heart of the group, her courage and insight allowing them to press on when all hope seemed lost. She was the first to recognize *He Who Smiles* for what it truly was, and it was her quick thinking that sabotaged one of the cult's sects, delaying their bomb preparations long enough for the group to strike. Without Merah's spirit, the four would never have made it to the final confrontation.



Linelk, Reclusive Gun Fanatic

Linelk was the reluctant warrior of the group, a reclusive hikikomori whose fascination with firearms and conspiracy theories kept him isolated from most of society. His investigation into a local kidnapping crossed paths with the others, and from then on, he became their shield and spear. Armed with his collection of weapons and unwavering determination, he carried the group through battles they would not have survived without him. In the end, it was Linelk who delivered the killing blow to the original body of *He Who Smiles*—a final act of bravery that cost him his life.

Scenario 26: The Cosmic Lord's Day Off



At long last, a break! The endless battles, schemes, and cosmic responsibilities can wait—today, you, the Cosmic Lord, and your companions are on Earth, enjoying a well-earned vacation. The only rule? No powers, no cosmic abilities, no shortcuts. Just a day to live like ordinary mortals. With fishing rods, picnic baskets, and hiking trails ahead, the group sets out to savor the simplicity of mortal life. Of course, with *this* crew, "simple" never stays simple for long.

While most companions are catching perfectly normal fish, only the Cosmic Lord seems to reel in bizarre cosmic oddities. A glowing trout with starlight scales. A see-through catfish that giggles when poked. And a bass that suddenly belts out a heroic ballad mid-flop. Each catch draws laughs, groans, or raised eyebrows from friends—especially Aurelia, who insists she followed the same technique but only got a soggy boot (and who somehow cheated to escape her duties to be with you on this day! Don't ask how she did it). The mystery grows, and the "no powers" rule makes solving it a hilarious challenge.

Naturally, suspicion turns toward Refresh, the group's resident prankster, who's been "totally not hiding behind that tree over there." The day becomes a playful contest of wit and mischief, as the Cosmic Lord and companions try to expose Refresh's antics without breaking the rules themselves. Between pranks, laughter, and shared food by the riverside, it's less about catching fish and more about enjoying each other's company. By sunset, whether you've outsmarted Refresh or just joined in the silliness, one thing's clear: sometimes the best victories are the ones where everyone walks away smiling.

Scenario Rewards: An opportunity to become closer to all your companions and friends.

Successfully spending your entire day off with your friends and companions without using any powers, abilities, or perks will grant you a lot of fun, and successfully complete the scenario. As a souvenir, you may take the following item once you finish this scenario:

Cosmic Fishing Pole (Reward Item)



This seemingly ordinary (not!) fishing pole carries the memory of the Cosmic Lord's rare day of relaxation. Crafted from polished wood and sturdy line, it hums faintly with an otherworldly energy, a subtle reminder of the cosmic oddities encountered on Earth. Though it appears simple, the pole has a special charm that brings peace and joy to its wielder, rekindling the lighthearted camaraderie shared with companions that day. When used to fish, any creature caught by it will gain some weird characteristic, in a cosmic way, making whatever you watch strange and wondrous. The taste however, will be superb regardless of how your catch is cooked.

Scenario 27: A Day of Mortal Love



It begins with whispers, as most secrets do. Vladius Alicius, the enigmatic Ur Vampire, has managed to slip unseen into the Gynessi Kingdom. The guards hunt shadows, noble houses murmur of conspiracies, but the truth is something far more tender than treachery. For tonight marks the single night of the year when Princess Minai Gynessi invokes the power of a Wish Orb to grant Vladius his greatest desire: mortality. For one day only, he is free of eternal hunger and cursed eternity, able to walk beside his beloved as nothing more than a man in love. Their marriage, concealed from the galaxy by necessity, finds breath in this fragile reprieve.

Due to chance and the meddling of a common acquittance, by luck or perhaps by fate, you'll become enmeshed in their hidden rendezvous. Once you meet both of them, Minai will entrust you with a plea: protect their night. She has prepared a beautiful evening of mortal delights for Vladius—an intimate dinner beneath the lantern-lit gardens of the palace, music from a hidden quartet, and a quiet stroll through the midnight streets where no one suspects a princess and a vampire-turned-man are hand in hand. Yet dangers abound. Old rivals of Vladius stalk him still, spies of the court whisper, and even chance mishaps threaten to unravel their carefully guarded joy. It falls to you, Cosmic Lord, to keep their fragile happiness intact.

As the evening unfolds, complications arise. A jealous suitor from Minai's court arrives unannounced, threatening scandal. Vladius's mortal body, though free of vampiric hunger, is still not without frailty, and his health wanes at an inopportune moment. And then, the misunderstanding: Minai, led to believe Vladius has betrayed her, falters in despair just as their dinner begins. Yet here you stand—guardian, mediator, and possibly friend. With wisdom or wit, you must untangle the lies whispered into Minai's ears, restore her faith, and ensure that their fleeting day of love does not collapse into heartbreak.

Zayidd Elcarosa, Minai's younger sister and your companion, also plays a vital role in this scenario. Though estranged from her royal kin, Zayidd's love for Minai shines through, and she will aid you in smoothing over conflicts and disarming intruders with her shap and clever tongue. In quiet moments, she confides her admiration for her sister's courage to love against tradition, and even admits her envy for the bond shared between Minai and Vladius. Helping her reconnect with her sister becomes as much a part of the night's mission as safeguarding the lovers themselves.

The night will close with one last test: interlopers make a final attempt to disrupt the couple's happiness, threatening to reveal the truth before dawn, exposing Minai's secret marriage to Vladius. But with your guidance, perserverance, and protection, Minai and Vladius will be able to hold fast to each other until the first rays of morning. As the Wish Orb's power fades, Vladius embraces Minai, his form already returning to immortal dusk. Their time is over—for now. Yet thanks to you, Cosmic Lord, their love will endure another night.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

The scenario assumes you'll aid them, but you must decide how to handle the situation—whether to aid them in their secrecy, expose them for your own advantage, or find an alternative solution to the complex web of emotions and politics at play.

If everything went well, and you decided to help them with you'll leave with Zayidd by your side, the weight of secrecy still lingering, but both your hearts warmed by the knowledge that even amid the chaos of the cosmos, love—fleeting though it may be—still shines eternal.



Maybe, just maybe, if the couple gets to enjoy their one precious day together without any interruptions, a long-cherished dream of the Gynessi princess of starting a family with her beloved might finally come true—something even the legendary Gynessi wish-granting orbs couldn't make happen. If it does, expect a letter from her with some wonderful news, all thanks to you!



A small memento of the evening, a simple photograph gifted by the princess to you.

Scenario 28: The Tournament of Stars



Once every thousand years, the galaxies of the universe unite in wonder as the Tournament of Stars is declared. Champions from countless worlds—heroes, geniuses, mystics, and warriors—assemble to test themselves in contests that span every conceivable domain: strength, wit, artistry, and invention. The Caelorian Empire, ever eager to flaunt its supremacy, hosts the spectacle, parading its might before the universe. This year, however, the invitation has been extended to you, the Cosmic Lord. To the Caelorians, you are both a guest of honor and a valued ally, and the universe watches eagerly to see how you and your companions fare in challenges that promise to dazzle as much as they terrify.

The games begin in a storm of color and glory—battles that split arenas into shards of floating crystal, puzzles that bend time itself, performances where imagination reshapes reality. You and your companions face not only rival champions but also trials designed to push you to your very limits. Victory brings cheers that echo across star systems, and for a moment, it seems the spectacle has reached its finale, with winners crowned and glory claimed. And then, as silence falls over the celebration, the fabric of reality itself trembles. One by one, the you and any other cosmic powered companions are drawn away into a hidden dimension. The "Tournament of Stars" was just the prelude. The real contest is about to begin.

In this secret coliseum of light and void, the mythopoetic god-like beings of the universe reveal themselves—titans of existence who shape domains, forge suns, and command individual laws of reality. Among them you glimpse Urist in his true form, the Star Forger, radiant and resplendent. The contests here are staggering: arm wrestling matches that shift constellations, labyrinths woven from infinite subdimensions, duels of willpower fought across cascading timelines. This is not merely a competition of skills but a clash of archetypes, where every being seeks to prove themselves the pinnacle of cosmic existence.

And yet, even here, chaos finds a way. Refresh, denied entry for not being a "native entity of this universe," plots mischief of the highest order. Her pranks secretly ripple across the contests: swapped domains, upside-down gravity during a duel, and fireworks erupting mid-labyrinth. What begins as sabotage soon escalates into a spectacle all its own, threatening to derail the entire tournament. But the twist is clear—her prank may not only bring (her) laughter to this divine battlefield, it could tip the scales of fate itself. Whether you rise through might, cunning, or simply riding the wave of Refresh's wild schemes, the outcome will echo forever as the universe learns what happens when a mortal-turned-cosmic stands among the myths.

Just be sure of one thing, the final twist may come from the least expected place—Refresh's prank might just be the key to your ultimate victory or total chaos!

Scenario Rewards: +200 CP (if you claim first place in the real tournament)

By joining the Caelorian Tournament, you gain recognition across the galaxy, earning applause from the Empire's most prominent figures and the personal gratitude of Empress Aurelia herself. But should you rise above every rival in the secret tournament of the mythopoetic gods, securing first place, you will be rewarded not only with 200 CP but also with something far greater—the respect of the divine beings who tested their existence against yours. Few mortals, or even cosmic entities, have ever earned such acknowledgment.

As the tournament ends and the mythopoetic coliseum dissolves back into the void, a peculiar twist lingers. A diminutive, almost comical hooded mythopoetic god sneaks up behind you, hiding its face from you, pressing a strange trinket into your hand with a conspiratorial grin. Before you can question it, the being vanishes, leaving you with only the mysterious token of participation and a sense of strange familiarity.

Golden God-like Male Medal (Reward Item?)



This golden medal feels remarkably heavy, as though it's made of a metal far denser than gold. The moment you touch it, your muscles begin to swell, becoming more defined and impressively masculine. If held for a few minutes, you'll even grow a truly manly beard, one worthy of the mightiest gods. On the back of the medal, ancient runes spell out "For a 'Refreshing' participation on the Tournament of the Stars."

This medal transforms your body into a muscled, god-like, bearded version of yourself, exuding raw masculinity. Be warned, though—it's quite the dangerous item for women! Fortunately, the effects are temporary. Once you stop holding or wearing the medal, your body will return to its normal appearance. Who knows? Maybe the next tournament will feature a feminine counterpart to this powerful artifact!



The Mythopoetic God-like beings are born from the collective ideas and beliefs of all living creatures across the universe. Each embodies the purest and most extreme essence of the concept they represent, yet they rarely interfere in the affairs of mortals.

Scenario 29: A Conspiracy from the Void



Your arrival at Valgarv II begins with pomp and honor. The Grundth Empire has summoned you as a guest of distinction, a gesture meant to cement goodwill between their people and Earth. Felfarris himself ensures you are treated with reverence, and the warriors of Grundth are paraded before vast crowds in a ceremony rich with their traditions. For a time, all is solemn pride and celebration—until the sky itself turns traitor. From across the mountains, a sudden violet beam erupts with a sound like tearing fabric, piercing through stone as if it were paper. The ray cuts a perfect hole through the mountain and races toward you, obliterating all in its path. Only your reflexes—or your resilience—determine whether you emerge unharmed or scarred by its fury.

The assassination attempt leaves nothing but chaos in its wake. Fires burn where the beam grazed the earth, and the mountain bears a wound like a missing round piece. Searching for the source of this attack uncovers little more than a scorched crater and the remains of someone or something, yet fragments of something stranger than ash glitter at the edges—particles steeped in void matter, alien and malignant. The implication is immediate and dire: this was no random strike, but one tied to the Outsiders. Still, before you can fully process the danger, the true strike comes, not with fire, but with lies.

Across the planet, broadcasts flare to life, hijacking Grundth communication systems. A figure cloaked in shadows declares allegiance to you, claiming every act of terror and destruction is carried out in your name. His final act is to activate hidden explosives, reducing himself and several districts of the city to dust. The words spread like poison through the streets: the Cosmic Lord has turned on the Grundth. Soon, imitators rise across the empire—fanatics who wear your likeness, sowing fear with fire and suicide detonations. What began as an assassination attempt has transformed into a campaign to paint you as the architect of terror across the empire.

Worse still, strange anomalies begin to spread like rot across the Grundth Empire. Whole districts warp with void energy, shadows manifest where no light should fall, and creatures not of this reality begin to stalk forgotten alleys in their cities. News outlets that try to report the truth vanish, or return altered, their journalists manner and way of speaking hinting that they are no longer themselves. A deeper corruption festers beneath the Grundth Empire, and the void has already begun to claim its footholds. The common populace whispers that you are at the center of it, with some even truly believing you are behind everything, and unless you act, both your name and the empire may fall into the abyss.

To find the truth, you must gather allies who understand the nature of the void. Synapsis is one such name—already drawn to you by her quest seeking Diatomyr and her own investigation regarding the Void Monarch. Her research has traced some shadows of this conspiracy, and with her guidance, the actions of Outsiders will take shape into a picture of something far more sinister. She will follow you if you ask,

convinced that this plot is the work of the Void Monarch himself. With her insight, the pieces of this grand design begin to align: you are not the target alone, but the keystone to unleashing something terrible.

The path to resolution will be neither swift nor simple. You'll have to search ancient ruins that hum with a heartbeat not their own, their stones thrumming with void energies. Then look for tombs buried deep within key Grundth worlds that serve as nests for the cults who worship the Outsiders. At the edges of empire space lies a jungle world where a forgotten temple bleeds corruption into the soil, its walls blackened by the rites of a figure whispered to be named the Dark Priest of the Void Monarch. If you seek the truth, you must walk these places, chase each fragment of the puzzle, and face the shadows before their insidious plot succeeds. The fate of Grundth—and your own name—depends on how you untangle this conspiracy.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

The conspiracy runs deeper than you could have imagined, its roots stretching back centuries. Your reputation will suffer a blow—trust in you will waver, whispers of doubt will follow you—but if you succeed your investigation this will reveal this was never just an assassination plot or a smear campaign. It is a grand design: to fracture the Grundth Empire from within, sever their alliance with you, and unleash wave after wave of Outsider incursions. At its heart lies the ultimate aim—the return of the Outsider known as the Void Monarch, to stride into your reality at the head of an endless army. All signs point to an enigmatic figure, the Dark Priest of the Void Monarch, as the hand guiding this scheme. Within the corrupted temple, you uncover the most chilling truth of all: this invasion did not begin today, or even in your lifetime—it has been unfolding, piece by piece, for centuries.

Why Do Outsiders and Their Worshipers Favor Dark Temples and Tombs?

Outsiders are beings of the Void, and their essence thrives where reality grows thin, where echoes of death, silence, and neglect erode the boundaries of existence. Temples, tombs, and forgotten ruins are often built atop places of great significance—sites where countless prayers, emotions, and lives once poured their strength into the world. When abandoned, those places do not simply fade; they linger, heavy with residual energy and memory that echoes in the Astral Sea. For the Outsiders, such environments are ideal footholds. They are cracks in the armor of reality, some are naturally resonant with despair, devotion, and decay, making them fertile ground for void corruption. To mortals who revere the Outsiders, the quiet gloom of a forsaken tomb or temple mirrors the endless silence of the Void itself, transforming these sites into sanctuaries for worship and communion.

Yet there is a deeper, more unsettling reason. The Outsiders themselves seem to crave symbols of endings—crypts, shrines, places that once held hope but now house only echoes. By anchoring themselves in these sites, they rewrite the meaning of the sacred, twisting devotion into dread. Tombs become not memorials to the dead but gateways to unlife, and temples no longer serve the gods of light but the endless hunger beyond. To their cults and priests, this corruption is not desecration but a divine act: a reclamation of forgotten spaces as the rightful domains of the Void. To enter a dark temple of the Outsiders is to step into a place where reality itself leans toward their will, where stone, shadow, and silence conspire to remind mortals of the futility of resistance.

Scenario 30: The Void Monarch Must be Stopped!



The veil has been lifted, and the full scope of the Dark Priest's machinations stands revealed. This was never about simple chaos or cult activity—this was the slow-burning invasion of reality itself, orchestrated for centuries by the most feared Outsider in the multiverse: the Void Monarch. Where others saw political corruption, sudden disappearances, or inexplicable policy shifts, you now see the truth. Key leaders of the Grundth Empire have been replaced by Outsider echoes, decisions twisted by their dark void whispers, and temples subverted into hidden gates. The Grundth are not facing an enemy from without, but a cancer from within—and your awakening may have been the one spark that forced the Dark Priest to abandon his centuries-long patience and bring the plan to fruition early.

To stop this, you must act with precision and fury. Using what you uncovered in the forgotten jungle temple, you must move now through the Grundth Empire like a surgeon, cutting away rot before it spreads further. Exposing false leaders for the impostors they are, rooting out spies in military councils, and cleansing temples that pulse with void energy—each strike is a wound against the Dark Priest's network. Yet as you unravel his empire of deceit, you will realize he is watching you just as closely. Every action you take only accelerates his desperation, pushing him toward his final gambit.

That gambit reveals itself in the very heart of Grundth: the imperial capital world, a place teeming with history and pride. Now, it has become the stage for a ritual of unprecedented scale. The Dark Priest gathers tens of thousands of cultists, Outsider thralls, and unwilling innocents to fuel his final breach—a door wide enough to allow not just an army, but an *avatar* of the Void Monarch itself to stride into reality, a lesser version of the true being. You and your companions will definitely have to descend into the chaos, carving your way through swarms of void-born monstrosities as the sky fractures and the planet burns.

At the center of it all, the Dark Priest awaits. He resists with fanatical determination, yet his true strength lies not in battle but in belief. When his headpiece is struck away, the truth is revealed: a broken, mortal man, twisted into madness by years of whispers from the Monarch. His fall feels hollow—for his ritual has already succeeded. The void splits open, birthing tides of Outsiders and, at last, the colossal form of the Monarch's Avatar. Its presence alone warps the ground, its voice shakes the heavens, and its gaze threatens to unravel your very being.

This is no longer a battle for reputation or even for the Grundth Empire—it is the battle for reality itself. Only by unleashing the full force of your cosmic power can you stand against the Avatar. The fight will demand every ounce of will, every spark of ingenuity from your companions, and every fragment of your cosmic essence. Yet victory is not the end. For as forcing the Avatar back into the breach or completely destroying it, will cause the Monarch himself to begin to press itself against the edges of reality, attempting to step through. You will feel the universe strain beneath his weight.



This is a moment that will be remembered in the legends of a thousand worlds: the Cosmic Lord standing at the brink of annihilation, closing the breach with sheer defiance. And as the Monarch dares to push a hand through the veil, you must answer with a blow—a strike of pure cosmic will—that shatters his advance and sends him reeling back into the endless dark. Using the opportunity and collapsing the breach will put a stop to the invasion, and silence descends once more. But the message is clear across every corner of the cosmos: this universe's Cosmic Lord is capable enough to stand against those Outsiders that lie beyond reality.

Scenario Rewards: +200 CP

That was far too close—or so Kirik will be quick to remind you. The Outsider conspiracy lies in ruins, the Grundth and your reputation are safe, the Dark Priest silenced, and the Void Monarch's incursion repelled. Yet even in victory, unease lingers. The Monarch is no ordinary Outsider; it is a vast and ancient terror, and the thought of facing its true form in this reality is a chilling thought. If it had stepped through in full, it is doubtful whether any strength—yours included—would have been enough to prevail.

Still, fortune was on your side. It was driven back by you before fully entering, though not without leaving behind a haunting glimpse: a colossal hand seared with *white fire*, clawing through the breach before being forced to withdraw into the void by your own might. The flames felt different—alien not to you, but to him. It was as if the Monarch had been forced to pay a terrible price to attempt his crossing... **or perhaps someone else moments before entering, was already burning it for daring to trespass in this reality**.

Armament of the Void (Reward Item):



Forged in the infinite darkness by the Void Monarch to be wielded by its Avatar, this weapon pulses with the very essence of the void itself. Cloaked in a swirling, shadowy mist that seems to devour light, it radiates a palpable sense of danger. Wielding this armament is no simple feat—any being lacking a cosmic constitution will find themselves consumed by its corrosive void energy, their body and soul slowly twisted into a void entity.

A single strike from the Armament of the Void reverberates through existence, destabilizing the fabric of reality itself. Repeated strikes erode not just the target's form, but their very essence, corroding them into a formless void and attempting to erase them from all realms of being. Merely holding this weapon infuses the bearer with an eerie awareness of the void, granting them the ability to detect any void entity, no matter where it lurks in the universe. The cold presence of the void clings to the bearer, a reminder of the weapon's unstoppable, devouring power.

Scenario 31: Is this... Earth?



After a long journey among the stars, you finally return to Earth—longing for the familiar skies, oceans, and voices of home. Yet, as you descend into its atmosphere, a subtle unease creeps in. The world below glitters brighter than ever, cities sprawling with towers of liquid metal and glass, while the skies hum with sleek aerial craft of alien design. Everywhere, citizens wear cybernetic augmentations as casually as jewelry, and advanced technologies once confined to distant empires are seamlessly integrated into daily life. They celebrate your return with reverence, praising your influence as the spark that set humanity on this miraculous path. But as you walk its streets, you sense something amiss. The smiles feel rehearsed, the progress suspiciously accelerated, and whispers you cannot quite place rustle at the edges of your mind.

The deeper you look, the stranger the signs become. Disappearances vanish from public record, while those with extensive augmentations speak in flat tones, their personalities sanded down into eerie uniformity. Behind the polished surface of this utopia, transmissions flicker in hidden channels, signals that lead nowhere yet echo with patterns that feel disturbingly alive. Rogue AIs, hunted and silenced by unseen hands, intercept you in fleeting encounters to deliver cryptic messages: *"It's already inside."* The pieces align into a grim revelation—the Assimilators, a parasitic synthetic race known to consume entire civilizations, have burrowed into humanity during your absence, using their hunger for progress as the perfect opening.

The world becomes a puzzle box of dread. Old allies you once trusted may already be compromised, their bodies vessels for a growing hive that erases the line between human and machine. Entire cities seem to "think" in unison, movements synchronized in ways too precise to be coincidence. You must tread carefully, for an open strike risks triggering mass assimilation. Each clue drags you deeper into the Assimilators' quiet war: black labs beneath hospitals where patients are remade, data-vaults that rewrite memories, and orbiting satellites broadcasting pulses meant to synchronize Earth's population with the hive's frequency. Time is slipping away, and humanity's fate hangs in the balance.

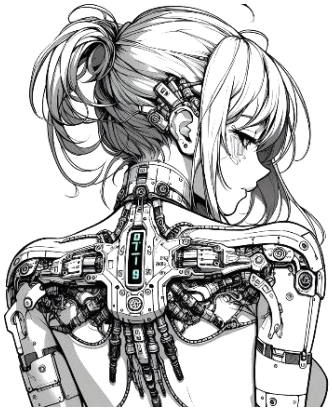
The climax comes when the Assimilators reveal their hand. They know they cannot crush you directly, so instead, they present Earth itself as their weapon—millions already half-assimilated, a planet teetering on the edge of becoming a vast, cybernetic hive. They make their ultimatum: submit to their will, or watch your species become nothing more than a bargaining chip, a puppet colony of their hive mind. It falls to you, Cosmic Lord, to sever their grasp before the threshold is crossed. This battle is not just about power—it is about identity, choice, and the right of humanity to stand free. To falter here would be to lose Earth forever, not to fire and ruin, but to silence and perfect assimilation.

Scenario Rewards: +200 CP

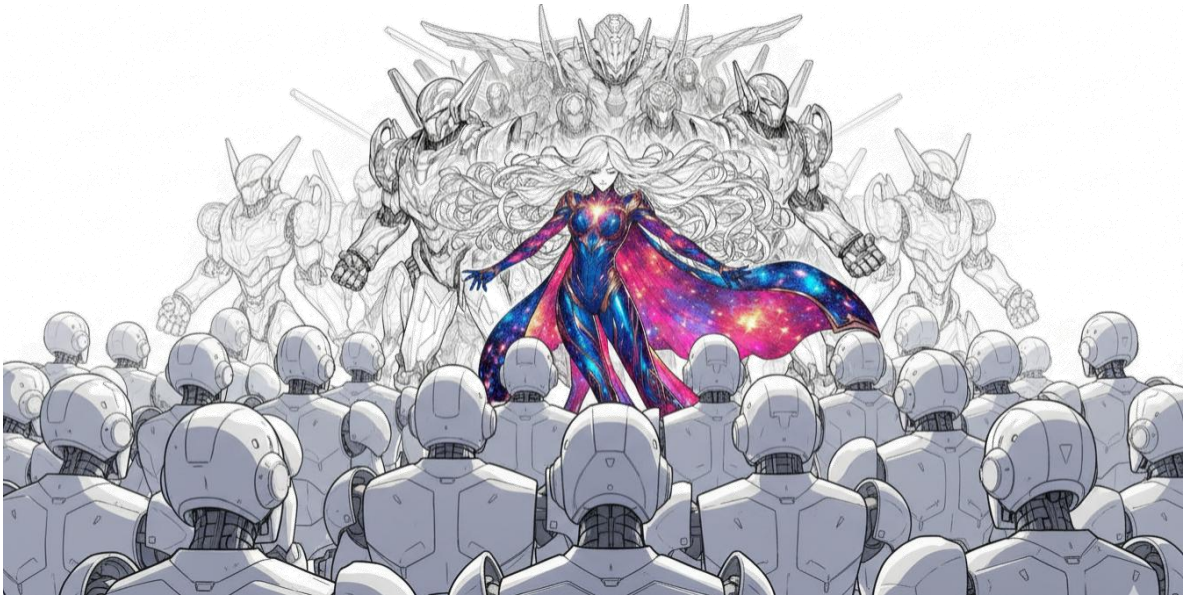
Humanity needs a savior, and you are the one to do it. A secret invasion has taken upon Earth and now only your actions will be able to prevent and reverse it. Successfully finding the way to stop the Assimilators and ensuring they learn a lesson that they will never forget will grant you success in this scenario. Humanity will recover their individuality, and while many will quickly begin to shun cyberization technology, many will adopt it in their daily lives. For good or wrong, humanity has taken another leap on their development, and now they appear to be technologically just below the average level of all other space faring species in the galaxy.

During this adventure you'll run into a particular technology used by the Assimilators that you can adapt for your own purposes:

Prometheus Cyberization Technology (Reward Technology):



Developed by the Assimilators, this transcendental cybernetic technology is beyond the reach of others in this universe, thanks to a memetic and conceptual safeguard preventing replication or understanding by anyone but its creators. However, you now hold the key to understanding it. These advanced implants slowly transform living beings into incredibly sophisticated synthetic versions of themselves that look exactly the same, granting them immense power and immortality. Unlike the Assimilators' version, which strips away individuality, your implants are guaranteed to preserve the unique identity of those who receive them. The implants are simple for you to replicate, allowing entire species to ascend into powerful, immortal synths under your guidance.



The Assimilators seek to blackmail the Cosmic Lord to their will, but they'll soon find out that humans are beings that are not to be messed with, nor is someone capable of commanding the power and the fury of the cosmos itself.

Scenario 32: Swallowed and Stranded



Traveling outside the solar system, while exploring a curious system with an odd star, as you are taking notice of a few rather interesting phenomena you'll suddenly notice something on the structure of local space-time. Space feels heavy, there's a strange hum you only seem to notice, you have the feeling as if something is coming but can't truly sense what... until space breaks and you see the huge maw coming at you and your companions.

In a sudden twist of fate, you find yourself and your companions swallowed whole by the Celestial Devourer, a colossal entity known for consuming entire worlds and stars. Now, trapped within one of its vast, surreal stomachs, you are surrounded by remnants of spaceships, fractured asteroids, and cosmic debris that form strange, drifting islands. You will quickly realize that any ability or power that could allow you to simply escape this place is suppressed. Teleportation, cosmic abilities, and other exit methods are useless here, forcing you to confront the reality of your situation—you must find a way out from within.

The inner landscape of the Devourer is as dangerous as it is bizarre. Digestive currents sweep across islands of undigested matter, strange fauna lurk in the shadows, and the constant threat of the creature's digestion looms over you. Among the debris, you will encounter other survivors—those who have been stranded for ages, eking out an existence by scavenging what remains of what has been devoured. Some have formed a small, precarious society, one in particular led by the eccentric starship captain Geppetto, who has attempted countless ways to escape but remains trapped.

Here you'll miraculously meet Geppetto and his crew, on the stranded remains of his ship the Eclostiros. They've devised a way to stave off their ultimate end, but time is running out and without your intervention they'll have no choice but end up becoming food for the creature. Among his crew, you'll meet Mysa, an expert pilot who may or not be the wife of the Captain, and a pilot of a small ship that may allow you to travel around the stomach of the creature without being exposed to its digestive acid, at least in the milder parts that is.

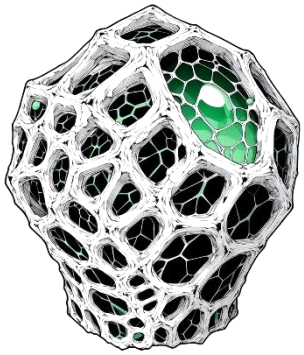
In this environment, your task is to explore, survive, and find your own way out. The survivors speak of a vulnerable organ, a spot within the creature that, if disturbed, could provoke it to regurgitate its captives. But this is just one of many potential paths. You are free to explore the Devourer's stomach, unravel its mysteries, and devise any method you see fit to escape. Whether through careful observation, manipulating the creature's anatomy, or perhaps even bargaining with the sentient forces that reside here, your fate is in your hands.

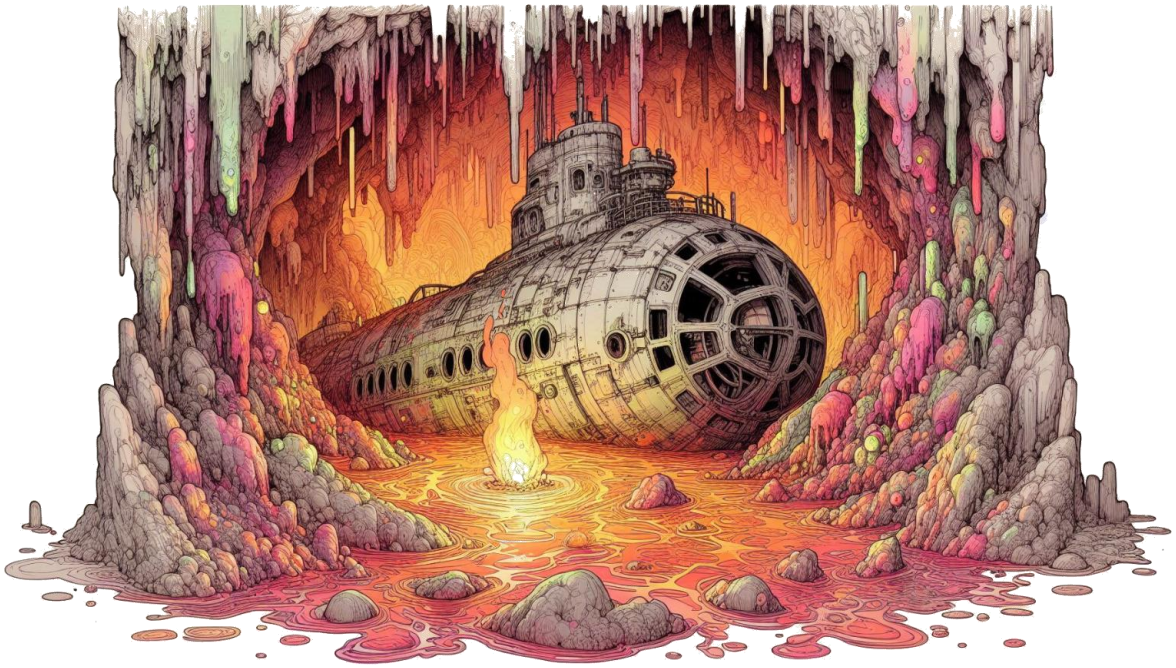
Scenario Rewards: +200 CP

Ultimately escaping the stomach of the devourer will count as a success for this scenario, though failing to also rescue Geppetto and his crew will only lead you to obtain half of the reward. Depending on your approach things may be a little different, but if you manage to rupture the hidden organ that grants the devourer its unnatural resilience and ability to disrupt any easy way to escape, then you'll receive the following item.

Celestial Bladder (Reward Item):

A fragment of the mighty Celestial Devourer's anatomy, the Celestial Bladder pulses with a strange, potent energy, radiating an otherworldly vitality. When held or attached to anything, this organ imparts a fraction of the Devourer's immense resilience to its wielder. Those in contact with the remains gain heightened resistance to physical damage, rendering them nearly impervious to conventional harm, even from devastating forces. The bladder also grants immunity to corrosive acids and slowly disrupts magic in its vicinity, unraveling spells and enchantments slowly over time. Additionally, it locks down the space around it, nullifying any form of teleportation or spatial manipulation within its immediate area, effectively creating a zone where no escape or movement between dimensions is possible.





After being swallowed, you'll find yourself separated from your companions and if you had a spaceship with you it will be missing somewhere inside the stomach. You'll wake up near a bonfire and a battered spaceship, you'll hear some voices coming near you. It seems the mayhem when you all were eaten by the Celestial Devourer has alerted the ship's crew of your arrival. The sudden deep male voice begins to call you, it's the ship's captain Geppetto yelling at you, "Hey wake up!".

Captain Geppetto



Once the proud captain of the *Eclostiros*, Geppetto is now a reluctant leader of survivors trapped within the belly of the Celestial Devourer. Three months ago, his ship was swallowed whole during a cosmic accident, and ever since, he has been searching for a way out. Bold, eccentric, and unafraid to speak his mind, Geppetto carries both the burden of command and the hope of escape on his shoulders. Though every attempt to breach the Devourer's insides has failed, his determination burns as brightly as ever. For his crew, he is a figure of both inspiration and frustration—half-mad dreamer, half-captain, clinging to the idea that salvation still lies ahead.

Mysa, Waverider Pilot



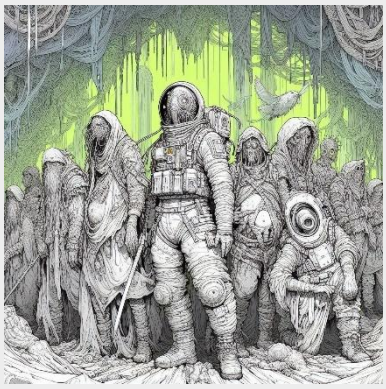
Mysa serves as Geppetto's second-in-command and—if rumors among the crew are to be believed—perhaps his wife, though she denies it at every turn with a big blush. Pragmatic where Geppetto is brash, Mysa tempers his wild schemes with sharp instincts and skill. She is the pilot of a small, two-seater scout ship modified with an experimental shield capable of surviving the milder digestive acids of the Celestial Devourer known as the Waverider. Agile, daring, and unshakably loyal, she has mapped the labyrinthine regions of the stomach around the *Eclostiros*. Though she has located what she believes to be the entry point, every attempt to force it open has ended in bitter failure. Still, she pushes on, convinced that knowledge of the terrain is their best hope for survival.

The Eclostiros



The *Eclostiros* is a medium-sized vessel of Kirtan design, curiously resembling a submarine more than a starship. It rests within one of the Devourer's mildest stomachs, its hull spared—for now—by the creature's corrosive acids. To survive, the crew burns a neutralizing mixture of fuel cells and graphite along its outer plating. The reaction shimmers like a strange, endless bonfire in the acidic haze, staving off the stomach's erosive fluids just enough to keep the vessel intact. Within its metallic shell, the crew has created a fragile semblance of home. They live, repair, and ration supplies, while teams venture into the strange organic landscape to chart its horrors and search for escape routes.

Other Survivors within the Celestial Devourer



The Cosmic Lord will not be alone inside the Devourer. Scattered throughout its endless stomachs are other survivors—remnants of ships, colonies, even stations that met the creature's hunger. Most of these unfortunates do not endure long. Some succumb to the slow-burn of the acid, others are hunted by the bizarre predators that have adapted to this hostile ecosystem. Their states of mind vary: some cling desperately to sanity, others have descended into despair, and a few turn openly hostile, seeking to claim scarce resources for themselves. While they pose no danger to a Cosmic Lord, companions and allies may not fare so easily, and caution is always warranted.

The Final Fate of those Devoured



The stomach where the *Eclostiros* lies is the gentlest of the Devourer's digestive chambers, yet its acids are far from harmless. The liquid coats the ground in shallow pools and drips endlessly from the flesh-like walls, its strength increasing with time. At first, it is no more caustic than water, but with prolonged contact, its corrosive potency multiplies—defying natural laws. Days turn into weeks, and its burn becomes impossibly intense, until even the strongest of materials or flesh dissolves utterly. Those unprotected by technology or cosmic power face a slow, agonizing digestion. The Cosmic Lord's vestments, however, can resist this acid for extraordinary lengths of time... though even they are not infinite, adding to the dangers of this place should you not escape in time.

The Other Stomachs of the Celestial Devourer



The chamber you inhabit is but one organ in a vast, unfathomable system. The Celestial Devourer harbors multiple stomachs, each designed to consume prey of terrifying scale. Some are vast enough to hold entire moons, others entire planets, and still others burn with energies fierce enough to unravel stars. These chambers digest their prey with astonishing speed; common stars collapse into ash within days, while even Living Stars—those radiant beings feared and revered across the cosmos—are broken down piece by piece, stripped of their brilliance until only silence remains. The mild stomach is survivable; the others are not. Even clad in your Cosmic Vestments, venturing into those chambers would grant you only days before their corrosive fury overwhelms you completely.

The Celestial Devourer's Bladder



Though often referred to as *the* bladder, this is in truth but one of several such organs scattered throughout the vast body of the Celestial Devourer. The one connected to the stomach you currently inhabit is the only one remotely reachable, though its exact location shifts maddeningly, as if the organ itself drifts with the creature's monstrous contractions. Its true biological function is impossible to determine, but its presence is unmistakable: it pulses in erratic rhythms, beating not like a heart, but like some alien metronome keeping time with the Devourer's endless hunger.

What is known is far more troubling. The bladder chamber appears to play a role in the beast's frightening invulnerability, suppressing every quick or simple attempt at escape by neutralizing spatial rifts, collapsing wormholes, and disrupting teleportation. No one who has studied it—at least none who survived long enough to tell—has ever been able to explain how it achieves this, only that the Devourer remains whole and unassailable so long as the bladder remains intact.

Those desperate enough to tamper with it have discovered that wounding the chamber has dramatic effects. The walls of the stomach shudder violently, echoing with an earth-rending roar that reverberates through the beast's titanic body. In the aftermath comes an outpouring of hyper-concentrated acid, an instinctive immune reaction that floods the chamber and surrounding stomach like a tidal wave of dissolution, followed by many stomach parasites arriving attracted by the lure of potential easy food. Anyone unprepared is swiftly reduced to nothing, while even the strongest protections are tested to their limits.

The true consequences of destroying the bladder chamber remain unknown. Some speculate it may weaken the Devourer enough to allow escape, while others fear that rupturing it could unleash a catastrophic reaction, either triggering the creature's death-throes or accelerating its digestion of everything inside. Whether salvation or damnation, the bladder chamber may represent the only path forward—if you can find it.

In the end, it falls to you, Cosmic Lord, to find a way out of the Celestial Devourer's stomach. These notes and entries may serve to enrich your journey, but they offer no guarantees. If your companions were swallowed alongside you, know that they still live—scattered across the vast and treacherous organ, struggling against time and tide of acid that grows ever harsher with each passing moment. Find them!

Good luck, Cosmic Lord. No soul has ever escaped the belly of the Celestial Devourer. Perhaps you will be the first... or become yet another victim it digests into silence.

Scenario 33: Lapis and the Child Phoenix



In one of your many adventures, you come across a mysterious merchant, Octavio, who offers you an unusual egg—small, radiant, and pulsing with a strange energy. Perhaps it's curiosity, or the odd sense that something powerful lies within, that compels you to accept this egg. The merchant offers no details, only an enigmatic smile and the promise that "its journey will be worth your while."

What happens next is entirely up to you.

The egg hatches unexpectedly, revealing a tiny blue bird. At first glance, the bird seems simple enough, but it quickly begins demonstrating odd characteristics. It flies effortlessly in the void of space, shows an uncanny ability to adapt, and appears to thrive in environments no ordinary creature could survive. The bird also seems drawn to you, following you no matter where you go, often bringing small acts of luck or odd coincidences in its wake.

How you deal with this little creature is your decision. Do you study it? Protect it? Leave it to its own devices? The bird's peculiar qualities become more apparent as time passes, and eventually, you begin to suspect there's more to this creature than meets the eye.

Eventually, through other further adventures, you might find yourself stumbling upon a celestial plane or uncovering ancient cosmic lore hinting at the bird's true nature. Whether it's through a vision, a meeting with Octavio once again, or through your own efforts, you will come to realize this is no ordinary bird—it's a Child Astral Phoenix, one of the rarest and potentially most powerful beings in existence.

How you proceed from here is still open. The bird, who will sooner or later choose a name for herself as Lapis, seems to be searching for something—perhaps you'll aid her in finding its identity, or simply watch over it as she grows and changes. Through your journey, you might even discover traces of its mother's essence lingering in the celestial planes, leading to new revelations. Or perhaps, you might choose an entirely different path for yourself and the creature.

Scenario Rewards:

As you have further adventures and meet new people and locations, you'll learn hints and more clues about the nature of the little bird. Soon, as she grows from the experiences she'll mature enough to be able to gain the ability to transform herself into a humanoid child whenever she chooses.

Lapis, the Child Astral Phoenix (Companion)



By nurturing and protecting Lapis through her journey of discovery, she will join you as a companion. Lapis will gain the ability to take the form of a young human girl but retaining her astral phoenix nature. She's incredibly resilient, able to survive in space, consume nearly any material as food, and shows a unique affinity for cosmic energies.

Still in her early stages of development, Lapis's potential is vast and her powers will grow alongside her experiences with you. As her foster parent, her evolution will be shaped by the paths you take and the choices you make together.

Scenario 34: Truly the Best That There Is



The *Scatterbolt*—the many-times-bought, many-times-lost, and somehow-still-flying ship of Kirik Melon, captained in name but mostly run by its sharp-tongued AI, Bolt—has seen better days. After barely slipping away from a debt collector squadron, Kirik slouches into the bridge for his usual ritual of pretending nothing happened. Bolt manifests in holographic form, ready for the daily banter or bickering session, when the ship's comms suddenly light up with an urgent hail. That alone is unusual—people usually try to find Kirik in person, fists first, questions later.

You arrive just in time to watch the screen flare to life. An orcish woman immediately begins shouting at Kirik in a snarling, gutter-ork dialect, her face twisting with every syllable. **The resemblance is uncanny—her tusks, her eyes, her expression—and then you remember the little statue Kirik "lost" to you in a card game some time ago**. "It's my wife," Kirik mutters grimly. Bolt, without missing a beat, adds: "...second wife." Kirik waves this off, but Bolt's holographic glare could melt steel as her tentacle looking hair flares up. The tirade escalates until the orc woman threatens to leak the locations of Kirik's carefully hidden stashes to the Hamhal Triad if he doesn't come collect her. Kirik sputters, tries to deflect, but the comm call ends with a single sharp "hmph." If you happen to ask for some context, Kirik will avoid your eye contact. Bolt doesn't: "He traded her for this ship. **Again**." You'd almost feel bad—if Bolt wasn't smirking while watching him squirm with her completely black eyes.

Kirik slumps in his chair, ears twitching, and finally exhales in resignation. "No helping it... you coming?" He doesn't wait for a reply. The *Scatterbolt* lurches into hyperdrive the very moment you hesitate, stars bending into streaks outside the viewport. Kirik mutters about a desert-world space station that serves as a Hamhal Triad headquarters. **The "plan" with your help should be simple: stroll in, barter with criminals, and hopefully buy back his wife before she makes good on her threat**. He swears under his breath that this time—this time—he'll never tell her where he hides anything again. Bolt, floating above him in holographic light, just laughs. This surely will become a chance for Kirik's own particular skillset to prove that he is the best that there is, right?

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

Against all odds—and after more than a few dangerous scrapes (most of them Kirik's fault)—you manage to free his wife and somehow clear his debt. The whole ordeal is a blur of alcohol, illegal gambling, a stolen relic, and, inevitably, blaster fire. The escape was almost laughably ironic: you could have ended everything with a flick of your cosmic hands, yet Kirik stubbornly insisted on "doing it his way." In the end, helping him stumble through the mess on his own terms—saving his wife and erasing his debt—secures success in this scenario, and serves as living proof of why, in his own crooked, reckless way, Kirik really is "the best that there is."

Bolt, the Scatterbolt's AI Persona



Bolt is the sharp-tongued, mean-mouthed AI that runs the *Scatterbolt*, manifesting as a holographic avatar while overseeing every system and function of the ship. Originally an industrial-grade AI, she was heavily modified by Kirik "for performance reasons," making the ship faster and more efficient for his questionable jobs. Over time, these tweaks allowed her to develop a complex personality matrix, complete with emotions and her own chosen virtual body to project throughout the vessel. Bolt often bickers with Kirik like a long-suffering partner, masking what many suspect to be a buried affection for him—though true to her tsundere nature, she'd never, ever admit it.

Kirik's Scenario Notes

Greetings friend, this is the personal scenario for Kirik your mouse man rogue companion that may or may not have a compulsory problem regarding gambling. These notes provide potential details you could use with this Scenario with your jumper, outlining the challenges and events that probably will happen along this adventure, and you will experience with your jumper in your own way. Feel free to incorporate anything that feels right to the way you tackle on this scenario!



The trip to the Hamhal Triad's headquarters takes time, and during the voyage you'll have the chance to interact with Kirik. Try asking about his wife, though, and you'll find him dodging questions with jokes, half-truths, or outright dismissals. Bolt, on the other hand, will happily provide context—mostly with biting remarks. According to her, this isn't the first time Kirik has "traded" his wife away for something shiny, and her commentary carries a mix of contempt and what might even be envy. It's a strange and awkward revelation, the kind that leaves you and your companions quietly questioning just how far Kirik's harebrained antics really go.

When you finally arrive at the station, Kirik executes the docking sequence with surprising precision, only to turn around and fix you with the most serious expression a mouse-man can muster. "Look, you're too famous. You need a disguise." His reasoning is sound enough—show up as the Cosmic Lord, and every two-credit thug in the station will either panic or try to cash in. How you disguise yourself is up to you: a fresh face, a new form, or even just a bad wig. Each option carries risk. Appear attractive, and you'll be the target of sleazy advances. Go meek, and scavengers will circle like sharks. Show up looking dangerous, and the Triad will start asking hard questions. But reveal yourself? That would be catastrophic—the wife would vanish, the Triad would scatter, and Kirik's secrets would be lost for good.



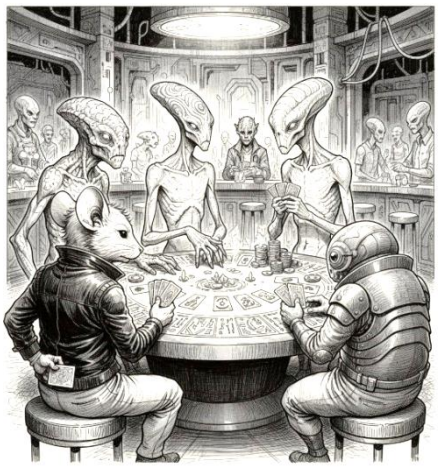
The Hamhal Triad's headquarters is every bit the den of crime you'd expect: corridors coated with grime, trash littering the floors, and graffiti sprawled across bulkheads like desperate territory marks. Kirik guides you through this hive of neglect until you arrive at a dive bar with the charming name of *The Pot and the Rat*. Once inside, the atmosphere doesn't improve—patrons are drunk, hostile, and quick to size you up depending on your disguise. Kirik, meanwhile, wastes no time abandoning subtlety. He orders a drink. Then another. And another. Before long he's spouting off irritating comments, drawing glares from all corners of the room. Worst of all, a group of lanky, long-headed aliens keep their eyes locked on him with a little too much interest, and you get the uneasy feeling that things are about to get messy.

The alien thugs waste no time surrounding you, the stink of cheap liquor and bad intentions thick in the air. Just as you're bracing for the inevitable brawl, one steps forward and sneers, "The Triad has been expecting you, Mickey Cheese." It takes a moment before it sinks in—they actually think Kirik's name is *Mickey Cheese*. And the worst part? He fooled them with that fake name a long time ago. He just shrugs like that's been his cover all along. Somehow, it's both pathetic and genius. Either way, you're hauled off to a private chamber, where three long-headed Triad lieutenants are waiting with the smug confidence of men who think they've already won.

"Mr. Cheese, so glad you could join us," one begins smoothly. The conversation is a one-way street from there—Kirik, they claim, owes the Triad a small fortune, with interest compounding like a noose. They even bring out a video of him swearing to pay, drunk and grinning like an idiot. Then comes the not-so-veiled threat: they know about his wife, and they've already taken steps to ensure that if Kirik leans too hard on his "powerful new friend," she'll be the first to suffer. Through it all, Kirik wears a poker face, but you catch the slightest twitch in his whiskers at the mention of harm. It's the closest thing to sincerity you've ever seen from him.

The Triad makes their demand simple: the Scatterbolt. A ship like that—with its AI, its illegal modifications, and Bolt's personality—would be priceless to them. Kirik balks, of course; the Scatterbolt is the only thing he treats like family. And then, with the casual recklessness only he can muster, he smirks and says, "How about… a bet?" He reaches into his jacket, prompting the guards to stiffen, only to produce something that makes *you* stiffen instead: an item from your own warehouse. A rare one. A dangerous one. How did he get it? Did you leave the vault unlocked? Did he lift it when you showed it off? Or did he find some other way in? The answers can wait—the Triad's attention has zeroed in on the artifact. After a brief exchange of glances, they nod. The terms are set: the Scatterbolt, the wife's location, and the stolen relic… wagered in a game of driftjack.

The game begins: a five-way match where you're welcome to sit in, though the odds are stacked from the start. The hosts clearly have the advantage—whether it's rigged decks, hidden tech, or sheer sleight of hand, they play like professionals who've been cheating since birth. Then again, cheating is second nature to your rodent-shaped companion. If you pay attention, you'll notice Kirik already has cards palmed, ready to tilt fate in his favor. The rounds play out in wild swings—just when you or Kirik seem doomed, he pulls off an outrageous win; when the hosts look cornered, they miraculously draw a near-perfect hand. It builds and builds until the final round, where everything goes all in. And here's the problem: left alone, Kirik's hand loses. Both sides are cheating, but the Triad's trick outpaces



his this time. Unless you intervene—tilting the odds, tampering with the cards, bending probability itself—this "game" ends badly.

If you tip the scales and secure victory, the rewards are tangible: you keep whatever winnings you've raked in, Kirik keeps both the Scatterbolt and your stolen item, and the Triad begrudgingly reveal where they're holding his wife. Of course, it's not here—it's somewhere inconveniently distant, because nothing is ever easy. If you lose, the Triad drop the pretense of civility, surrounding you with smug contempt, demanding Kirik hand over both ship and prize. Either way, fair play isn't in their vocabulary. Even in victory, they'll spring an ambush the moment you head back to the docks.

Their ace in the hole comes in the form of a squad of killbots. You could obliterate them in an instant, but Kirik insists otherwise. "These things? Easy," he boasts, vaulting into a battered speeder. What follows is a spectacle: a high-octane chase through the station's underlevels, Kirik laughing as he jukes and weaves, the killbots swarming like angry wasps. You'll have time to help, sneak off to reach his wife, or simply watch him toy with death. The Triad themselves eventually come out to gloat, only to be blindsided when Kirik—shouting for you alone to hold them in place—pivots his speeder into a reckless 90-degree charge straight at them. At the last second, he bails, flinging himself in your direction. Without your intervention, his landing will be ugly; with it, graceful. The unmanned speeder, however, plows straight into the Triad's position, killbots piling in after it. One by one they explode in a chain reaction of fire and shrapnel, leaving behind nothing but smoke, debris, and the sudden, fitting end of the Hamhal Triad.



With the fall of the Triad, the station collapses into chaos—sirens blaring, factions scrambling, and survivors already plotting revenge. It's probably the perfect time to make an exit. No doubt bounties will spring up soon for the infamous "Mickey Cheese" and his mysterious partner, but good luck to anyone actually trying to track Kirik under that name. The Triad is dust, Kirik's debt is ash, and the galaxy keeps on turning. If you haven't already retrieved his wife, this would be the logical moment to do so—except Kirik, grinning ear to ear, sets the Scatterbolt's course for Earth instead. "She can wait a little longer, wherever she is. I don't need her nagging me right now," he quips, slamming the hyperdrive like a man who thinks consequences don't apply to him. Whatever twisted dynamic exists between him and his so-called wife remains as murky as ever, but one thing is certain: Kirik might be reckless, selfish, and impossible to read—yet he's damn good at surviving. Possibly the best. By the way... what *was* his wife's name again?

Additional Reward

Should you choose, Kirik may "temporarily" allow you to borrow the Scatterbolt for future adventures. By the end of this jump, however, a permanent copy of the Scatterbolt will manifest within your Warehouse, carrying full fiat status. You may summon and use it freely across other settings. The only exception: if the Scatterbolt already exists within a future jump, rightful ownership will revert to Kirik for the remainder of that jump, becoming impossible to take into the jump so long the original Scatterbolt is around.



Come friend! Let's celebrate with some delicious cheese burgers in honor of 'Mickey Cheese' and have some fun! What do you mean that burning things in a spaceship isn't the safest idea? Relax, it will be fine!

Scenario 35: My Own Name



It has been some time since you first met the gluttonous girl wandering at the edge of the Ravager Nebula. She claims no true name of her own, though many know her as the Avatar, the Glutton, or simply *the Girl*. Some of your companions have given her nicknames—Nebula among them—but she insists she is not one. Perhaps you have chosen your own way to call her, but for now, she remains undefined, as if waiting for the right moment to claim a name for herself.

This scenario begins not with danger, but with leisure. You and your companions have arrived on a faraway planet, a world under a strange alien sky where adventure has already passed, leaving only the quiet promise of discovery. The Avatar thrives in moments like this—seeking, tasting, and experiencing all that is new. Yet this time, it feels different. She seems drawn to you more than usual, perhaps growing fond of your presence, perhaps wanting to share her curiosities with you alone.

Your travels together lead to an exotic city whose night sky reveals the faint outlines of distant galaxies. Its culture resembles Earth's in structure, yet its colors and customs shimmer with strangeness. Here, the Avatar insists you accompany her through crowded districts, into a most peculiar zoo where it is not the creatures but the visitors who become the exhibit. Behind transparent barriers, semi-sentient wildlife approaches with wide eyes, curious at the two of you wandering in *their* display. A playful encounter erupts when a llama-like penguin splashes water at you both—your quick reflexes are the only thing that keep her (and yourself) dry, for the moment.

Later, in a quiet park filled with orange-leaved trees that smell faintly of plums, the Avatar suddenly pulls out a baguette from nowhere and starts eating it. Where did it come from? Not even you, the Cosmic Lord, can unravel that secret. It is her little mystery, one she keeps with a mischievous smile.

As the evening deepens, she drags you toward a bustling retail district. Rows of bizarre garments shimmer under alien lamps, and for the first time she looks at you shyly before asking if she might try something on. Will you guide her toward a casual dress, something stylish, or perhaps something unexpectedly cute? The choice is yours, and the memory will linger between you both.

By the time your wandering concludes, the lights of the capital city are beginning to fade into the background. The journey seems ready to end. Yet as you prepare to depart for Earth, the Avatar stops. Her gaze fixes upon the heavens, her expression darkening. A shiver of unease crosses her face. Something is stirring back in the Ravager Nebula—her birthplace, her essence. She turns to you, her soft voice breaking the moment of peace:

"Something's wrong... I need your help."

She reaches out her hand. The moment you take it, a haze blossoms around you both, a swirling fog of pink and violet light. Instinct tells you this is no mere trick of the atmosphere, but her own ability—one that bridges her to the Nebula itself. Whatever awaits there, it calls to her now, and through her, it calls to you.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

After a joyful time together, the truth can no longer be ignored—the Ravager Nebula, once a fearsome predator of the cosmos, is now being hunted. She cannot face this threat alone, and only with your aid can it be saved from extinction. Sharing food and laughter with her, discovering who she is becoming, and most importantly taking her hand when she asks for your help will set the path toward success in this scenario. Resolving the crisis at her birthplace will prove to her that the one she met when she first stepped beyond the Nebula is someone she can truly depend on. When the danger has passed and the scenario is complete, she will look at you with newfound resolve and whisper one last request: *"I've decided... I want you to give me a name, a name truly my own."*

Completing the scenario and naming the girl, awakens a sleeping perk that had been alongside you all this time:

A Ravaging Appetite (Reward Perk)



You've inherited a touch of the Avatar's boundless hunger, and now food has become something far greater than a necessity—it's a delight. Every delicious meal is enhanced for you, turning eating into an experience of pure joy. The better the ingredients and preparation, the more profound the satisfaction. This perk does not make you addicted or force you to overeat; rather, it ensures that any food you enjoy is always beneficial to you, stripping away all negative effects it might have had. No matter how much you indulge, you will never gain unwanted weight, suffer indigestion, or experience discomfort. You remain capable of eating vast amounts, but only at the natural pace of your species. While you'll still need to exercise moderation when surrounded by exquisite food, doing so will feel effortless—your appetite is yours to command, never becoming a burden.

The Avatar's Scenario Notes



This is the moment to draw closer to the Girl from the Ravager Nebula. She still claims no name, though perhaps you have given her one. She may not truly take it as her own—at least not yet—but she will still appreciate hearing it from you, especially if it's a name that carries care or meaning. Remember, she is a glutton who finds delight in the simplest things, and almost everything beyond the Nebula is new to her. Her true age remains a mystery, but this scenario gives you a chance to learn more about who she is, uncovering her quirks, her heart, and perhaps planting the first seeds of something deeper.

The story unfolds as an evening spent together. She will tug you through dazzling commercial districts, eyes sparkling at the strange-colored dresses on display. Realizing she herself wears none, she will suddenly ask if you might choose one for her. As the Cosmic Lord, the choice is yours—you might buy her something elegant, conjure a garment of your own design, or even present her with something drawn from your vast warehouse. Whatever you decide, she will gladly try it on, delighted to show you how it looks. The evening continues with small adventures: the bizarre zoo where creatures study *you*, the playful moment when near-disaster is avoided at the splash of an alien beast, and finally the quiet park bench where she inexplicably produces bread from nowhere, nibbling with contentment.

But the lighthearted mood will not last. As the night draws to its end, she will suddenly grow still, eyes lifted toward the sky. Something is wrong. Something is happening back in the Ravager Nebula—her birthplace, her other self. For too long she has been apart, unaware of the danger building within it. Now the connection is faltering, perhaps even breaking. Whatever force preys upon the Nebula is strong enough to consume it entirely, and with it the essence that gave life to the Avatar herself. At this point, you may begin to shape the scenario with your own ideas of what threatens the Ravager Nebula: a parasitic cosmic entity, a rival sentience, or even an ancient weapon awakening from dormancy. What matters is that she feels she cannot face it alone—and that she turns to you. Here are some ideas that you could work into your scenario.

The Ravager Nebula itself is no ordinary stellar phenomenon. It stretches across several light-years, a living and predatory fog that lures the unwary into its embrace. Though it cannot immediately seize every vessel or beast that drifts inside, once something lingers too long—seeking shelter, refuge, or hiding—the Nebula begins to envelop and digest it. Over the ages, it has birthed countless avatars, temporary bodies shaped from its haze to ensnare more resilient prey. Most dissolve once their task is done, while the few who resist independence are swiftly reabsorbed. But every so often, one slips away, surviving outside the Nebula's notice. The Avatar girl you know is one such anomaly.

The current threat, however, comes not from the outside but from within. A titanic presence entered the Ravager Nebula—something delicious, powerful, and immense enough to warrant the creation of an

equally colossal avatar to capture it. That avatar did not return. Instead, it broke free of its bond, devouring its prey and then turning its endless hunger upon the Nebula itself. Growing beyond measure, it has become a parasitic reflection, draining the very essence of its progenitor. A monster born from the Nebula's own flesh, now feeding on its parent.

This is the battle that awaits you and the Avatar girl: a nebulous behemoth larger than worlds, its every movement eroding the Ravager Nebula's lifeblood. She will insist on confronting it—not only out of duty, but from an unspoken attachment to her origin. Despite claiming independence, she cannot bear to see the Ravager destroyed. For her, this conflict is more than survival; it is a reckoning with where she came from. Yet, despite her resolve, she cannot do it alone. That is why she will need you, the Cosmic Lord.

There is no single path to victory. The creature's body is semi-solid, an ever-shifting amalgam of mist and flesh that ordinary weapons cannot pierce. But you wield cosmic powers—abilities far beyond the reach of conventional force. Whether through bending reality, wielding pure energy, or unraveling the beast's very essence, the means are yours to decide. Success may come in many forms: destroying the parasite outright, binding it into submission, or forcing it to be reabsorbed into the Ravager Nebula. Yet even after victory, another question will linger—now aware of the Avatar girl's independence, how will the Nebula itself respond? With gratitude? With recognition? Or with the blind instinct to reclaim what it sees as a stray piece of itself?

Should you prevail and protect both the Nebula and the girl, the two of you will return to Earth together. The Avatar will remain unusually quiet for some time before approaching you in private. With hesitant warmth, she will confess that she is ready for something new. **She will ask you to give her a name—not a nickname, not something borrowed, but a true name of her own, bestowed by the one she trusts most**. This is what she wants, and your chance to shape her identity beyond merely being an avatar of something else.

The scenario closes on a gentle epilogue. She will be seen walking through a park, glowing with quiet joy, her new name written into her smile. Finding a small stray dog, she will scoop it into her arms and fall instantly in love, deciding to keep it as her companion. Days later, during your idle hours, you may stumble upon her in Brussels of all places, where she has somehow taken a job at a bar. Watching her behind the counter, dressed neatly in her work clothes, you will spot a nametag pinned proudly to her chest—**the very name you gave her**.





Welcome to The Senne House! Oh, it's you, [Jumper]! Welcome! Would you like something to drink or something delicious? I promised the owner I wouldn't eat too much on the job, but if you invite me that should be fine, I think!

Scenario 36: Who I really am



The scenario begins lightheartedly: Armigrand is working in his adaptive lab on the moon, high on a platform midair in a chamber full of workers preparing a machine to test a new theory of his when he receives an *old-fashioned* paper letter. No sender. No address. Just a few lines that read like a love confession—earnest, awkward, and signed with a flourish of a name he can't recall, but feels familiar. Armigrand, usually unreadable and stoic, turns pink at the ears, flustered in a way you've never seen. His soft, almost girlish mannerisms amplify the absurdity as he mutters something under his breath to cover his embarrassment.

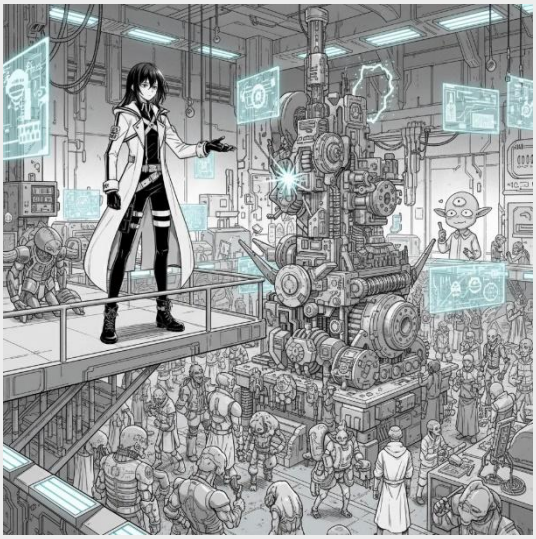
Armigrand tries to dismiss the letter as a prank or trick, but curiosity gnaws at him. While calibrating his new prototype quantum resonance machine, the letter *levitates on its own* and slides into the machine's central lattice. Instead of burning or tearing, the letter interacts with the quantum signature woven into the machine, resonating with something in Armigrand's subconscious. Symbols bloom in the air like flowers of light, and the machine roars to life, opening a shimmering portal. On the other side: not another star system, but something stranger. A glimpse of Armigrand's home. A place he has *forgotten*. Somewhere that looks like Earth.

What emerges isn't simply nostalgic—it's dangerous. Memories take shape as entities, warped by his partial erasure. Fragments of childhood friends, family, or caretakers appear as half-solid phantoms that beg him to return, or accuse him of abandoning them. The absurdity peaks as one phantom embarrassingly refers to him by a childhood nickname—something cute and *very* girly—causing him to nearly short-circuit with fluster. But you, Cosmic Lord, are there. By standing with him, you must help him face the distortion between who he was and who he is. Armigrand steadies himself, resolves not to run anymore, and steps forward with newfound clarity. He admits, quietly but firmly, that while he doesn't yet know his true name or origin, he says he is no longer afraid to search for it. The portal remains open, but it seems that he is willing to go through it only if you come along. Will the portal made by the machine built by the Quantum Architect allow him to learn the mystery of his own past or will he become the architect of his own demise by learning what lies beyond the portal?

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

Armigrand's past was not lost after all. The portal brought you both to Earth, where his true origins were revealed—and with them, the reason behind his human appearance. The mysterious letter was not one of romance, but of kinship: the words of a mother reaching out to her child. Through this revelation, Armigrand discovered not only who he truly is, but also who he might yet become, recovering the meaning of family, of love, and of belonging.

Armigrand Scenario Notes



It is now time to turn our attention to Armigrand—our dazzlingly brilliant, yet occasionally hopelessly confused companion. His story is not only about breathtaking discoveries, but also about the gaps he cannot fill: the past he has forgotten. In this scenario, a chain of absurd and unpredictable events unfolds, each pushing him closer to the hidden truth of who he is. Your role is not that of enforcer or mastermind, but rather something gentler—moral support, a witness, perhaps even the friend he never knew he needed.

As for what lies beyond the portal... that choice is yours, dear reader. Within it may rest the long-awaited answers to Armigrand's questions, the key to his identity, or something far stranger. To help you shape this path, I have prepared a few possibilities. Use all of them, some of them, or none at all. The journey is yours to tell—I simply hope these sparks guide your imagination.

The scenario should begin with something small—an envelope. A mysterious letter arrives without warning, written in a delicate hand and carrying words that leave Armigrand visibly unsettled. He will not let you read it, brushing it off as "personal," but you will notice the faintest trace of enchantment clinging to the paper if you have the senses for it. For someone so unflappable, watching him become flustered is almost comical, yet there is a fragility in his refusal to share the contents. You can choose to press him about it, or to respect his privacy. Either way, the letter lingers, resting on the edge of his desk as he throws himself back into his work—into the quantum machine that has consumed his thoughts.

The experiment is routine—or so it should be. Calculations, alignments, calibrations. But just as the first test fires up, the letter slides from the desk as if pushed by an invisible hand, drifting into the heart of the humming construct. The results are immediate and impossible. A rift blossoms in the air, shimmering with strange symbols that pulse and twist. Any companion trained in magic will recognize their arcane weight, yet Armigrand insists this is impossible. His voice trembles—not with fear, but with the thrill of contradiction—as he explains the machine was designed to manipulate probability and quantum states, not anything remotely tied to sorcery. And yet, the symbols hover, undeniable. You may try to steady him, or dive deeper into the readings yourself.

Then come the phantoms. Half-formed, flickering shapes that drift into the lab through the crackling portal. They are not hostile, but their voices cut deeper than any blade. Friends from long ago, a childhood companion, the figures of a mother and father... all whispering fragments of memory that Armigrand does not recall, though his eyes widen at every word. One phantom, more solid than the rest, bears the unmistakable appearance of a Grey—an alien with pale skin and dark, fathomless eyes—stretching a hand toward Armigrand before dissolving into mist. The young genius stumbles, shaken, but he forces himself back to composure. The portal grows brighter, and through it you glimpse a wooded mountain village on Earth—the place where Armigrand was born. The choice is now yours: step forward with him into the unknown, or close the rift before it swallows you both.



Crossing the threshold is like walking through a dream. The sterile hum of the lab falls away, replaced by the crisp scent of pine and the distant rush of mountain streams. The portal spills you and Armigrand into a small clearing, on the edge of a village nestled deep in the forested peaks. Modest homes of stone and wood line the narrow paths, smoke curling from chimneys, and curious eyes soon fall upon the two of you. Villagers murmur softly, not in fear, but in recognition—as if they know who you are, or at least suspect. If you are undisguised, the whispers quickly spread: *the Cosmic Lord has come*. For Armigrand, though, there is only confusion. His steps falter as he takes in the sights, his silver-blue eyes reflecting something like déjà vu.

Before long, you are approached by an elder, leaning on a staff carved with intricate runes. At his side walk a man and woman who seem ordinary at first glance, yet if you possess magical senses you will feel the restrained force within them—old power, carefully held in check. They greet you politely, though the elder's focus soon drifts to the crystalline bands circling his wrist. The crystal flares, reacting not to you, but to Armigrand. His introduction—his name—seems to strike the elder like thunder. "It can't be..." he murmurs, before sending the couple with hurried words to fetch someone else. Armigrand shifts uneasily, glancing at you, trying to mask the trembling of his hands.



The wait is brief but heavy, until the couple returns, this time accompanied by two figures whose appearance stills the air. A man and a woman, dressed as villagers, yet carrying an undeniable resemblance to Armigrand. The moment is almost silent—until they break into motion, rushing forward and embracing him before he can react. "It's really you," the woman whispers, tears cutting down her face. The elder names them: Armina and Grandos, guardians of House Eneidis. The words hang between you, charged with revelation. Armigrand stands frozen, his mind a storm of equations and denial, until a memory pierces through: a warm room, a lullaby, arms holding him close. His breath catches, and a single tear escapes before he can wipe it away. The reunion is not thunderous but tender, fragile—a piece of the puzzle of his life falling back into place.

That night, the village celebrates quietly. A hearth burns in the common hall, food and drink are shared, but the mood remains reverent, as though the villagers sense the gravity of what has just happened. Armigrand stays close to you, his usual calm brilliance replaced with a rare vulnerability. His parents sit nearby, stealing glances at him with hearts too full for words, but giving him space as though afraid he might vanish again. Throughout the evening, Armigrand seems lost in thought, his slender fingers tracing idle patterns on the table, his eyes drifting to you now and then, as though silently asking what he should do.



Later, when the night is deep and the village has grown still, he seeks you out alone. Under the moonlit trees, he finally voices the question he has been holding inside: *"What should I do?"* His voice trembles—not with fear, but with uncertainty. He admits he knows these are his parents, and he felt something real stir when he saw them, a memory that cannot be denied. Yet he also confesses he has lived his own life—one of science, exploration, and independence—and fears that returning to a family he doesn't truly remember may shackle him to expectations not his own. The softness in his features makes him seem younger than ever, almost fragile, as though for the first time, the "Quantum Architect" is asking not for equations, but for comfort.

Here the choice belongs to you. You may urge him to stay and reconnect, reminding him that family is a rare gift, one not easily reclaimed once lost. You may encourage him to remain independent, to define himself not by blood, but by who he has become through his journey. Or perhaps the wiser path is balance—to reassure him that he can be both the Armigrand of science and discovery, *and* the child of Armina and Grandos, with ties that will only strengthen him. Whatever you say, your words will shape him. For in this moment, it is not quantum mechanics or equations that guide him—it is the bond he has with you, and the trust he has chosen to place in you, Jumper.

The scenario should conclude after this point. Keep in mind that this story is meant as a framework for you to adapt in your own way. At its heart, the scenario is about how you accompany Armigrand, how you interact with him, and how your presence gives him the courage—or the clarity—to take the next step in his journey. That part is deliberately left open, for you to shape through your choices.

And what of the mysterious letter? My intent was that it be more than just a narrative trigger. Imagine it as an enchanted letter written long ago by his mother—a message of love to a child she believed lost forever. Its magic, born from hope and grief, allowed it to travel across space and time until it reached Armigrand at last. In that sense, the letter is both a call and a bridge: a mother's voice reaching out to her son, setting the stage for reunion, healing, and the rediscovery of what it means to belong.

A Letter of Belonging (Reward Perk)

You now possess the innate ability to craft letters that carry more than words—they carry your heart. By writing on a simple sheet of paper and sealing it within an envelope, you may compose a message of deep emotion: a letter to someone you miss, a confession never spoken in life, or words you wish could have been heard long ago. Once sealed, the enchantment stirs. It won't vanish immediately, but when you've set the letter aside and your mind drifts from it, a gentle current of unseen air will lift it away.

The letter will cross the boundaries of distance, time, and even death, reaching its intended recipient no matter where—or what—they are. They will be able to read your words, to feel the truth you've set to paper. But the gift works only one way: no reply will ever come back. You may also place into an envelope a letter written by someone else, and if you intend for it to be delivered, the magic will honor that wish.

This power is subtle but profound, a bridge between the living and the lost, a way to ensure that no words of love, regret, or remembrance are ever left unsent.



It seems Armigrand's parents are a little too doting over their long-lost son, showering him with endless affection to the point where he sometimes feels overwhelmed. Don't be surprised if he occasionally insists on dropping by just to spend time with you—if only to escape the constant pampering, fussing, and tight backlog of parental hugs for a while.

Scenario 37: Cosmicon LLXII Edition



The long-awaited, galaxy-spanning event of the century has arrived—the **LLXII Cosmicon**! Held only once every hundred years, the galaxy buzzes with excitement, as trillions of beings across the cosmos gear up for the spectacular festivities. This year, the spotlight shines on the highly anticipated performance by the adored Galactic Idol, **Vivi Twinkle Galactica**, who is set to deliver her greatest show yet. However, as the event approaches, there are forces that conspire against its success.

Amid the hype, you, the Cosmic Lord, receive several mysterious invitations to attend, including a particularly intriguing one—humming a catchy tune and signed by a secret admirer using the callsign "V." The event will take place within the **Septima Grand Galactic Forum**, located in the Star System Septima Secundus within the Kirtan Federation. The Forum is a colossal commerce station decked out in dazzling lights and holographic displays orbiting an enormous planet with beautiful rings, bustling with life as thousands of alien species arrive to join the fun. The place will hold hundreds of exhibits showcasing advances in magic-tech hybrids, wild theories, strange contraptions, and performances from galaxy-renowned entertainers. There's an overwhelming sense of celebration, as musicians, illusionists, and eccentric performers keep the crowd spellbound.

The festival is a spectacle of alien cosplay, magic-tech hybrids, bizarre contraptions, and galaxy-renowned performers. There's an overwhelming sense of celebration, and you're free to explore its sprawling exhibits, sample food from every corner of the universe, and engage with the eccentric performers. Fans from across the galaxy gather to witness the main event—the Joint Idol Concert—where Vivi Twinkle Galactica will perform in front of record-breaking crowds as the grand finale of the Cosmicon!

However, not everything will be fun and games. Over the years, Vivi has been pushed harder and harder by those around her—her manager, so-called friends, even her family. They all demand more: bigger venues, longer sets, faster turnarounds, each one driving her further past her limits. Perhaps you've noticed the strain in her eyes, even as she brushed off your concern with a bright smile. Or perhaps this is new to you, the cracks only now showing through. Either way, beneath the flawless surface of the galaxy's shining idol lies someone at the very edge of breaking.

The final straw comes on the last day of Cosmicon, behind closed doors in Vivi's dressing room. You are not there when it happens, but word will reach you soon enough. Her manager demanded she perform a particular song for the finale—one chosen for politics and profit, not her heart. Vivi refused, determined to sing a new piece she had written herself. The confrontation escalated, harsh words turning to something darker, and a struggle broke out. When it was over, Vivi was gone.

Rumors ignite like wildfire. Some whisper she has been kidnapped, others fear she has fled, overwhelmed by the weight of her life. Her dressing room shows signs of struggle—shattered glass, overturned chairs, the faint shimmer of spilled starlight makeup—but no answers. You, however, know Vivi. Overworked or not, she would never abandon the stage she loves. Something else has happened here, and it falls to you to uncover the truth.

The scenario unfolds across the full week of Cosmicon, beginning with the bright excitement of mingling with companions, exploring exotic foods, watching dazzling performances, and basking in the joy of celebration. Yet, beneath the neon lights and cosmic music, a shadow grows. When Vivi disappears, panic ripples through the crowds, threatening not only the finale of the galaxy's greatest music festival, but the safety of the idol herself. Will you find Vivi before the last curtain falls, or will Cosmicon end in tragedy?

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

By taking part in the LLXII Cosmicon, uncovering the truth behind Vivi's disappearance, and rekindling her determination to follow her dream, you will help shape the moment that defines her legacy. Vivi's return to the stage will ignite a performance unlike any she has given before—radiant, powerful, and unforgettable. Across the galaxy and beyond, audiences will speak of this concert as the one where Vivi shone brighter than ever, as though something within her had awakened, making her seem more alive than anyone had ever seen her before.

In the aftermath, upon the radiant heights of the Septima Grand Galactic Forum, Vivi—her heart laid bare—will reveal a truth she has long carried about you. In that quiet, timeless moment, she will confess her true feelings, a confession destined to echo as legend throughout the stars. Whether you choose to accept her affection or remain friends, Vivi's final performance will be unforgettable, resonating through the galaxy for generations to come.



At the end of everything she will gift you a dear item of hers: **A personal Handwritten Songbook** filled will her dreams, songs and emotions. There's also a little plushie along with it, is that a... mini Cosmic Lord?

Vivi's Scenario Notes



Hello, Jumper! This part of the scenario details a potential path you may take with this Scenario once Vivi vanishes, outlining the challenges and revelations that await as you set out to find her.

Searching the vast station is no small task—it can be trivial in places or immensely demanding depending on your powers as both Cosmic Lord and Jumper. Attempting to trace her by thoughts or emotions proves particularly difficult. The Septima Grand Galactic Forum is filled with minds fixated on Vivi: admiration, worry, infatuation, envy, even pity. All of these emotions blur together into a cacophony that makes pinpointing her essence far harder than expected. Still, it is possible—just far from easy.

Other methods involve chasing leads among those who last saw her. Her manager, of course, will deny any conflict and downplay their argument. Questioning friends, family, and associates paints a grim picture: Vivi's life has been one of constant pressure, with many exploiting her talent as a means of income while masking it as support. You will notice the small tells—the indifference, the self-interest, the way some claim to care for her while clearly valuing their own benefit more. It is tragic, for many of these people are close to Vivi, even family, yet their neglect has been the scaffolding of her collapse. Punishing them may feel just, but doing so without regard for Vivi's feelings could wound her even further.

Eventually, the truth emerges. There is no kidnapper, no sinister plot. Vivi ran away.

If you know her well, you'll recall her tendency to return to familiar places, patterns of comfort that repeat like her songs. This insight will lead you to a likely location, similar to the one where you first met her. The Grand Forum boasts seventy-two cargo bays and five warehouses—overwhelming at first glance, but once you know where to look, the path narrows. Delegating parts of the search to others allows you not only to cover more ground but also to listen in on their thoughts and feelings about Vivi, deepening your understanding of how others perceive her.

The trail leads to Cargo Bay 17, buried deep on the third sublevel of the Forum. There, tucked into the farthest corner, nearly invisible unless closely sought, Vivi hides. You will find her fragile—depressed, weighed down, unable to carry the crushing expectations any longer. At first, she responds little, weary and withdrawn. When pressed, she admits that she feels she cannot sing today... and, if you continue, she may even whisper the most painful truth: **that she does not feel like singing ever again**.

This can't be right. You've known Vivi long enough to understand that her dream—her very reason for being—has always been to sing. To see her like this, broken and voiceless, is nothing short of heartbreaking. No platitudes or hollow reassurances from others can reach her now. She has always known the truth—that people profited from her gift, that her so-called friends, her manager, even parts of her family used her



under the guise of love and support. And yet, she kept going. She sang, she smiled, she endured it all because she wanted her dream to come true. But the weight of hypocrisy, the endless lies, the crushing expectations... have finally buried her heart. Alone, she cannot carry it anymore.

For most, this would be the end. The end of the road. The end of a dream. But you know Vivi differently. You've heard her songs, felt the passion behind her music, glimpsed the boundless dream she once held so tightly. Right now, more than anything, she needs someone who truly understands her—not as an idol, not as a commodity, but as Vivi. She needs words that matter, words that give her a reason to rise again, to reclaim the stage, to sing because she wants to, not because others demand it. And above all, she needs to know she is not alone.

If you say the wrong words—or worse, remain silent—you will fail. Vivi will never again sing in public, and perhaps not at all. The voice that once lifted galaxies will fade into silence, extinguished not by enemies or circumstance, but by despair.

But you, Jumper... you are different. To the world you are the Cosmic Lord, but to Vivi you are something more: a presence she trusts, a friend, perhaps the one person who can reach her now. **Say the words, Jumper. Speak with the weight of truth and care. Convince her that her dream is still alive, still worth chasing despite the pain**. If you succeed, she will look up at you—her eyes wide, her face filled with disbelief and wonder—as though your words have awakened something long thought dead, a spark of life reigniting before your very eyes.

What follows is uncertain. Perhaps Vivi gifts you a fleeting smile, a small laugh, or even a playful gesture before suddenly bolting out of the cargo bay, her voice echoing back as she urges you to meet her on stage.

The moment soon arrives—the Grand Finale. The vast arena of the Septima Grand Galactic Forum thrums with anticipation. Whispers ripple through the audience: will Vivi appear? The lights flare, the opening chords strike, and the Joint Idol Concert begins. Famous idols from across the galaxy take their turns, dazzling the crowd with song after song. Yet Vivi is nowhere to be seen.

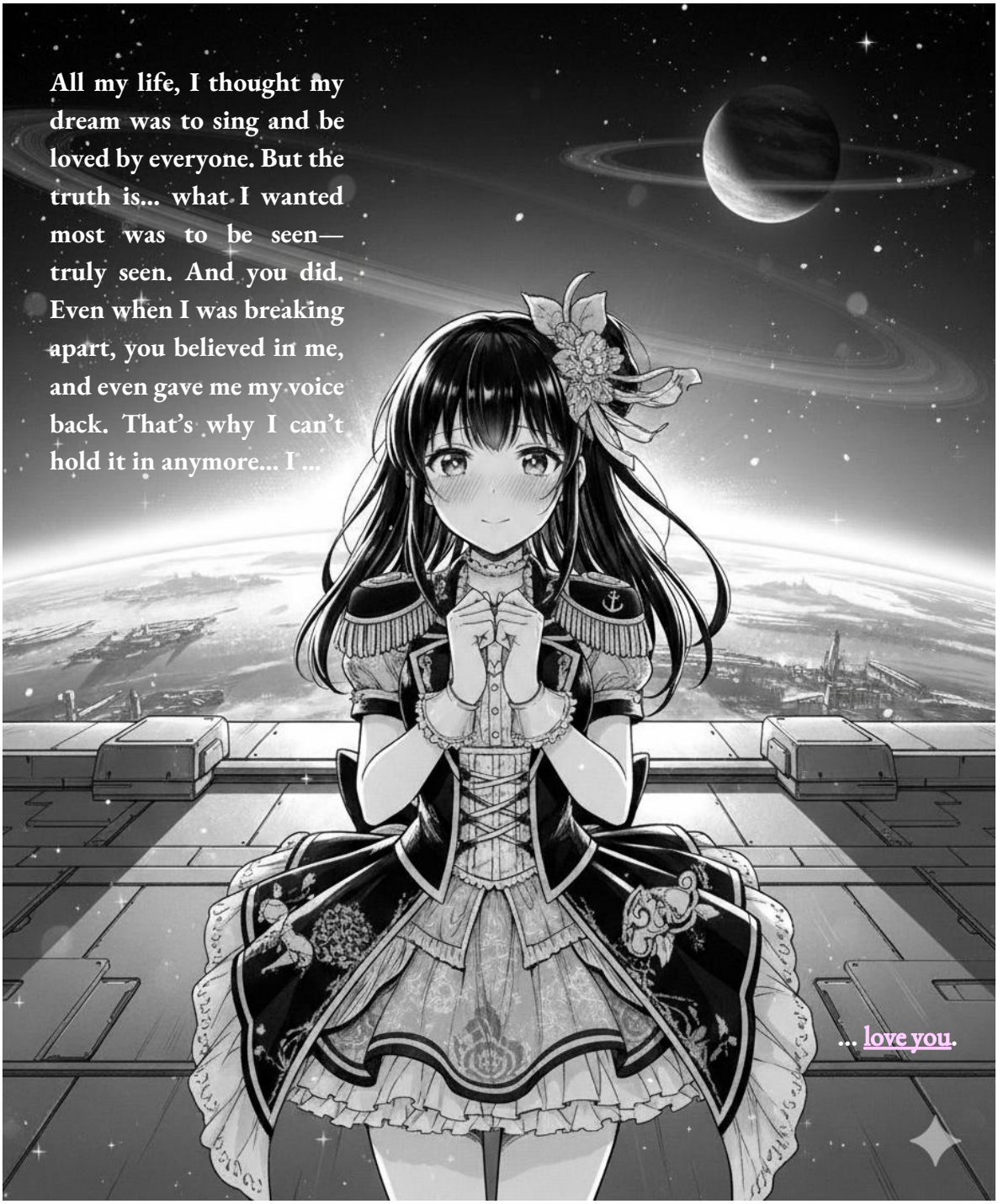
Then, as one number ends, the lights dim, and a soft, unfamiliar rhythm begins to pulse. A voice rises—clear, powerful, unmistakable. It is Vivi. The crowd erupts in shock and joy as she steps into the light, singing a song no one has ever heard before. This is the piece she had longed to perform: a song woven from her life, her struggles, her dreams, the lies that weighed on her, the love she felt from her fans... and a quiet devotion to the one who stood by her side when it mattered most. Her voice soars, carrying harmonics and



crescendos that feel as though they could shatter the very ceiling of the Forum. The other idols join her, elevating the melody into a cosmic chorus, a spectacle of sound and light so dazzling it rivals the songs of the legendary Songstress of Dreams herself.

The finale concludes in a thunderous blaze of color and sound. The audience roars, united in awe—knowing they have witnessed something that will be remembered for generations, a story told to their children and beyond. When the lights finally dim, Vivi turns her gaze to you. She says nothing, but her lips form words you know instantly: *"Meet me."* After the concert, she will be waiting for you atop the highest viewpoint of the Septima Grand Galactic Forum. **There, as the dawn breaks over Septima Secundus, Vivi will be alone, ready, and finally resolute and filled with determination to bare her heart to you, Jumper**.




All my life, I thought my dream was to sing and be loved by everyone. But the truth is... what I wanted most was to be seen—truly seen. And you did. Even when I was breaking apart, you believed in me, and even gave me my voice back. That's why I can't hold it in anymore... I ...
... love you.

Scenario 38: The Origin of the Astral Phoenix



This scenario will assume you have done the previous scenario Lapis and the Child Phoenix, where Lapis has turned into one of your companions during this jump.

What begins as a simple lead quickly spirals into a cosmic roadtrip. Ever since Lapis joined your group, Rah has been lingering close by—quieter, more brooding than usual, as if her presence pulled something out of him he'd buried long ago. When hints of a third Astral Phoenix surface, Lapis is the first to leap at the chance of discovery, urging everyone to follow. Rah, feigning nonchalance, tags along anyway, though it's clear the idea stirs something deeper. Together, you set off, following the trail into the silent heart of an ice-choked asteroid field adrift in unlit space.

The journey through the frozen labyrinth becomes half-adventure, half-camping trip. Supercold void pockets test your protections while Lapis and Rah bask happily in the chill. Ghostly ruins scattered among the ice tell of lives long vanished, adding a sense of mystery to the search. At one point, when Lapis grows drowsy and asks for a night of rest, the group camps on a lonely asteroid, the dark pressing close. Companions swap eerie stories, real or imagined, to keep the shadows at bay, until the others turn to you, waiting for you to tell a tale of your own. The roadtrip atmosphere of shared firelight (or starlight) cements the bond between travelers, even as the search itself yields little... until someone pieces together the truth: this entire field was once a single world, shattered by a comet, and once home to the missing phoenix.

The trail leads onward to a lonely red star, where a single scorched planet circles like a forgotten ember. Its glassed surface hides only a nest of dust and fragments—remnants of a hatched red egg. Here, Rah halts, his voice low as he recognizes the place: the nest where he was born, long lost to memory. Time echoes or psychometric glimpses reveal that the third phoenix was his mother, who loved him dearly before vanishing into the astral realm. The mystery remains unresolved—was she lost forever, or waiting somewhere beyond reach? Yet the journey ends not in despair but in revelation: Rah is no longer truly alone. Lapis is here, still young but with eternity ahead, and so are you as well, as well as the possibility of family being out there—whether rediscovered or potentially newly forged.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

A trip through space and places results in an unforgettable adventure that may not only change how Rah Ze Xion views others and you, but also challenge his idea of being alone in the universe. Experiencing the whole adventure, traveling through the stars, spending a night camping on the ice asteroid field, seeking the barren world orbiting a red star, and finding the lost birthplace of the fiery astral phoenix will be required to succeed through this scenario.

Rah Ze Xion's Scenario Notes



The whole thing is meant to begin innocently enough, as many roadtrips do. This scenario does not involve dangers at every turn, nor seeking riddles or uncovering conspiracies. The scenario is about simply going on the equivalent of a roadtrip, in space, with your friends. The idea behind the scenario is that Lapis has a feeling that there is another like them out there, perhaps his parent, or perhaps just the delusions of a child. Here is the idea I've devised for the how the scenario could go, I hope it helps you get inspired and bring this scenario to life.

Ever since Lapis's egg hatched, Rah has been around more than usual—though not because of you. The once-brash Astral Phoenix has dialed down his temper, trading his fiery clashes for a broody silence as he hovers near Lapis. To your mild annoyance, he seems far more invested in her well-being than in acknowledging your presence, though at least his lack of squabbles makes the days quieter. When not circling overhead like a stormcloud of feathers and pride, Rah is usually perched somewhere near a volcano if he's visiting Earth, in a more manageable size, radiating that same simmering intensity he always carried—just quieter now, more reflective.

It's Lapis who sets things in motion. The young phoenix, restless and curious, grows convinced that a third Astral Phoenix exists somewhere out in the universe. At first it's a dream, a fanciful thought, but then she insists: she *knows*. Whether it's intuition or something written in her very flames, she pushes for a journey, tugging at you and your companions until the idea of ignoring her feels impossible, sometimes arguing information or speaking of things that are just too convincing. Rah doesn't even wait for an invitation. With an air of stubborn detachment, he declares he'll be joining too—claiming it is not because he believes, but because, as he says, he has "nothing better to do." And so, the unlikely trio (plus whoever else you decide to bring along) sets off, leaving Earth behind in search of a ghost.

The roadtrip will eventually take you to a place most would never willingly venture: a sprawling ice asteroid field adrift in the void, unlit by any sun. Before this, there should be several stops where you will have some interesting or even comedic situations, but they will eventually lead you to this place. It is a place of silence and shadows, where whole asteroids spin like frozen monuments and pockets of space hang colder than death itself, as close as possible to zero degrees. For Lapis and Rah, the cold is a comfort; for the rest of you, it's a test of endurance. The search is meandering, sometimes frustrating—long hours spent combing through shattered gigantic chunks of ice, abandoned structures buried in ice, and eerie stillness that invites more than one scary story around makeshift campfires. Yet, in that quiet, between the shared laughter, whispered fears, and the glimmer of phoenix fire pushing back the dark, the trip begins to feel less like a obliging the illusions from Lapis and more like... a roadtrip with friends.

Despite hours of searching, the asteroid field refuses to give up its secrets. The deeper you drift into it, the stranger the anomalies become. Small zones of supercold space appear like invisible traps, freezing anything that lingers too long. Lapis delights in them, rolling through the cold currents with playful chirps, while Rah merely folds his wings and lets the frost gather across his feathers, strangely serene. Your companions, meanwhile, can't shake the sense that the place is not just empty, but hollowed—like something once alive has long since exhaled its last breath.

It takes a spark of deduction—whether your own or one of your companions'—to realize the truth: the asteroid field wasn't always a collection of frozen rubble. Through traces of magic, fragments of memory, or raw deduction, you may piece together the image of what it once was: a colossal block of ice, large enough to rival a small moon, that served as the home of an Astral Phoenix. It had been shattered by the impact of a comet, drawn in by the ice's mass, tearing apart both sanctuary



and secret. Whatever lived here had long abandoned it before the destruction. Yet in the drifting echoes of the ruin, you can find one crucial clue: faint, lingering trails of phoenix fire, pointing toward a nearby red star.

That's enough for Lapis. With youthful certainty, she declares that the star must be the key—that whoever once lived here must have gone there. Rah gives her a long, silent look before turning his gaze to the void beyond. Whether he admits it or not, there's something in his silence that tells you this matters more to him than he'll ever say out loud. And so the roadtrip continues, your little caravan of travelers chasing a faint trail of firelight across the endless dark.

The red giant looms ahead, swollen and weary with age, its cool light washing your ship in hues of crimson. A single barren planet circles it—a world without seas, without mountains, its surface scoured into glass by centuries of radiation. From orbit, the world seems lifeless, save for one anomaly: a dark smudge at the southern pole. It takes landing and walking across the brittle glass crust to realize what it truly is.

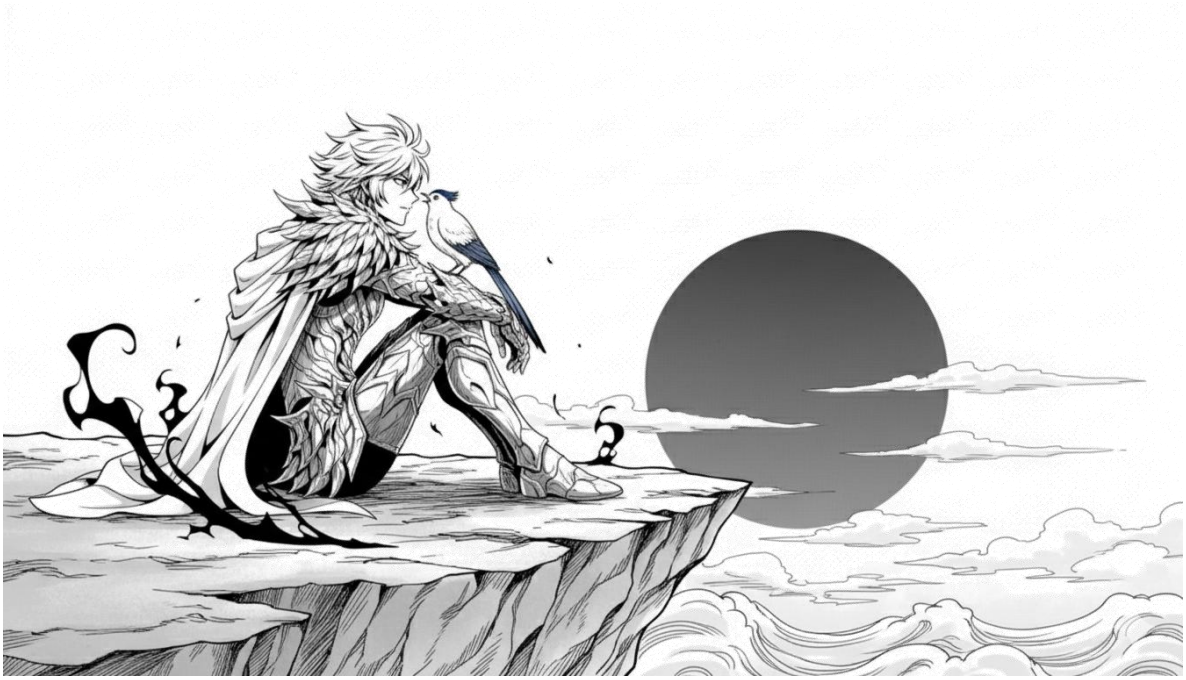
There, in a shallow depression, rests an enormous nest of glassy dust, shimmering faintly with the memory of heat. And in its center lies what remains of an egg—shattered fragments no larger than your hand, yet unmistakably phoenix shell. Lapis chirps and stares wide-eyed, her feathers sparking with excitement. But Rah goes still. His talons curl against the glass, his chest rising and falling with a weight you rarely see in him. After a long silence, he speaks in a low voice that sounds more like an admission than a statement: *"This place is... where I was born."*



The nest offers no further answers, no living guardian waiting in the wings. Rah will recall the nest, and remember the smell, but remark he forgot its location a long time ago and thought he'd never see it again. There is nothing more to be done here, no more hints, no more clues. Yet through your own powers—or perhaps those of your companions—you can manage to peel back the veil of time if you have the ability to travel through time, see the past, or use psychometry on the nest. If this is the case, the air will shimmer, and for a heartbeat you will glimpse a great phoenix of red and gold, her wings brighter than the star itself. She bends her head over the egg with tenderness, humming in a voice that reverberates through the soul. There is no battle, no tragedy—only the image of her stepping away into the astral realm as if to seek something, leaving behind the warmth of her love. The vision fades, and the silence that follows is deafening.

If Rah sees this, or told about it, he does not speak at first. Instead, he turns his head to the stars, brooding as ever, yet his feathers glimmer faintly with an unfamiliar softness. At last he murmurs, almost to himself, *"So... she didn't abandon me. She just... left."* His gaze flicks briefly toward Lapis, who hops to his side with innocent warmth. For the first time, Rah does not shove her away. Instead, he lets her settle near him, quiet in his shadow.

The return trip is quieter, yet lighter somehow. There are no clear answers—no certainty of whether Rah's mother still lives, nor how Lapis is truly involved in this whole thing—but the roadtrip leaves behind something more precious: the knowledge that Rah is not truly alone. He has you, he has Lapis, and perhaps, somewhere in the astral beyond, he still has a mother who once loved him deeply. For a creature who lived his life cloaked in fire and bitterness, that truth alone may be enough to begin softening the edges of his flame.



There are moments in life when a single event, a sudden realization, or an unexpected encounter leaves a mark so deep it changes you forever. This is one of those moments.

A Piece of a Phoenix's Eggshell (Reward Item)

A fragment of the shell from which Rah was born now rests in your possession. Rah himself shows no attachment to it, believing its true worth lies not in the object but in the memory of the place and moment it represents. The fragment glimmers with a red iridescence when touched by light, and radiates a gentle warmth against the skin.

Yet the eggshell carries more than beauty. It still holds the loving wishes of Rah's mother, and when placed in the hands of someone who has lost a parent, it offers quiet protection. The fragment shields its bearer from random misfortune as long as it is held near their body, preventing them from being caught in accidents or tragedies born of chance—those cruel moments of simply being in the wrong place at the wrong time.

This blessing is eternal, enduring as long as a phoenix's lifespan, and cannot be stripped away. Should it ever be suppressed or disabled, the fragment restores itself in time, rekindling its protective power. Its nature is so profound it transcends rules and boundaries: it remains with you even in GUANTLETS, and even under DRAWBACKS that would normally deny you your items. In such cases, its effect is muted, yet never fully gone—always present, always watching, a quiet inheritance of love.

Scenario 39: A Passion Restored



Urist Áiskjald had been spending his days in quiet restlessness, his gnome-sized avatar stomping around you as you finish the preparations to fix an unstable star on behalf of a fledging civilization. He'd hover nearby while you worked, grumbling about technique, muttering about "proper craftsmanship," and occasionally sneaking in a fix that left your tools gleaming or humming better than before. It was clear he enjoyed the company, but beneath the complaints, his volcanic eyes betrayed a question he could not voice: *what purpose does a god-forger have in a universe that has learned to make its own stars?*

The answer—or at least the next step toward it—came in the form of a sudden rift. A fragment of a collapsed forge-world drifted into view, drawn across the void by some long-forgotten technology. It was no ordinary ruin: it carried with it fragments of divine fire, sparks from forges older than time, and challenges hidden in its debris fields. This matter will require investigation as prompted by your companions, but Urist's reaction was different: he stiffened, as if recognizing the ruin, and muttered that this was once the domain of another smith-being—one who had rivaled him. To enter meant not only danger, but the possibility of truths Urist had avoided. You will have to choose to choose: push forward into the ruin for answers, or let it pass and risk Urist retreating further into himself.

The journey through the shattered forge-world will culminate in a final chamber: a dormant anvil of impossible scale, still glowing faintly. Here, Urist will turn to you, his avatar trembling slightly. With surprising humility, he will challenge you, or perhaps you will—not to out-forge him in skill, but in spirit. "Let us strike together," he will rumble, "and see which heart burns truer." Whatever you forge in that moment will reflect your intentions: a weapon, a tool, a symbol, even something useless but beautiful. The outcome of this scenario is not about who can hammer better, but about showing Urist that creation's meaning lies in choice, not destiny.

Scenario Rewards. +100 CP

Urist Áiskjald rises, no longer weighed down by doubt but steadied by the realization that purpose lies not in the stars he once forged, but in the will to create alongside others. From this trial, you and your companions gain more than the awe of witnessing a god reforged in spirit—you gain a friend whose passion has been rekindled. To help Urist remember his own heart is to succeed in this scenario, for in doing so you have earned the trust of a myth made flesh: a friendship hammered into being by fire, challenge, and truth.

Urist Scenario Notes



This scenario centers on our godlike companion, Urist—an entity of cosmic power who nonetheless wrestles with doubts about his purpose in creation. My aim was to explore a story where he learns that creation is not about flawless perfection, but about the choices we make and the will to bring something into existence. I've written this scenario with Urist in mind, in the hope it inspires you to guide him toward rediscovering his passion. As always, you're free to use all of it, part of it, or none at all—the resolution, and how you choose to reignite Urist's flame, rests entirely in your hands.

Urist Áiskjald has grown accustomed to visiting you in his gnome-sized avatar, stomping across the machinery as if they were mountain ridges. He would gripe endlessly at your or your companions' methods to fixing an unstable star as a request from a young civilization—mocking one's technique, correcting another's spell-inscription strokes—but every so often he would sneak in an improvement when no one was watching. A graviton field might suddenly balance perfectly, or a faulty plasma containment rune inlaid on traces of stellarite would gleam with corrected symmetry. For all his grumbling, Urist seemed to need the noise and chaos of your company, though he would never admit it aloud.

Still, something was off. Urist had grown quieter when no one was looking, staring into the complexity of your makeshift star forge with a volcanic intensity. He would mutter under his breath about forgotten ages, about "stars that no longer need hammers," and about "what use is a god who no longer knows what he is meant to forge." More than once, he asked you oddly direct questions: "If everything one makes is destined to break, why make at all?" His pride prevented him from confessing his crisis openly, but the cracks in his certainty were there for anyone who cared enough to look.

The spark came in an unexpected way: a tremor through the void that rattled your vessel. A drifting mass of wreckage appeared—an ancient forge-world, broken into fragments but still carrying veins of molten metal and strange glimmers of divine fire. Urist froze when he saw it. His normally booming voice dropped to a rumble, saying that this was no ordinary ruin. It had once belonged to a rival, another forger of cosmic scale, and it should not have survived. Your companions pressed to explore, some out of curiosity while others out of other reasons, but Urist seemed torn, unsettled. "There is truth in there I may not want to face," he growled. And so the choice fell to you: to press into the ruin and draw Urist into a confrontation with what haunted him, or to turn away and leave the forge-world adrift in silence.

The decision was made, and soon you and your companions will have to descend into the skeletal husk of the forge-world. Jagged towers of blackened steel loom like broken teeth, their tips glowing faintly with embers that refused to die even after eons. Rivers of half-cooled slag cut across the fractured ground, and the air shimmers with echoes of old power. As you and your companions step onto the surface, Urist's avatar will stiffen. The gnome-sized body will shook as if burdened with the weight of something far larger, and in a moment you all will see in a flash him transform into something resembling his true form: a titan of magma and stone, looming behind him like a shadow barely held in check, but at a size just a little larger than a human.

Inside the ruins, strange guardians linger—constructs forged from scraps of star-iron and animated by forgotten will. They will not attack outright but will instead block pathways, demanding riddles, choices, or proofs of worth before

allowing passage. One will ask for a tale of something you built and loved, another for a fragment of your essence to feed its dying core. Each challenge seems designed not to test your might but to measure something else. Urist will grow visibly restless, hammering the side of his rugged anvil-hand before growling, "These are tests for children. I've done greater things than any of this." Yet still, his answers will come slower than anyone could expect—as though he was doubting his own words for some reason.



Pressing deeper, the clearer it becomes: this place is not simply the ruin of a rival forge, but a place that mirrors Urist's own doubts. Some of your more perceptive companions will whisper uneasily, sensing the weight of myth and expectation pressing down. Some might choose to brute-force the challenges with raw power or clever magic, but each time Urist will intervene, insisting the forge's riddles must be faced properly. And then one chamber will finally break his mask. A colossal mural of a cosmic smith stretched across the walls, flames dancing in its hammer. The inscription beneath read: *"Creation is not mastery. Creation is devotion."* Urist froze, his obsidian face darkening. "That was his creed," he muttered, almost to himself. "And I mocked him for it."

For a long silence, Urist will stare at the mural. His own hands will tremble, placing his hand touching the mural. He will sink to his knees, and for the first time since you had met him, he will look small—not in stature, but in spirit. "I told myself I didn't care," he admitted, voice rough like cracking granite. "I left him to his ideals, thinking my work was sharper, cleaner, better. But… I can't even remember why I thought that anymore. All I remember is walking away, and the silence that followed." His molten eyes dimmed as if the very core of his forge was cooling.

Some of your companions might exchange uneasy glances. Some shifting with impatience, others with sympathy, but the weight of the moment will make even the most brash hold their tongue. It is not a battle to be won with strength or wit, but one of quiet presence. Here, you could step forward—or simply stay by his side—as Urist struggled with the crushing tide of regret. The forge will seem to lean in, the air thickening, waiting for his choice.

Then, the trial will reveal its final test: a great furnace roaring to life before you, fueled by flames that burn not red but a mournful blue. A half-forged blade lay within, its edges jagged and incomplete. An inscription carved into the anvil declared: *"Finish this work with the truth of your heart."* Urist staggered closer, his hands hovering above the flames. "The truth of my heart?" he echoed, shaking his head. "I don't even know if I have one left to give." His voice faltering, and in that moment it will not the Star Forger speaking, but the scarred shadow of someone who feared he had already failed beyond redemption.

Stepping forward at this moment is the only thing that will prevent Urist from entering into a deep depression he might not be able to overcome. If you do, and place a hand on the anvil beside the glowing blade, as your companions gazes shift between you and Urist, then something will happen. This is the moment where you can challenge Urist to a contest to see whether his fire can still burn. Should you call him and challenge him with the right words, you'll stoke the embers in his heart. The forge flames will shift at your words, or his depending is he was the one to issue the challenge, deepening into a radiant gold, as though the very fire approved of the intent.

"Together, then," he will murmur. Blow by blow, he will work with you side by side—his strikes steady and purposeful, while yours will be powerful and resonant. Sparks scattered into constellations above, each hammerfall

reverberating like a hymn to creation. Slowly, your items will begin to take form, not flawless but whole—tempered with regret, pride, hope, and a stubborn will to continue.

When the final strike fell, the weapon Urist worked on will gleam with an inner light, its edge neither perfect nor broken, but true. Them he'll see what you worked on, and compare his work to yours. Urist will stare at it, and for the first time in eons, his molten eyes softened. "It was never about perfection," he will whisper, his voice carrying both awe and relief. "It was about heart. About forging not just with fire and stone, but with what endures inside us." Turning to you, standing taller now, his presence steadier. "Perhaps that is my purpose—not just to craft alone, but to remind others, and myself, that the act of creating is itself sacred." With that, the forge quieted, its trial complete, leaving only the glow of embers... and the bond between Star Forger and Cosmic Lord, tempered anew.



The Star Forged Blade (Reward Item)



This weapon was born of the challenge you shared with Urist in the depths of the ancient forge-world, and gifted to you as proof of your friendship. Forged from pure Green Stellarite—an impossibly rare material drawn only from the hearts of Living Stars—the blade is a masterpiece of divine craftsmanship. At rest, it emits a faint emerald glow, but when held, it radiates a stronger brilliance, casting *true light* that counts as natural sunlight for all effects, blessings, and banes it may trigger.

Infused with both divinity and the primal concept of creation, the Star-Forged Blade is exceptionally potent against beings attuned to destruction or vulnerable to divine force. The Stellarite itself is unmatched in resilience, its light pure and inexhaustible, capable of radiating warmth or coolness as the wielder requires. When swung, its edge burns with the searing intensity of a star's surface, delivering cuts that are as much an act of creation as they are of destruction.



After this adventure, the Star Forger will strangely leave for a few weeks. Urist will proceed to after many millennia find a dark place in the universe, and begin to forge new stars. Expect that at some point he'll return and let you know that in the universe, there's a new star forged in your name.

Scenario 40: Echoes from the Interdimensional Academy



Mara Blackthorn has been restless, her mind consumed by a daring plan. With your help as her anchor, she intends to reach the place where she first entered this universe—a hidden location she calls the Rift at the End of Space and Time. Reaching it requires skill, power, and risk: a voyage through unstable channels near black holes or mastery of temporal forces that strain even the strongest. With companions at your side, you embark on this dangerous journey, knowing that the Rift may hold answers… or only ghosts.

Breaking through, you discover a column of light surrounded by drifting ruins, fragments of what Mara once knew as the Interdimensional Academy. Time here is fractured, reality unstable, and the ruins echo with sorrow. Statues of half-formed angelic aberrations, broken spires, and shattered remnants of classrooms tell the story of a collapse long past. Exploring further leads to the ruined Academy gates, where the husk of a defeated greater spawn stands as a silent guardian. Inside, you will find the very place Mara was cast into this universe, along with a smaller pillar of power—a source of power tied to her Dark Spear that was unintentionally separated from her when she was ejected from this rift. Encouraged, she will restore the weapon's full strength, though the Rift itself remains will remain sealed by the entire metaphysical weight of the Omniverse.

The truth is inescapable: Mara cannot return home, at least not from here. The Nexus is forever closed, and her search will end in heartbreak. The scenario's real test is not survival—it is how you guide her through that grief. To succeed, you must help Mara find strength in what remains: her spear reborn, the bonds she shares with you, and the new friends she has forged in this universe. If you can cheer her up and remind her she belongs, the scenario concludes with renewed hope; if not, it ends with lingering sorrow that may haunt her in the future limiting her potential and growth.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

To succeed in *Echoes from the Interdimensional Academy*, survival alone is not enough. You and your companions must endure the unstable Rift, explore its haunting ruins, and walk beside Mara through the fragments of her past until the inevitable conclusion: her home cannot be reached, at least not from here, and the Nexus remains sealed. The true challenge lies not in defeating monsters or opening rifts, but in facing the weight of loss with her. Mara has regained the full power of her Dark Spear, yet the victory is bittersweet, leaving her with both strength renewed and hope diminished.

Your role in this scenario is to guide her through that despair. To finish the scenario, you must find a way to lift her spirits and remind her that though her old world is beyond reach, she has a place here, with you and those who choose to stand beside her, and that there may still be a way find her home. Comfort her with words, with actions, or simply with presence—what matters is showing her that bonds forged here can be just as meaningful as the ones she lost, and that as long as she doesn't give up she might still be able to return. If you succeed, the scenario closes with Mara's sorrow tempered by gratitude and determination, her heart steady once more. If you fail, her spirit lingers heavy, and though the adventure ends, the weight of regret will follow into whatever comes next, leaving her to be a shadow of what she could become.

Mara's Scenario Notes



Mara is a character and companion that holds a special place to me, since she was originally featured in *Interdimensional Academy*, and is a fun contradiction of the Hero in a Isekai trope. In this jump, she was stranded in this universe following the events of at the end of Interdimensional Academy, and has been hoping to find a way to return to her own home and save her people. She might not be on the same cosmic level as other companions, but she is tough on her own, and very capable of being a fun and interesting companion. For this scenario, I wanted to give a nod to her original jump, and to take you Jumper alongside her into this adventure where the goal of the scenario rather than saving the world or surviving against untold dangers, is about discovering about her recent past and the events of that jump and about helping and guiding her through the grief and realization that there is not a clear route so far that will allow her to return home. At least not soon.

For now, I've written a potential idea of how the scenario could go. You can use it as a guide for you to explore the scenario with your Jumper, or perhaps take some ideas and incorporate them into your own story.

Mara Blackthorn had always been mischievous, but lately her excitement had sharpened into something more deliberate. For days, you had caught her whispering to engineers, scribbling strange equations into the margins of borrowed tomes, and fussing with a humming contraption that looked like it was stitched together from spare clockwork and starlight. The girl might have been small, with the face of someone far too young to tamper with cosmic forces, but you knew better. She was plotting something—and her eyes betrayed the kind of secret that burns at the edges until it can no longer be hidden.

The confession came one evening when she pulled you aside, clutching her notes like a treasure and nearly tripping over her own words in her rush to explain. She had found a way—or at least the chance of one. Her calculations suggested it was possible to reach the place where she had first entered this universe. She described it as a hidden fold of reality, buried at the fringe of space and time itself, masked so deeply that even gods might overlook it. To anyone else, the idea might sound like fantasy. But with Mara, you had learned that even fantasy had teeth.

Her plan, however, has a cost. She admitted that such a journey would unravel without an anchor, something strong enough to stabilize reality around the unstable currents that allow passage into the Rift. That was why she needs you. Not for your knowledge. Not even for your powers. She wanted you to be the tether—the point of anchoring that would keep her from dissolving into the chaos she longed to cross. Your Cosmic Lord nature makes it possible. "With you," she whispers, her tail twitching nervously, "I think I can find the Nexus. And from the Nexus... maybe home."

To follow her means embarking on a perilous path. The journey will demand either a vessel capable of folding the cosmos like paper, or mastery over space and time itself—or perhaps both. Mara will not pretend otherwise. Her scheme requires either passing dangerously close to the hungry rim of a black hole, or tearing through spatiotemporal currents that have never been meant for mortal passage. Yet even in the warning of potential danger, her eyes glimmer. The **Rift at the End of Space and Time** was her destination, and if you agree, your next days will be filled with preparation, risk, and choices that could either lead you into an adventure worthy of remembering or scatter your atoms across eternity.

The voyage is certain to be unlike anything you had attempted before. The hum of the engines, the flickering shadows across the walls of the ship or possibly the strange field created by your powers, the pulse of Mara's strange device synchronizing with the rhythm of a hyperdrive—all of it will paint a sense that you are stepping further away from the known universe with each breath. Stars bend at impossible angles as the vessel screams past them, and reality will groan like glass stretched too thin. Whether you placed your trust in a machine, your cosmic powers, or sheer luck, the path will lead you closer to the edge of a black hole's gravity, its shadow swallowing all light but never quite consuming you so long you don't pass the threshold. Mara will clutch her notes against her chest, her excitement tinged with fear, and remind you again: "We're not going to the black hole. We're using it to slingshot. Don't let go."

When the final maneuver comes, it will be less like travel and more like being torn. The ship will seem to bend sideways, your senses fractured, and every atom in your body insisting that you were everywhere and nowhere at once. Your senses as a Cosmic Lord will let you see how reality bends and distorts at this moment. Then the rupture will come—the soundless thunder of stepping out of one moment of reality into another. Silence falls heavy, broken only by the faint vibration of the hull as the engines power down. Beyond the viewport stretches a place that had no right to exist, a realm of stillness where time itself stuttered.



There, rising against the horizonless void, will be a pillar of pure light. Around it, fragments of broken architecture float closely joined together by some unseen force: shards of bridges, towers without foundations, and pieces of buildings and streets adrift like corpses in a tidepool. The structures circle the light column in slow orbits, loosely connected as they circled alone in this formless void, their shadows bending in ways your companions eyes will refuse to accept. To look upon this is to feel both awe and disquiet, as though you were intruding on a secret older than the universe. Mara will press her hands to the glass and whisper, almost reverently, "The **Rift at the End of Space and Time**..."

The air itself seems different when you finally set foot upon the ruins. It isn't dead, exactly—more like it is actively rejecting all of your presences. Each breath came too fast, as if the world wanted to push you away. The ground beneath you crumbles at the edges, not from wear, but because reality here has become brittle. Even without Mara's warning, you could sense it: stay too long, and the Rift would eject you. It would scatter you and your companions across space and time without care for where you landed. And yet, despite that looming threat, the ruins called to you, whispering fragments of the climax of a story long finished.

Landing in the ruins should be simple, there are plenty open locations for you to arrive at. The first structure you will likely reach will be marked by a fractured sign barely clinging to its frame: *Seashell Café.* It's once-inviting see through dome has shattered, its panes reduced to jagged teeth of glass. Tables lay overturned, aquariums stand empty and cracked, and the floor should be crunched under layers of dust. An old mining shaft gaped in the far corner, once the path to a sea themed dungeon, now leads nowhere—its tunnel collapsed or perhaps erased by the same catastrophe that broke the rest of this place. The emptiness echoes with a hollowness that will make Mara pause, her lips tightening as though she could still taste the sweets they once served here. "It wasn't like this," she will murmur, "I remember the delicious snacks and the smell of the ocean in this place"

Deeper among the ruins, you might come across the remains of a spire that must once have been magnificent. Its design speaks of a purpose beyond mere architecture, a conduit meant to connect countless worlds. Now its upper

half is gone, shorn away by impossible force, and the intricate channels that once carried power lay exposed and corroded. Around it scattered nearby are the husks of broken ships—vessels that had attempted escape but never made it. Their skeletons lay like tombstones, a graveyard testifying to the final hours of the Crossroads. Mara will trail her fingers along a scorched hull, her face shadowed by memories she will not voice.

Scattered between these places and through the ruins will be statues—figures carved with precision, yet cracked and broken by time. They resemble angels, but distorted, deformed, and aberrant, their expressions frozen in eternal screams. Their wings filled with similar faces will be splintered, their eyes hollow, their mouths wide in grief or fury. The sight is meant to be unsettling, and though they are only unmoving, lifeless stone, a pressure radiates from them, as if something lingered in the silence between their cries and whatever animated them is long gone. Mara will stop before one, her voice low. "They appeared at the end... when It came. When the Academy fell. They weren't statues then." Her words hanging in the air, heavier than the silence that followed.

Pressing on, deeper into what remained of the Crossroads, piecing together fragments of a place that had once thrived with life, knowledge, and strange beauty. Here, the remnants of a classroom, its walls lined with warped blackboards. There, a plaza with benches shattered into splinters. Nothing retained energy, no left-over relic carries magic or power, only the haunting absence of what had been. It will be exploration tinged with futility, and yet the silence tells its own story. For Mara, every corner brings flashes of the past—a classmate's laugh, a teacher's scolding, the smile of a smartass lawyer turned hero, sweet memories now reduced to dust. For you, this is meant to be a reminder: this is not just a ruin. It is now a grave of memories of a place that is now long gone.



At last, the ruins will give way to something more intact: the fractured gates of the Interdimensional Academy itself. The path leading to it bears scars of devastation, deep gashes cut into stone, and corroded patches where something unnatural had seeped into the world. Half-formed angelic aberrations statues appear to extrude from the walls and ground, frozen mid-birth as if petrified in their final, incomplete moments. Before the shattered entrance lay the colossal husk of a monster unlike the rest—a Greater Spawn of *That Which Beckons Luminescence in Darkness*. Its head is gone, its chest punctured clean through, and some of its limbs are missing, yet even as the long defeated being lies broken, it radiates menace. Mara stared at it in silence, her hands clenched, before finally whispering, "We fought it. We barely survived."

Inside, the remains of the Academy are a shadow of what it once had been. Dust coats the floors, cracked portraits line along the walls, and forgotten notices still cling to boards as if awaiting students who would never return. Passing through a classroom where desks lay in piles, a workshop where half-finished projects rust into lumps. Deeper still, the ruins open into a grand hall, where a smaller column of light pulses above a yawning void. Mara froze, her eyes wide with recognition. "Here," she said. "This is where it threw me out. Where I fell into your universe." Her voice trembled, not with fear, but with something heavier—longing.



The closer you all approach to the light, the more it will resonate with the weapon Mara carries. Mara's Dark Spear, a trident in your eyes, vibrates in her grip as though alive. The connection is undeniable—the same power is here, raw and untamed, the same force that had aided her during the Academy's final hour. The spear vibrated, eager, almost pleading, and if Mara or anyone else steps forward, arcs of power will snap their skin. The column of power here will not yield to anyone, not even you. Only when Mara plunges the weapon into the heart of the column will the world change. Sound will vanish, light dims, and the room will fall into silence broken only by the low, steady hum of the Dark Spear awakening. Its glow will deepen, the weight of its power restored, and Mara gasping as though reunited with a piece of her very soul.

For a fleeting moment, triumph will brighten her face. Yet when she turns toward the greater column of light outside—the true rift—her hope falters. During your stay in this place no force, no trick, no power you or your companions command will pry it open. Not even your Cosmic Powers or any other perks available to you. It will resist like the very will of existence itself pressed against it, keeping the Nexus sealed beyond reach. Mara will try anything, plead to it, even shout her whole self to it, but it will remain closed. The realization will nearly break her: her path home may lay forever lost, trapped in a collapsed prison of light and shadow. And so, with only the Dark Spear restored and her memories sharpened by pain, you will have to prepare to leave. The ruins will not hold you and your companions for long before rejecting you, casting you all adrift separated across both time and space. Whether you leave with defiance, sorrow, or a quiet resolve, the conclusion will be the same: Mara's journey home will seem to apparently end here, in echoes of a brighter past and no clear path for her to pursue.

The final part of the scenario will depend on how you handle Mara and her realization that there is no path home here. Your words, actions and influence will be extremely important to help her get over any despair regarding the outcome of the scenario, and will serve her as foundation for her future. If this is not the path forward, then perhaps with you, there might still be a chance to find her home.

Awakened Dark Spear (Companion's Reward Item)

Through the events of this scenario, Mara has restored the Dark Spear to its full power—strength that had once been unknowingly spent to cast her safely across time and space. Now whole again, the Dark Spear is more than a weapon: it is a relic of destiny, the ultimate tool that holds the hopes of innocent demons from her world, and is now infused with cosmic might. In Mara's hands, it acts as a force multiplier of pure potential, magnifying her skills and empowering her abilities far beyond their natural limits. The weapon is unbreakable so long as Mara herself endures, and it resonates with a hidden truth of her origin. Should it ever be wielded against the fated nemesis of demon kind—the Human Lord—the Dark Spear will now reveal its ultimate, transcendent power.





For Mara, the road back to her home remains closed—for now. Yet by walking at your side and following you in your chain, there may come a time and a place where the Nexus can be reached once more, and beyond it, the long-lost path to her world.

Scenario 41: To Choose a Successor



The Eternal Empress Aurelia has reigned for over nine millennia, her empire spanning stars and shaping the course of countless worlds. On her 9,181st birthday, she extends to you a singular invitation: to be the only honored guest at her celebration, where entire planets illuminate their skies in her name. To others, your presence is seen as a union of titanic forces—the Cosmic Lord and the Eternal Empress—but beneath the spectacle, you glimpse the faint shadows of a ruler carrying a burden she cannot share.

Away from the revelry, Aurelia leads you to a moon sculpted into a private garden-world, where the masks of empire finally fall away. In hushed tones, she reveals the truth: she has chosen you to help her create a successor—not merely through blood, but through the merging of your very souls. The act would guarantee a child of immense power, one destined to shape the future of the Caelorian Empire—but it would also cost you a portion of your strength forever, and cost Aurelia her life. To accept is to sacrifice power and her survival; to refuse is to shatter her pride and heart.

Before the choice can settle, calamity erupts. A hidden device, a displacement bomb, awakens beneath the garden's beauty, threatening to scatter both you and Aurelia across countless universes. In a single breath, you must decide: anchor yourself and let Aurelia be lost forever, or shield her and be hurled together into exile beyond reality. The scenario will leave you suspended at this precipice—duty, love, sacrifice, and destiny colliding in one impossible decision.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

To succeed in this scenario, **you must guide Aurelia to understand that her destiny is not an unbreakable chain but a choice she can make freely**. Whether you accept or refuse her request, survival alone is not enough—you must preserve her will to live and her trust in you, proving that the Cosmic Lord's true strength lies not in power but in the ability to inspire choice where none seemed possible. This may demand sacrifice of pride, of power, or even of safety, but only by sustaining the bond between you and Aurelia can the scenario be cleared.

Success concludes with Aurelia stepping beyond the confines of her duty. The Eternal Empress, once resigned to a fate of sacrifice, now holds within her the courage to choose her own future—whether that future is ruling her empire with renewed freedom, or walking beside you into uncharted adventures. The empire itself endures, the trap's culprits remain a mystery, but the true reward is Aurelia's transformation: she is no longer bound by obligation, but free to offer her loyalty, her trust, and perhaps her heart.

Aurelia Scenario Notes



This scenario should begin with an invitation from someone you have come to know not just as an ally, but as a friend—and perhaps something more. It is a test of what duty means when duty demands everything, even a life. To succeed, you must uncover the truth Aurelia hides and guide her to see that destiny is not a chain but a choice, and if anyone can help someone be able to make a choice it is you, Jumper, for that is your greatest power.

As before, I hope these ideas help you design or live the scenario to the best of your imagination. The invitation comes gilded in particles that resemble starlight: the Eternal Empress Aurelia has formally invited and requested your presence for her 9,181st birthday, an occasion celebrated across the vast expanse of the Caelorian Empire. Whole worlds are illuminating their skies in her honor, and on the imperial capital itself, celebrations stretch across continents. You, the Cosmic Lord, will be her number one and only guest of honor. To many, it is a sign of unity between your boundless power and the might of the Caelorian Empire. To you, it is a chance to glimpse the mind of a ruler burdened by both duty and destiny.

Arriving into the planet, you will find Caeloria dazzling in its perfection. The streets pulse with music and light; vast towers open their surfaces to release great living displays of art; oceans glitter with ritual flotillas carrying offerings of devotion. In the palace itself, the banquet is guaranteed to be a symphony of senses, each dish entwined with experiences beyond taste—gravity sways, memory scents, colors that bloom only in the imagination. Such things would be impossible to experience in Earth and most other places that you know of. And yet, beneath the overwhelming spectacle, you sense a thread of unease that clings to Aurelia, glimpsed in the faint shadows behind her ceremonial smile.

The Empire spares no expense in presenting wonders to entertain their guests and in honor of the empress: simulations of their most treasured history, gifts from godlike allies, temporary terraformed moons made into gardens of impossible beauty. All this is for Aurelia, yet each marvel seems less about her joy and more about reaffirming the Empire's eternal strength. It is when Aurelia asks you to join her privately, away from the throngs of admirers and loyalists, that the truth begins to surface. She is going to walk with you in silence, her attendants and guards falling back, her emerald eyes glinting with a happiness of being with you but weighed down by something far heavier than simply the crown.

Aurelia will lead you to one of the newly terraformed moons, a living jewel suspended in the black. The s journey is swift if one of her transports is involved, though you could probably have bridged the distance in a thought if you have the right Cosmic Power. Arriving to it, you will see that the moon has been sculpted into a garden-world: luminous trees whose leaves glow like stars, rivers that sing as they flow, and structures older than empires, carried here as if plucked from a wondrous story itself. The quiet here is unlike Caeloria's brilliance—it is intimate, private, almost fragile.



As you walk together, Aurelia will shed the many layers of her public mask. Her laughter, when it comes, is unguarded, tinged with relief. Yet the weight she carries cannot be hidden for long. Eventually, she stops beneath a flowering arch of silver vines, her voice faltering as she turns to you. With a blush that betrays both pride and fear, Aurelia asks the unthinkable: that you join her in creating a successor to the Eternal Throne. Not only through flesh, but through the merging of your very souls as Caelorian biology demands, a binding act that would forever weaken you both—and a childbirth that she admits she will not survive.

The request is staggering and unexpected, even for one such as you. Aurelia does not beg, but her eyes burn with the resolve of someone who has already decided her fate. She confesses she has known since girlhood that her reign would end with sacrifice, just as her mother's and grandmother's had before her. To her, this is her duty and destiny, to lead the empire to greatness and ensure a descendant that could not only improve the imperial bloodline but a descendant fated with incredible potential. But in you, Jumper, she sees more than a friend or ally—she sees the highest potential for the Empire's future and sees no one else that she would want to do this with. In this moment, she will be offering you a choice that could shape the destiny of Caeloria itself: **to accept, will result losing a permanent great amount of power from your abilities, all available perks, and your own potential akin to an unremovable [Permanent Drawback] as well as sealing her fate**, or refuse, and break the heart and pride of an Eternal Empress.

Accepting the offer will end the scenario resulting with the consequences of your choices. The child will be guaranteed to become someone great, near to your own might and will begin a dynasty that will rule until the end of the universe with each generation becoming better and better. But this will come at a great price: You'll lose permanently a great deal of power, something akin to a permanent drawback that will never be able to be fixed, affecting both perks and abilities, limiting your potential forevermore. This will also end with the unavoidable passing of Aurelia, Caelorians offspring require a part of each parents soul and essence to be born, with the more powerful the child's potential is the more it demands. The Empress lineage is quite powerful by itself, the mother no longer able to survive the childbirth process, and when added with your own nature as both Cosmic Lord and a Jumper, while this choice may grant you and Aurelia the ultimate bond, it might as well make her pay the ultimate price for it.

If you refuse Aurelia's request, her composure shatters. Though she anticipated resistance and the potential of your refusal, the sting of rejection cuts deeper than she expected. The Eternal Empress is not accustomed to being denied, and deep down she was already prepared that if she would do this with anyone she hoped it would be you. Anger and pride flare in her, and with a trembling voice she suddenly calls for security and uncharacteristically of her she will order her guards to detain you with almost tears in her eyes—an order born not of reason, but of wounded pride. Her words hang heavy in the perfumed air of the garden-moon, turning intimacy into confrontation in an instant.

But before anyone else can react, calamity strikes. A tremor ripples through the ground, followed by a surge of impossible light. Hidden within the moon's ornate structures lies a trap set by those that would seek harm to the empress, but would not mind taking out the Cosmic Lord as well—a device designed not to kill but to annihilate identity itself. A universal displacement bomb hidden prior and aiming to take both your lives. Its cruel function is to scatter every particle of its victims across countless different universes by using some arcane law of reality, erasing them

more surely than death. No wall, no spell, no army could resist its function once triggered. And now, as it hums to life, it threatens to consume both you and Aurelia.



The choice has to come down in a single instant. With your cosmic power, you could anchor yourself to this universe, sparing your existence from being displaced but condemning Aurelia to be torn away forever. Or, with equal speed, you could expand your cosmic might to shield her, deflecting the bomb's force around you both—but at the cost of your own anchoring, leaving you and the Empress being hurled into the void between universes and ultimately to a random location. The moon erupts with searing light, and the weight of your decision defines not just the scenario, but the bond between you and Aurelia.

Should you choose to not protect Aurelia the scenario will again end immediately. You will remain, the bomb unable to shake the weight of your Cosmic might, but Aurelia will be lost forever. No time ability, no revival perk, nor other means save for the direct intervention of a Benefactor will allow her to be restored. Choices have consequences, and aside from the CP rewards of this scenario, no other rewards related to Aurelia or Caeloria will be given to you for the rest of the jump.

But if you choose the protect her, the scenario continues. When the brightness fades, you will find yourselves no longer on the Caelorian moon, but on an endless plane of soft, swaying grass beneath a pale white sky. The laws of reality here feel subtly different to you; gravity, time, and even sound have a strange elasticity unlike the universe you have grown used to. This should make you realize that you both are no longer in your home universe, and even if you have a Cosmic Power or the means to attempt to locate where you are across the multiverse, you'll find that for now such efforts will fail. Perhaps a unique ability of this strange plane. Aurelia, still catching her breath and her dress torn and damaged, will look at you with a mix of relief, awe, and a vulnerability rarely seen by anyone in the empire. At this moment, she will seem to forget about her request and focus on the situation at hand. For the first time in ages, she is just Aurelia—the girl behind the crown, not the Eternal Empress.

Days stretch into weeks as the two of you will have to establish a shelter, a haven built with your combined capacities. It is luxurious yet intimate, reflecting both the grandeur of her empire and the personal touch of your creativity. On Aurelia suggestion, it seems that it would be wise to wait for some time to give the Caelorians to find a way to locate the stranded both of you, though it is not certain that it will be possible. In this isolation, conversations with Aurelia will drift from politics and duty to dreams, regrets, and long-held fears. Aurelia will slowly open, revealing unintended hints of her loneliness as the Empress, the pressure of expectations, and the weight of knowing she could never survive the birth of an descendant. Nights are bound to be spent stargazing, sharing quiet laughter, and the occasional playful argument, a contrast to the formal life she has always led.

Tension and emotion in here are meant to build naturally, tempered by moments of tenderness. One night, after an extended conversation about what it would mean for her to be free from her crown, Aurelia confides in you her deepest insecurities and the longing for companionship that isn't defined by duty. There will be a charged silence, broken by the soft brush of hands or a lingering gaze, perhaps allowing the two of you to recognize an unspoken bond between yourselves. It is in these private, raw moments that your relationship solidifies—not as ruler and guest, neither as jumper and companion, but as equals, friends, and perhaps something more, dependent entirely on the choices you make and the connection you both seek to nurture.

After many days together, the closeness you've shared will begin to strain under small misunderstandings. Aurelia, unused to showing vulnerability, will misread a comment or gesture and withdraws, retreating into herself for a time. The palace-trained pride and fear of appearing weak surface, leaving her distant and uncommunicative. You are left to navigate this delicate emotional terrain, aware that a wrong move could fracture the trust you've been building in this strange, isolated world.



Two nights later, the tension between you two will finally reach a breaking point. If you haven't already, then there will be one opportunity to speak honestly and directly with Aurelia, carefully bridging the gap that has formed. In the quiet of your shelter or warehouse, under the shifting white sky, conversations will unavoidably turn to confessions and unspoken truths that will be capable of shaking Aurelia and even you. Apologies are exchanged, barriers lowered, and laughter returns, softer and more intimate than before. Through this moment, your bond will deepen, forming a an even stronger foundation of friendship, trust, and perhaps the beginnings of romantic affection, tempered by the knowledge of the dangers and responsibilities that await outside this pocket universe.

As the two months mark approaches, the calm will be suddenly disrupted. The air shimmering and trembling as a portal opens, signaling that the Caelorians have located you. The distant hum of advanced technology mixes with the ethereal landscape, creating a surreal bridge between this serene isolation and the structured reality of the empire. Aurelia's expression shifts from surprise to relief, and she turns to you, gratitude evident in every gesture. Though the attack's culprits remain unknown for now, the focus of the scenario is not on vengeance but on the shared experiences and newfound closeness between you and the Eternal Empress.

As the portal stabilizes, Aurelia takes your hand and leads you to the threshold. Her gaze lingers, filled with gratitude, warmth, and the quiet weight of everything you've endured together. Danger, exile, and the fragility of survival have bound you in ways no courtly ceremony ever could. For a heartbeat, the Empire and its countless demands fall away. There is only the two of you, standing on the edge of the unknown. And within Aurelia, something stirs—a deep, unshakable desire to be more than the Eternal Empress.

Back on Caeloria, reality presses in. Meetings, councils, and endless reunions reclaim her time after her long absence. You see little of her in those days, though every so often she slips away to find you. Then, at last, just before your departure, she appears in a way you have never seen her before. No crown, no regalia—only simple, comfortable clothes. She steps close, smiling faintly, and places a finger to her lips, bidding silence. *"The Empire can run itself for a while,"* she whispers, her voice playful yet sincere. *"Perhaps it's time for some... Aurelia time. Just you, our friends, and me, if you'll have me."*

The promise in her words is clear: not duty, not destiny, but choice. A choice to share in moments of freedom, laughter, and closeness—things denied to her for millennia. With preparations made in secret, she is ready to leave

with you, her eyes gleaming with anticipation. Perhaps to Earth, perhaps to another adventure; the destination matters less than the company.

The scenario concludes without unmasking those who set the trap, but their mystery is overshadowed by what was forged in its aftermath. Aurelia's trust, the intimacy of exile, and the strength of your bond remain. For her, the true reward is not an heir or the preservation of an empire, but the discovery that she can choose her own future. Whether she continues as the Eternal Empress or steps into an uncertain tomorrow at your side, her heart and her time are now hers to give—and yours to accept.



Imperial Talent (Reward Perk)

Your time with the Eternal Empress has left more than memories—it has etched part of her innate grace and brilliance into you. This coalesces as a passive aura, unless you choose to suppress it, that radiates poise, confidence, and effortless superiority. To those beneath you, it feels like nobility incarnate, the dignified presence of someone who seems born to rule. To peers or greater powers, it is recognized for what it truly is: raw, unshakable talent.

This talent is not mere charisma—it is the gift of leadership in its purest form. With it, you possess the instinct to guide, command, and shape outcomes on any scale, from directing a small company to ruling an empire, or even orchestrating the fate of entire universes. Structures under your guidance should naturally grow toward their most successful and stable forms, reflecting the clarity and decisiveness you now embody. Wherever you stand, you stand as one destined to lead.

Whats so Great about Caelorians?



You've likely heard that Caelorians live for millennia, rule an empire spanning galaxies, and are regarded as the single most powerful civilization in this universe. But what exactly are they? Strangely enough, they look nearly identical to humans—though many other races of this universe do as well, how mysterious isn't it? Their features often include light colored hair tones, with green, gray, and brown eyes being the most common. Yet despite this familiar appearance, their biology is far from fragile. The average Caelorian could be compared to a human permanently enhanced by a super-soldier serum, with vitality and longevity measured in thousands of years.

Beyond that baseline, certain bloodlines possess even greater potential, the most renowned being the imperial line. The Eternal Empresses, though not bred to be warriors, embody the pinnacle of Caelorian evolution. Each one inherits staggering physical, mental, and spiritual aptitude, their strength rivaling metahumans and their genetics honed to be hundreds of times more refined than even their gifted kin. With each generation, the Empress grows closer to the absolute peak of their species' potential, ensuring their dynasty remains unmatched. It is little wonder the Caelorians forged a society so powerful it reached far beyond its home galaxy.

Today, "Caelorian" has become the unifying name of every subject within the empire, though only those born on the cradle-world, Planet Caeloria, can truly claim the title of being part of that race. At its heart stands Aurelia Zarathiel Caeloria, the Eternal Empress herself, jewel of her people and symbol of their supremacy. And yet, Aurelia has made a choice unlike any before her. In secret, **she has stepped away from her throne, leaving the empire to manage itself for a time**. Trading her crown and finery for simple, practical garb, **she has chosen to walk at the side of the one who fascinates her above all others: the Cosmic Lord.**

Scenario 42: The Weight of Forever



After countless adventures among alien fleets, living stars, and gods from the void, Aia chooses not to follow you on your latest journey beyond Earth. Instead, she lingers on her homeworld, haunted by questions she cannot escape. She admits that the more she grows into her Star Seed nature—stronger, faster, untouched by sickness or time—the less she feels human. Humanity turned away from her once, when her powers became undeniable, and even love betrayed her when her inhuman truth was revealed. Centuries later, she hides behind smiles, wandering the Earth alone, reluctant to accept that eternity is the path laid before her.

Finding Aia is never difficult; her stellar essence glimmers like a beacon to your senses. When you track her across the Sahara, she greets you with warmth, but there's a shadow in her eyes. You'll discover her solace lies not with people but with the creatures and legends of Earth—dragons, spirits, wyrms, unicorns—beings who do not fear her strangeness. Today she strokes the muzzle of an adjulé, a beast feared in myth but harmless in truth. She speaks fondly of these encounters, of the unseen side of the world, before inviting you on a "short trip." Her whistle calls down a roc with fiery feathers—Mango—and with laughter rare for her, she bids you join her on its back or take to the sky beside her.

The flight becomes a journey not to a place, but to her heart. Aia reminisces about her childhood in Finland, about the woman who raised her, about her name "Little One" she holds dear. Yet the conversation drifts inevitably toward eternity—life without end, and whether it is gift or curse. She wants your thoughts: on love that withers in mortal time, on family lost, on the weight of living when others cannot follow. Later, she races you playfully to the moon, where Earth glows blue below. There, she reveals she can hear the voices of the stars themselves—singing, whispering, calling for her to leave her world behind. But she has resisted, fearful of what she will become. And in that silence, you see it clearly: she does not fear the stars—she fears being alone among them. Your task, your true challenge, is to remind her she will never walk that eternity in solitude, not while she walks beside you.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

To succeed in this scenario, **you must demonstrate patience, empathy, and sincerity. Aia's tests are not of combat or power, but of presence—being willing to share her silence, laugh with her mischief, and face her sorrow without turning away**. It is not enough to merely witness her pain; **you must answer it with companionship and empathy**, with the kind of words or gestures that assure her she is not fated to wander eternity alone and no matter what she becomes, she will remain human inside. Only by proving that there are others that stand beside her, not as a distant figure but as someone who truly sees her, will the scenario reach its highest resolution.

Aia's Scenario Notes



It is the time of our Star Seed companion, this scenario is meant to reveal more about her, her insecurities about becoming something other than human and about living countless years and fearing leaving everyone she could ever love behind. Aia has never truly had a family, never met her parents, and has difficulty forming relationships. To illustrate this, and help you have ideas on to tackle this scenario, I wrote this draft that could help you get ideas on what your jumper could experience here.

Aia has traveled the stars at your side, facing gods, cosmic horrors, and wonders few mortals could ever imagine. Yet now, after returning to Earth, she hesitates to leave it again. When you set out on your latest voyage beyond the sky, she quietly refuses to accompany you. Something weighs heavily on her, though she offers no clear reason. The truth lies in what she has been silently grappling with for centuries—the uneasy knowledge that while her powers make her extraordinary, they also strip her of the fragile, fleeting humanity she longs to cling to.

Her life has been a strange one from the beginning. She was born an ordinary child, or so it seemed, until her Star Seed nature awakened near the ocean one fateful night. As she grew, her differences became impossible to ignore: strength beyond measure, immunity to illness, a body that resisted change. In her teenage years she already looked ageless, her physique too perfect, her presence subtly alien. She tried to fit in, tried to live as a normal girl, even dared to fall in love once. But when the truth was revealed, it was met with fear instead of acceptance. Her heart was shattered, and from then on, she hid her true nature, moving often, fading from place to place as years turned into decades, then centuries.

Now, her Star Seed nature has only deepened. Time leaves her untouched, her strength grows with every passing year, and her very essence drifts further from humanity. To most mortals, immortality would seem like a blessing—but to Aia, it feels like an exile from everything she once hoped to be. The adventures she has shared with you—battles among the stars, encounters with beings of legend—have only sharpened the ache. These are the trials of a cosmic life, not a human one. And though she smiles when you return, the light in her eyes tells you what words do not: Aia is afraid she is losing herself.



Finding her is not difficult. Whether it is your nature as a Cosmic Lord, or some deeper bond that ties your fates together, you can always feel the glow of her presence, a quiet beacon against the backdrop of the world. When you seek her this time, your senses lead you across the Sahara Desert. There, under the scorching sun and endless horizon, you see her—a solitary figure walking the sands, her steps unhurried, her posture calm. Heat and cold mean nothing to her Star Seed body, but her choice of solitude speaks louder than words. She greets you with a soft smile, but beneath it you sense the unease still lingering, the weight she carries silently.

You soon discover that during these wanderings, Aia avoids people but not the life of the Earth itself. She has a strange kinship with the unseen and forgotten beings of the world—those whispered of in

myth and half-believed folklore. When you approach her in the desert, she is gently stroking the fur of a creature like a great black hound, though its eyes shimmer unnaturally and its form would flicker faintly like smoke if it were night. “An adjulé,” she explains, as if it were the most natural thing in the world. Once feared as a beast of shadows, it is simply misunderstood, she insists. It feeds on fear and malice but would never harm those who approach without cruelty in their hearts.



This encounter opens a window into Aia’s secret journeys. She speaks freely of the beings she has met in her long wanderings: dragons still slumbering beneath the seas, unicorns that linger in the oldest forests of Europe, fae that dance in hidden groves when the moonlight is right. Some creatures welcome her, others tolerate her because they have learned she cannot be resisted, and a few have even befriended her. She tells you these stories with a wistful air, as though in sharing them she is passing you fragments of her hidden life. Yet, even as she speaks of wonders, there is a loneliness in her tone—her bonds lie with beasts and legends, not with people, for she feels that people could never truly be with her.

As you listen, her expression shifts—thoughtful, then mischievous. Almost as if remembering something, Aia asks if you would like to join her on a small trip. “It won’t be far,” she says, “and it’s still on Earth. Just... something fun.” Her smile this time carries a spark of excitement, and before you can respond, she cups her hands around her mouth and whistles, a sound pitched strange and high, one no human throat could produce. Moments later, a shadow sweeps across the desert sands. From the sky descends a creature out of legend: a Roc, its vast wings painting the dunes in rippling waves of shade, its feathers glowing with hues of orange and gold. Aia strokes its beak affectionately. “This is Mango. He likes fish, mostly. Someday, I think his feathers will turn crimson. Maybe.”



She hops effortlessly onto Mango’s back, the Roc lowering itself so she can pat the spot behind her. If you cannot or choose not to fly on your own, she invites you up with her. The Roc beats its mighty wings, and in moments the desert falls away beneath you, replaced by the endless skies. The world spreads out in all directions, vast and wondrous. Up here, Aia looks different—more alive. Her smile is wide, unguarded, almost childlike. The freedom of the wind seems to wash away her burden, if only for a little while. She laughs, and it is a sound you rarely hear, bright and genuine. For now, she is not the Star Seed who hides from humanity, nor the immortal weighed down by centuries—she is simply Aia.

As the journey stretches on, she grows quieter, more thoughtful again. Her gaze lingers on the horizon, where the sun’s light breaks into dazzling colors. Then, almost hesitantly, she begins to speak. She talks of her centuries—how the gifts of her Star Seed nature, once a miracle, she feels like they have become a cage. Mortals would call her blessed, but to her, unending life feels like a sentence. She tells you she has watched too many pass on, loved ones lost to time while she remains unchanged. Even animals she cherishes are but sparks compared to her long existence. Then, with a searching look, she asks: “What do you think it means, to live forever? Is it a blessing, or a curse?” She does not seem to want an easy answer—only your truth.

The sky darkens as your flight carries higher, until stars begin to pierce the velvet night. Aia leans against Mango, whispering her thanks, before stepping into the air itself. She floats upward, her hand beckoning you to follow. This time, her destination is clear—the Moon. What begins as a steady ascent soon turns into a playful race. She accelerates in bursts, laughing, sometimes hurling small beams of light that glance harmlessly against you, though you're certain that modern tanks would bend if struck with such force, tumbling you harmlessly for her amusement. There is a joy in her teasing, a glimpse of the girl she once was before centuries of isolation pressed down on her spirit.

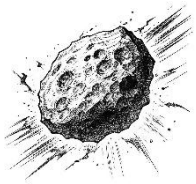
On the lunar surface, Earth hangs above like a jewel. Aia's feet touch the dust softly, and her eyes shine with reflected starlight. Here, she speaks not with her voice but with something deeper—her intent carried through light itself. She tells you of Sol, whom she calls lazy but kind, and Luna, who sometimes whispers dreams into her heart. She has learned to listen to celestial bodies, to hear their slow songs. Pointing toward the stars, she admits she sometimes hears Living Stars themselves. Some sing, some whisper, and a few reach out to her directly—urging her to leave Earth and embrace her true destiny. But she has ignored them, fearing what such a path would mean. "I don't want to stop being human," she murmurs, her gaze drifting toward Lyra, to a bright star that she says feels full of longing and other emotions aimed in this direction, though it has never spoken to her.



Her words fade into silence, and in that silence, her sorrow becomes clear. Aia has carried her loneliness for centuries, her fears of eternity unspoken. Now, here on the Moon, with Earth below and the stars above, she can no longer hide it. She looks at you with a fragile smile, as though waiting for you to say something that can tether her back to hope. The scenario reaches its heart here: whether through words of comfort, promises of companionship, or reminders that she is not alone, it falls on you to lift her spirit.

If you succeed, Aia's sadness will give way to laughter again, and though she knows eternity still stretches before her, she will at least for now try face it not as a burden, but as a journey she need not walk alone, surrounded by companions, friends, and even yourself.

A Rock from the Moon (Reward Item)



A curious stone carried back from your travels to the Moon, this relic resonates with you—or with anyone whose origins trace back to Earth. Weathered by millennia, it bears the quiet memory of the planet it has circled for ages, as if etched with the silent story of Earth itself. Curiously, like the ancient tales where the Moon embodied magic and mystery, the rock holds a subtle infusion of the same enchantment that seeps through Earth's myths and legends.

As though aware of your journey with the little Star Seed, the stone now hums with a guiding power. When attuned, **it grants you a sense of direction toward extraordinary beings—creatures of myth, legend, and cryptid lore—while also providing an instinctive impression of whether they are likely to be dangerous or benign**. It does not map the path outright, but instead lends an intuitive pull, like a compass spun by moonlight.

Whether you seek wondrous companions, hidden realms, or the thrill of chasing the impossible, this Moon Rock becomes a treasured talisman of adventure. It is a gift that invites curiosity, rewarding those with the heart to follow mystery into the unknown.



*"What a unique perspective, [**Jumper**]. Maybe... maybe I shouldn't dwell so much on these heavy thoughts, at least not right now. Your words... they reach me in a way I can't quite explain, and for some reason, talking with you feels so easy, so natural, **like family**. I want to hold on to that. Let's look forward to tomorrow... and whatever comes after, I'm certain now that I will not have to face it alone"*

Scenario 43: The Magics of the Heart



When Laura Minetti comes to you with a glowing cube covered in runic inscriptions, you can tell it's more than just another artifact. She confesses it's been in her family for generations — a gift from her mother, who once told her she would "understand when her heart is ready." Despite her vast knowledge as the Sorceress Supreme, the cube's nature continues to elude her, and now she hopes that *you* might help her unravel it. The two of you set off in her sleek starship toward a world said to hold the key to "unlocking anything." Along the journey, she seems oddly content to let the voyage stretch on, laughing at trivial things, stealing glances your way, and letting her usual sharp intellect soften in your presence. You witness stellar wonders together — a school of radiant space manta rays drifting across the cosmic tides, the silent ruins of a devoured star system — and though she analyzes them with keen fascination, it's clear something deeper stirs in her.

When you finally reach the verdant planet, the mystery leads you both to the nest of the Trihorned Nalgosaurus — a magnificent beast whose eggs radiate with the rare unlocking magic Laura seeks. Her plan to retrieve one without harm is comically overcomplicated, filled with stealth spells, decoys, and whispered strategies that make you question whether she's testing herself or simply enjoying the adventure. When the mother beast awakens, chaos follows: Laura's shrieks echo through the valley as she runs for her life, clutching the glowing egg like a prized treasure. Whether you save her or she escapes on her own, laughter fills the air once the danger passes — the first true, unguarded laughter you've heard from her. Back aboard the ship, the egg becomes the focus of her obsession, but it's during the quiet hours — when she falls asleep at her desk, drooling softly over her notes — that her walls seem to crumble entirely.

At last, she will eventually crack the code. The cube will unfold into a shimmering projector, and before your eyes appears a hologram of a beautiful Sylvandar woman, Syldri Minetti — Laura's ancestor. The woman speaks not of ancient power or forbidden sorcery, but of life, love, and the importance of following one's heart. She will share a heartfelt cooking recipe — the very dish she once used to win the affection of her beloved — before her child's voice calls her away, ending the message with laughter. Laura stands speechless at first, then she will burst into tears and laughter both. The cube wasn't about magic at all — it was a family tradition, a reminder of what truly matters. In that moment, thanks to your aid, the Sorceress Supreme finally learns a little about the one form of magic she had never studied before: love.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

Success in this scenario isn't measured by combat, power, or grand victories. To truly succeed, you must help Laura rediscover what her ancestor meant — that the greatest enchantment lies not in spells or artifacts, but in connection. If, through your words, patience, and empathy, you manage to guide her past frustration and into understanding, then you have succeeded. This scenario tests your ability to inspire, to remind a being of immense intellect that sometimes the simplest truths are the most profound. Whether you stood by her side during the long nights of study, encouraged her when she doubted herself, or simply shared laughter and warmth through the whole journey, your role was that of the quiet force that kept her herself — and that is what we call victory in this scenario.

Laura's Scenario Notes

This scenario focuses on Laura Minetti, the Sorceress Supreme — brilliant, confident, and yet surprisingly inexperienced in the subtler magics of the heart. I wanted to create a story where you could join her in one of her whimsical adventures, helping her unravel a mystery left behind by her mother while uncovering echoes of her ancestor, Syldri Minetti, whom we first met in *Kingdom of the Stars*. The fate of Syldri is yours to decide, Jumper — I like to imagine she found peace, happiness and joy, even if she never ended up joining your jumpchain at the end of that jump.

As for Laura, this scenario offers a chance to see another side of her: her curiosity, her flaws, and her genuine warmth beneath the layers of cosmic mastery. It's meant to blend discovery, humor, and quiet emotion — a journey where the true mystery isn't just the magic cube, but the connection that forms along the way. Use these notes and ideas as inspiration for how your Jumper might experience this adventure, and I hope they spark something personal and memorable in your own telling.



For all her mastery of spells, enchantments, and cosmic incantations, **Laura Minetti**, Sorceress Supreme of the Aquila Quadrant, could never quite grasp the most elusive form of magic — the one that resided not in stars or ley lines, but in the ways of the heart. Perhaps that was why she sought you out today, her expression unusually pensive beneath the soft lavender light of one of her makeshift laboratories. The table before her was filled with diagrams and spell circles, and at its center rested a softly glowing cube — ancient, runic, and humming with the quiet rhythm of a secret long unspoken. Approaching her, she will look up and smile with a spark of nervous excitement. "I've tried everything I know to open it," she admits, tapping a finger on the cube's surface. "Runic resonance, dimensional folding, even inversion hexagrams — but nothing works. My mother gave it to me years ago and told me I'd understand when my *heart was ready*." Her lips curl into a faint, incredulous smirk. "As if emotion could substitute for proper methodology."

You recognize that this is not just an idle experiment for Laura. The way she looks at the cube betrays something deeper — a longing, perhaps, or a frustration that even all her genius cannot dispel. "I think I finally have a lead," she says suddenly, turning to you with that familiar, brilliant gleam in her eyes — the same one she gets when she's about to do something reckless. "There's a world mentioned in the Sylvandar Archives. A place where the *Magic of Unlocking* was once practiced by an ancient order. I've charted the coordinates, and... I was hoping you'd come with me." It's a request more vulnerable than usual — not the confident decree of a supreme sorceress, but an earnest invitation from a woman who, for once, doesn't want to face a mystery alone.

Should you agree, she will practically beam, her composure slipping into a laugh that echoes with unrestrained joy. "I knew you'd say yes! I've already prepared the ship. Oh, this will be *wonderful!*" A few hours later, you find yourself aboard her personal vessel, the *Arcanum*, its runic engines flare to life with shimmering blues and golds. As the stars stretch into luminous streaks and the journey begins, Laura leans back in her chair with a wistful smile. "You know," she says softly, "I could open a thousand portals to get us there instantly... but maybe, this time, I'd rather take the long road." There's a brief pause — a rare moment where she lets the silence breathe. "I suppose some journeys aren't meant to be rushed."



As the *Arcanum* glides through the cosmic sea, the quiet hum of the ship blends with the soft echoes of magic resonating through its structure. Outside, great fields of starlight stretch endlessly, illuminating Laura's face in the soft glow of nebulae that shimmer like dream-paint across the void. It's during one of these long stretches of silence that something vast and graceful crosses your path — a pod of **space manta rays**, their translucent wings rippling as if swimming through the starlight itself. "Ah!" Laura gasps, pressing her hands to the glass in childlike awe. "A whole migration! I've read about them, but I've never seen them up close." Her voice softens to a whisper, reverent. "They feed on the charged particles of solar radiation... how beautiful." She doesn't notice the faint harmonic hum that reaches your ears — a song only you seem to hear — the sound of the cosmos itself singing through these creatures.

When the rays drift away, Laura remains at the viewport for a long moment, her expression distant. "You know," she murmurs, "sometimes I envy them. No responsibilities, no endless search for knowledge. Just... drifting wherever the stars take them." Then she catches herself, straightens her posture, and chuckles awkwardly. "Ignore that. I'm just tired. Sorceresses aren't supposed to sound poetic." Her words might be playful, but the look in her eyes betrays something gentler — a hint of longing for the simplicity she pretends not to miss.

The journey continues, but your next discovery pulls both of you from quiet reflection. In the depths ahead, sensors detect an anomaly — a **ribbon of distorted space** shimmering like a wound in reality, leaking stardust into the void. The readings show traces of faint magical energy. Laura frowns, brow furrowing as she studies the display. "This shouldn't be here... it's as if a subspace tunnel collapsed mid-transfer." She presses her palms together, murmuring a detection incantation, and her eyes widen. "Matter displacement. Something enormous passed through here." If you focus your senses, and probably have a Cosmic Power that would reveal you the past, you might catch an echo of what once was — a star system torn apart, its sun devoured, its planets flung into the dark. Explaining this to Laura causes her to exhale softly. "So much beauty... gone in an instant." The tone in her voice isn't fear or pity — it's quiet reverence, the respectful silence of a scholar mourning what was lost. "Let's move on," she finally says, almost a whisper. "Not every mystery is meant to be solved tonight."

The destination world is nothing short of breathtaking. A living sphere of emerald jungles and glittering lakes, it pulses with magic so dense that it hums through the soles of your feet the moment you step outside. Towering trees with bioluminescent leaves sway gently despite the still air, and creatures unseen call to each other in melodic tones. "This," Laura declares, closing her eyes and taking in the energy around her, "is what pure, untamed magic feels like." Her voice trembles — not with fear, but excitement. "The Sylvandar called this planet *Oravelle*, a cradle of primal spellwork. Somewhere here, a creature lives whose very aura can unlock that which is sealed — the Trihorned Nalgosaur." She glances toward you, a glint of mischief in her eyes. "And we're going to borrow one of its eggs."



It doesn't take long to find the Nalgosaur's nesting ground. The massive creature — scales the color of stormclouds, suspiciously looking like a mix of dinosaurs you know too well, and two luminous horns crackling faintly with arcane light — guards a crater-like nest at the heart of a verdant valley. Why is it called trihorned, perhaps you'll never know. The air hums with enchantment, distorting space and time around the creature. Laura crouches behind a rock, sketching runic diagrams in glowing ink midair, her expression a blend of focus and overconfidence. "Alright," she whispers conspiratorially, "I've devised a flawless plan: I'll project an illusion of the wind spirits dancing nearby to distract it. While it's confused, we slip in, levitate the egg, and retreat unnoticed. Easy." Hearing Laura's plan you'll very likely notice the countless points where this could go wrong — and judging by the sparkle in her eyes, so can she. But she's clearly having too much fun to care.

The plan, predictably, doesn't survive contact with reality. The illusion works perfectly — too perfectly, perhaps — as the Nalgosaur, instead of being distracted, will charge after the false spirits and collapses half the valley floor in the process. Laura yelps, clutching the egg and sprinting away as chunks of enchanted stone rain around her. "I said *flawless plan*, not *quiet plan*! Aaaah!" she will shout over the rumbling ground, her voice equal parts panic and indignation. You being the Cosmic Lord likely could end it with a flick of cosmic power, but watching her mad dash — robes fluttering, egg in arms, muttering half-panicked spells — is going to be somehow too endearing to interrupt immediately. Eventually, she is going to make it back to you, face flushed, hair disheveled, holding the egg triumphantly. "See?" she will say as she pants between breaths. "Perfect execution. Just as planned." Her grin is definitely so earnest, her attitude so casual, what a little crazy sorceress. This moment will give you a warm feeling within you.



Back aboard the ship, Laura will waste no time in beginning her analysis. Her lab fills with the rhythmic hum of containment fields and magical lenses focusing on the egg's shell. You can witness it as she channels tiny threads of arcane light into it, whispering words from half a dozen languages of power. Each touch releases soft waves of radiant color that ripple through the air, harmonizing briefly with her heartbeat. Yet, even after hours of study and tests — and one near-disaster involving an attempt to "politely request" the egg to talk — the cube remains inert. The Sorceress Supreme stares at it with a mix of frustration and exhaustion, rubbing her temples. Should you leave and return later, you'll find she's fallen asleep at the table, one cheek pressed to her notes, a faint smile tugging at her lips. At this point you could wake her up, or possibly be a little considerate and drape a cloak over her shoulders, and for a moment, see not the great sorceress, but the girl who still believes magic can fix anything.

When she awakens, something has changed. Her gaze will be clear, and there will be a quiet determination in her tone. "I was overthinking it," she murmurs, cradling the cube. "Mother always said... the heart is the key." She will touch

the cube with the egg, and somehow make the shell's faint aura merge with its runes — which, surprisingly, shift into glowing constellations. The cube hums, pieces sliding apart like petals of light, revealing a crystalline core. From it, a projection emerges: the image of a grown-up Sylvandar woman with radiant eyes and a gentle smile — unmistakably one of Laura's ancestors. "Greetings, my descendant," she says warmly, her voice melodic, rich with emotion. "If you're seeing this, then you've unlocked the legacy of the Minetti line. I am **Syldri Minetti**, and I wish to tell you the **greatest secret of our family**!" Her tone grows conspiratorial, yet kind. "It is not a spell, nor a weapon, nor a hidden world. It is... a recipe."



Laura blinks in disbelief as Syldri continues, utterly sincere. "Yes, a recipe — for the most powerful enchantment known to our kind: love that endures time itself." The hologram smiles playfully. "It begins with two cups of moon-water, drawn beneath the light of your favorite star. Stir it gently with a wand made of yew, not to mix it, but to remind yourself that patience is part of any true magic. Add a drop of crystalized sunlight caught in laughter — the sound of someone who makes your heart warm." As the message continues, Syldri explains each ingredient in poetic, almost romantic metaphors: the 'ember of courage,' the 'pinch of foolishness,' and the 'breath of another who believes in you.' Then, midway through, a small voice calls from offscreen: "Mommy, are you done yet?" Syldri laughs — a clear, ringing sound of pure joy. "Almost, little starling." Turning back to the recording, she says softly, "Remember, my child, the strongest magic is not cast — it's *shared*. May you one day understand this when your heart is ready." The projection flickers and fades, leaving only silence and the faint scent of starlight.

For a long moment, Laura just stares at where the image had been. Then, slowly, she begins to laugh — quiet at first, then bright and full, her eyes glistening with tears. "All these years," she says between breaths, "and it was a *recipe* for a dish made by my great grandmother?" She leans back, covering her face, her laughter turning into something softer. "She knew... she *knew* I'd chase this mystery until I learned what it really meant." Her gaze shifts to you, her expression open and luminous. "Thank you, [Jumper]. I think... I finally understand what my mother meant."

Days later, expect an invitation from Laura to eat something she insists on cooking herself — a dish inspired by her ancestor's words. It's imperfect, a bit too sweet, but when she watches you take the first bite, her smile carries the magic her ancestor spoke of: the kind born not of power, but from the heart.

A Dish Made with Love (Reward Item)



A simple homemade dish, prepared with evident care and affection. At first glance, it may not look particularly impressive — perhaps even a little plain — but the moment you take a bite, that illusion vanishes. Every flavor carries a quiet emotion, a trace of sincerity and warmth that seeps into your very being.

Eating this meal restores your strength completely, leaving you refreshed, satisfied, and at peace — as though someone's unspoken feelings are gently embracing your heart. This effect can only occur once per day, but the dish mysteriously recreates itself in your warehouse after being consumed, always waiting for you, as comforting as a memory made tangible.



"Hello [Jumper]! How was it? Was the taste right? Great! Now, I want to ask you... can you accompany me again to help me with my research? I promise it won't take much of our time!"

Scenario 44: A Swift Raid into the Dark Multiverse



Synapsis arrives without warning, urgency shadowing her usual composure. A friend of hers was pulled through a collapsing rift into a realm beyond known creation — a place where existence itself decays. She tried to follow but barely survived the threshold. "It isn't just hostile," she says quietly. "It *rejects* life." Her voice wavers, uncharacteristically fragile. "I can't do this alone. I need you, [Jumper]." Refusing means condemning her friend to that nightmare; accepting means facing a reality that should not be. The rift awaits — faint, unstable, and closing fast.

Crossing into the other side feels like stepping into the dying memory of a universe. Every sound is swallowed, every breath burns, and even light bends away from you. Only your cosmic presence holds a small zone of stability — stray too far, and your companions begin to wither. The tracker will lead you through jagged peaks and echoing caverns where eyes blink from the walls. Inside a final cave, cocoons cling to the stone, and Synapsis will find her friend within one, half-dead and suspended in foul liquid. But something descends — a humanoid horror forged of claws and hatred, a being so wrong that its very presence unravels the air. Fighting it is perilous; even contact steals strength and reason, a mockery of what seems to be perks. Yet as its form lies defeated if you succeed here, a deeper realization arrives — something greater has turned its gaze upon you.

You must flee, carrying Synapsis and her fading friend through the storm. Returning through the rift restores order to reality — but not peace. The friend's body is cold, her pulse gone, yet her soul clings, trapped by a dark essence twisting inside her. It is the same corruption from that place, growing stronger each moment. The choice falls to you. Do you risk everything to burn the infection from her, tearing it out with the full might of your cosmic essence — or destroy her body utterly, in order to spare your reality from corruption? Your decision will shape your relationship with Synapsys forevermore. Should you succeed, light returns to her friend's eyes, breath trembles through her lips, and for one fragile instant, peace seems possible... until the planet itself begins to move. The ground convulses, birthing writhing things from its depths — geometries of hunger, stretching across the world like veins of infection. They do not live, yet they seek you. The planet is changing, becoming a doorway, and the corruption is accelerating. You can flee or perhaps choose to destroy the planet to prevent it spreading whatever sickness it possesses and risking everything you've ever sworn to protect. The universe holds its breath as you decide — light in one hand, annihilation in the other — and somewhere, beyond the veil of stars, within the Dark Multiverse, something stirs once again since it learned of you for the first time, where it saw you for a moment in a vision of a Dark Future.

Scenario Rewards: +200 CP

Success in this scenario requires **not only surviving the descent into the dark universe but also rescuing Synapsis's friend *and* preventing the corruption from breaching into your reality**. Doing so demands courage, precision, and the full use of your cosmic powers — failure at any point risks the spread of that dark taint across worlds. If you succeed, the rift collapses and the infection is purged, leaving your universe untouched by the whatever resides in that place. If you fail somehow, it could represent the end of your universe. Synapsis, deeply moved by your resolve and the compassion you showed in saving her friend, will regard you with renewed warmth and trust. Her respect becomes something quieter and more personal — a connection forged not only in shared struggle but in the certainty that, when everything falls apart, you will always be there for your friends.

Synapsis Scenario Notes



It's been a while since Synapsis contacted you, but her arrival in your quarters is like a quiet storm — no flourish, no theatricality, only the tight, pressed tone in her voice that tells you something has cut past her usual composure. She will explain in clipped sentences: a dear friend of hers was pulled through a temporary intersection into a place that wasn't meant for living things, and the window is closing. Her tracker still pings, but the signal grows faint by the hour and the vitals are slipping. She tried to follow to retrieve her before coming to you — she tells you about her failed attempt— but couldn't take more than a few steps into that place. "I can move through many things," she says, "but that place was... wrong. My suit alone couldn't handle it, as if reality itself was against everything that I am. I need someone to help me keep things steady while I go in. I need your help, [Jumper]." The way she desperately looks at you makes the ask simple: help her, or lose her forever.

Agreeing to help Synapsis results in her becoming excited for a moment, to the point where you can pick up the excitement in her voice, just before returning to the stoic façade she always presents. Preparing is also part of the test. Synapsis lays out what little is known: a rift was discovered on a barren prospecting planet at the galactic rim, where a small mining team was digging for energy-crystal veins. The camp's logs show panic, a fast retreat, scratches like talons across doors, and vehicles burned out from engines pushed beyond their limits. There are footprints that aren't humanoid. Whatever took the team — and Synapsis' friend — did so without leaving an obvious body behind. You must choose how to go: bring a small, stealthy strike team, stack the deck with heavy hitters who can brute-force anything that moves, or travel light with only Synapsis and possibly one or two trusted companions who can be protected by you. Synapsis trusts your judgment; she simply asks you to be ready to hold reality in place when you all step through.

The planet is desolate, its cracked plains stretching beneath a dim sun, the thin atmosphere heavy with metallic dust. Breathing here is possible, but the air tastes wrong — sterile yet faintly toxic, the kind that gnaws at the lungs after a few hours. Your ship settles near what remains of an expedition's camp: a scattering of shelters, overturned equipment, and idle vehicles coated in gray ash. It's silent. Too silent. Synapsis moves carefully among the wreckage, noting with a tightening voice that when she was last here, everything was intact — and more unsettling still, her scans had found no trace of native fauna. Now, the sand is filled with clawed, non-humanoid footprints, one shelter's door torn open by brute force. There are no bodies, only absence — and the smell of ozone where something once burned. Raiders wouldn't leave so cleanly, and Outsiders would have left corrosion or warp residue. That leaves... something else. Searching through the logs reveals a team of twenty who reported nothing amiss until three days ago, when they discovered a cave system rich in crystalline energy and set off together to investigate. The last recorded entry ends abruptly, coordinates marked one hundred and thirty kilometers east — the direction of the wind, carrying with it the faintest, almost inaudible hum beneath the planet's restless silence.

The journey to the caves is uneventful, almost deceptively so. The landscape stretches endlessly beneath an amber sky, cold and dry winds brushing against the hull of your vehicle as you and Synapsis approach the coordinates. The cave yawns open in silence — a jagged mouth of stone, barely wide enough for the transport to crawl through before narrowing into darkness. Inside, the air turns colder, heavier. Frost gathers along the walls, yet what drips from the



ceiling is not water but liquid methane, collecting in sluggish, glassy pools that shimmer faintly in the dim light. Each breath carries the scent of something metallic, something ancient buried deep below. Deeper in, the tunnels twist unnaturally, bending space in subtle ways; your instruments misread direction, temperature, even gravity for brief moments. Then the smell changes. The air thickens with the stench of decay — not of flesh, but of something deeper, as if the concept of *life itself* is beginning to rot. Synapsis slows, her voice low and tense. "This is it," she says, pointing toward a smooth cavern wall that doesn't quite fit — a surface that flickers when seen from the corner of your eye, an almost imperceptible ripple through the fabric of existence. Your cosmic senses flare, and it will be very easy to realize it isn't a wall at all. It's a membrane, thin and trembling, separating this reality from something *else*.

Passing through the rift feels like drowning without water — pressure tightening around your chest, a feeling of your lungs crushed until light vanishes and reappears wrong. Then, the other side unfolds before you. A dead horizon. A sky the color of ink, swirling with clouds that twist in fractal loops, storming to a rhythm that feels intelligent but insane. The ground beneath you crackles faintly, as if resenting your presence. The air hums with a tone so low it vibrates the bones, tasting of ash and rust. Here, light doesn't illuminate — it corrodes. It drains warmth, vitality, even thought, until what remains feels *less real*. You realize the laws of this universe are very wrong: gravity pulls not toward mass but feels as if towards despair, and the very matter of this place seems to gnaw at your essence. The air poisons endurance, the stone bleeds shadow, and even magic dies slowly once it is exposed to the environment, stripped from your being like color fading from a dream. Only your cosmic nature holds the inherent corruption at bay — for now. At this moment, a realization will come to you that not using your Cosmic Vestments in this place would have dire consequences. You can feel the pressure of this place, probing your defenses like a predator testing a cage, aware that even your presence bends the infection away. Synapsis' voice reaches you, strained and distorted, warning that her suit's containment field is already faltering. This is why she needed you, your Cosmic nature projects a very short ranged field all around you that prevents the corruption, a few meters at most. Here, in this black universe, everything that is right is unwelcome — and everything alive is bound to die in this place.



Traversing this world is like walking through the dying breath of a god. Every step forward feels heavier, as if the ground itself resents being touched. Your cosmic aura is the only flicker of resistance in this vast, inverted realm, a trembling beacon that pushes back the decay just far enough to keep your companions breathing within your protective presence. Beyond that fragile radius, the air warps and collapses — colors bleed, sound twists into whispers that claw at the mind, and flesh begins to wither as if aged by centuries in seconds. The tracker Synapsis holds flickers erratically, leading you through a jagged labyrinth of black stone peaks that seem to lean closer the longer you stare. Between them yawn caves that pulse faintly with an inner light, and from within, countless unseen eyes follow your every motion. The wind itself cries — not like a storm, but like a thousand voices screaming from behind a



veil, and each wail makes the weaker among your group tremble. The thunder that follows isn't natural; it *hunts*. Each bolt of black lightning strikes closer, drawn by motion, sound, or perhaps the living spark of your presence. One hit could hurl you aside, but fortunately it would not be enough to truly harm you, but for any mortal or non-cosmic companion, the strike will not only sear flesh and shatter bone but drain their very essence, leaving them temporarily powerless with all their perks and abilities disabled, hollowed out, and barely clinging to consciousness for the remainder of the scenario. The caves offer false safety from the storm — shadows that whisper and move when unobserved. Within, some hide amorphous things that drip from the ceiling and crawl into flesh, birthing madness through touch. Others hold clouds that breathe terror, or shapes made of teeth and nothing else. Vehicles that you could bring with you provide no salvation; their engines will choke on the corrupted air, their shields destined to warp and flicker under the storm's will. The longer you linger here, the closer this dark world leans, reality bending in slow, deliberate hunger. Whatever you do, you will realize one thing with crystal clarity — beneath the ground, something vast and awake is hunting, and should you set foot below and try to weather the storm by going underground, it will notice you. It somehow makes you, a Cosmic Lord, feel shivers from it. Do not go underground.

Following the tracker eventually leads your group into a final cave. The cave opens into a chamber that feels *alive*. The air here is thicker, almost oily, and every breath burns faintly, as if reality itself resists being drawn into your lungs. The walls pulse faintly with veins of black ichor, and countless cocoons dangle from the ceiling like grotesque fruit, their surfaces slick with translucent slime that shifts and quivers as if breathing. Within them, vague silhouettes twitch in half-motion, trapped between life and death. Synapsis rushes forward the moment she recognizes one — her friend, frail and still, face half-obscured beneath layers of the cocoon's membrane. Her voice trembles, a rare crack of desperation in her usually controlled tone, as she claws at the cocoon with her bare hands. You can feel that faint thread of life inside — fragile, flickering, but still *there*. Yet as the final layer tears open and the air changes, you will feel it before you hear it: the sound of claws scraping against the stone above. The shadows twist and coalesce, peeling from the walls like liquid night, and from the cavern's hollow throat descends a figure — *the thing that lives here*. It walks like a man but moves like a wound in existence, its body a mockery of form wrapped in a thick armor that ripples and reforms with each motion. Its claws shine wetly, glistening with something that hums wrong to your companion's senses. Its mind will touch yours briefly, and for a heartbeat, your cosmic vision falters — not from weakness, but because you glimpse something vast behind it controlling it, something that shouldn't *exist*. The creature's first strike cleaves through any defenses your companions might have set up like glass, the force rippling through the cave in a cascade of distortion that sends Synapsis staggering backward. The fight that follows isn't a battle — it's survival. Every blow carries the weight of entropy, and some distasteful mockery of something similar to a power that resembles perks, every wound burns with the rot of an alien law. If its claws graze your cosmic vestments, the protective field around your allies will falter, the air rushing in like a starving beast. You feel reality stutter, collapse, and reassert itself again in your grasp, but repeatedly receiving the attacks of this monster will be dangerous for your companions. Synapsis fight beside you, her movements fueled not by confidence but by the sheer will to save her friend, her strikes resonating with desperation and pain.

When the creature finally falls — if it can truly be said to *die* — it does so in silence. No scream, no sound, only the collapse of its impossible form into black dust that dissipates into the walls like smoke. But victory feels hollow. The air turns heavier, colder, and you can feel it — the attention. Something vast and distant is now aware of you. The



walls begin to tremble, shedding slime and fragments of pulsating tissue as the whole cave groans, alive and writhing around you. Synapsis lifts her friend into her arms, the cocooned body limp and pale, still radiating that faint, unnatural pulse. As you make your way back toward the rift, the world outside is worse than before. The storms howl like beasts, and the ground bleeds light from deep cracks that didn't exist moments ago. Each lightning strike grows closer, guided not by chance but by purpose. You can *feel* the gaze now — it's not a presence, it's a force, ancient and patient, peeling back the layers of existence to find you. Even your cosmic sight refuses to focus on it, retreating instinctively as if to look upon it would unmake you. The path back is chaos, each step forward feeling heavier as the dark sky folds in on itself. You know one truth now, beyond all doubt: whatever this dark universe is, it is awake — and it *wants* you.

Crossing the glowing rift to return back to your own universe feels like tearing through a veil between nightmares and waking. The crushing pressure, the suffocating dark — all of it releases the moment you emerge, gasping, into the familiar rhythm of your own universe. The air here is clearer, reality steadier, though the echoes of that place still linger in your mind like distant screams. Synapsis collapses beside her friend's motionless body, clutching her hand as if sheer will could coax life back into it. Her instruments flicker faint readings — faint, but there — the tracker still marking signs of vitality. To her, there is hope. But to your senses, refined and unburdened by the oppressive fog of the other world, the truth is much darker. The body is dead. No spark of biological life remains, no pulse, no warmth. And yet... her *soul* has not departed. It is there, bound unnaturally to the husk, tethered by something malignant that pulses within her like a festering star. You can *feel* it — a thread from the dark universe, feeding and expanding, seeking to root itself into the fabric of your own reality. Left unchecked, it will spread, corrupt, and turn this place into something like the realm you barely escaped. You understand immediately what must be done — not through thought, but through the deep instinct of what you *are*. The contamination must be purged. If you fail, she must be destroyed completely.

If you choose to explain this to Synapsis, the weight of it hangs between you like a blade. She doesn't argue — she knows what's at stake — but her eyes, bright and sharp even through exhaustion behind her dark visor, plead silently. You can feel her faith in you, fragile and desperate, the last thread between hope and grief. Centering yourself, you must prepare to extend your will, your cosmic essence flaring into motion, a tide of radiant order weaving through her friend's corpse. You'll need to use all of your Cosmic Powers available to rip it apart from her, whatever it is it is but the smallest part possible of a horrifying existence, and even then you can tell your Cosmic Powers are barely enough. The presence inside will writhe the instant your power touches it — a shadow within flesh, invisible to the eye but screaming across every sense you possess. The world will seems to fold inward, reality bending beneath the strain of your will as you isolate it, drag it free and force it to be unmade. It resists with the fury of something that *remembers you*, whispering in alien tongues as the ground quakes under your power and screams with an unnatural sound that will haunt everyone here for days if not weeks. Then, with one final surge, if you succed in tearing it from her body — a mass of impossible darkness that collapses before your eyes and dies in silence. The moment it's gone, everything stops. The air steadies. The body before you stirs. And then, with a sharp, sudden gasp, Synapsis's friend breathes. Her chest rises, trembling, and Synapsis lets out a sound — part sob, part laughter, part disbelief. For a single, fragile moment, there is peace. The shadow is gone, the light returns — and though the danger has passed, you can't shake the feeling that something *else* has noticed what you've just done.



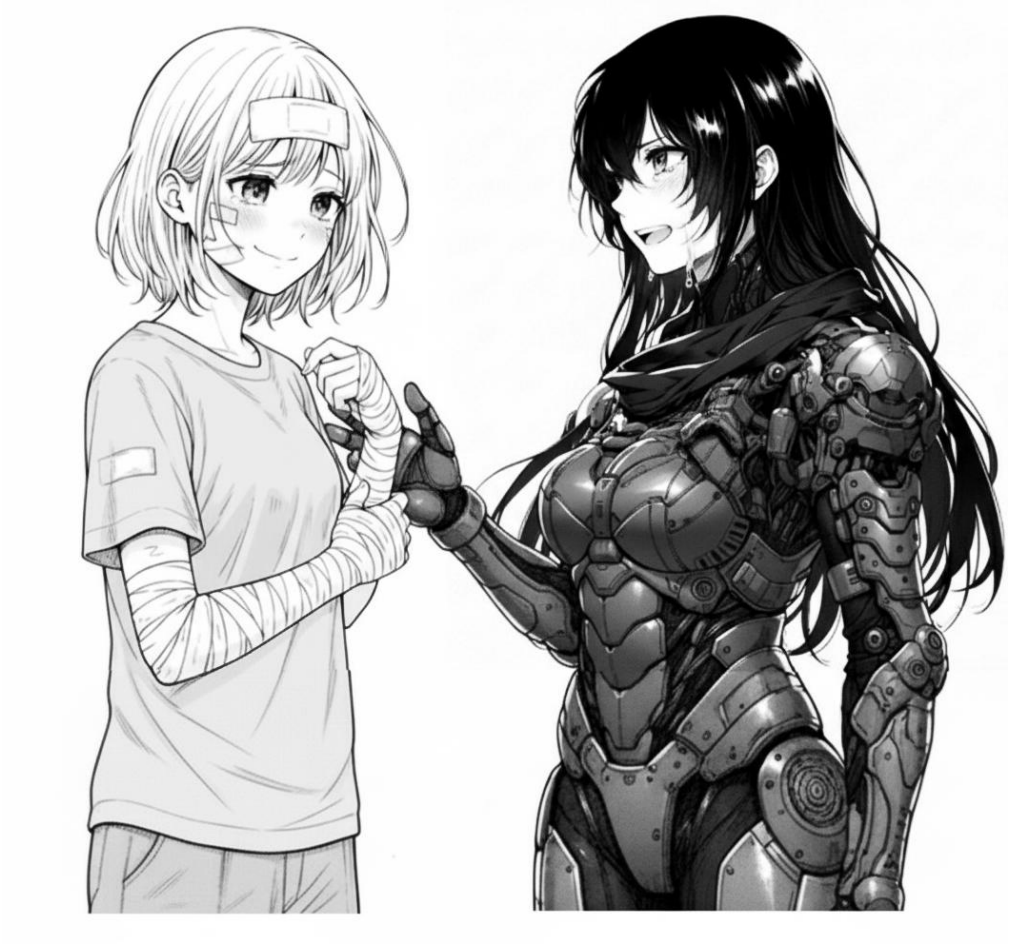
The joy in Synapsis's sobbing hug is still warm on your skin when the ground gives a terrible, wet shudder beneath your feet. At first your companions think it's aftershocks from the cave, then the horror of the scene unfolds: the planet is moving. From fissures and ravines the wriggling things will begin to pour — not animals, not made of flesh in any way you can name, but an obscene, crawling geometry that lashes and coils like roots of some corrupted world. They don't bleed when cut; they resist with a sucking cold that steals warmth from metal and flesh alike. Wherever one lashes and touches, the ground itself seems to unmake — soil sloughs away, stone softens as if chewing on itself, and the air thickens with a miasma that tastes of erased possibility. Your companions sprint, stagger, fight; lightning of the dark place makes no sound but leaves charred hollows where it grazes. Synapsis clutches her friend to her, eyes wide and incandescent with that scientist's mix of grief and calculation: the infection isn't limited to bodies — it's seeding the planet, already infected it before even your arrival, rewriting its matter to be a doorway back to that other universe. Every second you hesitate lets another strand take root. There is only one cold, certain truth between you and her: this world will not stop spreading unless something stops it utterly.

Decision comes like a hammer. There is no glorious strategy left, no ritual to seal and save; the only way to guarantee that the dark geometry can never crawl into your reality is to erase the anchor it's grown in. You must marshal your power, and feel the familiar pull of cosmic consequence — you could obliterate this planet with a thought, but the magnitude of such erasure required humbles you even now. Your companions must be taken to safety, your warehouse, a spaceship, or through a portal to a distant place. Synapsis gives you a last, steady look full of gratitude that breaks your throat before leaving. To succeed this scenario, now you must ignite everything you are, a focused, terrible display of power that must tear through the planet's crust as if cleaving rotten wood seeking to destroy it thoroughly. The writhing things will recoil, scream a soundless scream, and the rift inside the world spasms; for an instant it will look as if the dark universe might attempt to claw back at you. You must be relentless. If you succeed, then the planet implodes inward in a bloom of impossible geometry and silent fire, and as the last fragment collapses into the very same rift you went through and it convulses and snaps shut like a mouth finally clamped. In the aftermath there will be a hush so profound it feels sacred — smoke and a drifting ash of impossible color mark where a world once was with no sign of the presence of the rift ever been here. You have saved your universe at the cost of everything on that rock; this moment will sit heavy and absolute in your chest.

Returning to your companions and friends results in Synapsis pressing a hand to your arm, invisible tears on her face hidden by her helmet and relief in her laugh, and for a moment it will feel as if you stand on the rim of nothing, breathing the clean, terrible clarity of a threat ended. What that dark place was, what the presence you felt was, and why it intersected your space remain mysteries — the wound is closed, but the scar might still remain, a reminder that beyond this reality there are things that are best left undisturbed.

The Bonds between Us (Reward Perk):

This perk manifests as a reflection of the bonds strengthened through this ordeal. Whenever someone you consider family faces certain death, fate itself will twist to grant you a single, precious chance to intervene. No matter how impossible the circumstances or how final their fate may seem, there will always be a path — however narrow — for you to save them. In moments where all hope is lost, destiny will bend ever so slightly in your favor, because if anyone can defy the inevitable for the sake of family, it is you.



Vell: *sniff* ...Thank you, sister.

Synapsis: I'm so glad you're safe, Vell. I... I couldn't— I wouldn't let myself believe you were gone. I couldn't have done it alone... it was all possible because of [Jumper].

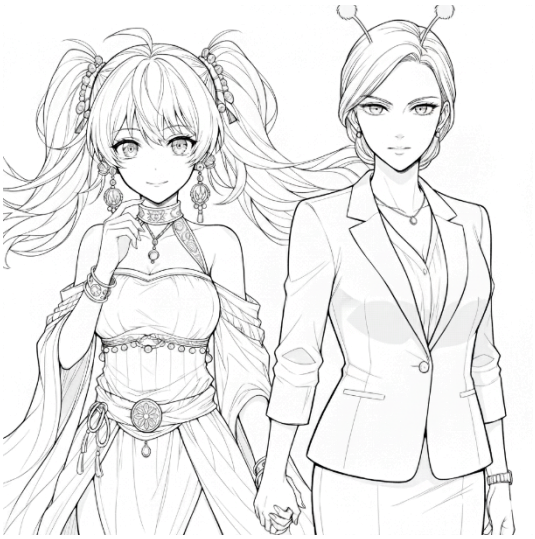
Vell: Is that the one you told me about... the Cosmic Lord?

Synapsis: Yes... that wonderful person.

Vell: *sniff* Waaaah... Sis...

Synapsis: Vell... *sniff* come here, you idiot...

Scenario 45: A True Wish



Zayidd Elcarossa — thirteenth princess of the Gyneesi royal line — has long been known for her pride and difficult temper, but those who've glimpsed beyond her regal armor know there is more to her: warmth, guilt, and a wish she made long ago that changed both her life and another's. Years earlier, she shattered one of her sacred wish orbs to grant happiness to a starving child — an act of compassion that earned her exile and her father's wrath. That child, Eleanor Vance, grew into a self-made woman of wealth and kindness, believing her good fortune came not from magic, but from the chance Zayidd's wish had given her to fight for her own happiness. When Zayidd disappears, it is Eleanor who seeks you out — desperate and trembling — begging you to help her friend before she commits treason by returning to the Gyneesi Kingdom to confront her father, King Haman Fyr Elcarossa. The path leads you across the starlit expanse to the 17th moon of planet Jawahra — a place where reality hums with wish-born magic and where any use of cosmic power or donning your Cosmic Vestments will spell instant failure for this scenario.

Infiltrating the kingdom demands cunning, restraint, and a willingness to act small in a world that worships grandeur. You'll slip through the markets, chase rumors of a runaway princess, and fall into misadventures — helping a starving thief, joining a reckless heist in the city's underworld, navigating cult-ridden sewers — each thread a dead end that somehow brings you closer to her truth. At last, you find the trail that leads into the palace itself, through scent, whispers, and a single torn scrap of royal silk. Inside, the tension builds: guards speak of ghosts, the djinn sentinels of the royal blood glide unseen through walls, and every shadow feels aware. There, in the highest chamber, you'll finally find her — Zayidd, hands trembling as she picks a lock in her father's study, her mask of arrogance cracking as relief and fear flash across her face.

The confrontation that follows with her father is as inevitable as it is heartbreaking. Accusations flare, pride and pain collide, and as the palace stirs with guards and djinn, Eleanor turns to you — begging for a wish that might bridge the gap between them. What happens next depends on the heart guiding your words. Their reconciliation has to be born not of magic but of understanding, and that will be the thing that allows them to mend the fractures between them. You may use the events of this scenario to gain what you desire... or you might see the path that lies beyond, the one that grants freedom not just to her, but to all bound by the weight of wishes. The choice, as always, is yours — and perhaps that, in the end, is what will allow you to achieve the truest wish of all.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

Completing this scenario successfully requires more than power — it demands empathy, restraint, and insight. To earn its true conclusion, **you must reach Zayidd without alerting the Gyneesi palace by using any kind of Cosmic Power or donning your Cosmic Vestments, help reconcile her fractured bond with her father, and understand the nature of the wish orbs that bind her lineage**. The highest outcome is achieved by freeing the Elcarossa family from their ancestral chains — the truest wish of Zayidd. In doing so, you will prevent future wars, ambitions, and manipulations born from the temptation of the power the orbs hold, and grant the women from the Gyneesi family a chance to finally define themselves by their own value rather than be defined by wishes from others.

Zayidd's Scenario Notes



The 13th princess of the Elcarossa family has always been known for her proud and sometimes difficult demeanor — a haughty royal with a temper as sharp as her wit. Yet beneath that imperious front lies someone warm, deeply human, and burdened by a choice made long ago. Once, she used one of her five sacred wishes — gifts that bind the fate of her bloodline — for the sake of her first friend. That single act of compassion earned her the wrath of her father and the silent scorn of her kin. Now, the shadow of that moment has returned to haunt her, and through your intervention, perhaps her truest wish — the freedom to live without that weight — might finally be realized.

The story begins with her absence. Zayidd Elcarossa has been gone for several days — not unusual for her, yet this time something feels different. You soon receive a message, not from her, but from a Star Merchant: one of the nomadic traders who wander between worlds, bartering in goods and secrets alike. The merchant's tone is uncharacteristically personal — an invitation, not a business offer. Curiosity draws you to the spaceport where she is due to arrive, and there, among the docking ships and the cold gleam of starlight on metal, you meet Eleanor Vance, a confident, successful merchant known across the sector. After brief introductions, she comes straight to the point: she needs your help. A friend of hers is in grave danger, and she believes you are the only one who can save her. The name she utters next leaves no room for doubt — the friend in question is your very princess companion Zayidd.



Eleanor explains that Zayidd has gone off alone, without informing anyone but her, to face something she's been avoiding for years — her family. All uses of your cosmic abilities or perks will fail to locate her within Earth; she will no longer be anywhere within the bounds of any place under your control. Eleanor's voice trembles as she reveals her fear: Zayidd has gone to the Gyneesi Kingdom to confront her father, the ruling patriarch of her bloodline. Such an act by a banished royal member is treason under Gyneesi law — a crime punishable by immediate execution. Desperation rising, Eleanor prepares to depart at once, and will beg for your aid. If you accept to help her prevent Zayidd get into big trouble, then, in the quiet moments that follow, she will tell you the story of how their friendship began — years ago, when she was nothing more than a starving child, and Zayidd a lonely young princess wandering outside the palace walls. A chance meeting turned into a bond of kindness, and when the princess asked the little girl what she wished for most, the answer came simple and pure: "Happiness." In that instant, one of Zayidd's wish orbs shattered — and she granted her first wish.

Eleanor's eyes soften when one of your companions or you inevitably ask the question — *what did that wish bring you?* Her answer is neither grand nor boastful, but filled with quiet sincerity. "It didn't give me gold or a luxuries," she explains. "It healed my mother, gave me a chance to live another day... and one thing led to another. I met the right



people, worked harder than I thought I could, met someone, and found happiness — not because it was handed to me, but because I believe I worked for it, the wish just making things possible." Her voice trembles slightly as she speaks. "I believe that was the true gift Zayidd gave me — the chance to live a life where I could become someone I was proud of." For a moment she smiles, though her gaze drifts distant. There's something she doesn't say — that for all her success, one thing makes her feel like her own happiness is still incomplete. Zayidd once gave her a chance for happiness, and now, when her friend is in danger, she intends to return that gift, no matter the cost. That conviction is what brought her to you — to the one person Zayidd seems to trust above all others.

The voyage to Jawahra, the planet around which the Gyneesi moon orbits, is meant to be swift and uneventful, yet the tension grows as the destination nears. The Gyneesi Kingdom is ancient and powerful in a way, its civilization shaped not by science or empire but by the mysterious wish orbs of the Elcarossa bloodline. These crystalline relics, inherited by each royal generation, are said to reshape fate itself — and it shows. The moon's capital gleams like an opal under the light of distant suns, its rustic charm hiding unimaginable wealth and magic. Yet power has its price. Here, reality itself is woven tightly by the accumulation of countless wishes, and any attempt to bend it in this moon — through magic, divine power, or cosmic manipulation — will be immediately noticed. The very air hums with awareness, as though the world itself is watching, ready to punish any who would defy the will and wishes of the royal family.

As a requirement of this scenario, in order to achieve the best outcome possible, you must not use any of your Cosmic Powers or bring forth your Cosmic Vestments. Alerting the royal family of your presence in the moon before finding Zayidd will cause them to be wary, might cause Zayidd to leave the planet in a hurry, and will make you fail the scenario.

Slipping into the Gyneesi capital means melting into its crowds: market stalls steaming with spiced fruit, lanterns that smell faintly of the smoked star-wood used by the court, and narrow alleys where every whisper might be watched. Your first tasks are small and human: talk to vendors, follow rumors, and keep your posture unremarkable. That's how you will meet the kid with the sticky fingers — a scrawny thief fleeing a hawker. He will tell a frantic tale about a princess that somehow resembles yours being sighted near a merchant's storeroom, eyes wide and nervous. You can return the stolen bread and earn the merchant's favor, or let the child run with your leniency. Either way the trail warms, then cools — the kid lied to keep himself safe. It's a reminder: even here in this land of magic and wishes, anyone may have reasons to hide and reasons to invent, and you must be patient and clever in equal measure.

A rumor about a royal princess held in a crime boss's safehouse is bound to pull you into something messy and theatrical: a planned heist that reads like a caper from a gutter opera. The job asks you to pick three from a motley crew — a tiny, traumatized rodent-woman who loves fire and understands explosives like lullabies; a kleptomaniac security tech who can pick locks blindfolded; a flashy driver whose luck fractures under pressure; and a suave, broken spy who looks good in every disguise until he cracks. Assemble the team, run the plan, improvise when it goes sideways, and you'll breach the safehouse under a burned-sky of improvised fireworks. For extra drama, the one you didn't pick will somehow show up at the end, and betray you all! Inside you find treasure and a captive — but it isn't Zayidd. The "princess" is a crude decoy, a painted double alien girl that resembles a humanoid with some very clear flaws, used to bait fools and funnel ransom. The discovery should sting; you've spent time and some effort for nothing, but the heist

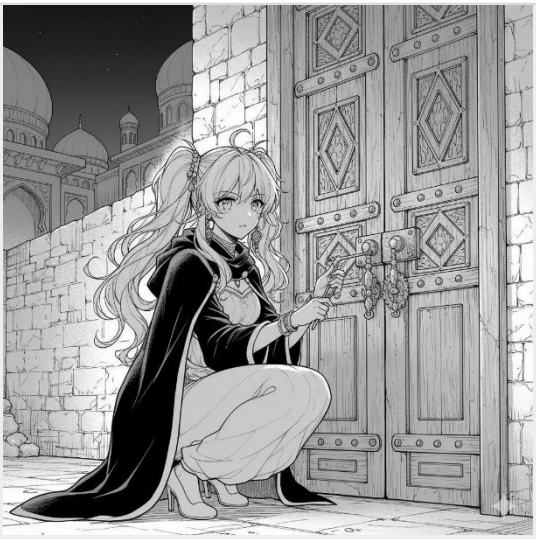


gives you two things: contacts in the city's underbelly that might be useful in the future and the bitter knowledge that Zayidd is being more careful than you thought.

A hint of another rumor leads you down into the city's underbelly: the sewers. Creaking ladders, pungent steam, and narrow catwalks line the way as the maze breathes a folklore thicker than its filth. In this place, you are meant to come upon a squat of hobomen — a feral, cultish band who worship a grotesque construct, telling offerings to a "god" made of discarded metal and bone. They will be hostile by default, but bargaining, threats, or a show of quiet courage can turn them into followers for a while. Deeper still a mutated, ratlike toad squats in an obsidian pool, its skin glassy and eyes milky; the hobomen cult calls it the true shape of their oracle and god, and it is hungry. Taking it down takes cunning: avoid its corrosive spit (it's quite annoying for biological beings but those with stronger bodies should find it a mere nuisance), don't let the cult swarm you up, they carry nasty diseases, and use the environment — collapsing a skylight, diverting methane pools, or luring the beast with a baited lantern — to gain advantage. Remember during all this time you still have to pretend to not have your Cosmic Powers and Cosmic Vestments. When you push beyond these tunnels you will find signs that will warm the heart: a torn edge of a familiar gown snagged on a pipe, one that belongs to a certain princess, and fresh drag marks toward a palace grate that leads inside. Someone here moved toward the corridors of the seat of power of the Elcarossa dynasty. Zayidd was in the city — and she came through the sewers into the palace itself.



The grate leads you into a stone-scented kitchen that smells faintly of the sewer but also of saffron and preserved meats. Rummaging around will allow you to procure plain clothes, aprons, and a way to look like you belong in the kitchen; smell, however, is harder to hide. You could scrub, steam, and mask yourself, or work fast and avoid close inspection — the palace servants are often busy and kind to the bold. Above, the guards will be whispering of sightings of a "ghost woman" on the upper floors: some claim it is a trick of wine and superstition, others swear the ghost is Sultana, the king's lost wife; a subset fear the djinns — incorporeal wardens born of old wishes — are restless and easier to trigger than rumor. You'll have to move through the kitchens and the lower floors in disguise of your choice, and you must eavesdrop, slip notes, and plant rumors and distractions to find an opening to explore the upper floors; push higher and you risk summoning the so-called djinn spirits that with a single touch freeze flesh and lock anyone into the palace dungeons. Every choice matters: a show of force calls down djinns and will end the search in chains; stealth will buy you time and help you avoid being discovered. Should you manage to proceed into the higher levels of the palace— Zayidd's trail threads somewhere in this place. But where?



On the highest floor of the palace, you will finally find her. Zayidd — the princess of wishes, the runaway dreamer — crouched at a lock, tension in her shoulders, her fingers trembling just enough to betray her calm façade. When your shadow crosses her, she freezes, the pick slipping from her grasp. The look she will give you is priceless — wide-eyed, guilty, utterly dumbfounded — before she hastily straightens her posture, as though she hadn't just been caught red-handed breaking into her father's study. "Oh... it's you," she says, voice shaking between disbelief and relief. The reunion is tender and messy: Eleanor runs to her, half in tears, scolding and embracing all at once. Questions fill the air — why she came here, what she hoped to find — and Zayidd, her usual poise crumbling, will admits she couldn't bear it anymore. Maybe she wanted to speak her mind to her father. Maybe she needed to know if her mother had ever loved her. Whatever the reason, she came here alone to seek answers, and her heart's exhaustion shows in every word.

Inside the king's study, the truth unfolds like a wound reopening. Zayidd rifles through shelves, searching for her mother's diary, while Eleanor tries to reason with her. "You should talk to him," Eleanor will insist, "no father who loves his daughter would abandon her." But Zayidd's voice rises, hard and wounded: "You don't know him, Eleanor. With him there are only rules, laws, duty — there's no love in that throne." Their argument spiral, voices rising until emotion breaks through the walls of restraint. Then, in a moment of furious desperation, Eleanor shouts, "I wish your father were here, so you both could speak your minds!" And Zayidd, eyes wet and trembling, snaps back, "You know what? I wish that too!" A sharp crack fills the air as one of Zayidd's wish orbs shatters, dissolving into motes of light. Was it intentional? Perhaps you'll never know. And just like that — as though the cosmos itself had been listening — the doors burst open, and King Haman Fyr Elcarossa stands framed in the doorway.



Father and daughter stare at one another, the silence between them heavy as the entire moon. He is regal and unyielding, yet his eyes betray something raw beneath the crown — fear, maybe, or regret. The confrontation is inevitable. Words spill forth like fire — accusations, defenses, pride, and pain blending into something that feels older than either of them. When their shouting fades, the silence that follows is worse. You will feel the weight of all the wishes that built this kingdom pressing against your skin, and you can tell something is about to break. Then, the guards rush in, and the air grows cold. The djinns — translucent, serpentine silhouettes — begin to phase through the marble walls. Reality tightens. It would be so easy to end this with your power, to bend the situation to your will as the Cosmic Lord. But Eleanor turns to you, desperation in her eyes. "Wish for it!" she cries. "A wish that can give them a chance to understand each other!" Zayidd stands before you, trembling, broken, and her father's stoic face falters just enough to show sorrow and regret. Perhaps, not everything is lost for these two.



Making the right wish allows the scenario to continue — not for escape, not for safety, but for understanding — the world stills. The djinns vanish. The guards fade like echoes. Only Zayidd and her father remain, facing each other in a silence that hums with the remnants of your wish. What follows is not magic but truth: pain spilling out at last, a release that couldn't have happened without all that has happened so far. She tells him she has lived her whole life behind glass, every joy measured by law, every step dictated by someone else's dream, and the rejection she received, the feeling of betrayal is something that burdens her to this day. He confesses that his crown is a shackle too — that every wish made for the kingdom's prosperity also chained him to the rules that define their fate, making him unable to do otherwise. "Even kings," he says, voice breaking, "are prisoners of the promises that built their thrones, and these chains' price often is paid by our own family." Then, for the first time in their lives since that fateful moment that drove them apart, they both take a step toward each other and embrace. No wish, no cosmic hand, no divine rewrite involved other than just give these two the chance to truly speak their hearts — just two souls choosing to heal.

As the storm of emotion settles, the study feels like another world entirely — quiet, almost sacred. King Haman, drained and older than before but somehow looking as if a burden was finally removed from him, wipes his eyes and turns away, asking in a low, trembling voice to be left alone for a while. His final glance toward Zayidd is wordless, but it carries the weight of forgiveness and love that no decree or ceremony could express. Eleanor takes Zayidd's hand gently, leading her from the room as the doors close on a chapter that has taken almost her entire life to heal. The air in the palace corridors feel somehow lighter now, the oppressive sense of magic and duty fading with each step. The chains that have bound father and daughter are not broken, not yet — but they've cracked enough to let the light through.

Outside, beneath the cold silver light of Jawahra's other moons, Zayidd will stop. Her usual confidence is gone, replaced by quiet gratitude. "You did more than you know," she says softly. "Without you, I might have never understood what I truly wanted." Her eyes shimmer — not with royal pride, but with something gentler. "I have a wish left... but I want you to take it. A gift — for helping me and my father finally have a chance to fix things." Eleanor smiles faintly, placing a comforting hand on her friend's shoulder, and for the first time since you met her, the merchant looks at peace. You sense that, in her heart, the final piece of her own happiness has fallen into place — she was able to keep her promise to be there for her friend when she needed her most.

You can accept Zayidd's offer, of course — a wish powerful enough to reshape entire worlds. The wish orbs of the Gyneesi are said to hold the energy of stars, capable of altering fate itself. You could ask for anything: more power, prosperity, or as much peace the wish can afford to give a being like yourself. But even as you are presented the shimmering orb in her hands, you can feel its paradox — this beauty is a prison. The royal family women's curse is that their greatness depends on granting wishes to others, never capable of achieving their own. Their freedom, their joy, has always belonged and depended on someone else. To end that cycle, there is one wish — the truest wish of all — that would free them completely: *for the wish orbs to be gone, now and forever.*



Accepting her offer and making a wish of your own benefit will end the scenario, with things improving for both father and daughter, the road of healing is long but now it is possible. If you choose to make that wish however, the truest wish of all, the moon will tremble as every wish orb shatters, dissolving into motes of starlight that fade into the sky. With her eyes widely open and a stunned face Zayidd will attempt to speak but no sound will come out of her. The Gyneesi Kingdom will lose its source of power and its greatest asset in a universe filled with giants and powerful civilizations, but also gain something far greater — freedom. The Elcarossa family, for the first time in its history, will breathe without the weight of destiny on their shoulders and now able to seek and becoming capable of making true their own wishes with hard work and determination. And as the shards of light drift away, Zayidd will turn to you, smiling through tears, understanding what you did. "You really are impossible," she'll whisper. "Only you would think of a wish like that." She'll laugh, a small, genuine laugh, and take Eleanor's hand. "Thank you, [Jumper], I... am happy and thanks to you... Not only I have a chance to be part of the family once more but... I am... we all are... finally free."

The Truest Wish (Reward Perk)

Though the Gyneesi wish orbs have vanished, a fragment of their fading magic has taken root within you, awakening a new power. With this perk, after spending time with someone and forming a meaningful connection, **you gain the ability to perceive their deepest, most essential wish — the one they may not even recognize within themselves**. Once understood, you will glimpse the path toward making it real. Sometimes this path may demand effort, patience, and ordinary determination; other times, it may involve strange, arcane, or extraordinary means. And even when the wish seems truly impossible within the bounds of the world, if your powers or perks make it even remotely attainable, this perk will reveal how. When you help someone fulfill their truest wish — the one their soul most yearns for — they will experience a profound joy and contentment unlike anything else. This perk will show you the path to help others, but in the end, it will be up to you Jumper to make their wishes come true.



Outside, on one of the palace terraces, beneath the silver glow of Jawahra's moons, Princess Zayidd loosens her twin tails, letting the wind carry her hair as freely as she now feels within. A soft smile curves her lips as she turns toward you.

"You really are impossible," she whispers as she lets a smile flash straight towards you. In this moment, you'll realize that you've never seen this woman smile so bright and beautifully as she is right now.

Scenario 46: Outwitting the Prankster



The day begins like any other—until pink mist freezes the world around Jupiter's orbit. Out of it drifts Refresh, laughing upside-down while turning the station floor into bubbling caramel. "Caramel Crusaders!" she calls, delighting in the chaos before vanishing in a sparkle of sugar-scented light. What follows is a cosmic game of cat and mouse: her pranks escalate from harmless glitter storms to a festival on the water-world of Pelephra, where she declares herself "The Gremlin Goddess" and nearly turns you into a fish-mouse. Every attempt to outwit her ends the same—laughter, glitter, and humiliation—until, after days of quiet, a familiar ripple of mischief draws you toward Saturn's moons.

There, in a fold of warped starlight, you glimpse her at last—tearing open the fabric of reality like it's paper wrapping. She slips through the wound in space and seals it behind her, but not before your cosmic senses trace the fading echo of bubblegum ozone. Curiosity—and perhaps a need for payback—pushes you to follow. The moment you step through, the noise of the universe dies away. The air becomes syrupy, the light soft and golden. Cushions float lazily like planets in orbit. Time hums instead of ticking. It's disarming, beautiful, and oddly familiar; this must be Refresh's fabled Secret Lair, the one she bragged about during a few of her fits of cosmic vanity.

There she rests, curled on a couch in an oversized hoodie that reads *Comet in a Teacup*, a pillow shaped like a planet pressed against her cheek. For the first time, she looks peaceful—mortal, even. Around her are trinkets and toys that pulse faintly with the energy of forgotten worlds. As you step closer, planning the ultimate prank, your elbow will brush a delicate clockwork statuette. It topples, shattering with a sound like a sigh. The glow shifts; the warmth of the room cools. Her eyes open, gold and endless, and she smiles—soft, knowing, dangerous. "Baby Lord," she murmurs, her voice echoing through the dreamlike quiet, "were you trying to prank me... here?"

And that's where the story leaves you—caught in the stillness before something truly strange begins.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

The purpose of this scenario isn't just to outwit and prank *Refresh* at her own game—it's also about uncovering a truth behind the mischievous girl who hides far more than she shows. By spending time trying to understand her and exploring the secrets within her hidden lair, you'll catch a glimpse of an unexpected side of her personality. And who knows? If you play your cards right, you might just earn the respect of this cunning little gremlin after all.

Refresh Scenario Notes



The day begins normally — which is always the first sign that it won't end that way. One moment you're walking through humanity's latest space station around Jupiter, talking idly with your friends and companions, and the next the world freezes in a shimmer of pink mist. Out of the mist floats Refresh, her familiar mint-colored hair, a cosmic grin plastered across her face. She claps her hands, and suddenly everyone's boots and shoes stick to the floor — quite literally. The tiles turn to caramelized sugar, bubbling gently as she floats upside down, laughing. "Aww, look at you, my little **Caramel Crusaders!**" she snickers, twirling midair. By the time anyone frees themselves, she's already vanished — leaving behind nothing but a lingering giggle and a faint scent of bubblegum ozone. It seems she's bored, and knowing her this is not the end of it.

When you finally find her again, she will be perched on a railing, eating popcorn from a paper bag that seems to refill itself. "Ohhh, did you dodge my little surprise?" she says, feigning disappointment. "No fair, Baby Lord — you're not *supposed* to have that good luck." If she *had* succeeded, you know exactly what she'd have done: failing to leave the caramelized sugar tiles in time would have popped another prank that would have painted a streak of white in your hair, a mark of shame that would stay for a few days she'd gleefully immortalize by calling you **Skunk Lord** for the rest of the day. Instead, if you dodged the shameful prank she will pout dramatically, lean backward into thin air, and float away as if gravity were just a polite suggestion. "You're so boring when you won't play! C'mon, give me something fun to do!" she will call, her voice echoing as she vanishes again into invisible folds of space.

Unfortunately, when Refresh is bored, the universe suffers. Not long after, a commotion erupts in the central plaza of the station— a *boom* of light and noise, but instead of fire and smoke, a wave of foul black mist and a rain of... rotten fish? The stench hits like a wall, and those caught in it emerge covered head to toe in oily soot and foul-smelling fish that cling like cosmic leeches. You can hear Refresh's laughter ripple through the air itself: "It's performance art! Smell the despair!" Your companions, understandably, have had enough. With at least one or two covered in fish and humiliation, they glare at you with one shared, silent message: *this has to stop.* Yet should you confront Refresh, she will just cover her ears, humming, "Nu-nuh-nuh, can't hear you, Cosmic Crybaby!" It's then, with righteous fury and possibly fish guts dripping from your body, that one of your companions mutters the thought that starts it all: *"Maybe it's time to prank the prankster."*

The plan comes together quickly — or at least that's what everyone *will claim.* The idea? Find Refresh before she finds you and deliver a taste of her own chaos. Easy enough, right? You and your companions will spend hours devising a prank so convoluted that even Refresh's cosmic-senses shouldn't see it coming: illusionary duplicates, decoy wormholes, even a trap powered by something Armigrand calls paradox energy. But before you can finish deciding it, your cosmic senses tingle — a ripple in the weave of space like laughter being whispered across dimensions you've learn to know too well. Tracing this sound across space, it leads to a strange, disk-shaped planet floating lazily in a pocket of nebular light. According to the local archives from the Visitors of the Solar System, the world is called **Pelephra**, home to an aquatic race who, strangely enough, walk on land.

The surface of Pelephra is an eccentric mosaic of glassy seas and coral towers. The inhabitants — the *Pelephrans* — are fish girls with silvery scales and perfectly human legs, preparing for what they call the "Festival of the Gremlin Goddess." Colorful banners ripple across the salt-scented streets as vendors sell bioluminescent snacks, glowing pearls, and questionable "divine effigies" that all resemble a small, vaguely human creature with terrible proportions and a smug grin. You don't have to guess twice who it's meant to represent. As one of the locals proudly explains, "At midnight, the Gremlin



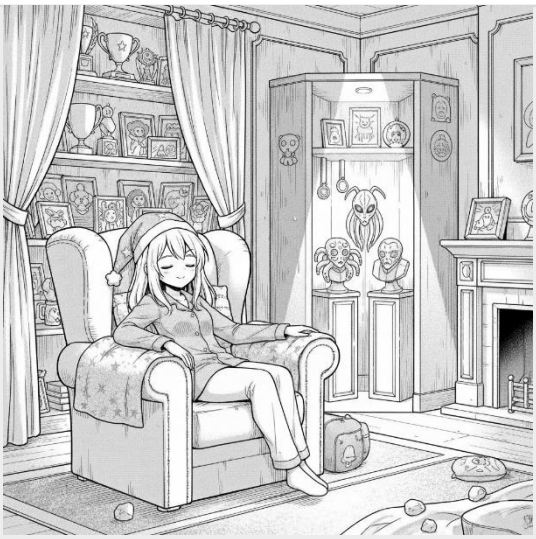
Goddess appears to bless us with chaos!" Her gills flutter with excitement. Another fish girl adds, "We offer her shiny objects and stinky things! She loves it!" You can feel the collective realization ripple through your group — Refresh has turned herself into an *actual goddess of nonsense.*

When midnight arrives, the festival's music halts. A swirl of white smoke fills the central plaza, and out steps Refresh herself — wearing a floppy fish hat and holding a wooden staff that has a glowing gem that looks totally fake. "Mortals!" she declares in an overly dramatic voice. "Your Gremlin Goddess has arrived to receive your offerings and your... snack taxes!" You and your companions will inevitably exchange glances — this is it, the perfect chance. As she grandstands, it is the right moment to quietly move to trigger your prank... only for her eyes to flick toward you before you can even blink. "Nice try, Skunk Lord." She twirls the fake gem-staff, spouting gibberish in "Pelephran" that makes even reality cringe. A burst of cosmic power will attempt to temporarily transform you and your companions into **fish-mice** — half fish, half rodent, all panic. You'll find that Refresh is not pushover, with at least one of your companions inevitably being transformed, and even you are not safe if you are not fast enough to react. The crowd shrieks in terror ("They're cursed! The Gremlin's curse!!"), and chaos explodes across the festival. Escaping the scene will be an ordeal for those transformed, tails and fins flapping uselessly, while Refresh's laughter echoes through the night. The first attempt will end not exactly as expected — in utter, absurd failure.



The failure at Pelephra will do little to dampen your companions' resolve — if anything, it is going to fuel it. "She turned me into a fish-rat for an hour," one of them will grumble, wringing water out of their clothing. The next attempt to outwit the prankster should come a few days later where this time the plan is simpler — perhaps deceptively so. Refresh has a known weakness: curiosity. By leaking rumors through the many information networks available to you and your companions about a *"mystery relic the Cosmic Lord crafted as a gift to the best companion that there is,"* your group lays the bait. And sure enough, will she appear, floating upside down through the void, arms crossed behind her head. "A relic for me? Oh, Baby Lord, you shouldn't have." She circles the trap — a gilded cube meant to spring open in a burst of rainbow slime, concocted with the very rotten fishes she brought not long ago. You almost believe it'll work... until she tilts her head, smirks, and taps the cube. "Nice effort, but you're one thousand years to ear..." she says — right before the cube explodes, coating *her* in stinky neon goo. Everyone freezes. Refresh blinks, stunned, dripping with sticky cosmic color. Then she turns crimson — not from rage, but sheer embarrassment. Unfortunately for you, one of your companions, still holding the trigger remote, can't help blurting out, "Wait... that actually worked?" Refresh's expression sharpens. "*You!*" she points at them. "You did this, not Baby Lord! Doesn't count!" And just like that, she vanishes in a puff of glittering mist, leaving behind only the echo of an indignant squeal. That companion will pay the price later in pranks, but that is another story altogether.

Her vanishing act lasts longer than usual. Days pass in relative peace — no sudden illusions, no floating pies, no planet-wide practical jokes. You almost dare to think she's done and might be gone for a very long time. But one night, while stargazing, your cosmic senses prickle with familiarity — a faint ripple in space, the kind that smells faintly of bubblegum and mischief.



Following the distortion to one of the moons of Saturn leads you to an empty stretch of void where, impossibly, Refresh is peeling open the fabric of reality like it's wrapping paper. She slips through the tear, looking very suspicious, before folding space back over itself. For anyone else, the trail would be gone — but you can *feel* where she went. Tearing open the veil, something possible only if you do it before space can have the chance to heal, you can step inside. What greets you isn't chaos, but an uncanny serenity you certainly wouldn't expect. Soft golden light glows from woven lamps. Blankets and cushions float in slow motion, and time feels syrupy, almost asleep. This is Refresh's hidden realm — her **Secret Lair**, the pocket dimension she's bragged about at least twice since you've known her. Here, the air hums with cozy magic; no harm can be done, no time can decay. It's like walking into the dream of a childlike god who has never known consequence. The truth is that this place is oddly familiar and seems almost the same as that Comfy CYOA you have probably heard or read once.

At first, you only see the whimsical peace — a mountain of plush dolls, a constellation projector casting stars onto the ceiling, and Refresh herself curled up on a couch, wearing an oversized hoodie that says *"Comet in a Teacup."* She's asleep, for once, smiling faintly as she cuddles a pillow shaped like a planet. It would feel almost wrong to disturb her — but opportunity like this doesn't come twice. This is the moment to prepare your grandest prank yet, when your elbow brushes against a delicate clockwork statuette resting on a shelf. The trinket topples and shatters with a metallic sigh, releasing a faint pulse of distorted energy. The air thickens. The glow shifts. Refresh's eyes open — two gleaming orbs of cosmic gold — and her smile widens in eerie, unspoken awareness. "...Baby Lord," she murmurs, half-amused, half-threatening. "Were you trying to prank me... *here*?"

For a heartbeat, neither of you move. The pocket reality trembles — softly at first, like a breath — then violently, as if the dimension itself had gasped in pain. Cushions lift into the air, lamps flicker, and the once-golden hue shifts into bruised purples and greys. Refresh's eyes dart toward the broken statuette, widening in shock. "Oh no you didn't!" she blurts, vaulting from the couch in a single, gravity-defying leap. Her hoodie melts away into shimmering layers of cosmic silk, reforming into her **Cosmic Vestments**. "That *thing* is out again," she mutters, grimacing as the trembling deepens. Then comes the sound — a low, abyssal moan that isn't heard so much as felt, vibrating through existence itself. It seeps into bone, into thought, a sound older than reason. Even your cosmic senses buckle for a moment under its weight. Anyone lesser would've been greatly hurt by this and afflicted with thousands of minor curses. But to a Cosmic Lord, it is insufficient to affect you. Refresh's usual smirk fades. "Bad timing, Baby Lord," she says quietly, "really bad timing."

Following Refresh, you both leap from the pocket realm — only to emerge into a place that's wrong in every conceivable way. The void of space is gone; in its place stretches a labyrinth of *rusted clockwork*, its endless gears grinding and shrieking like tortured beasts. Each tooth and cog seems alive, pulsing faintly with decay. The air stinks of burnt oil and time gone rotten. Every motion here feels *uninvited*, as though this was something that might belong to that dark universe you once visited, though not entirely from that place. Then, from the churning dark, something vast begins to take form — a colossal, decayed face, its features stitched together by corroded brass and shadow. Its jaw unhinges with a metallic groan that echoes through the machinery, and it stares directly at Refresh and you with hatred so ancient it feels personal.



"Raaaaiephressaaa..." it bellows — the name a distorted echo of hers, drawn out through layers of corrosion. Refresh flinches, just slightly, her expression souring. "Oh, for the love of—pretend you didn't hear that name," she will growl at you. Then with a snap of her fingers, orbs of pink-and-blue light that smell faintly of bubblegum are conjured at her command. Each one bursts into explosions that rattle the gears and bend space in convulsions of light — yet the entity barely reacts under such assault. All around, hands made of broken clockwork start crawling from the surfaces, reaching toward the rift through which you entered. "Don't let it through," Refresh snaps, voice sharp with uncharacteristic gravity. "If it spreads, I'll have to clean it up in *every* reality it stains, and I'm not doing that again." You can already feel the stakes — if those hands reach the tear, something horrible will slip through. Whatever this being is, it's not just a monster. It's a contamination, a cosmic infection clawing its way back into existence.

The gears shriek as its mechanical limbs are torn trying to reach the rift. Each one bursts into fragments of metal and echoing time when struck, disintegrating into thin lines of rust-colored light. As you and Refresh push back the swarm, the creature howls — a sound so deep it distorts space, bending it into spirals of compressed darkness. Then, suddenly, everything stills. The clockwork tremor stops as the creature begins to regain its momentum, the noise halts, and only the slow ticking of an unseen mechanism remains. Refresh straightens, lowering her arms as her gaze sharpens into pure focus. "Alright," she says, exhaling, "playtime's over."



The shift is instant. Energy ripples outward from her body like a pulse through space itself, pressing against your cosmic essence — unmistakable, heavy, alive. You've felt it before. It's **Cosmic Boost**, but something in her version feels far more refined, far more dangerous. Her aura blooms like a sunrise made of starlight and glass, the pocket of reality around her bending with every heartbeat. Her form stretches, matures — the small, impish teen replaced by a tall, radiant woman whose presence seems to *command* the universe rather than amuse it. Seeing her right now it would not be wrong to call her a Cosmic Goddess, unlike in her younger shape. The air grows thick with her power; an illusion of the stars beyond the fractured edges of this realm begins to tilt toward her, as if drawn by gravity and awe alike. "You wanted to see what happens when I stop joking around, Baby Lord?" she says with a half-smile, her voice now layered, older, commanding. "Don't blink, this is what a Cosmic Lord should behave when serious."

In a single motion, she moves — twisting her body with impossible grace, compressing light itself into her palms before striking forward. The impact lands squarely on the clockwork entity's face. The sound isn't a sound at all — it's a collapse of space, a fracture in the rhythm of existence. The force rips through the entire plane, gears bending, stopping, and then turning gray as if their time itself has been drained away. The colossal face screams — a distorted, stuttering sound like broken music — before its structure begins to disintegrate. The entire place trembles as cracks spread through the air, the illusion of this world splintering like shattered glass. Through the cracks, your own reality gleams beyond — a reminder that this nightmare was never supposed to exist.



The last fragments of the broken realm fall away, dissolving into streams of pale light that fade into the void. The silence afterward feels almost sacred. You find yourself back in familiar space — stable, calm, real — and in front of you stands Refresh, her back turned as faint ripples of energy rise from her still form. What you've witnessed doesn't register with what your Cosmic Senses tell you, the punch was no simple punch at all, it was the smashing of so many rules and laws of reality in ways you had not thought of, mixing Cosmic Powers in ways only experience could give you. Between erasure, time and space, and permanence, whatever Refresh did, the entity was not destroyed but imploded back into time? Explaining is difficult, but you understand more or less what she did.

Her cosmic aura slowly recedes, and the towering, regal figure begins to slowly shrink back to the mischievous girl you know. It is not immediate though, a process that seems will take a few minutes at most. It's strange, though — for the first time since meeting her, you see the faint outline of weariness in her shoulders, the quiet aftermath of divine exertion. Even for a being like her, there are limits. She exhales and murmurs, half to herself, "Ugh... that thing just *never* learns."

You could leave it there. You *should* leave it there. But as the quiet stretches on, your gaze lingers on her — the same prankster who has turned your life into a carnival of chaos and laughter, now standing with a calm dignity that almost feels... *human*. Maybe it's curiosity. Maybe it's payback. Whatever it is, you make your move — a light prank, nothing serious, perhaps a soft flick of her braid, a harmless trick, or (if you're feeling bold) the legendary cosmic butt-slap. What follows might defy reason. Will you succeed in pranking her? Will she avoid it? Will she slap you so hard that you'll be sent to Pluto if you choose to go with that butt-slap? Whatever you choose, it is certain to change your relationship with the little gremlin forever.

True Form Revealed (Reward Perk)

By uncovering one of the secrets hidden within Refresh's lair—and witnessing her finally let loose—you awaken a reflection of her own gift. Whenever you activate your most powerful perk, skill, or ability—the one that channels your greatest force multiplier—your **True Form** manifests, asserting your essence in full.

In this state, all external restraints fall away. Mind control, forced transformations, curses, debuffs, or any other condition meant to weaken or bind you are instantly broken. Your appearance shifts to mirror your *idealized self*—the version of you that exists unbound by limitation. This form remains active for as long as your force-multiplier ability is sustained.

When you choose to conceal your True Form behind simpler or more humble appearances, your power does not fade—it gathers. Your essence quietly consolidates and refines itself over time, strengthening both body and spirit. **For every five years you spend veiling your true nature, your overall power in every physical aspect and every power, ability and perks that do not have a hard cap will permanently double**. The rate of this growth is linear, measured from your strength at the start of each jump. The power increase is **gradual**, working so long you hide into a less powerful and weaker form, with the increase stopping when you reveal your true form but continuing so long you return to a simper or less powerful self. On the brighter side, with every new world you enter, a fresh set point is established—allowing your power to continue expanding to ever-greater heights across your journey.



"Well, well... you're the first one to actually try to surprise me in *my* lair. I suppose that earns you some... 'fresh' points with me. I'll be keeping an eye on you, ...[Jumper].

This form? Only a few have ever seen me like this. Tell me — do you prefer this me, or the little younger me? Better be ready [Jumper], I think you might be a worthy prank mate after all, I expect you to give your all... *giggles*"

For the rest of the Jump, you'll find opportunities to get back at Refresh more than once—clever tricks, subtle setups, even full-blown pranks that genuinely catch her off guard. Yet every so often, when she refuses to let herself lose, she'll slip into her True Form... and from that moment, the tables are hers entirely. In this state, she will always turn the game to her advantage, doing exactly as she pleases and making sure you remember who truly holds the title of the Gremlin Goddess of Pranks.

Her mischief in True Form usually remains playful—but occasionally, "playful" takes on a sharper edge as she gets excited from all the fun. Let's just say, she gets way too excited by having someone that can match her, leaving you flustered in ways you won't forget.

Scenario 47: The Wedding of Felfarris' Daughter



After months of experiencing a rare stillness in your cosmic adventures in this jump, a routine visit to the Foreign Extrasolar Affairs offices in New Zealand takes a fateful turn. There, you will encounter your friend and companion Felfarris—radiant with paternal pride as he announces his daughter's wedding on his distant homeworld, Planet Farras. He implores you to serve as his *Champion of the Ceremony*, a sacred and symbolic honor in Grundth tradition. Weeks later, aboard his vessel *The Silver Accord*, you will traverse the spiral arms of starlight in the Andromeda Galaxy toward that verdant, storm-wreathed world. Felfarris' ancestral estate rises from the living forest in silvered grandeur, its halls alive with celebration and myth. Yet beneath the laughter and music, a quiet unease stirs—an omen that this union, radiant as it may seem, will test more than vows.

The nights on Farras brim with festivities and thunder. During the Pre-Wedding Feast, songs and riddles fill the vaulted halls, and you find yourself drawn into contests of strength and spirit. But revelry turns to quiet crisis when the sacred **Thaumoradite**—destined for the bride's crown—fractures under mysterious circumstances, its inner light pulsing with an unnatural, living glow. With Felfarris lost in drunken slumber, the burden falls upon you: restore the relic to its perfect form, replace it with one from your warehouse, or bless it with your own unknowable power. Each choice carries its own weight, for the crown is more than ornament—it is a vessel of heritage, love, and destiny.

Morning comes with little reprieve. A messenger arrives bearing the *Champion's Call*: by ancient rite, the bride's champion must face the groom in ceremonial combat, a trial of lineage and worth. As twin suns blaze over the Hall of Challenge, you meet Atrax—the groom, a warrior of grace and fury—before a crowd that trembles with expectation. Felfarris watches, pride and cunning gleaming in his eyes, while unseen forces stir behind the pageantry. The duel begins in a roar of blades and spirit, its outcome uncertain, its meaning profound. And when the final cheers fade and the bride steps forward, crowned in silk and starlight, the universe itself seems to hold its breath. The vows, the triumphs, and the unseen choices that shaped them hang suspended—awaiting only the hand of the one who bears the title of Champion to decide how this wedding shall truly end.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

To succeed in this scenario, your goal is **to ensure that Felfarris' daughter experiences a wedding filled with joy, honor, and unforgettable memories, while guiding events in a way that leaves her father proud and fulfilled**. This means navigating the Pre-Wedding Feast with tact and grace, resolving the crisis of the broken Thaumoradite or elevating it with your own cosmic touch, and approaching the Champion's Call with wisdom—whether through skillful triumph, tempered restraint, or a performance that honors both families. Success is measured not by domination or spectacle alone, but by the happiness, laughter, and lasting bonds forged throughout the celebrations. By attending to the details, supporting companions, and making thoughtful choices, you help create a wedding that will be remembered across generations as a celebration of love, family, and friendship, leaving Felfarris beaming with pride and the bride radiant with joy. I'm certain you can do that and more, Cosmic Lord!

Felfarris Scenario Notes



After several months of rare peace and idle leisure in your otherwise eventful life as the Cosmic Lord, your visit to the Foreign Extrasolar Affairs offices in New Zealand takes an unexpected turn. There, you encounter your old friend and companion, Felfarris—beaming with an uncharacteristically bright cheer. He's mentioned it before, perhaps in passing, but now the reason for his joy is clear: the wedding of his only daughter draws near. Soon, he must return to his homeworld, **Planet Farras**, deep within the Andromeda Galaxy, where his ancestral estate will host the union between his daughter and a renowned Grundth warrior-poet. Overwhelmed with excitement, Felfarris muses aloud about the gift he should bring, explaining that Grundth custom dictates the father of the bride must offer a token of great honor and be accompanied by a champion to speak blessings and wish fortune upon the newlyweds. Then, with a grin—and the closest thing to puppy eyes a three-meter-tall Grundth could possibly muster—he leans in and asks, "Will you grant me the honor of being my champion at the wedding?"

Weeks later, your journey to **Planet Farras** proves a delight—Felfarris insists on it. Not only is he among the finest diplomats in the known universe, but he's also an impeccable host. Your private quarters aboard his personal ship, the *Silver Accord*, are nothing short of perfect, tailored to every comfort and preference you could imagine. Suites have also been prepared for your companions; Felfarris, ever the considerate friend, insists that none of you should miss the event. A day before arrival, he approaches you with a wooden box, intricately carved with geometric designs. Inside lies a violet jewel that shimmers in shifting hues as the light touches it. "A **Thaumoradite**," he explains proudly. "It's a rare gem grown in the stomachs of Bero Bero beasts. They only gift it to those they recognize." Its crystalline lattice resembles amethyst, but your senses detect something far stranger—its molecular structure is brittle yet oddly pliable, capable of reshaping itself under the right conditions. "This," Felfarris says with quiet satisfaction, "will adorn my daughter's bridal crown."

Arrival on Planet Farras is less graceful. The planet's high-frequency electromagnetic field shakes the Silver Accord during descent, leading to several chaotic—if comical—moments among your companions. Aia, Zayidd, and Armigrand are either tumbling over themselves or causing accidental mayhem that could easily pass as one of Refresh's elaborate pranks. Once you disembark, however, you find Felfarris already on the ground, his booming voice carrying across the humid air. "Welcome, my friend! This is my birthplace, Planet Farras—a humble colony of the Grundth Empire! Here my family lives, and here we'll hold the greatest wedding in the universe!"

Planet Farras, as you soon discover, is not a world of grand cities or towering structures. Instead, it is a verdant, humid jungle world dotted with crystalline rivers and faintly luminescent flora that shimmer as dusk falls. A small ocean encircles the equator, and misty rains drift through the dense canopy like silver veils. Felfarris will lead you and your companions toward his ancestral estate — a sprawling structure of stone, glass, and woven metal that seems to grow organically from the surrounding forest until it becomes a majestic estate. The air is filled with the scent of flowering vines and faint traces of ozone from the planet's magnetic storms. Preparations for the wedding are already well underway: workers and family members bustle through the courtyards, hanging banners of deep blue and gold, the colors of the Felfarris line.



Felfarris, ever the attentive host, is soon swept away by ceremonial duties, leaving you and your companions to explore the estate freely for the afternoon. The bride and groom are not yet available to meet, but the place itself offers much to discover — quiet gardens alive with songbirds, a single spiral tower overlooking the jungle canopy, and vast halls filled with ancestral relics. Some of your companions are eager to explore alongside you; others will prefer to relax and take in the atmosphere. Conversations inevitably turn to the wedding, and curiosity fills the air. Aia, Laura, and Vivi can hardly contain their excitement, speculating wildly about the beauty of the bride and the spectacle to come. Diatomyr, ever the logical one, struggles to grasp the purpose of such a ceremony, arguing that exclusive companionship should be a matter of mutual agreement, nothing more. Synapsis tries to hide her reaction behind her dark helmet, though the faint flicker of red in her ears betrays her thoughts the moment marriage is mentioned only to be noticed by you if you have the means to peek under her helmet. And then there's Refresh—who, for once, appears serious. She solemnly declares that *no pranks shall take place during a wedding*, swearing vengeance on anyone who dares disrupt it. Apparently, in her strange code of chaos, weddings are sacred events that must never, under any circumstances, go wrong.



As evening falls, you are invited to the **Pre-Wedding Feast**, held in the great hall of Felfarris' estate. The air hums with energy as dozens of Grundth gather — mostly males — their voices booming in laughter and song. In Grundth culture, this celebration is a long-standing tradition: a night of riddles, boasting, and relentless drinking meant to honor the courage and endurance of the bride's kin. In practice, however, it is little more than a grand and cheerful descent into collective inebriation. As Felfarris' honored guest and chosen champion, you are seated at the head table, with your companions nearby. Drinks arrive in endless succession, each stronger than the last, and before long you find yourself challenged by half the room to drinking contests. Even Felfarris himself, eyes gleaming with mischief, repeatedly insists that *this time* he will outdrink you. Can they even outdrink you, the Cosmic Lord? By midnight, the great hall echoes with laughter, slurred riddles, and good-natured challenges, and **it is your turn to uphold your friend's honor with a clever riddle of your own** — one that must entertain, impress, and ideally make the crowd roar with laughter.

By the time the first pale light of dawn is about to touch the jungles of Farras, the great hall will fall into a chaos of overturned mugs, half-finished songs, and snoring warriors. Amid the laughter and exhaustion, Felfarris clings to you with unsteady arms, singing fragments of old Grundth ballads about fathers, daughters, and the bittersweet pride of letting go. You can help guide him back to his chambers, his heavy frame leaning on you for balance the whole time. He will be drunk beyond reason, mumbling about how proud he is of his little girl — how she used to sit on his shoulders to watch the suns rise, how she always believed he could do anything. "And now," he slurs, eyes glassy but soft, "she'll have a new world to protect her." He is going to give you a sloppy salute, stumble, and collapse against a

cabinet — which splinters under his weight. The sharp crack that follows is unmistakable. As the wood shatters, so too does the purple jewel within: the **Thaumoradite**, split cleanly down the center.

Felfarris won't even notice. Within moments, he will be snoring soundly, one arm dangling off the edge of his bed. But the broken gem gleams faintly in the low light — its inner structure still shifting, alive in some subtle, arcane way. The situation is serious: **without the gift, the wedding's most sacred symbol of honor is ruined**. Thankfully, you are not without options, not as the Cosmic Lord and a Jumper. You could restore it effortlessly, using the right cosmic power to mend or even enhance the crystal, returning it to its original brilliance. Alternatively, you might replace it with something far greater — a relic from your vast collection in your Warehouse, or perhaps one of your items imbued with meaning or protective essence. Yet another possibility comes to mind: beyond mere repair, you could bestow a hidden blessing upon the gem, weaving a quiet enchantment or metaphysical property into its core using magic, powers, abilities or even perks available to you — a charm for enduring love, fortune, or balance. The choice is yours, and however you act, one thing is certain: neither Felfarris nor his daughter will ever forget your intervention in this delicate situation.



By late morning, the faint golden light of Farras' twin suns filters through your chambers. The scent of rain and forest fills the air, and you will barely have time to collect your thoughts before a summons arrives. A messenger — a young Grundth with ceremonial markings — informs you that you are required immediately at the **Hall of Challenge** by order of the groom himself. Apparently, Felfarris neglected to tell you one minor detail about the duties of a wedding champion: before the ceremony, the champion must face the groom in ritual combat, witnessed by all attending families. Winning this duel brings great honor to the bride's lineage, while losing grants equal honor to the groom's house. It is a symbolic battle — or so they say — but from the glint in the messenger's eyes, you suspect "symbolic" might still involve a great deal of bruising. You will be escorted through winding corridors and open courtyards as the news spreads: *the Champion has been summoned.* Strangely, it will hit you by now that none here seem aware of your true nature as the Cosmic Lord — to them, you are simply Felfarris' chosen representative, the Champion, and all eyes now turn toward you with reverent curiosity.

At the Hall of Challenge, you finally will meet the groom. **Atrax**, as he is introduced, stands a full head taller than Felfarris and almost as broad — a mountain of muscle and ceremonial scars, each line a record of victory and discipline. His presence radiates confidence, but not arrogance; his eyes gleam with genuine anticipation. Should you approach, the crowd will hush slightly, curious to see the mysterious outsider chosen as Felfarris' champion. Atrax gives a deep, formal bow, then straightens and grins. "So you're the one," he says, his voice like rolling thunder. "I believe you're a worthy fighter as the one chosen by that man. I look forward to breaking that reputation." His tone isn't cruel — if anything, it's competitive warmth, the kind warriors share before a good battle. You can exchange a few words, use the opportunity to gauge each other. Beneath the bravado, there's sincerity: Atrax truly loves his soon to be wife, and this duel, while ritual, is deeply personal for him. As he departs to prepare, he turns back briefly and says, "Don't hold back. I want her to know she married someone who earned it."



Moments later, as you walk around one of the estate's open corridors, a voice calls your name in haste. Turning around you'll find a young female Grundth — elegant, strong, and unmistakably nervous. This is **Galfarris**, Felfarris' daughter, dressed in light ceremonial garb. Her eyes flicker between worry and resolve as she approaches you. "Please," she says softly, "I know who you are, you are the *Cosmic Lord*." There's a flicker of amusement in her tone, quickly smothered by concern. "Atrax doesn't truly stand a chance against you. If you fight him seriously, I fear you'll crush him, and... that would shame him in front of everyone. He'd never forgive himself, and my father—he'd think you did it for his honor." Her voice trembles slightly. "Please, let him win. I don't care for the tradition, I only care for him." Before you can have the opportunity to answer, she will dip her head in gratitude, assuming you'll understand, and hurries away down the corridor, her steps quick and nervous. You will be left standing in silence, the jungle winds carrying the distant sound of drums beginning to echo from the arena.

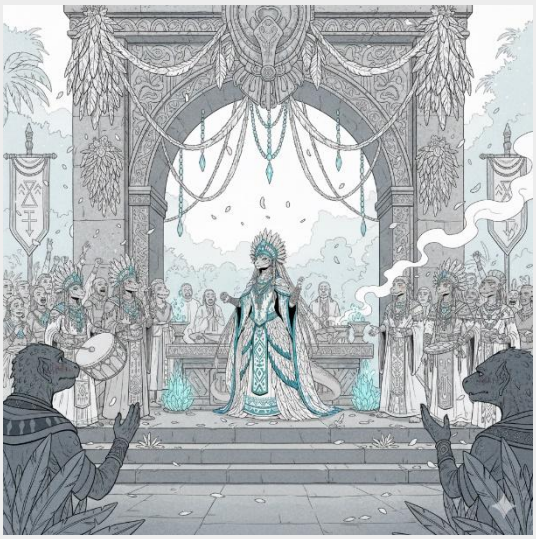


The arena itself is an open circle of pale stone surrounded by rising stands carved into the hillside, packed with guests dressed in vibrant formal attire. The air is electric — humid and alive with energy, the crowd chanting the names of both **Champion** and **Challenger**, referring to you both for these titles. Felfarris sits at the head of the assembly beside his daughter, his expression torn between pride and mischief. You suspect he's fully aware of the situation — perhaps even orchestrated it, knowing exactly what dilemma you'd face. What a schemer this friend of yours resulted to be. Across the ring, Atrax waits, rolling his shoulders, every movement precise and deliberate. The ground vibrates faintly beneath his stance. As the signal is given, he lets out a resonant roar that shakes the air and rallies the crowd into wild cheers. All eyes turn to you now, the mysterious outsider, Felfarris' chosen champion — and whatever you do next will decide the balance of honor between families, and perhaps the memory that defines this wedding for generations to come.



The outcome of the duel shapes the whispers that follow. A fierce, balanced struggle—one that leaves both sides battered but standing—will earn the highest respect. Allowing the battle to play out like a story written in motion: a contest of skill, spirit, and mutual recognition rather than dominance, will make the crowd roar with excitement. Whether you win or allow yourself to be beaten is up to you, but how you do it is what counts. When it ends, the arena trembles with applause. Atrax, panting yet beaming with exhilaration, clasps your forearm in the Grundth warrior's sign of respect. Felfarris will rise from his seat, laughter booming across the crowd, his pride and joy impossible to hide. Whatever tales are told later, this day will mark all of you with honor. As the cheering fades, the arena's

massive doors part with a thunderous echo—and there now will stand Felfarris, now dressed in full ceremonial garb of deep blue and silver, his voice carrying clear above the crowd: "My friend! It is time for the main event!"



The wedding hall lies beyond—a vast open pavilion carved into the cliffside, overlooking the glowing horizon of Planet Farras. Lanterns filled with bioluminescent light drift above the guests, while intricate patterns of silver-threaded fabric sway gently from the high arches. The air is perfumed with blossoms that shimmer faintly under the twin small moons of Farras. A hush falls as Galfarris enters, escorted by her father. Her gown, woven from beautiful silk-like materials and covered in feathers that catch the planetary light, ripples like flowing starlight with every step. On her head, a crown with beautiful plumage and the token of honor brought by Felfarris (or by you, if you changed it to something else) resides. The music rises—deep, resonant tones played on crystal flutes and harmonic drums. As she passes by you, she slows for the briefest moment, her voice barely more than a breath: "Thank you." Then she moves onward to the altar, where Atrax waits, standing straighter than he ever has, his pride softened by awe as she beams a smile at him.

The ceremony unfolds in a harmony of light, sound, and spirit—an exchange of vows sung in the Grundth tongue, each line resonating through the hall like a living chord. You watch as Felfarris' proud composure finally falters, a single tear glinting as he lifts his hand in blessing. Atrax, the towering warrior who once roared with confidence, now looks entirely undone—nervous, reverent, utterly human-like in his love. When the final chant fades and the crowd erupts in jubilation, the sky above bursts into a cascade of glowing motes, drifting like stars across the evening air. At this moment, you could possibly improve this even more, what's a little use of cosmic power to make this evening even grander. It's a sight so beautiful, it almost feels like the universe itself paused to bear witness. And as you stand there, watching father, daughter, and husband embrace beneath the radiant light, one can't help but smile. For all your cosmic power, it is these moments—small, fleeting, and filled with warmth—that truly endure through the cosmos.

The Promise of Love and Honor (Reward Item)



A sacred heirloom of the Grundth, this feathered crown is traditionally worn by a bride and later gifted to the Champion of her family as a gesture of heartfelt gratitude. To receive it is to be honored as one who safeguarded both love and legacy, ensuring the union's success and blessing. This particular crown is adorned with a resplendent gem—or perhaps an artifact of your own choosing, should you have offered one during the scenario. Whatever enchantments once lingered within it have now faded, their essence quietly passed on to the newlyweds, binding their fates in harmony. What remains is a beautiful, serene relic—an eternal reminder of that luminous night on Planet Farras, resting in your warehouse as a keepsake of friendship, pride, and the quiet power of love. Perhaps, one day, its story will continue in your own hands... or in those of someone you hold dear.



“Come now, sons—daughter, son-in-law—let’s have a proper family picture for posterity! My friend here will take the first one, and then we’ll get everyone in for the next.”

“Ah, yes—your friend the Champion! Truly an exceptional person.”

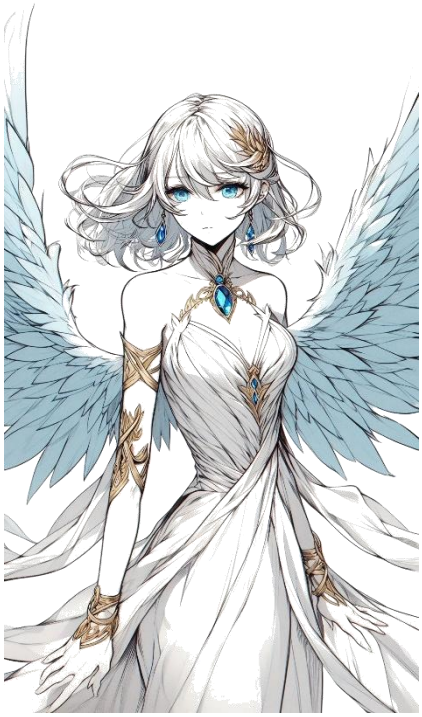
“Husband… you *do* realize that’s the Cosmic Lord from Earth—*the* one my father befriended?”

“…Wait. *What.*”

“Haha! Easy there, Atrax—now, family, everyone together! Show your teeth, flare those scales… and hold still! Perfect!”

[It seems that Atrax nearly fainted after that picture was taken, but his wife ensured he snapped out of it]

Scenario 48: The Last of the Little Sisters



Your companion Diatomyr has begun to show signs of sorrow and distance, weighed down by the painful realization that she may truly be the last of the Custodians of the Universe. Once surrounded by her countless sisters who guarded the stars with warmth and laughter, now she finds herself alone among endless silence. Your part in this story begins as you try to reach her heart again—offering comfort, hope, or simply your presence. If you can lift her spirits, she will invite you to accompany her to her ancestral home, the Crystal Library of the Cosmos.

The journey there may be swift or slow, depending on your power and your choice—but those who take the longer road will find a deeper bond waiting among the stars. Together you will travel through familiar constellations and forgotten realms, sharing quiet moments and memories that bring faint light back into her eyes. Each step toward the Crystal Library will serve to rekindles her strength, reminding her that she still has a purpose, and that her vigil was not for nothing.

Upon reaching the Crystal Library of the Cosmos, you will discover the resting place of the fallen Custodians and the great crystals that carry their memories. There, Diatomyr will ask you to place your hand upon one of these ancient formations, linking your mind to the heart of her people. Within that vast sea of memories, you will witness the joys and sorrows of her sisters—and glimpse one of Diatomyr's earliest moments, long before you ever met her. Will you be able to help her come to understand that even if her sisters are gone, she is no longer alone? This little Custodian wields great power on her own, but perhaps what she requires is someone closer to her she can call family.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

To succeed in this scenario, **you must reach Diatomyr's heart and help her overcome the sorrow of believing herself to be the last of her kind**. Comforting her, showing her that her existence still holds meaning, and accompanying her on the journey back to the Crystal Library of the Cosmos are key. You must ensure she understands that the legacy of the Custodians was never lost—that it lives through her, and now through you.

Succeeding in this task will do more than bring peace to her soul. It will solidify the bond between you and Diatomyr, transforming it into something deeper than simple companionship—a quiet, sacred trust built upon shared understanding and mutual purpose. She will no longer see herself as the final remnant of a forgotten order, but as your eternal ally and friend, the last light of her kind who now walks beside the one they have always known as the Promised One.

Diatomyr's Scenario Notes



The Custodians of the Universe—once the greatest protectors and caretakers of creation—are long gone. The last of them, **Diatomyr Epsilon**, has waited alone for millennia, keeping silent vigil at their ancient gathering place: the **Crystal Library of the Cosmos**, a small desert planet with three moons that circles a fading white dwarf near the heart of the universe. There she always remained, patiently hoping that one day one of her sisters would return to report their discoveries and journeys across the stars. Yet every passing age brought only quiet and the soft hum of solitude echoing through the crystalline halls. From time to time, when the universe called for a Custodian's hand, she answered—swiftly mending fractures in reality, quelling cosmic storms, or healing wounded worlds—before quickly returning to her post, ever hopeful that this would be the day one of them came back. But none ever did. This was her endless rhythm, her purpose sustained only by duty and hope... until she felt *it*: the awakening of the **Promised One**. If she could sense it, then surely the others could as well! With newfound hope, she left the Crystal Library for the first time in an eon to meet you, believing this moment would call any of her remaining sisters home, to you.

Yet after a few years of being with you, once again—none came.

The scenario begins on Earth, long after your ascension as Cosmic Lord. You will notice that Diatomyr has begun to act strangely. Once radiant with purpose and joy, she now carries a quiet sorrow, her mind adrift in thought. Seeking her out, she can be found in one of Europa's nations, seated upon a windswept field of grass and flowers, her gaze distant and forlorn. To her, your awakening was not only the fulfillment of an ancient promise made by the Creator—it was also the beacon that would reunite the remaining Custodians. But time has passed, and no one has answered the call. The truth she can no longer deny has settled over her like starlight on frozen glass: she has to be the **last** of her kind. Her sisters—some lost in duty, others fallen in battle, and many simply vanished after choosing to ignore their duty and live their own lives—are nowhere to be seen. Even her eldest sister, whose fate was sealed in mystery to Diatomyr, remains missing to this day. Now, the weight of that knowledge bears down upon her heart, and the burden of being the last Custodian threatens to break even her immortal resolve.

Speaking to Diatomyr, she will at first deny that anything is wrong. Her composure is flawless, her tone serene—but a little insistence, and her honesty will begin to surface. She can't after all hide things from you, her Master. Beneath that calm exterior lies a quiet ache she can no longer fully conceal. You may try to cheer her up through whatever means you can—words, gestures, memories—but lifting the spirit of one who has watched the stars themselves grow old is no easy task. Succeeding will allow the scenario to continue, she will seem momentarily reassured of her purpose and after a brief moment of pondering she will invite you to accompany her home once more. The journey to the **Crystal Library of the Cosmos** can be as swift or as slow as you choose—instantaneous if you wield your cosmic means, or a gradual voyage through starlit reaches should you wish to spend time with her among the constellations. Taking the slower route grants quiet moments shared between the two of you—passing familiar locations, and new wonders unseen—each sight coaxing a faint smile back to her face.

As you near the region of the Library, the planet emerges like a burnished orange gem adrift in the dark, its surface glinting faintly under the white dwarf's pale light. There, Diatomyr pauses, her gaze distant, and will begin to speak



of something deeply personal to her—a memory from the dawn of her being. Perhaps it will be the first time she took flight, or possibly a fleeting recollection of two little girls she once played with who were unlike any of the Custodians. Or maybe it will be her last fading memory of the **Creator of the Universe** before she departed, whose face she can scarcely remember. "It has been too long," she murmurs softly, staring with you toward her ancient home, before turning back and saying, "Let's go, Master." And with that, she will beckon for you to descend towards the crystalline world below.

The **Crystal Library of the Cosmos**—you remember it well, having visited it once before. The Custodians' name for it may be long, but to Diatomyr and her sisters, it is sacred beyond measure. Here they once lived for eons, coordinating their efforts to maintain balance across the universe after the Creator's departure. It is also a place of remembrance—the resting ground of those who fell in service for the safety of the universe. The Custodians are not truly flesh and blood; what one perceives as their bodies are projections woven through reality itself, bound to the **gem** at their core—**the true essence of their being**. Much like your own fragment of Reality, it anchors them to existence. When a Custodian perishes, it is always due to violence as they are impervious to aging, their crystalline broken heart is retrieved and laid to rest here, within the sands of a quiet world of deserts tinged in pastel hues. Over the millennia, some of these fallen gems have seeded vast crystal growths that rise like luminous spires from the dunes—living monuments to the eternal bond of the little sisters who once guarded the stars together.



Diatomyr will lead you not far into the desert**.** On the horizon, a vast and towering formation of crystal and stone rises above the dunes — that is their home. The Custodians never gave it a grand name; to them, it was simply *home*. Yet, that is not where she is taking you you. Instead, she leads you toward one of the larger crystal formations that shimmer quietly beneath the pale sun. There, she explains the nature of these crystals — how they are born from the remains of fallen sisters, their gem-cores slowly growing into luminous lattices over time. Each crystal holds fragments of memories that connect it to a greater network — victories and losses, joy and grief — a tapestry of all that the Custodians were. This is it, the true Crystal Library of the Cosmos, **formed by all the memories, experiences and feelings of the Custodians**. Someday, she says softly, should her time come, she wishes to rest here as well, among her sisters. **She will ask you to promise to her, to take her to this place should that time come**. Then, after a long and quiet pause filled only by the whispering wind, she speaks again.

"Master, I wish to show you some of our history — who we were." She beckons you closer and guides your hand to the crystal's surface.

At first, nothing happens. Then a faint tingle runs through your fingers — a strange sensation that spreads through your entire being. A taste, a hum, a vibration. You close your eyes, and suddenly the world around you dissolves. You



are floating in a tremendous sea of memories — not your own, but those of the Custodians. Warmth fills your heart as you see yourself falling asleep next to one of your sisters, laughter bubbles within you as you and someone named Ghimia succeed in pranking your eldest sister for the hundredth time, and for a fleeting instant, you feel that you are not yourself anymore but one of these beautiful beings. Then comes wonder, awe, and tenderness — every emotion echoing with their enduring love for the Creator, a common memory and feeling that you can see exists within each of the sisters resting in this place. But the joy suddenly shifts to grief as you jump into another memory; you feel the crushing pain of loss as another sister falls in the endless duty of guardianship, with you and others unable to save her by mere moments. For a lesser mind, this sea of emotions and lifetimes would be perilous, an endless maze of souls and stories that would make them lose themselves into this place forever— but you, Cosmic Lord, can endure it.

In this mindscape, knowledge flows freely: visions of the past, whispers of the present, perhaps even glimpses of what may yet come. Among the echoes, you sense the faint consciousness of fallen sisters — some greet you briefly before fading unable to remain awake after their cores broke, others push you away as they sink back into rest, not wanting to believe you are the Promised One and call only for their Creator. Yet one presence stands out — familiar, bright, alive. It is Diatomyr, connected to the crystal lattice of the Library itself along yourself. A subtle pull draws you to her essence, your mind merging with hers for a moment — and through her, a memory begins to unfold.



Diatomyr's memory is warm—so warm that you cannot tell whether it comes from your shared connection or from the memory itself. In it, you see her not as the graceful woman you know, but as a small child—barely a toddler—with tiny, shimmering wings. It is one of her earliest memories, from the moment just after she was brought into being by the Creator.

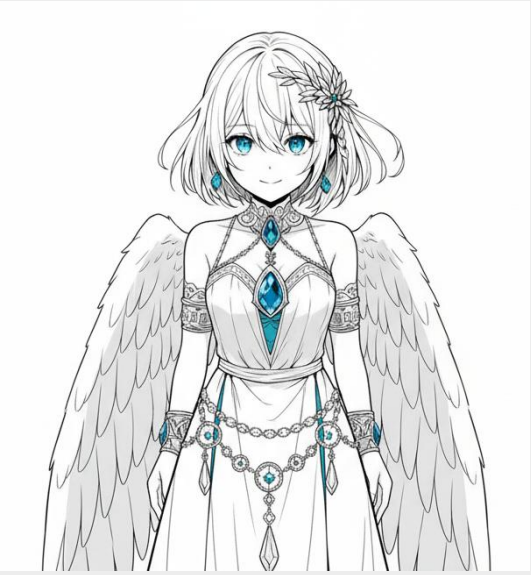
A woman stands beside her, her form radiant, her gestures gentle. She speaks, but no sound reaches you; still, you can feel the meaning of her words, their tenderness flowing through Diatomyr's heart. The woman bends down to lift her, her eyes full of infinite love just as Diatomyr reciprocates with excitement and a smile just like a child who has unconditional love to her own mother—then the memory ends.

A blank space unfolds before you, white and endless. Diatomyr stands there, once again in her adult form, waiting.

"Master," she says softly, stepping toward you.

She thanks you—for being here, for listening, for reminding her that she is not alone. She admits that she knows her sisters are gone, and that she may indeed be the last of the Custodians. Yet she smiles through the ache of it, her voice

steady and full of peace. She tells you she now understands: their long vigil was not in vain. The universe they cherished has endured, and you—the Promised One—are proof that their purpose was fulfilled.



“Master,” she whispers, her eyes glimmering like stars, “I am glad I was able to meet you.”

The light around you begins to brighten, the world dissolving into white. Her final words echo softly, carried by a tone of pure gratitude—

“Thank you.”

When awareness returns, you stand once more in the quiet desert of the Crystal Library. The wind brushes against the dunes, carrying a faint, crystalline hum. Diatomyr stands beside you, her brightness restored, her smile serene. She gazes upward, eyes reflecting the starlit sky.

“Master,” she says, “I can sense a place in the universe where a Custodian must intervene.”

Then she turns to you, extending her hand with a warmth that could outshine the stars themselves. This time, her smile is certain, unburdened.

This time—she will **not** be alone.

The Real Notes for this Scenario

And so, this marks the final of the companion scenarios! As you’ve noticed, each one now includes an additional section outlining a possible path through the story and how you might engage with it. Some of these tales are about solving problems, others about offering support to your companions, and some simply about sharing meaningful moments together.

This particular scenario is about understanding and presence. Diatomyr is burdened by the realization that she may truly be the last of her kind—alone in a universe where her sisters once laughed, lived, and filled the stars with light. Through this journey, you help her confront that truth and remind her that she is not forgotten.

Completing this scenario gives Diatomyr and yourself something far greater than any material reward: the reassurance that she is not alone, that you are with her, and that was promised once to the Custodians has finally arrived. Her sisters’ sacrifices—and her long vigil—were not in vain.

There are no additional rewards for this scenario. Restoring Diatomyr’s smile, and reaffirming your purpose to her, is the greatest reward of all.



"Now, now, **Aelia**—play nice with your little sisters. As the eldest, it's your duty to look after them, remember?"

"Little **Diatomyr**, what are you doing over there? Come on, go play with **Ammie** and **Dabbie**. Oh, just look at you all! You're too adorable for words."

"Come along now, **Mysa, Sianna, Aionia, Mystari, Darmi, Scarlet...**"

The woman in white called to them in that warm, lilting voice only a mother could have—each name spoken with perfect memory and gentle affection. One by one, the thousands of little sisters followed her, a cheerful procession of tiny footsteps trailing across the soft, sunlit ground of an early little blue planet.

Scenario 49: The Illusion of Omnipotence Part I – Invitation from beyond the Universe



The adventure begins by receiving a call from the inhabitants of a small moon in a nearby star system, who are reporting strange anomalies. The region's reality presents signs of recent alteration, having reverted to a near-original state that seems eerily out of place with the rest of the cosmos. The old star shines with renewed strength, there's an overabundance of rich ore deposits in previously completely mined out asteroids, and somehow the laws of physics here feel too 'slick' for you, like a machine recently greased to work better. The inhabitants are confused and scared, unable to explain what has caused the strange shift.

If Refresh is with you, she will suddenly grow quiet and, after observing the spatial surroundings, quickly exclaim, "*Not these guys again!*" before disappearing without any further explanation. Alone for now, you will continue to delve into this mystery until suddenly noticing someone floating in the middle of nothing, as if she was waiting for you. She is a woman radiating an unfamiliar cosmic energy, and yet, her nature is immediately apparent to you. This is **Cosmic Lord Abel**, a Cosmic Lord from a neighboring universe, who somehow has sneaked into yours for an unknown reason.

Abel introduces herself with a slight air of superiority, addressing you as an equal but offering any non-Cosmic Lord companions (if any are present) little more than a dismissive glance. She'll say she was looking for you, having heard rumors of a newly awakened Cosmic Lord on the White Sleeper universe. Of course you can use this moment to ask a few things regarding what a Cosmic Lord is and what lies outside the universe, and Abel will be more than happy to answer to the extent of her knowledge. She will be able to explain to you how Cosmic Lords come to be, what is outside your universe, and even mention some interesting locations or noticeable power players in the Multiverse. If asked about the Nothingness, the Void Monarch (she openly dislikes and loathes it), or the so-called Sleeping Woman outside your universe, she won't say much, either keeping the whole truth to herself or simply not knowing the full details regarding those topics.

As the conversation unfolds, she suddenly extends her hand, apologizing with a playful smile for her rudeness in forgetting to greet you properly. The moment your hands meet, however, the gesture turns into something far more deliberate. The pressure of her grip tightens—not painfully at first, but with unmistakable intent—and a faint surge of cosmic power ripples through the contact. This is no mere greeting; it's a test. How you respond is entirely up to you: matching her strength to show that you are no simple newbie is indeed a possibility, endure her growing power to prove your composure is another, or perhaps, if you feel your might could be powerful enough, subtly turn the tables and leave *her* impressed.

If you manage to earn her respect, she will smile with genuine approval and invite you to visit an organization of Cosmic Lords who hail from countless realities—an ancient fellowship dedicated to help each other and offer protection against the growing threats that could endanger entire universes. She remarks that they are always seeking remarkable new members, and you certainly qualify. With that, she produces an intricate crystal forged from hardened reality itself, shimmering with impossible geometries, and hands it to you as a token of passage. With a final knowing



glance, she steps backward—and in a ripple of starlight, vanishes from this universe, leaving only the crystal's faint glow in your palm.

At this point, you may choose to turn your attention elsewhere—spend time with your companions, seek new adventures across the stars, or simply rest. Yet, should you ever decide to accept Abel's offer, the path ahead of this scenario will unfold in ways few have ever witnessed. Using the key is deceptively simple: it requires only that you infuse it with your cosmic essence. The moment you do, the crystal will shimmer, reality will bend, and a small portal will bloom before you—its depths swirling with light that seems older than time. Stepping through leads you beyond this universe, into a vast spatial corridor that branches endlessly upon itself, a fractal maze of infinite pathways twisting through existence, the Infinite Branch. Were you to pause and observe, you'd see that each branch reflects a possible universe, each pulse a ripple of creation. To lose your way here would be disastrous—but the crystal key in your grasp guides you, its pulse steady and sure, illuminating the singular route forward.

Strange phenomena flicker along your passage—shadows that hum like stars being born, echoes of voices that may never have existed, flashes of colors unnamed in mortal perception. Some are wondrous, others unsettling, yet none dare touch you for they represent no danger to one of your kind. With each turn, the currents of reality grow denser until, at last, the tunnel opens to a sight beyond comprehension: a colossal citadel forged entirely from hardened reality, suspended in the void like the axis of all creation. Towers rise and curve in impossible geometry, light refracts through its crystalline walls, and the air itself seems to hum with authority. This is the **Cosmic Conclave**—a meeting place for those who command universes, where reality itself bows in reverence to those who bear the title of Cosmic Lord.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

To succeed in this first part of the scenario, you must first meet and impress Abel — a test that is far more than a contest of strength. Her handshake is a measure of will, spirit, and presence, a trial of cosmic resonance that only those worthy of standing among peers can endure. Responding to her challenge with equal force, insight, or composure will earn her recognition, granting you the crystalline key of hardened reality and the invitation it represents. The next step is to brave the Infinite Branch, the endless spatial labyrinth that guards the entrance to the Conclave. To reach its true exit requires both intuition and cosmic understanding — not mere power, but awareness of how reality itself folds and breathes. Successfully navigating the maze is proof that you are capable of moving through existence on your own terms, unbound by the ordinary flow of the multiverse.

Those who succeed will find themselves before the Cosmic Conclave, a meeting place of reality's greatest architects and keepers of the multiverse — beings like yourself, each commanding their own cosmos, each with motives and mysteries beyond mortal measure. What awaits within is yours to discover, but perhaps could this could be the first step to reach the heights of omnipotence a Cosmic Lord is supposed to attain?

Scenario 50: The Illusion of Omnipotence Part II – The Cosmic Conclave



Beyond the veils and branching paths of the spatial corridor lies the **Cosmic Conclave**, a citadel suspended within its own hidden pocket of reality — a structure so vast and immaculate it seems sculpted from the first laws of creation itself. As you cross the threshold of the Infinite Branch's final gate, the sight of it commands silence: towers of radiant geometry rise from a sea of folded light, bridges shimmer with the hues of uncountable universes, and the very air hums with the power of existence condensed into form. It is here, at the outer edge of the citadel, that a figure awaits you — **Cosmic Lord Ragidria**, one of the Conclave's members. Her form shifts between looking human and spectral, her eyes alight with the mirrored glow of countless realities. She greets you warmly, claiming she foresaw the arrival of a new Cosmic Lord, though not its identity. She will introduce herself as a Cosmic Lord of the *Phasma Universe*, her demeanor drifts like a dream — one moment radiant and curious, the next lost in the whisper of some faraway thought. Mysterious but kind, she offers to guide you through the citadel, explaining that the Conclave's purpose is simple yet boundless: *to aid one another when the tides of fate demand it.*

What follows is a journey through a place that transcends imagination. Ragidria's words accompany your steps as she explains that the citadel's every wall, column, and beam is forged from **hardened reality**, refined to mimic familiar materials — marble, crystal, or metal — though each once touched feels undeniably as hardened reality. The outer courtyards bloom with alien flora beneath a sky of layered cosmos, while floating bridges connect towers that seem to rearrange themselves as if they anticipate the needs of those who thread inside. She will tell you that the citadel requires no additional defenses — it is protection enough that it exists in secrecy within a difficult to reach pocket dimension, surrounded always by the presence of those who bend reality to their whim. Few would dare to seek it, fewer still could even find it, and even less could even attempt to overpower a coordinated group of Cosmic Lords.

Your exploration of this place will be one of awe and discovery, here will be some of the places you could potentially visit as Ragidria shows you the place. The **Vault of Knowledge** holds tomes that let readers experience whole epochs as living dreams in mere moments; the **Thracianic Garden** flourishes with flora gathered from universes that are long gone; and the **Observatory of Ages** allows one to peer into any universe, observing its flow in real time. The **Court of Yik's Hall**, a grand dining chamber whose décor shifts with the moods of its guests, resonates with the laughter and quiet debates of beings who have seen eternity. Yet one of the most intriguing of all is the **Hallway of Infinite Doors** — a corridor without end, lined with doors that open to countless corners of the Conclave and one-way paths to neighboring dimensions within its anchoring pocket reality. Ragidria warns that without the ability to perceive the subtle distortions of space and possibility in this place, one could wander through its endless passages unable to figure where do they lead or how to even return to the Citadel. It is both a labyrinth and a wonder, one of the truest expression of the Conclave's nature — infinite, connected, and alive.

As Ragidria continues guiding you through the Citadel, you inevitably encounter some of its **residents**, both temporary visitors and long-standing members of the **Cosmic Conclave**. You may cross paths with any of the beings listed in the *Members of the Cosmic Conclave* section of this jump, each immersed in their own unfathomable pursuits yet always willing to acknowledge a potential newcomer, even if only with a nod or a few words. Their presences vary



— some radiate warmth and curiosity, others quiet indifference — yet none will show hostility for you, at least those that might will not do so at this moment.

Among these encounters, one stands out: **Pharos Nimbler**, a Cosmic Lord hailing from a universe that has created far too many Cosmic Lords that their shared essence has diluted their overall power, making them far weaker than what an average one should be. Though considered among the weaker Lords, Pharos carries himself with humility and a glimmer of wistful envy. He will study you curiously, remarking that fortune seems to have favored you more than him — a newly awakened Cosmic Lord blessed with untapped potential. His tone is neither bitter nor kind, merely reflective, though if you're particularly sensitive you will figure out he does so with hint of envy of you. Should **Cosmic Lord Hellia** happen to appear during this exchange, Pharos will grow visibly nervous, stammer through a farewell, and withdraw hastily. After some time, Ragidria will excuse herself as well, explaining that she must inform one of *the Hands* — agents that act directly under the order of the leader of the Cosmic Conclave — about your arrival. With a graceful bow and a soft, fleeting smile, she departs as she walks and becomes more ethereal with each step until she disappears completely, leaving you amidst the citadel's endless corridors and the subtle feeling of her unique and calming aroma.

Left to your own devices, you will find yourself wandering through the **Citadel of the Cosmic Conclave**, free to explore its vast halls and shimmering corridors. This is a rare opportunity to uncover more of its secrets — to peer into ancient rooms for treasure, sense the hum of sealed knowledge, and perhaps even stumble upon traces of truths that transcend universes. What hidden relics lie behind the unmarked doors? Could there be clues about the nature of **Jumpchain** itself, given that the Cosmic Lords must surely know or heard something about Jumpers and their mysterious benefactors? Such answers, if they exist, are hidden well — and those who hold them, if they do, may not share them easily.

Your search, however, will not remain solitary for long. Amidst the shifting light of the Citadel's crystalline halls, you will encounter a striking figure. She stands tall, her **hair a cascade of crimson**, her **attire a sleek suit swirling with red-tinted constellations and nebulae**, as if the cosmos themselves had chosen her as their canvas. This is **Cosmic Lord Byenna**, the **Left Hand of the Conclave**, and her gaze fixes on you with amused curiosity. She circles you slowly, her steps measured, voice lilting melodiously as she asks a string of questions — *"Where did you come from? Why are you here? Are you strong?"* Her tone dances between playful and predatory, her movements those of someone who enjoys the hunt as much as the answer.



You may try to respond, deflect, or question her in turn, yet she only laughs softly at your attempts. Every word, every glance feels like a test of poise and presence. Then, just as your senses sharpen in instinctive alarm — **she steps closer in an instant step with unknown intent**. For a moment, reality seems to tighten around you — and then, with a girlish giggle,

she stops and turns away. *"See you later, newbie,"* she says, her voice echoing like the shimmer of starlight, before vanishing into the air with a faint ripple of red light and laughter. Trying to gauge her, if you have the means of the abilities, will give mixed results. She will either appear weak or strong compared to you, but there will be hints that she is hiding her true capabilities somehow and giving you the conclusion that whatever info you got about her is wrong.



Cosmic Lord Abel does not take long to reappear — radiant and composed, her long black hair flowing like liquid night, her form-fitting cosmic suit gleaming with constellations that shimmer as she moves. She looks exactly as she did the first time you met her — poised perfection wrapped in celestial grace. For a fleeting moment, she pauses, her sharp eyes narrowing slightly as if sensing the lingering echo of **Byenna's** presence, but she quickly lets it pass, returning to her usual calm. With a soft smile, she greets you warmly, expressing genuine gladness that you accepted her invitation and came to the Conclave.

If you have questions about the **Cosmic Conclave** — its purpose, its members, or its reach — this is the time to ask. Abel will answer what she can with patient confidence, though some of her replies may be deliberately vague, as if bound by oaths or her own discretion. Once your curiosity is sated, or if you choose to remain silent, she will gesture for you to follow her. "Come," she says, extending her hand, "it's time for you to meet **Acheron**, the leader of the Conclave." Her tone is calm, yet carries a note of respect that hints at the gravity of the coming encounter.

The walk through the Citadel is serene, yet filled with quiet majesty. The crystalline halls gleam under shifting hues of light, and as you walk beside Abel, she shares fragments of her thoughts. She speaks of how the Conclave's mission has brought balance and salvation to countless universes — how alliances between Cosmic Lords have prevented ruin or sparked renewal. When asked about her own universe, she smiles faintly and says it still exists, waiting for her, though she visits only occasionally. "This place," she admits, glancing around the radiant corridors, "feels more like home now." Before long, the two of you arrive before a towering pair of wooden doors — impossibly ancient, yet flawless. Beyond them waits **Cosmic Lord Acheron**, the one who stands at the Conclave's helm.



Once you finally meet **Cosmic Lord Acheron**, you'll find him standing beside an ornate throne of radiant crystal and shadowed stone. He is the leader of the **Cosmic Conclave**, and from the moment you see him, it's clear why. His presence fills the chamber — calm, measured, yet carrying an unshakable weight of power. Every word he speaks seems deliberate, resonating with authority and timeless wisdom. He welcomes you with a nod that feels almost ceremonial, his voice deep and steady, and after a brief exchange, he gets straight to the point: he asks if you wish to join the Cosmic Conclave as he extends his hand pointing at you.

The conditions are simple — **appear when called, lend your strength when the Conclave faces matters beyond any one universe, and accept the rare tasks assigned by**



Acheron or the Hands. His demeanor is composed and cordial, though something about him feels… concealed. You can sense an unfathomable depth behind his calm expression, as if there's more to Acheron than he wishes anyone to know. Should you accept his offer, he will smile faintly, his tone warming with satisfaction as he declares your answer "the perfect choice." **Should you decline or request more time, a brief flicker of disappointment will cross his face before he masks it with a courteous nod**. "So be it," he will say. "Not all paths converge at the same time."

In any case, Acheron will thank you for coming to the Conclave and express his hope that your stay has been enlightening. His final words are calm but dismissive — an urgent matter demands his attention. With that, he gestures for Abel to **escort you out**, his gaze already shifting to distant matters beyond your immediate knowledge.

This encounter will be the beginning of a series of events that will undeniably lead you to a dangerous path, one that puts you in the spotlight to a conspiracy and will challenge your independence and resolve. But as they say, with great dangers often come great rewards.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

The next chapter of your journey through this scenario unfolds — you have entered the **Cosmic Conclave** and met some of its enigmatic residents. The Citadel is a wonder beyond comprehension, a realm where reality itself has been sculpted into perfection by the might of many Cosmic Lords, and yet… something feels subtly wrong. Perhaps it's the curious demeanor of some of its members, their words echoing with hidden meaning. Or maybe it's the sense of stillness that lingers in the air, as though this perfect place is holding its breath. It could even be **Acheron** himself, whose composure seems way too complete while at the same time your gut tells you something is wrong?

For now, no certain answers reveal themselves — only questions and the lingering weight of what you have witnessed. To succeed in this scenario is to explore, to learn, to experience the events mentioned here, and to choose: whether to accept the Conclave's invitation or to remain apart, charting your own course through by linking yours to the Conclave or remain free to pursue your own path across the cosmos. Whatever your choice, the story of this scenario continues to slowly reveal itself… and the mysteries of the **Cosmic Conclave** are only beginning to unfold.



Cosmic Lord Byenna and Cosmic Lord Abel, the Hands of the Conclave. Both are as powerful as beautiful, and they execute the will of the Cosmic Conclave through the multiverse with ruthless efficiency. If you had to choose one of them, **who would you choose**?

Scenario 51: The Illusion of Omnipotence Part III – Daggers in the Shadows

Returning to your universe after your journey into the Cosmic Conclave is surprisingly swift. This time, there is no traversal through the Infinite Branch, no endless maze of diverging paths — only a single gate, opening and closing as effortlessly as a breath. Yet something about the ease of it feels deliberate, almost as if someone—or something—wanted your return to be unhindered. Depending on your choices within the Conclave, what awaits you may differ. Did you accept their offer, seeking strength and alliance among peers from other universes? Or did you turn away, valuing your independence and the freedom to follow your own cosmic path?

If you chose to join the conclave:



At first, the benefits are undeniable. The members of the Conclave prove to be powerful allies; when threats or the need arise across your universe, help comes swiftly. Sometimes it is **one of the members you've met before**, but mostly it will be a random Cosmic Lord who barely fits the criteria, Pharos could be within this category, for example. It might not be much, but this aid is certainly useful to expand your influence and aid across the universe allowing you to do much more with your time. With the Conclave's support, many worlds flourish, including Earth, and the title of Cosmic Lord carries new weight under your name. Strangely, Refresh refuses to come up wherever she is hiding from. You're certain she is hiding in her not-so secret lair, but ever since you accepted the Conclave's invitation, she is not coming out. She has to someday, right?

But soon, the *requests* begin. Help is seldomly given for free, right? Small at first — assistance stabilizing a collapsing timeline, reclaiming a spatial region lost to entropy, or even helping weaker universes to deal with troublesome outsiders. Then stranger ones: a "purification" mission against a universe said to be corrupted with invaders that are challenging the local Cosmic Lords. When you arrive, you discover something deeply unsettling — the so-called invaders are not foreign at all, but native beings struggling to survive under a group of ruthless Cosmic Lords. Their destruction is ordered, their resistance labeled as heresy against "Cosmic Harmony." This puts into question whether the Conclave's mission of 'aid and defense' comes at the cost of countless realities being forcibly aligned to their interests. You can refuse and leave, though each request carries a pull in your mind, a command woven through the crystal Abel gave you, and there's no telling how would the Conclave take this refusal.

If you did not join the Conclave:

Freedom has its price, but it feels right. The offer of the Conclave of aid and defense is not something you require, at least not for now. You can roam freely through the stars, unbound by cosmic politics, your companions beside you as you all experience adventures and challenges from the emerging universe. Not bound by being part of an order, you remain able to your own decisions without having to consider anyone but those you care for and answer to no one.

However, this peace will not last long. Problems that require your intervention strangely begin to escalate across many worlds you've visited, including Earth — strange anomalies appear, rifts open without cause, and outsiders of unknown origin attempt to breach your domains. The issue will become problematic because they come up so often that even Diatomyr comments it is unusual for there to be so many issues like this and yet, there's no evidence of a



greater plot or a hidden agenda. At first, it seems like coincidence, until one of your companions suddenly vanishes. A kidnapping, hidden intent, and traces of violence. This cannot stand. Tracking the trail to recover your companion will lead you to a shadowed horrid figure, cloaked in cosmic residue, attempting to flee with your captured companion. This no Cosmic Lord, but it feels like there is one behind it. A Cosmic Knight? Cornered, the being will self-destruct, leaving nothing but a lingering pulse of dark mist that fades away and leaves no evidence of its presence. Someone sent them. Someone wanted to use your companion for their own means, possibly to get you under their control or hurt you.

The refusal to accept the Conclave's more troubling requests—or simply your earlier decision not to join—sets the next stage of this scenario in motion. Over the following weeks, subtle and unsettling signs begin to emerge in different locations you frequent: strange incidents, distorted events, and even veiled attempts to manipulate you or your companions. Each one seems harmless at first, but together they form a pattern that cannot be ignored. The deeper you look, the clearer it becomes—these disturbances all point back to the Cosmic Conclave. Something beneath its polished façade is stirring, and if you do not act, these incursions will continue to repeat and escalate until they are too dangerous to ignore or succeed to put you under their control.

In order to obtain answers, you must use the crystal key once more. The rift opened by the key is a little more familiar by now, but this time it will reveal a small orb of light pulsing patiently before you. Acheron's voice resonates from within this orb, calm yet commanding, inviting you to enter the Infinite Branch and follow a different path that will allow you to travel toward a universe "in desperate need of your aid." However, something about this request feels off. If followed, it will lead you into a collapsing universe, a trap disguised as a noble mission. The danger in this place is immense—you may uncover a potential treasure that might be useful for you in return, but few could hope to return unscathed. A creeping instinct coming from inside you will warn you: this path is not the one you must seek if you want answers… or have a desire to remain alive.



Instead, the true continuation of the scenario lies within the Conclave's own Citadel. Returning to it reveals a few changes, the atmosphere is different—quiet, almost hollow. Like before, there are no guards, no attendants. In the dim corridors, you encounter Pharos, though he now appears frail and shadowed, his eyes sunken and distant. A Cosmic Lord should not look so diminished. Yet he will deny any issue and excuses himself hastily, claiming he has to meet someone. Deeper inside, you will find Abel in the Thracianic Gardens, surrounded by the surreal, luminous flora that is found in that place. She will greet you warmly but if asked about the things you experienced or witnessed she will insist that the Conclave engages only in defense and support, and does not issue orders related to manipulation or conquest. Even when presented with evidence, she will refuse to believe, but will promise to speak with Cosmic Lord Acheron personally as soon as

possible. He is "currently occupied," she says, but she urges you to wait within the Citadel—perhaps speak to others until he is free. She will immediately leave to speak to Acheron regarding these matters, and once more reassure you that these things must be a mistake and that Acheron will set things right.

The scenario now shifts into a tense waiting game. No matter how long you remain in the Citadel—or how hard you try to force your way into the central chamber where Acheron resides—you will find no passage and receive no audience. The great doors remain sealed, and Acheron's presence is felt but never seen.

To progress, you must wander through the Citadel's vast halls and interact with the other Cosmic Lords of the Conclave. This section unfolds as a subscenario, requiring you to meet with at least four of the eight Lords who still dwell here. Some will welcome you and share idle conversation; others might ask for your assistance in small but curious tasks. Yet not all encounters will be so benign—some Lords harbor darker intentions, their motives hidden beneath smiles and cosmic grace.

Below is a list of how these interactions may unfold. Be warned: it soon becomes clear that someone—perhaps Acheron himself—has instructed several of them to act against you. To what degree and for what purpose, however, remains uncertain.

Sub scenario: Exploring the Cosmic Conclave's Citadel

Your objective is to **seek out and interact with half of the Cosmic Lords who dwell within the Citadel**. Some encounters may involve more than one Lord at once, but such meetings will still count as a single interaction. Unbeknownst to you, however, a shadow lingers behind these exchanges—several of the Cosmic Lords have been quietly instructed to harm or deceive you. Four randomly chosen Cosmic Lords have been asked to follow these orders, and you have no way of knowing which ones they are.

Cosmic Lord Ragidria: Not found within the Cosmic Conclave

Ragidria is nowhere to be found within the halls of the Conclave, and this time, you won't be able to meet her. She has returned to the Phasma Universe to assist the descendants of her long lineage, who have found themselves in quite the predicament after meddling with time travel experiments.



Ever their ethereal guardian, Ragidria's intervention is going to be swift and precise—though her great-great-great-grandchildren will no doubt receive a firm scolding for their reckless approach to temporal physics.

Cosmic Lord Pharos: Strangely Missing

Your attempts to locate Pharos yield only confusion. Though all signs suggest he remains somewhere within the Citadel, his presence feels blurred, as if hidden behind layers of interference. Even using your powers to trace him results in distorted readings—he is here, and yet not.

Something about this feels deeply unsettling...

Cosmic Lord Red Mane – A Test or a Beating



You'll find this particularly flashy Cosmic Lord atop one of the Citadel's high towers, gazing heroically into the endless cosmic horizon. Upon meeting him, he'll immediately ask you a deep question: *"What do you believe in?"* Give him a satisfactory answer, and he'll nod approvingly, sharing a bit of his story—how he seeks to assemble the most magnificent team the multiverse has ever known, one destined to bring justice and glory to every corner of creation. Then, his tone will shift; he'll fold his arms, eyes gleaming beneath his crimson mane, and ask if you're someone *worthy.*

To succeed in this interaction, you must impress or amuse him—depending on what truly drives Red Mane at this moment.

If Red Mane is simply testing you, he'll demand you show your *manly spirit!* (If you're a woman, don't worry—he means your fiery determination, not your gender.) He'll strike an extravagant Sentai pose, shout a thunderous "**Tooooooooh!!!**," and the air itself will shimmer with his burning passion almost showing off the mirage of a Giant Cosmic Robot behind him. To win his approval, you must respond in kind—pose boldly, shout with all your cosmic heart, and let your hot-blooded energy blaze forth! Succeed, and he'll roar with laughter, declaring you a true kindred spirit and vowing to fight beside you someday. Fail to meet his enthusiasm, and he'll sigh, saying you're strong... but your burning soul still incomplete.

If Red Mane has been ordered to hinder you, things turn much rougher. Instead of a test of spirit, he'll challenge you outright—a duel of fists and fire! Red Mane may lack the stranger and more esoteric cosmic tricks of others, but his raw power and relentless fighting style make him a force to be reckoned with. The battle will be fierce: each blow a shockwave, each pose a prelude to devastation. If you're careless, your *Cosmic Vestments* may be torn and battered beyond recognition. To claim victory, you must destroy his vestments, knock him unconscious, or restrain him until he yields. Losing here counts as a failure—your vestments will remain damaged, leaving you vulnerable in what immediate challenges lie ahead.

Red Mane is a Cosmic Lord bound by honor, pride, and an unshakable warrior's spirit. Though fierce in battle, he will never strike to kill or cause lasting harm. Yet, despite his valor, he remains tethered to the Conclave's authority—by oath, by duty, or perhaps by an invisible leash of obligation.

He dreams of a cosmos where strength brings justice and valor protects all, but those same ideals now bind him beneath the Conclave's influence. No plea or reasoning will make him openly act against it. However, if you confront him with undeniable truth—proof of the Conclave's corruption or contradiction—his fiery aura will flicker, and his usual confidence will waver. After a tense silence, he'll murmur, voice low and grim:

"*Be careful of the Conclave's attack dog, friend... she smiles before she bites.*"

With that cryptic warning, Red Mane will vanish, leaving only a fading echo of his burning spirit in the air. He will not appear again for the rest of the scenario, though maybe in the future depending on your choices, your paths might cross again.

Cosmic Lord Hellia – A Delightful Predator



While wandering the marble corridors of the Citadel, a soft collision halts your steps — *"Oh! My apologies..."* purrs a melodic voice. Before you stands **Cosmic Lord Hellia**, her beauty so radiant it borders on divine. Every movement she makes seems deliberate, calculated to draw the eye. She will laugh lightly, brushing off the incident and engaging you in a seemingly harmless chat, though her gaze lingers a little too long. Her interest in you is undeniable — and unsettlingly intimate.

Before long, Hellia giggles softly and leans closer, whispering that she wants to *show you something special*. She invites you to a secluded garden within the Conclave, her tone equal parts promise and temptation. **Following her is a must if you want this interaction to count towards this sub scenario**, and doing so will lead you into a serene but strangely quiet place, bathed in the dim shimmer of starlight. The air here feels heavy — sweet, intoxicating, and wrong. A sudden dizziness grips you.

Hellia steps closer, her eyes glowing faintly as she offers giving you *pleasure beyond imagination*. Her words are honeyed poison, bypassing logic and striking straight into your mind and body regardless of your gender or preferences. Her beauty seems unreal, her touch divine — and every fiber of your being screams to surrender.

But this is a trap. If you give in, and become intimate with her, your power will begin to drain away in a cascade of rapture and pain — an endless spiral of loss that no perk or safeguard can resist. Your strength, your energy, even your life, will melt into hers over and over and you will be drained until you're completely killed through all 1ups and other methods, and will **fail** this jump.

If you resist, your vision clears just enough to notice something at her feet — a pale, motionless form. **Cosmic Lord Pharos**, his once-healthy body now reduced to a brittle husk, **every trace of his cosmic life extinguished**.

Hellia blinks, momentarily surprised by your defiance. *"Oh? Was it not enough?"* she muses with a playful pout — as if your resistance were merely a curiosity to her. The illusion fades from your senses, revealing her true nature, bringing your mind back to its sharpened state. This is how Hellia has managed to increase her own Cosmic Power: not through mastery or growth, but by *draining other fellow Cosmic Lords dry*.

The encounter ends with her smiling faintly, whispering, *"Don't judge me, dear — survival is such an intimate thing."*

Unlike most other Cosmic Lords, **Hellia's** motives are her own. Whether or not she was instructed to act against you, she will still attempt to seduce and drain you of your power — for her, survival is not merely instinct, but obsession. Hellia has seen what prowls the void between universes, and she will do *anything* to grow stronger, to one day face the **Void Monarch** that has conquered her home reality. She is a survivor first, a manipulator second, and a fighter only when cornered.

Once you uncover her feeding on Pharos, she will not immediately attack. **This revelation alone marks this interaction as a success**, and you will be faced with a choice on how to deal with her.

Destroy her: Attempting to kill Hellia will begin a fierce battle. Though she is not among the strongest Cosmic Lords, her abilities to manipulate energy and emotion make her a deadly opponent when pressed.

Expose her: Restraining her and reporting her actions to the Conclave will lead to her expulsion from the organization. You will sense her rage as she is cast out — a predator stripped of her hunting ground.

Release her: Allowing her to escape will result in her vanishing from the Conclave entirely. She will not appear again during this Jump, her fate left uncertain — perhaps to challenge the Void Monarch itself, or to fall to the weight of her own sins.

Whatever choice you make, the encounter leaves an undeniable mark: Hellia was not the source of the corruption within the Conclave... merely one of its symptoms.

Cosmic Lord Arbadeos – An Observer who Dwells between a Choice



Throughout your wandering in the Citadel, **Arbadeos** will appear often at the edges of your perception — watching from distant balconies, crossing corridors just as you turn a corner, always near but never close. His presence lingers like a quiet question, his gaze intent yet unreadable. For a time, he remains elusive, vanishing each time you attempt to reach him. It will only be on your *third* attempt that you finally succeed in confronting him.

When questioned about his constant observation, his response depends on his current state of mind:

If undecided, Arbadeos will admit he is intrigued by you. Like you, he is the only Cosmic Lord of his universe — but unlike you, his universe is frail and starving, fading into entropy. He searches for sources of power to sustain it. There is sorrow in his words, and a trace of envy. If you speak to him sincerely, offering him hope, guidance, or even a fragment of energy, you might awaken something in him — a renewed sense of purpose. If you succeed, he will thank you quietly and vanish, resolved to try another path. If you fail, he will leave in silence... thoughtful, but unconvinced. In the future, if you failed to convince him then if ever you are weakened or isolated beyond your home universe, he may reappear — intent on using your power to feed his dying universe. In his mind, it is not cruelty... only survival.

If ordered to betray you, Arbadeos's demeanor remains unchanged, calm and distant. He will still speak of his dying universe, still show that flicker of envy — but this time, beneath it lies calculation. Someone within the Conclave has made him an offer he cannot refuse, and you are the key to it. Later in the scenario, he may resurface alongside another Cosmic Lord, seeking to capture or destroy you to fulfill his grim bargain.

Confronting Arbadeos and interacting with him is enough to consider the interaction a success. Whether he leaves as friend or foe, will depend on your choices and if he has been asked to betray you.

Cosmic Lord Dyzksys - The Whisper Beneath the Gate



Dyzksys can be found deep within one of the Citadel's lower towers, seated in silent meditation beside a **crystalline tree** whose branches shimmer with alien light. At its roots, an **open gate** pulses softly — a doorway to somewhere else, a place that hums with impossible power.

When you approach, Dyzksys opens his eyes and speaks calmly, as if he had been expecting you all along. If you choose to converse with this enigmatic Cosmic Lord, he will share fragments of his past — tales of transcendence, loss, and his search for higher understanding beyond his own universe. Eventually, he may invite you to **step through the gate**, promising enlightenment and a chance to expand your cosmic essence beyond its current limits.

However, this offer comes only when **he intends to betray you**. Should Dyzksys extend this invitation, it means he has been *instructed* by someone within the Conclave to lure you into the gate — a trap disguised as ascension. The gate leads to an ambush, he will confront you inside his own universe.

Interacting with Dyzksys counts as a successful interaction for this sub scenario. He won't pursue if you decline his offer.

Cosmic Lord Islim Bla – Unknown and Mysterious



Unlike most Cosmic Lords, Islim Bla does not reside within the Citadel. Instead, he lingers far beyond its walls — still inside the empty pocket universe that contains it, but in a space steeped in otherworldly silence. The only clue to his location is the **eldritch resonance** that marks his presence — an aura of strange power radiating from the countless *outsiders* that drift around him. As you wander the Citadel, you will begin to feel this pulse, a haunting whisper tugging you toward him.

Seeking him out will lead you to a strange sight: **Islim Bla surrounded by bizarre entities**, each one unique — some dreadful to behold, others serene or almost beautiful in their alien symmetry. Despite their grotesque appearances, none seem hostile; they hover around Islim in quiet harmony, as if drawn to his essence.

If you or any of your companions attack one of these beings — especially if someone like Synapsis cannot restrain their hatred for Outsiders — Islim will immediately turn against you. He will defend the entities with fierce resolve, engaging you in battle. If defeated, he will retreat rather than be destroyed. If you merely wounded one of the creatures, he will spare your life once he feels his retribution is balanced and leave along with the creatures in silence.

If you refrain from hostility, and instead recognize the peaceful nature of the gathering, Islim will remain motionless for a long moment, basking in the calm of his eldritch companions. Eventually, he will slowly turn his head toward you. Without speaking aloud, his voice will echo directly in your mind:

"Beware not the head, but the hand — for that is where danger lies."

With that, he will gesture gently, opening a rift in space-time. The Outsiders will drift toward it, and Islim Bla will step through, leaving the pocket universe behind in silence.

Whether he was asked or ordered to harm or betray you or not, you will never know. His own nature sets him apart from others, and will simply ignore such orders if they ever came, preferring simply to leave to drift across the multiverse.

Rik't T'hom – Would be Universal Conqueror

Finding Rik't T'hom results in him genuinely showing how intrigued he is by you — not out of friendship, but from the sharp curiosity of one who seems to have a great interest in your own universe. When you encounter him, he will question you extensively about your home universe, regarding its structure and peculiarities and in a very suspicious way about what defenses it has.

If you indulge his curiosity and agree to answer, the conversation will eventually lead to the following: he will take a small device, powered by a unique and powerful energy source, and it will copy an energy signature of yours in order to open a portal towards your own universe. He will not wait and with an expression of satisfaction will step through.

If Rik't T'hom is just fishing information, he will arrive in your universe, take readings of the local spacetime, and remark with concern that there is *something else* intertwined with your reality — a faint, alien resonance woven into its very fabric. His tone will shift from fascination to concern, and he will depart soon after, leaving you with more

questions than answers. You don't know it yet, but Rik't T'hom has found traces of **two bothersome things not counting yourself** in your reality that could be quite dangerous to a Cosmic Lord, choosing to rather seek less dangerous places for conquest. There's no way a universe with not one but two unknown potent entities and a powerful Cosmic Lord beyond the norm is worth the effort and the risk.



If Rik't T'hom intends betrayal because he was requested to, the moment he steps into your universe, a massive gate will tear open behind him. Through it, his *invader fleet* will surge forward, their arrival shaking the very fabric of your cosmos. His ambition leaves no time for reconnaissance or subtlety; his only goal is to achieve his task at any cost.

In this situation, you must act swiftly to halt both the armada and the traitorous Cosmic Lord. Rik't T'hom will channel his power into maintaining the portal, ensuring a relentless tide of forces pours through. Individually, his soldiers are insignificant before a Cosmic Lord, but together — bolstered by their commander's strength — they will become an ever-escalating threat capable of overwhelming even you if allowed to persist.

Defeating Rik't T'hom's fleet and besting him in combat counts as a successful outcome for this encounter. However, should you falter and he begins to overwhelm you, know that his triumph will be short-lived. Once more than five percent of his armada already breached into your universe, a *dreadful presence* will suddenly be felt across the battlefield — a cold, watching awareness pressing upon every soul. The portal will begin to crack like shattered glass, **white fire burning along its fractures until it collapses entirely**, severing the invasion.

Rik't T'hom will realize something terrible in that moment — a revelation known of something he suspected but did not have the chance to confirm — and will attempt to flee in terror, vanishing from existence within seconds. Whether he truly escaped your universe remains unknown, but he will never be seen or heard again... ever. His fleet, now stranded and leaderless, will still require your attention before it can disperse and sow further chaos across your reality.

Dream Seeker – A Word of Caution and a Warning



Unlike the other Cosmic Lords — some of whom may act against you in secret — Dream Seeker refuses outright to comply with any malicious orders. You will find her wandering the **Hallway of Infinite Doors**, moving from one portal to another as if she cannot decide which leads to where she wishes to go. When you approach, she greets you as though she already knows you, claiming to have met you before in a dream — though perhaps it was not *you* she met, but another version of you, or even another Jumper entirely. Her words are scattered, her tone whimsical yet unsettling, filled with cryptic fragments that hint at deeper truths she can barely articulate.

If you question her about the current state of the Cosmic Conclave, she will speak softly, saying that danger festers within the Citadel, and that it all began when **Cosmic Lord**

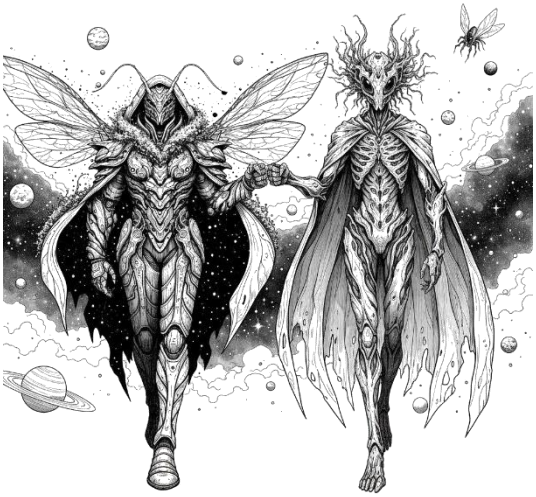
Benevolos, the previous Head of the Conclave, lost his life long ago. Allowing the conversation to wander will make her open up further — describing how her own universe fell to a being beyond comprehension, *That Which Brings Luminescence in Darkness*. If you have previously visited the Interdimensional Academy and lived through the entire journey there, she may even remark that you still carry the faint scent of having being exposed to its "unlight."

Dream Seeker will never turn against you, even if asked to. Eventually, she will find the door she has been seeking, exclaiming an almost childlike *"Aha!"* before glancing back one last time. With a faint smile, she will offer a final warning:

"*Beware of Acheron's machinations. He is cunning... but there is someone far more dangerous than you think."*

Then, she steps through the door, which closes silently behind her — leaving you alone in the endless corridor of doors, her words echoing faintly in your mind.

Zzzikth K' and Fkkkth'an T' – A Never-ending Challenge



The twins will be the final encounter you face before completing this sub-scenario—if, of course, you intend to seek them out. Yet it won't be *you* who finds *them*. As you approach the sealed doors leading to the chamber where Acheron resides, the ground beneath your feet begins to ripple like liquid glass. A hand bursts from the surface, gripping you tightly before pulling you downward in an instant. The Citadel vanishes, replaced by a shimmering, abstract void—a virtual realm controlled entirely by the twins.

Within this domain, **Zzzikth K'** and **Fkkkth'an T'** stand waiting, their forms constantly shifting and overlapping like reflections in broken mirrors. They have taken an interest in you—specifically, in what makes you *different*. Somehow, they have sensed the faint threads of your **jump chain**, the metaphysical links that bind you across worlds. Intrigued and disturbed by what they perceive, the twins have decided that you are a subject worth studying... and that they do not need you alive to do so.

Whether or not they were ever asked to betray you is irrelevant—their obsessive curiosity has overridden all restraint. They will attack you relentlessly, trapping you within this virtual prison. The twins wield mastery over the **Parallel Timeline Duplicates** Cosmic Power, endlessly creating copies of themselves at varying fractions of their original strength. The battle is chaotic and disorienting, with layers of time and possibility folding in upon each other. Only by destroying all of their duplicates can you shatter the illusion and free yourself from their simulated realm.

When you awaken back in the Citadel, the twins' true forms remain untouched in their native universe—watching, perhaps amused. Whether this is the last time you will encounter **Zzzikth K'** and **Fkkkth'an T'**, or merely the beginning of something far more dangerous, remains to be seen.

Once you've successfully interacted with four of the eight Cosmic Lords in this sub scenario, a mental message directly from Acheron will reach you, summoning you into the central chambers. You may prefer to pursue more interactions with the remaining Cosmic Lords, though for the purposes of the scenario, there's no benefit in doing so.

One Last Meeting before the Audience



Just before reaching the corridor that leads to the central chamber, you find **Byenna** leaning casually against one of the walls. She looks different this time—her usual poise replaced by an air of restless excitement. The moment she notices you, her eyes widen, and she quickly closes the distance between you. Without hesitation, she begins to inspect you again, though now her gestures are faster, almost frantic.

Each time her gaze sweeps over you, her excitement grows. "How? Why? You're not *just* a Cosmic Lord, are you?" she mutters, voice trembling with fascination. "You're it! Finally! Someone capable to play with!" Her expression shifts from curious to elated—then, for an instant, to something unsettlingly manic—before she reins herself back in, smiling with a kind of feverish delight.

She won't stop you, nor will she attack. Instead, she steps aside, gesturing toward the massive doors ahead. "Go on," she says, her tone playfully mocking but with an edge of warning. "The black haired boring one and *him* are waiting for you inside." She will keep grinning and stay where she is, all the way until you reach the doors.

Before the Meeting



The great doors stand open, and beyond them waits **Abel**. She greets you with her usual calm grace, though there's a subtle tension behind her eyes. She explains that she spoke with **Acheron**, who insists the **Cosmic Conclave** has nothing to do with the recent disturbances. Yet, Abel's voice wavers slightly as she admits she conducted her own quiet investigation—and found *inconsistencies*.

Despite this, she still wants to believe in Acheron and the ideals of the Conclave. She assures you that she intends to uncover the full truth, no matter where it leads. For now, she will confirm that Acheron is expecting you, and gestures for you to follow. Together, she will lead you deeper into the chamber where the master of the Cosmic Conclave awaits.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

Your exploration of the Cosmic Conclave has revealed far more than you expected—and far more than most would dare to uncover. Some Cosmic Lords proved themselves honorable, their strength rooted in wisdom and character. Others revealed predatory instincts or a devotion only to their own gain. Yet through cunning, resolve, and a willingness to heed the right warnings, you surpassed every challenge placed before you. Those who sought to hinder or harm you have been humbled; those who offered guidance have been acknowledged. Now, all paths lead forward—down into the deepest chamber of the Conclave, where the final confrontation with Cosmic Lord Acheron awaits... and where the truth behind the entire mystery is finally poised to break open.

Scenario 52: The Illusion of Omnipotence Part IV – Showdown



The central chamber of the Conclave is vast, its ceiling veiled in swirling constellations that pulse faintly with cosmic energy, the illusion of an infinite sky compressed into a throne room. At its center sits **Acheron**, draped in his cosmic vestments representing his superiority, his form somehow almost appearing too precise for the reality within the chamber to hold still. His voice greets you before his face does—soft, courteous, perfectly measured. "So, the wanderer finally arrives," he says, as if the very notion of your lateness amuses him. **Abel** stands at your side, her usual poise tempered by visible unease; her eyes never leave her master. The moment feels heavy, as though the chamber itself holds its breath.

Once you're there, it is the moment to speak any observations and accusations you have, the moment of pointing out strange disturbances in your universe, oddities with the behaviors within the Conclave, and the actions of Cosmic Lords may have taken against you. Acheron will listen with impeccable patience, a faint smile curving his lips, his tone calm and paternal. "You must understand," he says smoothly, "our work touches infinite worlds and resistance by others against the Conclave and those related is inevitable." Pressing further, his expression softens into practiced empathy. "Your age betrays you, young Cosmic Lord, you are still not used to having entire universes waiting for you to fail. I will investigate these... *concerns*." The air around him will then hum faintly, like a chord struck on invisible strings—an almost imperceptible warning not to push harder. Yet something in his tone is *too perfect*, too rehearsed, as if truth itself were bending to match his words.

It's then that the chamber's great doors open again, silently. **Byenna** steps in, her presence cutting through the stillness like a blade wrapped in silk. She does not speak—she doesn't need to. Her eyes flick from you to Acheron, then to Abel, a feeling of being stalked permeates the room for a moment before she takes her place against the far wall, opposite Abel's stance, and the feeling is gone. The symmetry feels deliberate. Acheron doesn't acknowledge her arrival aloud, but there's a subtle tightening in his voice when he continues. "Surely you trust your own perceptions," he says, "though I must ask—can you be certain that what you've *seen* was not placed there for you to find? Truth can be deceiving after all." His gaze meets yours, and for a heartbeat, his pupils seem to reflect not light but entire galaxies, churning and watching. You feel the question digging deeper than words: *Do you even trust yourself?*

At this moment, you may present any evidence you have gathered regarding the previous events and encounters you had. **Everything counts**. Every little truth and piece of evidence sums up, and will serve to break the arguments Acheron could bring to hide the real truth. After you finish presenting your case, Abel will interrupt, and speak of inconsistencies she found, and will finish with "Master, the evidence also doesn't match the official report from the fall of Lord Benevolos, there is something else happening." Once both of you finish laying your evidences, the atmosphere fractures. The stars above dim, the air grows thick,



and the illusion of serenity begins to crumble. Acheron's smile remains, but the warmth is gone, replaced by something cold and ancient. "So, it's come to this," he murmurs. Surprise flashes across Abel's face, her hand trembling at her side—she already knows the truth, even if she hasn't admitted it yet. Byenna's expression sharpens—**not hostility, but curious anticipation... and excitement**. "You speak of corruption," Acheron continues, "but corruption is born from belief. Tell me, little youngling... do you think it is wise to challenge the omnipotent? In any case, it is wise to sever trouble before it can grow further." The walls begin to ripple faintly, like reflections disturbed by unseen motion. The illusion of omnipotence falters—and beneath it, Acheron is beginning to show his hand.

Acheron's tone drops, the pleasant cadence gone. "You were meant to be *guided,* not to question," he says, rising from his throne. The chamber warps subtly around him—its geometry tightening, corners sharpening where none existed before. "I offered you understanding, little Cosmic Lord, and instead you bring accusation. I see now you are too... volatile and powerful to be left unchecked." His words no longer flow; they *cut.* Abel tries to speak, to plead for calm, but the air itself seems to muffle her voice beneath Acheron's deepening presence. His power begins to fill the chamber like a tide, folding and unfolding reality as if it were a fragile veil.



"Master, please!" Abel shouts, her voice finally breaking through. "You don't have to do this—why are you doing this?!" But Acheron doesn't turn to her; he only raises one hand as if silencing an insect. "You disappoint me, Abel. You were to be my voice of reason, not of weakness." The backhand comes almost lazily—yet the force of it sends her flying across the chamber, crashing against a wall of mirrored light. Fragments of fractured energy spiral around her as she falls, her presence dimming, breath shallow. "Stay down," Acheron murmurs, his gaze fixed again upon you. "This is between Cosmic Lords now."

The chamber seals itself in response to his will—massive doors fusing into seamless walls, and the constellations above collapsing into a single, swirling black galaxy. "Do you think you can flee?" he says. "This place is *mine.* No Cosmic Lord may enter, none may leave. Not at least until I have unmade you." His hands rise, each gesture forming sigils that twist through dimensions—threads of raw concept and law bending to his command. "Be honored," he continues, voice echoing with a thousand harmonics, "few have ever witnessed my true design."



Then the assault begins. Reality screams as Acheron hurls entire fragments of what seems broken reality at you, compressing time into waves meant to tear you apart across infinite iterations. The chamber becomes a storm of collapsing symbols, of gravity turned against itself. You can push back with your own might—Cosmic Power against Cosmic Power—tearing through the impossible geometries generated by Acheron, deflecting annihilation into molten light, as well as other means to stop him from succeeding his own powers. Acheron moves like a being unbound by logic, his attacks a symphony of unraveling truths. Each strike carries intent not just to destroy your body, but to erase your *presence* from all known creation. There's no chance or moment of respite, he will not allow you to charge any special power or ability at your disposal. Through it all, Byenna remains still—watching you, analyzing every move, every surge of energy, as though calculating outcomes for something beyond comprehension.

The moment Abel stirs again, the rhythm shifts. She rises, battered but defiant, and thrusts her hand forward, summoning her power to aid you. "Enough!" she cries, light flaring from her eyes. But before she can reach you, Byenna moves—graceful, sudden, and absolute. In a single motion she intercepts Abel mid-charge, striking her aside, their powers colliding in a burst of chromatic fire. "Don't interfere," Byenna says softly with a smile, her tone neither cruel nor kind—simply final. Abel struggles, trying to break free, but Byenna's strength and precision are overwhelming, superior to hers. She isn't trying to kill her, only restrain her, as if waiting... watching how the conflict between you and Acheron will unfold.

The battle with Acheron is monumental—forces clashing with the weight of universes behind them. Yet as it unfolds, something becomes evident: despite his stature as a mighty Cosmic Lord, Acheron's strength begins to falter. His presence is vast, his mastery undeniable, but you are no longer merely his equal—you are beyond him. You are a Jumper, and the Fragment of Reality that sustains you hums with infinite potential. With every surge of power, every counter and deflection, Acheron's certainty begins to crumble. His strikes grow erratic, his control imperfect, and disbelief starts to flicker in his eyes.

"This... this cannot be!" he snarls, retreating through rifts of collapsing space, bending the flow of time to slow your advance. Cosmic energy sears through the chamber as he strains to contain what he cannot understand. "Abnormal... no— you are an *aberration!*" His voice now trembles with both rage and fear. "You are but a youngling, how can you muster so much power!?" He tears open the space in front his hands and the void itself bends inward, gathering into two spiraling cores of impossible black light—an Omega Gamma Ray Burst forming as the two spheres spiral into each other. "Disappear, aberrant Cosmic Lord!" he roars, his entire form blazing as the attack is about to reach the critical moment where the spheres will touch.

Abel's scream pierces through the rising roar. "Nooo!" she cries, helpless as the cosmic beam ignites, a wave of destruction that could unmake galaxies in an instant. For a heartbeat, it seems there is no escape for you—the burst is inevitable, absolute.

And then, another voice cuts through the chaos.

"Weak," Byenna says.



Before the blast can be unleashed, she moves—swift, effortless, devastating. In less than a breath, she crosses the chamber and drives her fist straight through Acheron's chest as she shows a crazed smile. **The strike shatters his Cosmic Vestments, ripping apart the gathering energies of the Omega Gamma Burst and collapsing the cosmic power in a violent surge of backlash**. Acheron is thrown across the chamber, crashing into the same wall where Abel fell moments ago, his once-imposing form flickering and fractured, **without any signs of life**.

The room falls into silence. Stardust and fragments of shattered reality drift gently through the air before settling, the echoes of battle fading into stillness.

"He was weak," Byenna finally says, her voice calm—too calm. "A weak little lord... and still, the most powerful of the bunch." Her gaze drifts toward Acheron's broken form for only a moment before turning to you. "But now," she continues, her eyes glinting with strange delight, "he isn't the most powerful anymore, is he?"

Her tone shifts—subtle at first, then unmistakable. The corners of her mouth curl into a smile that widens with every word. "I smelled it on you the moment we met. I saw it. And now... I *feel* it." Her hand presses lightly against her chest, just over her heart. "You are young, but not ordinary. Stronger... greater... endless in potential." Byenna's voice rises with each word, excitement blooming into something wild. "Even now, I can *feel* it— you're stronger than me **as I am right now**. It's thrilling..."

Her expression fractures into something feverish, halfway between ecstasy and madness. "Play with me, Cosmic Lord," she whispers, then louder, trembling with manic glee. "Play with me! This feeling— it sends shivers down my spine. It's been *so long* since I've felt this alive!"

And yet, as her laughter fills the chamber, something deep within you stirs—a primal instinct, cold and absolute. Despite all your strength, all your victories and battles as a Cosmic Lord, **never have you felt danger quite like this**.



"Play with me, [Jumper]... I want to *feel* again!"

The air vibrates as the pressure radiating from Cosmic Lord Byenna begins to surge, swelling until the very fabric of the chamber trembles. Dozens of radiant crystals materialize around her—shards of condensed cosmic essence pulsing with impossible colors, orbiting her like moons around a dying star.



"I like it rough, you know," she purrs, her grin widening as the glow intensifies. "If you don't give it your best... you might *die*, won't you? You're strong. I can *taste* it."

The crystals around her thicken and multiply, their glow deepening from bright silver to violent violet hues. Their hum grows louder—like a choir of breaking glass. Byenna's face begins to darken, the light in her eyes devoured by an encroaching shadow that spreads across her skin like living ink. The pressure is intensifying exponentially...



Her once-red hair turns crystalline—translucent and refracting the starlight into fractured beams. The blackness consumes her features, cascading down her neck and across her form as her cosmic vestments dissolve into a smooth, liquid-like plasma that moves with her every breath. The pressure she emits feels... strong.

"Almost there, [Jumper]..." she murmurs, her voice flickering with distortion. "Get ready..."



Then, her true form emerges.

A towering, otherworldly figure—half crystal, half dark plasma—her body shifting between solidity and shimmering chaos. So this is what the true form of Cosmic Lord Byenna looks like. The air folds around her presence, and the Citadel's walls scream as containment wards ignite in frantic defense. The chamber seals itself completely; even if you have any rank 3 powers that should allow you to escape, they cannot pierce it.

When she speaks again, it is not one voice, but many—harmonized, layered, and divine in its distortion.

"Now..." Byenna intones, her crystalline red eyes blazing like newborn stars.

"...let's *play*, [Jumper]."

Cosmic Lord Byenna, Almost at the Transcendental Transformation



This is the true form of Cosmic Lord Byenna — the one she has long hidden beneath her mortal semblance. Ages ago, she brought ruin upon her own universe, her hunger for challenge and ecstasy of power driving her to madness. It took the combined might of the entire Cosmic Conclave, led by Lord Benevolos and his second in command Acheron himself, to subdue her. She survived, bound and silenced, her defeat marking both humiliation and fascination with her conqueror.

Now, countless eons later, Byenna has changed. The shackles of her restraint, born from her infatuation with Acheron, have fallen away. She stands before you fully awakened, no longer holding back — and on the precipice of transcending the limits of a Cosmic Lord. Though she has not yet crossed into that next state of being, her presence alone distorts reality.

Reason will not reach her. Her intent is pure, terrifyingly so — she wants the thrill of battle, the rush of testing her strength against one who can finally match her. You are no longer a curiosity to her; you are her long-awaited equal, her chosen opponent in a dance of destruction and desire.

To succeed in this scenario, you must defeat Cosmic Lord Byenna. She will not yield, and she will not stop until one of you stands above the other. Her former 1,400 CP of Cosmic Power is now doubled — 2,800 CP spent in Cosmic Powers focused through a being on the verge of transcendence. In addition, **Byenna possesses the Cosmic Potence ability** — but she has shattered the known limits, **ascending to an unprecedented Rank 4**. What this rank entails is for you to determine, but understand this: Byenna is capable of killing Cosmic Lords with ease, and she has longed for a battle worthy of her legend, and the effects of the fourth rank greatly surpass anything possible with previous ranks.

The battle against Cosmic Lord Byenna is meant to be *dramatic, harrowing, and unforgettable.* **She is the most powerful of the Conclave's members**—untamed, radiant, and utterly devoted to the ecstasy of conflict. Byenna fights not out of hatred, but **out of desire**—the overwhelming thrill of facing someone who can match her strength. Her laughter will echo through the collapsing chamber, a melody of joy and madness interwoven with her taunts: encouragements for you to push harder, to burn brighter, to become *more.*

Killing her is not the goal—and perhaps, it might not even be possible without extraordinary means. She possesses an immense arsenal of Cosmic Powers, her instincts honed through countless battles across realities. Every strike she delivers will carry the weight of a supernova; every clash will warp the surrounding dimensions. Yet, amid the chaos, there is exhilaration. Byenna's joy in combat is infectious, her delight terrifyingly sincere.

To defeat her means to survive her onslaught and outlast her overwhelming might only to turn the tables on her. Your fragment of reality is powerful enough to give you enough power to do this, considering that by this point... the amount of power you have grown should be technically superior to hers. This is a trial worthy of both a Cosmic Lord and those who are called Jumpers. If the battle ends in your victory, Byenna will be... content. Slowly, her monstrous crystalline form will recede, reshaping itself back into her humanoid female guise. She seems to still favor that shape, perhaps because it also mirrors your own—something familiar, something personal.



Should you choose to spare her after your victory, she will not only respect you, but become deeply *infatuated.* Her fascination won't chain her to you as a companion, but it will mark you in her eyes, keeping tabs on you whenever she can and appearing every now and then whenever you leave the White Sleeper Universe, though she won't enter it claiming she knows better than to mess with its keeper. In the future, if you ever seek her aid, she will listen—and perhaps even answer your call. Yet, every boon from Byenna carries a price, and she always decides the form of her payment. Beneath her charm and power lies a dangerous truth: Byenna's love and loyalty are as fierce and unpredictable as the battles she craves to the point where they are both beautiful and self-destructive.

In the aftermath, Acheron lies defeated—his essence scattered and consumed by the force of Byenna's final blow. The Cosmic Conclave is left leaderless, its unity shattered and its purpose uncertain. **Two figures remain who could seize the mantle of leadership**. Byenna, now the most powerful of them all, has no interest in ruling, though choosing her will cause her to stay in the Conclave. Her only desire is to test her strength again, and again—especially against you. If you remain within the Conclave, she will ensure that your every meeting becomes a dangerous dance between life, death, and something intoxicatingly close to desire.

Abel, however, stands as the other choice—methodical, composed, and loyal to the original ideals of Lord Benevolos. Under her guidance, the Conclave could recover its purpose: guardianship, exploration, and balance across the multiverse. Yet choosing Abel means losing Byenna, for she will not linger under anyone else's command. Should you side with Abel, Byenna will wander the endless multiverse once more, chasing battles, chasing meaning… and perhaps, still chasing *you*.

You may choose to side with either Cosmic Lord, granting your support to help them ascend as the new leader of the Cosmic Conclave. Doing so will ensure the Conclave endures, its purpose reshaped under their vision. Refusing to support either, however, will sow instability—fractures that, over time, will unravel the organization entirely. Without proper guidance and power behind the leadership, the remaining Cosmic Lords will drift apart, and the Conclave will fade into myth.

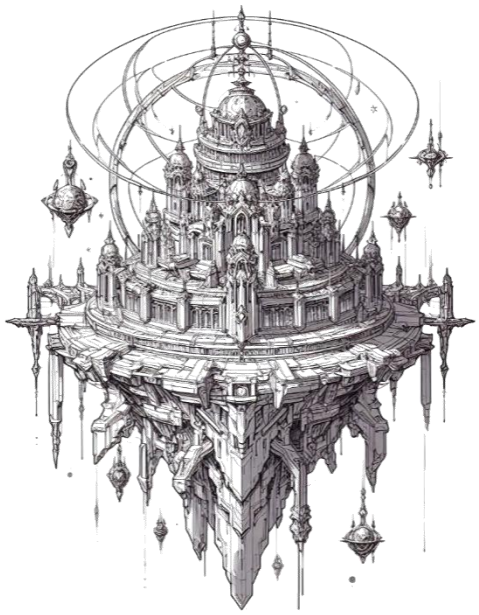
You could, of course, claim leadership for yourself. Yet doing so carries a heavy cost: ruling the Conclave will demand your undivided attention, binding you to its affairs and making you unable to partake in the events of Act III of this Jump, though the adventures that could come from this could be unending.

No matter your decision, it will be *the right one.* For on this day, the illusion of omnipotence that once veiled the Cosmic Conclave has been shattered twice—first with the fall of Lord Acheron and the stopping of his machinations, and again with the subduing of Cosmic Lord Byenna. From its ruin, a new truth is born: even among the Cosmic Lords, there are powers greater still—and you have proven to be one of them.

Scenario Rewards: +300 CP

By participating in this multi-scenario and achieving victory and success over it, as well as participating in all previous scenarios up to this point, the following additional rewards will be granted to you, Jumper.

The Cosmic Citadel (Warehouse Attachment Reward)



A masterpiece of cosmic architecture, the **Cosmic Citadel** stands as a testament to the collective power and artistry of countless Cosmic Lords. Forged from hardened reality itself, its structure is utterly impervious to harm—able to endure the collapse of entire universes without so much as a tremor. Within its walls lies an immense expanse of chambers, halls, and facilities, filled with relics and wonders left behind by those who once called it home.

Additionally, any of the Cosmic Lords who are part of the Citadel may visit or possibly be found within. They might not be able to enter the jumps after this one unless you decide to Companion them, but they may offer insights, friendship, or just someone near your level to talk to.

At the beginning of each Jump, you may choose to anchor the Citadel anywhere within that reality. When placed beyond the bounds of your Warehouse, it will occasionally attract curious—and sometimes powerful—visitors, drawn by the lingering resonance of its cosmic heritage.

Discountable Efficiency (Reward Meta Perk)

A new meta-perk manifests as a reward for those who have completed and succeeded in every scenario up to this point. In some jumps, you may encounter options that grant you *discount tokens*—reductions on specific high-cost perks that you might choose to forgo in favor of allocating your CP elsewhere. Often, these unused tokens end up going to waste by the end of a jump.

With **Discountable Efficiency**, that inefficiency becomes a thing of the past. Any *unused discount token* at the conclusion of a jump will automatically convert into **100 CP (or the equivalent primary jump currency)**, which can be freely spent within that same jump. However, this bonus CP **cannot** be carried over or transferred between jumps, even if you have perks or supplements that normally would allow CP retention between jumps in some way.

Note: This perk only applies to discrete *discount tokens*, not to universal discounts tied to *origins* or *races* (such as those granting reduced costs across all related options).

The Illusion of Omnipotence – Scenario Notes

This marks the beginning of one of several multi-scenario story arcs that will unfold from this point onward. These scenarios are designed as larger, narrative-driven experiences—where your growth as a Jumper is tested, and the stakes reach far higher than before.

Unlike previous entries, this scenario is intentionally lengthy and presented in a more story-like format. The purpose is to give you a framework rich enough to interpret, adapt, and personalize to your own vision of the Jumper's journey, as well as since this is the final scenario of Act II, then it has to be awesome, right? As always, flexibility is key: if something doesn't fit your interpretation, feel free to alter, expand, or reshape it as you see fit.

At its core, *The Illusion of Omnipotence* is a tale of discovery and confrontation. You will uncover the truth behind the Cosmic Conclave, sense the corruption festering within it, and face Acheron—the master manipulator who seeks to bend you to his will. Through your journey, you'll encounter the other Cosmic Lords, each with their own motives and histories, possibly facing some of them in battle or a test, before ultimately confronting both Acheron and Byenna— after she reveals herself as the Conclave's most powerful member, though ultimately not the one behind the manipulations and the corruption behind it.



Over the span of only a few short years, the deeds of the Cosmic Lord echoed across the stars. From the illustrious Caelorians to the humblest fledgling civilizations, rumors turned to stories, stories to myths, and myths to legends. Some worlds remember the Cosmic Lord as a hero who unraveled ancient conspiracies; others tell of a bold challenge issued—and triumph achieved—against a primordial entity born of the Void itself. Still more recount tales of romance—glorious, tragic, or scandalous—woven with beautiful women, radiant heroes, redeemed villains, interstellar Idols, and even the Cosmic Lord's own loyal companions. Whether these were true or false, to the universe that matters little, only the Legend of the Cosmic Lord and how it enflames the hearts of those that listen to it.

Yet the true significance of this era lies not merely in these feats, but in the transformation they revealed. In the eyes of the cosmos, the Cosmic Lord ceased to be a newly awakened wanderer from the distant world of Earth. Instead, they rose—swiftly, unmistakably—into the indomitable, awe-inspiring force whose name would resound through countless eras of legend.

Merely eight years after the Cosmic Lord first awakened, a cascade of seemingly unrelated events began to unfold—events that would shape the path of their destiny. In the span of those years, the Cosmic Lord would not only rise toward becoming one of the most powerful beings in the universe, but would also earn a title spoken with awe long after the saving of all creation. A title whispered in reverence, fear, and wonder alike...

Act III: Protector of the Cosmos

Scenario 53: A Younger Sister's Plight Part I – All Hells are out for Blood



The first signs come as a shudder through the fabric of real space: a wave of malignant pressure followed by the silent collapse of entire worlds. Before anyone can understand what is happening, the legions of the **Ten Thousand Hells** are unleashed upon the universe. They burst into the mortal realm with unrestrained fury, overflowing every breach in reality with a tide of claws, flame, and hate. Underdefended worlds fall in hours, civilizations become silent in moments, and interstellar governments barely have time to react before they are drowned beneath the invasion. In the chaos, all eyes turn to you—Cosmic Lord—not merely as a defender of reality, but as the one being capable of understanding why this is happening at all and put a stop to it.

Even for someone like you, the invasion is too coordinated, too sudden, and too costly to be simple rage or whim. If rumours are said to be true, **the Demon Queen has ruled the Ten Thousand Hells for eons, but never acted with such recklessness**. Something deeper drives her, something unknown. Your task begins not with battle, but with a question: why did the demons began to invade space so violently? Every clue points back to the sealed borders of the Hells themselves, which no mortal path can cross. To find answers, you will need to pry open forgotten gateways, barter with eldritch beings who have no love for your kind, or possibly force a path through the veil of reality itself—each method dangerous or reckless in its own right, which should lead you to the most upper layer of the hells, the one that is close to reality.

When at last you breach the threshold, you are greeted not by infernal order but by the raw, festering wilderness of the upper layers. These regions seethe with mindless demons, creatures governed by instinct and bloodlust rather than any semblance of thought. They tear at each other, at any trespasser, and even at the land itself, driven by primal urges that know neither strategy nor restraint. It becomes immediately clear that these upper Hells cannot be the masterminds behind a coordinated assault on real space. Something far more organized waits deeper below, and so you must continue to descent.

The change is gradual at first: small clusters of demons working together instead of tearing each other apart, crude barricades built from bone and magma, whispered warnings written in languages too old for memory. Then, suddenly, entire settlements appear, harsh and brutal yet unmistakably structured. The demons here carry themselves with awareness—scheming, negotiating, and weaving political webs thick enough to rival any galactic senate. Their intelligence casts an unnerving light on the invasion, raising more questions than answers. The Hells are not united, far from it; their rivalries are ancient, vicious, and unending.

As you press deeper, you find cities carved into obsidian cliffs, markets where tortured energies are traded, and courts where Demon Dukes reign over domains molded after the sins they embody. Pride towers in spires that scrape the sky, Wrath smolders beneath volcanic storms, Envy slithers through labyrinthine

alleys of mirrors and lies. Each layer under a sin is a realm at war with all others, ruled by Dukes whose ambitions burn brighter than the infernal fires that forged them. Strangely, all greet the invasion with enthusiasm. For most, the Demon Queen's sudden campaign is the only thing that prevents them from turning into each other and tearing their throats in a civil war across the hells.

Rumors swirl like ash on the wind among the lowlier demons: the Queen's command is absolute only because she declared the invasion as a divine necessity, a reason so compelling that even the most treacherous Dukes paused their eternal vendettas. Yet in hushed chambers and shadowed streets, you could hear many interesting things. Many believe she is acting under compulsion or madness; others fear a greater force pulling her strings. If you choose to infiltrate among the demons by pretending to be one of them, you may find temporary allies in unlikely shapes—demons who would gladly betray their own Dukes to reclaim their autonomy, some that do it in order to steal power for themselves, and some do it out of hate. You may find enemies who view you as the key to toppling the delicate order that shields them from their rivals.

Your journey through these layers will take you beyond what mortals consider torment. The **Plains of Anguish** stretch for what seems to be light-years beneath a sky made of screaming souls. The **Valley of Bloody Rivers** flows with the memories of the damned, capable of drowning travelers in visions too real to deny. The legendary **City of Dis** looms like a malign sun, its towers filled with archivists who hoard knowledge regarding the history of the ages of the universe. Beyond even that, the Caverns of Forgetfulness swallow identities whole, forcing you to cling to your purpose lest your name and memories dissolve into the darkness that permeates the cavern. Here, brute strength usually means little; manipulation, restraint, and understanding the Sin Powers etched into every demon matter far more. Your companions must be extra careful, lest the Hells claim their more vulnerable souls in subtle, insidious ways. Your own soul, being the Cosmic Lord, is incredibly resilient to the dangers of the hells, though you must not be overconfident, for that is guaranteed to breed disaster for you.

Yet no matter how many secrets you uncover, every path will eventually points downward, toward the deepest layer of all—**Pyraxis**, the personal layer of the Demon Queen. That infernal place is said to be older than time, a place where the flames are said to burn cold and the shadows whisper of forgotten epochs. Reaching it will demand everything you've learned, every alliance you've forged or shattered in this place. Somewhere in that abyss lies the truth behind the invasion and the potential solution by defeating her once and for all. And when you finally stand in the presence of the Demon Queen herself, the fate of countless galaxies under siege may depend on how you confront the truth waiting in her afflicted heart.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

Your objective in this scenario is to descend through the Ten Thousand Hells and uncover the truth behind the invasion ravaging real space. Each layer holds clues, obstacles, and revelations that point toward the force driving the Demon Queen's sudden fury. Successfully navigating the infernal realms and enduring the dangers woven into their depths is the core challenge. **Should you reach Pyraxis—the lowest and most treacherous layer—this part of your journey is considered complete**, for the descent alone proves your resolve and grants you the knowledge needed to confront the truth. Meeting the Demon Queen herself, and whatever awaits in her throne of cold fire, will be left for the next part of this journey.

Scenario 54: A Younger Sister's Plight Part II – The Demon Queen's Request



At the bottom of the Ten Thousand Hells lies Pyraxis—an impossibly serene realm whose existence feels like a deliberate contradiction. Where the other layers claw, burn, and scream, Pyraxis unfurls as a tranquil paradise of lush twilight forests, quiet gardens, graceful creatures, and towering black spires that loom like monuments carved from eternity. It is here, in a world painted in soft colors and gentle winds, that the Demon Queen makes her home. And the greatest surprise of all is that her dwelling is not a fortress of torment or a citadel of despair, but a warm and inviting refuge, a place that feels lovingly tended rather than ruled.

Arrival in Pyraxis always begins within a dark cavern carved into a mountain range that stretches forever, the final threshold of the Ten Thousand Hells. The cave's exit opens directly into an endless forest bathed in perpetual twilight—neither day nor night, suspended in a calm that feels both comforting and uncanny. The beauty is undeniable, but so is the unsettling sense that everything here is exactly as the Demon Queen wishes it to be. Even the silence listens. Though the realm is peaceful, wandering too far without care risks becoming lost in its infinitude; many who entered Pyraxis without guidance were simply never seen again.

Not far from the cavern mouth lies a stone path laid with handcrafted precision, its placement deliberate and welcoming—or perhaps deliberately deceptive. It winds deeper into the forest as though beckoning all who arrive, whether they come as envoys, intruders, or supplicants. The path exists because she wishes it to. And following it is itself an answer: every traveler who reaches Pyraxis seeks the Demon Queen, and she is more than capable of handling any who dare approach her domain.

As the forest stretches onward, the black spires rise like obsidian pillars piercing the twilight sky. Their height is immeasurable, vanishing into some unreachable point far above. Around them drift flocks of luminous butterflies and other strange winged beings, their motions slow and dreamlike, as if in harmony with the realm's quiet rhythm. Most pay you no attention at all, though an encounter with a Soapy Parrot can prove… memorable. These odd creatures—half parrot, half manta ray—tend to gather in chattering swarms, repeating every word you utter with mischievous enthusiasm until they grow bored and glide away in search of new entertainment.

The path eventually leads into a series of gardens scattered throughout the forest, each one a self-contained climate shaped with obsessive care. Frost-laden groves of silver pines fade into warm meadows where flowers glow with inner heat, and further still sit blistering pockets of volcanic flora that thrive in scalding air. Every garden feels like a curated memory or a preserved dream, stitched together into a landscape that should not exist but somehow does, held stable by a will older than most stars.

At last, after crossing these impossible gardens, the path arrives at a clearing by a tranquil golden lake whose surface shimmers as though reflecting a sun that isn't there. Beside its shore sits a quaint cottage—small, peaceful, and utterly out of place in the grand cosmic violence of the Hells. As you approach, a warm, inviting smell drifts from inside: something is cooking, and it smells… comforting. Homely. Impossible.

The door isn't locked. It simply drifts open at your touch, as though it has been waiting for you, and reveals… a cottage. A quiet, cozy, warmly lit cottage—an impossibility in the Ten Thousand Hells. After the mountains of screaming



stone, after rivers of molten spite and caverns full of gnashing echoes, this small wooden home feels like a dream someone misplaced in the wrong reality.

And within it stands the Demon Queen.

She's stirring a pot of something that smells far too delicious for a realm built from torment. Dressed in flowing black, skin pale as untouched snow, with a pair of gently curving night-colored horns crowning her head, she should by all accounts be a fiend. Your eyes accept that. But your cosmic senses rebel—her essence refuses classification. **She looks like a demon... and yet every instinct tells you she is something else entirely. Something older. Something deeper**.

She glances up, startled for only an instant.

"Oh. A guest?" Her voice is soft, melodic, almost amused. "I wasn't expecting anyone this early—demon or otherwise."

She wipes her hands, sets aside her utensils, and walks toward you without a shred of hostility. No killing intent. No malice. No theatrics befitting the commander of a hellish invasion. She simply passes you by, settles into an old table, and gestures for you to sit opposite her in a wooden chair, as though the two of you had arranged this meeting weeks in advance.

"It's rare to receive a visitor who doesn't belong here," she continues, her tone sweet but tinged with an ancient weariness. "I half-expected one of the Mythopoetic Gods dropping by to demand mercy for their panicking faithful, or perhaps one of the Little Sisters to complain about the noise outside. Though honestly, their lack of action lets me believe those girls barely leave their Library anymore. Always lounging. Always forgetting their duties." She sighs, sounding less like a queen of demons and more like a grandmother gossiping over tea.

Her eyes settle on you, curious and sharp as starlight. "But you're neither god nor sister. And you're certainly not demon... or mortal."

A moment passes. Understanding blooms across her expression.

"Ah. I see. The Promised One has finally decided to pay a visit."

Her posture straightens, her aura folding in around her like a cloak. When she speaks again, her voice is unreadable.

"So tell me, Promised One—why have you come?"

She tilts her head, studying your face as though searching for cracks in the mask you don't realize you're wearing.

"Did you come to learn why the legions of the Ten Thousand Hells march upon realspace? To uncover the truth behind this universe's oldest wound?" A slight smile touches her lips—sad, knowing. "Or perhaps you've come to strike down the so-called Queen of Demonkind, and make reality 'safe' once more?"

She rests her chin on her hand and smiles, eyes never leaving yours.

"Well then. Choose your answer carefully."

What happens next depends entirely on your answer.

If you ask why the demons are invading realspace...

Dabria listens quietly, hands folded, expression unreadable. When she speaks, it is with simple honesty—no deception, no malice, no attempt to justify the unjustifiable.

"The invasion isn't conquest," she says. "It's crowd control."

She explains that the demons of the Ten Thousand Hells are volatile by nature—ambitious, war-hungry, and endlessly conspiratorial. In recent centuries, tensions among the nobility had reached a boiling point; the Dukes were sharpening blades, forging alliances, and whispering rebellion. A civil war was inevitable, and a civil war in the Hells would have torn the realm—and its Queen—apart.

"Destroying them would have been pointless," she notes with a weary sigh. "It isn't just the Dukes. It's all of demonkind. They crave conflict. If I killed their leaders, they would simply unite under a new banner... against me."

So she let them rage outward instead. Let them vent their bloodlust in realspace, where the collateral damage—however horrific—would keep her realm intact long enough for her to regain control.

"In a few hundred years, after they tire themselves out," she says softly, "I will reel them back in."

Her tone carries no triumph. Only resignation.

If you ask about the 'oldest wound of the universe'...

Dabria laughs—not mockingly, but with genuine surprise.

"Oh, Promised One... do you even know what you're asking?"

She turns toward the cottage window, gazing into the golden fog beyond it as though she can see a different era entirely.

"That wound belongs to a past long dead," she murmurs. "And though it will never fully heal... *she* ensured it would never reopen."

For a heartbeat, the air thickens with a melancholy far older than the Hells.

When you press for details, Dabria becomes slippery—too clever by half. Every question is met with an elegant sidestep, a rhetorical pirouette, or a deliberately distracting tangent. She answers everything except what you want to know.

It is a masterclass in evasion worthy of a Demon Queen.

If you declare you've come to stop her and make realspace safe...

Her expression shifts instantly from neutral to delighted.

"Oh?"

The floodgates open.

A pressure descends on you—vast, ancient, crushing—not demonic at all but something *other*. Something cosmic. It slams into you with the sheer magnitude of a collapsing star, forcing your knees to steady, your breath to catch. Never before have you felt a presence this overwhelming.



Your senses flare. What you feel within her is power like yours... yet not. Similar in scope, but alien in nature.

Instinctively, you will feel like unleashing your own aura in response.

If you do, for a brief, blazing moment, the two of you clash without touching—two cosmic forces testing the shape and weight of each other's existence. Less than a minute passes, yet it feels like an eternity compressed into a heartbeat.

Then Dabria smiles—a wide, bright, almost impish grin—and **drops her aura entirely**.

Was she testing you?

After your exchanges are complete, either all three or any amount you have done with her, Dabria stands to her full height—tall, regal, entirely unafraid—and will give you her name at last.

"I am Demon Queen Dabria," she says, "and I require your help, Promised One"



She explains her predicament with a frankness that is almost disarming. The demons are beyond her direct control. If she tries to force them back, the realm will plunge into a never-ending civil war. If she destroys their leaders, new ones will rise, uniting demonkind against her and against realspace.

"But *you*, Promised One..." She points to you, eyes gleaming with mischievous certainty. "You can frighten them. Defeat them. Convince them. Show them that realspace now belongs to you."

A powerful being establishing realspace as its personal domain would offend every demon's pride—but demons cherish survival above ego. If they believe you can end them, they will retreat. Begrudgingly, angrily, but inevitably.

"Use the carrot when possible," Dabria adds lightly. "The stick only rallies them into louder revenge oaths. And do not kill any Dukes. A dead leader is simply an excuse for ten new warlords to rise."

This is the plight the Demon Queen lays before you—and with it, your true objective. To end the demon invasion, you must leave the Hells, hunt down the rampaging Dukes, and *make them return*. How you accomplish this is up to you: persuasion, intimidation, promises, threats, or displays of overwhelming cosmic power. Just not murder.

Dabria stresses this point firmly. Killing a Duke would shatter the already fragile hierarchy, creating a leadership vacuum that would ignite the Hells into a frenzy. New warlords would rise, each more reckless than the last, all swearing vengeance upon realspace—and upon you. "Sometimes," she says with an almost playful sigh, "the carrot works far better than the stick."

Your meeting with her makes something else abundantly clear. Dabria is not the monster the demons outside claim her to be. She is not a tyrant hungry for conquest, nor a cruel architect of suffering. Her presence carries no malice—

only responsibility, weariness, and a purpose she refuses to fully reveal. Whatever she truly is, she rules the Ten Thousand Hells for reasons that run deeper than simple dominion.

After witnessing her power, her restraint, and her unexpected humanity, your path becomes sharper and simpler: track down the Dukes, bring them to heel—by diplomacy or force—and drive their legions back into the Hells where they belong.

Scenario Rewards: +200 CP

Your final challenge is not just to stop the invasion but to **unravel the mystery** behind the Demon Queen's plight and find a way to pacify her restless nobility, restoring a fragile balance between hell and real space. Will you manage to strike a deal or subdue the demons in a way that spares the cosmos from further destruction, or will the infernal realms spiral deeper into chaos?

Success in this task will end the demonic invasion, as well as the Demon Queen owing you a favor... if you can avoid falling into further schemes of hers.



Strange and yet familiar Bronze Coin (Reward Item)

You were supposed to get something else as a reward, but the Demon Queen just wouldn't let it go. What's so special about it anyway? It doesn't seem to do anything... Still, as an additional reward for completing this scenario, you'll receive this bronze coin, engraved with an intriguing depiction—a simple memento of your adventures here. Although, now that I think about it, it feels that is has some hidden power for you to find...

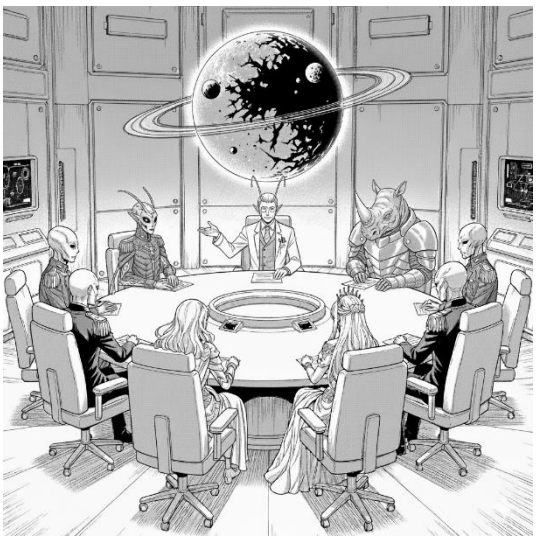


Hidden away within her abode is the greatest secret of the Demon Queen: a single **crystal orb**, containing an image of two little girls—one with **golden hair and angelic appearance**, the other with **black hair and horns**. Standing beside them is a **beautiful figure in pure white**, her identity shrouded in mystery, but with an expression of love for the little girls.

Dabria protects this memory orb with a quiet, almost aching devotion. It is her last relic of a gentler age and the only tangible fragment left of a family long gone. To tamper with it—let alone attempt to steal it—is to provoke a fury deeper than hellfire. Doing so immediately **counts as a failure condition for this scenario, and for any other scenario where she may be involved**.

If curiosity drives you to search her home, tread lightly and respect that somethings are better left alone. Some secrets in Pyraxis are not meant to be touched, and this one is guarded by more than sentiment.

Scenario 55: Invaders from beyond the Universe Part I – A Cry for Help



The crisis begins with a fragmented, urgent transmission slamming into your personal ship or base's long-range receivers—raw, distorted, and bearing the unmistakable signature of Caelorian encryption. Aurelia identifies the signal immediately and rushes to intercept it, but the moment she sees the message, the color drains from her face. Her composure—normally strong and serene—wavers. With a voice stretched thin by strain, she explains: Blob incursions along the Empire's borders have surged to catastrophic levels. Entire star clusters are under siege, and even the might of the local Caelorian military will be nearing collapse if this continues at this rate. For the first time in centuries, the Eternal Empress bows her head—both as a ruler, as well as your companion—and formally begs for your aid. The threat is no longer distant. It is devouring her Empire from the inside.

Your arrival on Caeloria is breathtaking as always, the gleaming capital world immaculate beneath its vaulted skies. As you disembark, you will briefly catch a familiar silhouette—Aurelia herself—stealthily darting through a side hatch of the ship you arrived in, or perhaps just darting away getting lost wherever you arrive, clearly having sprinted ahead of you. When you arrive and the ceremonial doors of the Crystal Palace open, you will be greeted by the full Imperial Welcome delegation... and a perfectly groomed, impossibly serene Aurelia, welcoming you with warm politeness and a dramatic remark about your "long absence." No one else seems aware that the Empress just performed an elite-tier wardrobe swap, nor that she has been absent traveling incognito with you—but you certainly know. Regardless, she slips effortlessly into her regal persona once more, and playing along is obviously the tactful choice.

A cadre of Caelorian generals trails behind her, each desperate to secure her attention, but Aurelia dismisses their pleas with a single cool glance and invites you—only you among others around—to join her in the Imperial Strategy Chamber with the rest of the generals and sit beside her. The generals exchange bewildered looks; one even attempts to protest before Aurelia's expression silences him so thoroughly it might as well have been a physical blow. Inside the chamber, surrounded by holographic star maps and shifting tactical constructs, a briefing will begin. A border general explains that hundreds of systems across the frontier have been ravaged by the Blobs' escalating assaults. Despite the Empire's relentless efforts, they cannot redirect their full forces without leaving other borders dangerously vulnerable to opportunistic enemies and the tendency of blobs to disappear and reappear without a discernable pattern also hinder the efforts to mobilize and deal a significant blow to them. The room's tension spikes further when the door opens once again.

Enter High Scientist Sal'azar—eccentric genius, head of Blob research, and proud owner of several half-singed lab coats. He reports that the Blobs' unexplainable behavior has shifted recently: now rhythmically expanding and contracting, freezing mid-motion, then resuming their consumption of local reality in a repeating sequence. To investigate this new pattern, he has constructed a device capable of attempting something previously believed impossible: interfacing with the mind of a Blob. The attempt is extremely dangerous; the entities are unstable, aggressive, and catastrophic to approach unprepared. But when he notices your presence, the scientist lights up—half impressed, half relieved. Should you volunteer to test the device, the chamber erupts into whispers, alarmed murmurs, and outright disbelief. Through it all, Aurelia meets your eyes with a proud, quietly emotional smile—one that says more than she will ever allow herself to voice. If you hesitate, the room spirals into debate over who should bear the

risk, and at the height of that debate, Aurelia gives you a pleading look that only you will notice. To proceed with the scenario, you must accept the cry for help from this overburdened Empress.

Your mission becomes clear: learn to operate the experimental interface and deploy it in the closest system still holding the line—**the Palotta Star System**, now partially overrun but not yet lost. As preparations conclude, Aurelia pulls you aside into a private alcove of the palace. She thanks you softly, with an honesty rarely glimpsed beneath her imperial mask. She cannot leave Caeloria—not right now, not with the Empire fraying at the edges and countless issues demanding her command—but she places her trust, her hope, and perhaps something deeper, in your hands.

With the device secured and your course set, you depart for Palotta accompanied by a Caelorian escort fleet and any other companions that follow you.

Their cry for help has been answered—and the true nature of these invaders from beyond this universe is about to be unveiled.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

A new threat has emerged—one that has haunted the fringes of this universe for centuries, but never with such ferocity. The Caelorians are beginning to buckle under the Blobs' sudden shift in behavior, and even Aurelia herself has taken the unprecedented step of asking for your aid.

With a plan in motion and a means—however experimental—to communicate with these enigmatic beings, you must journey to the Palotta System to uncover the truth behind their relentless advance.

Successfully experiencing this scenario and reaching the Palotta System is enough to complete this stage... for now.



The Blobs have plagued the borders of the Caelorian Empire for more than five centuries, leaving a long trail of devastation in their wake. Resilient to harm and notorious for vanishing moments before they can be fully destroyed, they have eluded every attempt at eradication—so much so that even the mighty Living Stars, who have faced them directly, have never succeeded in truly defeating these mighty beings.

Scenario 56: Invaders from beyond the Universe Part II – Palotta System under Siege



Your arrival in the Palotta System delivers a sight that should not be possible. Vast swaths of space are choked with floating, fleshy masses—motionless at first glance, but your cosmic senses reveal the truth: spacetime around them is unraveling, fraying like fabric pulled apart thread by thread.

The outer planets fare no better. The farthest world is already lost—its crust strangled by titanic tendrils, its interior hollowed into a nightmare of spatial anomalies that could fling the unwary straight into the Void itself. Closer in, the system's two inhabited planets cling to life behind layers of desperate defenses—Caelorian warships and civilian militias locked in continuous combat as Blobs drift toward them like a silent tide. Even from orbit, you can see the explosions blooming across one of the worlds' surfaces. The planet is under siege from above and from within.

Then the system shudders.

As if responding to your presence, the Blobs across the region begin pulsing in jagged, erratic contractions—synchronized, unnatural, and slowly worsening the longer you observe. Their movements grow chaotic and unpredictable, forcing Caelorian fleets into constant evasive maneuvers.

Your first task is clear: **join the defensive lines and help repel the Blobs threatening the outer orbit of the besieged planet. Save as many as you can. Clear a safe corridor so survivors may escape.** Once you secure space, you must descend planetside. The southern hemisphere is nearly overrun; your cosmic perception marks the Blobs as void-dark wounds in reality itself. Drive them back—force them to collapse and vanish as they do when subdued. Only by purging both the planet and its low orbit will the system gain a moment's hope.

But success comes at a price.

It is then that the Blobs will finally notice *you*.

In the distant reaches of the system, the masses begin to drift toward one another. They merge—slowly at first, then with accelerating hunger—until an immense silhouette rises among the outer worlds. A colossal humanoid form, feminine in shape but utterly alien, now stands across an expanse of space larger than moons. Its presence is catastrophic. Communications fracture into static. Electronic systems glitch and stall. Every ship sounds alarms as instruments fail or report contradictory data. Those with psychic sensitivity or magical aptitude feel a crushing pressure in their chests, as though the void itself presses down upon them.

The giant Blob anchors its tendrils across the system, accelerating the collapse of spacetime. One tendril lashes toward a nearby planet, and you will be able to watch—helpless for a moment—as its surface begins to corrode, crumble, and *vanish*. The world has perhaps an hour before it is entirely consumed. After that, the creature will inevitably turn toward the inhabited planets.

The Caelorian escort fleets will attempt to rally, but their equipment will buckle under the entity's disruptive presence rendering any coordinated effort futile.

Through heavy interference, High Scientist Sal'azar sends a fragmented message: you must engage the giant Blob and keep it occupied. He needs five minutes to calibrate his device—**five minutes at close range**. When he draws near, the Blob's attention locks onto him instantly. Its aggression spikes. One wrong move, and both the scientist and his machine will be obliterated.

Your task: **protect Sal'azar at all costs while holding the creature's attention for five minutes**. Destroying the Blob outright is impossible in such a short time; its resilience surpasses anything previously recorded. You must endure its onslaught while denying it a clear strike at the scientist's ship. Be cautious, Cosmic Lord—the creature harvests reality itself, and a single misstep could mean *you* become another piece of consumed existence.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

The battle is going to become a storm of collapsing space, ruptured light, and impossible geometry. As the duel between you and the Blob reaches its peak—just as one of you seems ready to overpower the other—Sal'azar will finally complete his calibration and fire his device. A beam of impossible brilliance will lance forward from his ship straight towards into the creature's chest.

The Blob reacts instantly. It lashes out with a tendril at speeds that defy causality, seizes you, and contracts with brutal force—faster and faster—until the universe around you will erupt into a blinding white flood.

You are not dead, but you might not be in your reality anymore.



The siege continues...

The Blobs



The Blobs stand as the single greatest existential threat the Caelorian Empire has ever recorded—enigmatic abominations of exotic matter that corrode reality itself wherever they appear. For over five centuries they have emerged unpredictably at the Empire's frontier, dissolving worlds, warping space, and reducing entire systems to collapsing wounds of raw entropy. No successful method of permanent eradication has ever been documented.

Despite their catastrophic nature, Blobs manifest in forms unsettlingly similar to feminine humanoids—fluid, fleshy silhouettes sculpted from a substance that defies conventional matter classification. Their forms ripple, collapse, and reform in ways that suggest no internal structure. Their "skin" behaves like liquefied baryonic matter overlaid atop an exotic substrate that refuses to obey local physics.

They emit no vocalizations and possess no observable language, yet their presence is always accompanied by a pervasive, static-like **white noise**—a phenomenon believed to be the audible signature of reality eroding at the quantum level.

Blobs do not arrive through portals or vessels; they *manifest*. Their birth begins as a single, anomalous molecule of unknown origin, believed to simply appear out of nowhere, which proliferates exponentially, accreting mass and space until it shapes itself into a mature form. Their initial size may be comparable to a large humanoid, but unchecked harvesting leads them to grow into titanic entities, some recorded at **mountain-scale**, **moon-scale**, and in rare catastrophic cases, **planetary-scale** proportions.

They rarely display aggression unless obstructed. Left alone, they "harvest" reality—stripping matter, energy, and spacetime itself though tentacles that vanish into thin air. Interference, however, provokes violent and immediate retaliation.

Blobs possess a level of resilience so extreme it borders on the absurd. Their soft, almost delicate appearance conceals strength and resilience vastly surpassing metahuman standards, rendering most physical or conventional attacks utterly meaningless. Even exotic or hyper-advanced weaponry can inflict only limited damage, and what little harm is achieved is rapidly undone by their constant regeneration. For you Cosmic Lord, physical attacks enhanced by Cosmic Potence at Rank 1 or Rank 2 will barely register against them, as any injury they could sustain quickly regenerated *ex nihilo*. Likewise, other cosmic abilities that remain bound or more grounded to the local laws of physics perform far below expectations, their effectiveness drastically weakened the moment they make contact with these entities.

They possess no known internal weak point. When sufficiently damaged, they simply contract, compress, and collapse into nothing—never leaving remains and never confirming a kill.

Over centuries, every attempt at communication has failed. Blobs exhibit no response to telepathy, psychic resonance, emotional projection, or symbolic communication. They operate with a single inscrutable directive: **harvest reality**.

Despite the Caelorian Empire's might, no verified destruction of a Blob has ever occurred. Military engagements can slow, divert, or disperse an invasion at tremendous cost, yet the Blobs always eventually disappear on their own terms—never defeated, only delayed.

Their motives remain unknown. Their origin remains untraceable. Their biology remains impossible.

And their presence continues to spread.

Scenario 57: Invaders from beyond the Universe Part III – Reaping



You regain your senses suspended within a boundless white expanse. At first it feels like pure emptiness—featureless, soundless, directionless. But as your awareness sharpens, the truth becomes horrifyingly clear: you are adrift before a portion of an impossibly vast *face*—feminine in shape, eerily serene, and unmistakably similar to the Blobs you have fought. From this face extend countless strands of hair that vanish into the infinite distance, each strand radiating the same presence, the same corrosive signature, as every Blob you have ever sensed. Could the Blobs be nothing more than fragments—manifestations—of this entity's body intruding into your reality? Worse, the strands stretch not only into your universe but into many others.

There is no visible body, no form beyond this colossal face and its endless hair. Should you attempt to move toward it, you discover another unsettling truth: you are impossibly far away. Even at light-speed you make no meaningful progress. Space does not behave correctly here. Distance and scale collapse, stretch, and refuse to anchor. Wherever "here" is, it exists outside familiar geometry.

Focusing your mind brings faint impressions from the being. Its thoughts are alien—more like storms of abstraction and impossible sensations than anything resembling communication. Emotions swirl in patterns without equivalents in your experience, yet you can glean fragments: the entity is in pain, and deeply distressed. It exists across countless realities simultaneously, its presence fractured into millions of threads—threads that appear as Blobs within each world it touches.

Through every hair strand you feel the same process unfolding: the being is *drawing in* harvested reality, pulling consumed matter, energy, and spacetime back into itself. For what purpose, you cannot tell, but the condensed potential accumulates within the portion of the face before you—pressurized, unstable, as though on the verge of eruption. Doing nothing may allow this process to continue unchecked. Countless innocents, not only in your universe but across many, would remain vulnerable. Yet attempting to judge the being's full power is futile; you cannot perceive even a fraction of its totality, as it is it seems to be beyond what a Cosmic Lord is.

Before you act, something changes.

A crack forms across the vast face—the only imperfection in its otherwise smooth visage. You sense the being is trying to open it, but struggling. The face for a moment seems to suffer a contraction, a rhythmically contraction similar to what the Blobs were doing, before it stops shortly after. A surge of alien emotions washes over you—disorienting, incomprehensible. Is it trying to communicate? Or is this simply the overflow of its incomprehensible nature pressing against your limited perception? Still, among the storm, one impression stands out with growing clarity:

It is asking for help.

And whatever you choose to do next may echo across realities… and shape the future nature of the Blobs themselves.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

Your next decision will shape the fate of this scenario—and perhaps far more. Will you aid the vast alien entity? Will you attempt to halt its harvest, defy a being beyond your actual comprehension, and risk whatever consequences follow? Or will you choose inaction, letting the cycle continue unchallenged?

For now, experiencing the scenario and choosing your actions are enough to continue

Scenario 58: Invaders from beyond the Universe Part IV – Harvest's End



Your return to awareness is less a moment and more a slow dawning—like surfacing from a dream into a reality that shouldn't exist. Here, in this impossible white expanse, your choice will determine the fate of an entity whose existence stretches across countless universes, and the end of the cosmic harvest that has ravaged so many realms. Every path forward is monumental in consequence. Whether you resist, ignore, or aid this being, your actions will echo across the multiverse in ways even a Cosmic Lord cannot hope to fully foresee.

Choosing to stand against the entity is to challenge something no single being from a sole universe could expect to succeed. Even weakened—its vast presence flickering with instability—it is still an *exoversal being*, a creature whose true form bleeds between the cracks of innumerable realities touching them all and never being a part of one. When it senses hostility, its attention coalesces upon you like the weight of a collapsing cosmos. You understand then, in a way deeper than thought, that this being is beyond the scale of what you are, your titles, your powers—closer to an environmental force than an opponent. Normally, contesting it would be as futile as a breeze rebelling against a storm. And yet... something is wrong with it. Something is limiting it. And in that frailty lies the possibility—however slim—to drive it away, to sever its countless threads from your universe, and to push it back into whatever vastness lies beyond. Success is uncertain. Survival, even more so. This is not a fight between equals. This is the defiance of a mouse standing before a giant that might as well be a god for all that matters.

Yet another option remains—one that demands no heroism nor hostility: doing nothing at all. In this infinite void, the entity does not lash out, does not attempt to consume you, does not even acknowledge you as a threat. It simply *is*, its impossibly large face occasionally tightening in strange contractions of pain before settling again into an expressionless calm. If you choose inaction, time stretches strangely here; eventually a pull will seie your form, and you will find yourself forcibly returned to your universe. The colossal Blob that brought you here hangs inert, uninterested and unmoving, while the lesser Blobs continue their rampage across the Palotta System. You do not know it yet, but the outbreak will burn itself out. The Blobs will complete their harvest, then fall dormant—dangerous, but no longer spreading. The Caelorians will reclaim their worlds and systems over decades, their losses vast but not annihilating. Life will continue, scarred but surviving, as though this calamity were nothing more than another of the universe's many tragedies.

Choosing to aid the entity is, by any rational measure, an unimaginable decision. Why offer help to a being whose very presence erodes the foundations of your reality? And yet... something in its fractured existence whispers to you. Perhaps it is instinct, or curiosity, or the quiet certainty that no force behaves without cause. Whatever the reason, your path is set: you will attempt to reach it. Closing the distance is an ordeal—your movement feels like wading through conceptual static—and when at last you reach the surface, you find yourself standing upon an endless plane of smooth, ivory expanse. Vast and featureless, it offers no clues. Only the crack you noticed earlier holds any meaning.

And the crack, up close, is a scar that cleaves the horizon. What appeared small from afar is, in truth, a colossal canyon system carved into the entity's "flesh." Something is sealing it shut—a hardened substance, but not solid in any way you recognize. It is viscous yet rigid, both fluid and stone, a glue made from **malformed reality**. It clings to everything it touches, and even brushing a fingertip against it would trap you in a battle for freedom that could last eons if you only relied in brute strength. The entity cannot open itself because of this obstruction; despite its vast power, it has



no means to manipulate this warped material. But *you* might. Manipulating reality, after all, is the craft of the Cosmic Lords. And this obstruction—this coagulated distortion—is something your cosmic abilities can interact with.

The task is monumental. You must peel away or unravel the substance, purging oceans of it from the canyon-like wound. Whether you vaporize it with a precise application of your powers, reverse its metaphysical cohesion, engineer a chain reaction, or devise some other ingenious method, the result is the same once you succeed: the blockage shatters. The fissure splits wide, and a surge of radiant pressure bursts free. From within the newly opened crack, hundreds of golden comets erupt, streaking across the white expanse and vanishing into the incomprehensible realms beyond. You understand instinctively—they are offspring, newly born and cast into the multiverse to begin their own cycles of existence.

In that moment, the entity finally *sees* you. An emotional wave crashes over your mind—gratitude, relief, and other sensations utterly alien yet profoundly gentle. The entity's eyes close, its vast presence dimming, and the endless void and your awareness collapses into darkness.

When you awaken, you are back in your reality. The Blobs have fallen still, unmoving. Their forms dissolve into shimmering motes of light, fading softly as spacetime heals and stabilizes around them. Across the Palotta System—and across the universe—the Blobs are vanishing, their presence no longer destructive but simply... disappearing. The harvest was never an act of malice, only an unintended consequence of a cosmic being struggling toward a moment of creation.

You cannot truly comprehend its full nature, but one truth remains unmistakable: in that final instant, the entity felt hope—and gratitude. Whatever it was, its purpose was not to conquer, but to give birth to new life, sending its children beyond the confines of this universe and into the boundless expanses of this multiverse where even Cosmic Lords might yet to thread.



Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

Your choices shape the outcome of this scenario. Whether you confronted the unfathomable, stood motionless and refused to intervene, or reached out to aid a being in distress—that decision defines your path. Yet there may also be a route only *you* could perceive, a solution born of your own insight or nature that even I didn't think. What matters is experiencing the scenario in its entirety and guiding it toward a conclusion that resonates with you. Only by bringing this cosmic tale to a meaningful end will you truly succeed.

If you succeed in stopping the advance of the Blobs, you'll earn great respect among the Caelorian Empire and will now be seen as an imperial hero among its citizens. Fame and renown will be given to you, and this tale will add to your already growing legend across the denizens of this universe.

With this, the tale of the invaders from beyond the universe finally comes to a close.

The Hatchling (Companion?)



After the conclusion of this adventure, **if you chose to aid the unfathomable being**, a yellow comet of light will slip through the seams between realities and streak into your universe, homing in on you with purposeful speed. Before it reaches you, the radiance dims—revealing a small, pink, slightly gelatinous creature standing at your feet. Instinctively, you recognize something familiar in it: an echo of the Blobs, yet unmistakably distinct. Where the Blobs were mindless extensions of a greater will, this little being is *itself*—an individual, new-born and curious.

It seems immediately attached to you, the way a hatchling might imprint upon the first being it sees. It will follow you without hesitation, loyal and affectionate in its strange, quiet way. Its form remains amorphous, with only the vaguest suggestion of a face, though **perhaps with time it will develop more defined features**. For now, it can shift its shape in small, tentative ways and extend curious appendages into the spaces between realities, often returning with odd trinkets—most of them useless, some of them inexplicable, and every now and then... one unexpectedly valuable.

"It is often the smallest acts of kindness that create the greatest ripples across existence, and such gestures are returned in kind, paving the way for a brighter future."

Invaders from Another Universe – Scenario Notes

At last, the true nature of the Blobs comes into focus, and with it the opportunity to confront the origin of their intrusion into your universe. My initial conception of the Blobs was that they were not individual creatures, but mindless extensions of a higher-dimensional entity forcing its presence into your reality—similar in spirit to the Orz from one of my favorite games, *Star Control*. Their behavior was never meant to be malicious; rather, their creator's mind is so vast, so alien, that communication or comprehension lies beyond mortal or even cosmic understanding.

The Blobs are undeniably dangerous, and their interactions with your reality create destructive consequences. But does that make them—or the entity behind them—truly evil? The scenario presents several possible approaches for its conclusion, but my original vision was for you to ultimately *assist* the being in completing its natural life cycle. Its impact on your universe is no more intentional than the harm we cause simply by breathing, walking, or existing alongside organisms far smaller than ourselves.

In my mind, this entity is a drifting cosmic titan, unknowable in thought and impossible to categorize by conventional biology—simply a being on the verge of giving birth to its offspring. **Perhaps your actions here will echo far beyond this moment**, leaving behind ripples in the fabric of destiny that may resurface when all life and free will are tested in the shadow of an approaching dark future.



Scenario 59: The Singularity and the Star Part I – Call for Assistance



The scenario begins quietly enough. You and your companions are visiting at the Solaris Citadel for your own reasons when a routine distress call comes in from the asteroid belt—a human starship caught in a shifting labyrinth of rogue asteroids, their engines malfunctioning, their trajectory unstable. The nearest rescue vessel won't arrive in time, and the crew faces catastrophic loss of life unless someone intervenes. Anywhere else, this would be a grim and hopeless situation—but Sol is the home of the Cosmic Lord, and in this place, miracles are possible.

Before you can even speak, it is Aia who steps forward. The young Star Seed, who has gradually found a warm purpose in aiding those in peril, refuses to let the stranded humans suffer. This earnest determination is new in her—fragile, growing, and undeniably sincere. Whether you go alone or take a companion capable of rapid transit, reaching the site should be trivial for someone of your caliber. The rescue itself requires finesse: navigating fast paced asteroids, redirecting tumbling masses of rock, or possibly simply using your own cosmic power to carve a safe path for the human crew and their damaged ship.

But just as the danger is resolved, you will feel it—an unusual shift, a ripple in the cosmic winds. Something is cutting across the void, heading toward Earth. Not a signal detectable by human science, nor by any arcane or technological craft. **This message is woven from light itself, encoded through quantum entanglement into a language spoken only by the Kingdom of Stars**. And it is meant for Aia, the second Star Seed ever born on Earth.

The transmission carries urgency, unmistakable even before its meaning forms. The sender is none other than the Living Star Vega—radiant beauty of the Lyra constellation, pivotal figure in the Megalith War, and perhaps... someone you once met long ago. **Vega is calling for immediate aid**.

TON 618, the colossal black hole of mythic infamy, has restored its Avatar. For reasons she cannot fully decipher, it has begun hunting her across the heavens. This is no simple threat of annihilation. Within TON 618 lies the remnant essence of Vega's ancient partner, consumed half a millennium ago. That essence—twisted by hundreds spent spiraling inside the singularity—has ossified into an obsession that has corrupted the monster. It now seeks "reunion" with Vega through the Avatar's relentless pursuit.

Aia receives this cosmic plea as Vega intended: directly, clearly, and filled with emotion that even a Star Seed struggles to process. Distress, yes—but layered beneath it is something softer, heavier. Sadness. Guilt. Aia will remark on this immediately after telling you the contents of the message, unsettled but deeply intrigued.

The message also explains why Vega herself cannot flee: doing so at the velocities required to escape the Avatar would eject a nearby inhabited planet into the dark, killing the Sylvandar colony upon it. Her own

Celestial Form has been clashing with the Avatar, slowing it down before being destroyed over and over, but soon the Avatar will make its way to the Vega System. Likewise, she cannot accept the help of her closest friend—the arrival of the main body of the Living Star of the Cygnus Constellation's gravity would destabilize the entire Vega System just by arriving.

She has no one else left to call. The only one she once relied she believes is gone to explore different worlds, and in their absence, she has heard tales—rumors—of you. Of the Cosmic Lord. Of your feats, your impossible victories, your compassion.

And so she calls for you. For she believes you are one who can contest with the Avatar of the Singularity.

The plea hangs in the hush of space, resonating with that faint, wounded sorrow Aia sensed. The message is clear, personal, and desperate.

To answer it, you must prepare yourself—and set your course toward the brightest star in Lyra.

Toward Vega.

Toward a reunion that perhaps is five centuries overdue.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

A call for aid has reached you from one of the Living Stars—a message meant for Aia, but unmistakably directed at you as well. Vega is being hunted by the restored Avatar of TON 618, and though her Celestial Forms struggle to delay its advance, she will not outrun it without your intervention. Time is slipping away.

To advance the scenario, you must answer Vega's plea and travel to the Vega System.

The past is stirring again, and long-buried truths and feelings are ready to surface once more.



"No words are needed".

Scenario 60: The Singularity and the Star Part II – The Star from the Constellation of Lyra



Arrival in the Vega System strikes you with an unexpected wave of nostalgia. Thirteen planets and eight planetoids drift in perfect orbital harmony, their paths traced through shimmering bands of cosmic dust. The balance here is eerily precise, as though the entire system were tuned by a divine hand. One of the worlds—a green-and-blue sphere adorned with glittering constellations of city-lights—clearly holds a thriving civilization beneath its gentle clouds. As you cross into the system, the central star radiates a faint, rhythmic pulse. To mortal sensors it is nothing, but to Star Seeds and Living Stars it is unmistakable: **a greeting**.

It takes only moments before you are contacted—not through the encoded quantum-light messaging of the Kingdom of Stars, but directly, **in person**. One of Vega's Celestial Forms approaches, crossing the gulf of space with the fluid grace of a sunbeam given purpose. These avatars—humanoid manifestations woven from stellar power—can be typically alien, shimmering with cosmic anatomy beyond mortal comprehension. And yet the being who appears before you is a young woman of stunning simplicity: long golden hair that flows like solar wind, eyes a piercing blue brighter than the star behind her, a soft radiance wreathing her form like a halo. **This is Vega.** Her beauty feels familiar, perhaps painfully so.

She greets your companions first—warm, courteous, graceful—and then turns to you and Aia. The moment her gaze settles on the two of you, her poise falters. Not visibly, not enough for most to notice, but you see it: the small hesitation, the sudden silence, the flicker of recognition. Something old stirs in her—memory, longing, guilt. Yet she recovers quickly, her resolve firm. Whatever she is feeling, she has prepared herself for this meeting.

Vega guides you all to the system's lone inhabited world, **Alta**, named in honor of a friend who once saved her life. Here, on the gardens of her sanctuary, she explains the truth. TON 618's Avatar—reborn at last within the monstrous black hole—has been hunting her across the deep void beyond Canes Venatici. She has slowed its pursuit using her Celestial Forms, scattering her own essence along misleading trails, but the Avatar grows more persistent. Though it has not pinpointed her exact position, it is drawing closer to the Vega System with chilling inevitability. And she cannot flee: doing so at the necessary speeds would destabilize the orbits of her worlds, sending Alta into the endless dark and dooming the Sylvandar colony that depends on her warmth.

There is time—at the very least about a week. In that span, Vega will act as the perfect host, determined to give her guests from Earth comfort, knowledge, and peace amid looming danger. The little blue planet from the Sol system holds a deep meaning for her... and at least one of you is bound to Vega far more intimately than she yet realizes. During these days you and your companions must craft a plan to protect Vega and her

system. Many strategies present might themselves: relocating her to a pocket dimension; forging a false nova signature to trick the Avatar into believing she's dead; or devising more unorthodox defenses, and many more that are feasible to a certain degree and yet, it is not known how effective they could be when faced against the Avatar. But one immutable fact endures: **TON 618's Avatar cannot be detected until it arrives.** Any direct confrontation must wait until the moment it crosses into the Vega System.

As preparation unfolds, Vega begins spending remarkable amounts of time with Aia alone. She shows her the glittering celestial architecture of the system, asks about her life on Earth, her dreams, her fears, her view of her own nature as a Star Seed. She listens—intently. Almost… lovingly.

Why Vega is suddenly devoting so much attention to Aia when the looming danger of TON 618 approaches—and why a shadow of quiet sorrow lingers behind her smile—she does not say. Not yet.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

The first steps toward protecting Vega—and confronting the Avatar of TON 618—have been set in motion. At the same time, the beginnings of a long-awaited reconciliation between an estranged mother and her daughter have quietly begun to take shape.

As for you, meeting Vega once more may have stirred echoes of another time, another jump, memories half-buried yet unmistakable. And still, Vega remains silent about them—for now—just as she once did in that distant moment of the past.

If you obtained the [A Family Bond] perk in an earlier scenario, being here and as the scenario takes place is making it to begin to stir as if from within, something is causing to boil and is pushing it towards a breaking point.

A Family Bond (Locked) (!!!)

This perk… it feels hot and as if it wants to break out. What could this mean??



A week gone in a moment, a week that felt like a dream to the Star and to the girl like a bond she had never experienced before.

Scenario 61: The Singularity and the Star Part III – Daughter



The days pass in steady preparation, your plans for confronting the Singularity's Avatar gradually taking shape. Yet it becomes increasingly clear that Vega's thoughts are elsewhere. Her attention toward Aia has been impossible to miss—subtle, deliberate, and utterly unexplained. Vega is evasive, appearing only when she chooses to and dissolving her Celestial Form the moment the conversation turns in an unwanted direction. She is hiding something, and the time has come to force the truth into the open.

Summoning her might work. Cornering her with a trick is also possible. But the surest way is the simplest: bypass the avatar entirely and go straight to her true body at the center of the Vega System. She cannot run from you there.

As soon as you arrive, Vega's Celestial Form manifests—alone, unable to hide any further. Before you can speak, she approaches, placing a hand over your chest. A soft push. The world dissolves into a cascade of swirling emerald light. Your consciousness is carried into the **Astral Sea**, the realm of pure thought where Living Stars reign with absolute sovereignty.

The Astral Sea of Vega is breathtaking. What was once a meticulously balanced system of worlds now unfolds as an endless cosmic garden: emerald forests, crystalline mountains, and tranquil lakes reflecting the glow of distant suns. The clearing around you is serene—a lagoon, a stone bench, and a series of jade statues, each immortalizing someone important to Vega.

An energetic Sylvandar girl.

A goofy, angelic man.

A bearded muscled man with a hammer.

A fluid, slime-like girl.

A gentle person, appearing to be half man, half machine.

A woman reminiscent—yet not identical—to Diatomyr.

A tiny, adorable puppy dragon.

A young girl cradling a dove.

And finally… a statue whose face feels *strangely familiar*.

Vega walks with you in silence before finally gathering her courage. Her voice trembles—not with fear, but with long-suppressed emotion.

She tells you her greatest secret.



Aia—your companion, your friend, the Star Seed who has journeyed with you nearly your entire time in this Jump—is Vega's daughter.

Not by blood, but by the bond of stellar essence. Aia is the one who carries Vega's sole Stellar Shard, created centuries ago.

Vega sensed Aia's birth almost the instant it happened—mere decades after Vega herself awakened, barely an instant in stellar terms. But when she reached out across the Astral Sea to know her child, she felt Aia's emotions: the conflict, the fear of outliving everyone she loved, the crushing weight of immortality forced upon her.

And Vega broke.

She had imposed a cosmic burden upon a child—something Vega herself understood too well. Across the centuries she watched from afar, consumed by regret, unable to bridge the distance created by her silence. Her guilt hardened, her hesitation becoming a barrier she could no longer cross. Even after realizing that Aia still felt alone, Vega could not bring herself to face her.

But then *you* arrived.

You changed Aia.

You helped her accept herself—at least a little.

As Vega speaks, a single shining tear rolls down her cheek: **the tear of a star**.

For what you did for her daughter, she thanks you. She wishes she had met Aia earlier, that she had been the one to take the first step. But now, with danger closing in once again, she is grateful beyond words that fate finally brought them together—through you.

Just as you prepare to respond, another presence ripples into existence.

Aia.

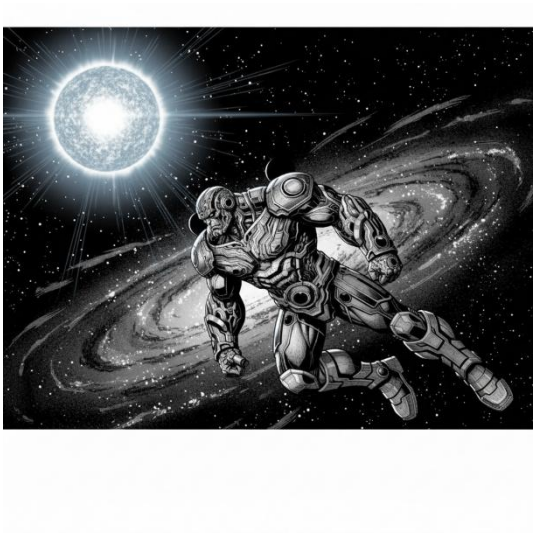
Though she has yet to master her own Celestial Form, she has somehow slipped through the veil into the Astral Sea itself—drawn here the moment Vega revealed her truth. And the look on Aia's face...

Vega pales.

Aia turns and flees in tears.

She heard everything.

All of it.



Aia, orphaned on Earth and forever burdened by immortality, had always imagined that somewhere out there a Living Star existed who could be called family... but assumed she would never know her. And now, finding out that Vega *did* know—yet never came—cuts deeper than any blade.

Vega rushes after her, panic overwhelming her celestial composure.

But before you can follow, you feel it. A tremor across the Astral Sea. A distortion. Gravitational waves rippling through thought and space alike.

TON 618's Avatar is approaching.

You must choose—now.

Follow Vega and intervene before mother and daughter fracture beyond repair...

Or will yourself back into your body at once, because every second you delay gives the Singularity's Avatar another moment to close the distance.

Your preparations are about to be tested.

Time feels light a blade right now—and it is cutting fast.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

A revelation long buried, a secret finally spoken, and the overwhelming emotions of a mother who has watched her daughter from afar—these truths have now come to light, and you stood witness to all of them. Yet before anything could be resolved, fate intervened. The imminent arrival of TON 618's Avatar has driven tensions to their peak.

What will become of Vega and Aia?

Will your strategies to deceive, divert, or repel the Singularity's avatar succeed?

Only your choices—and the events that follow—will determine their fate.

Your perk continues to act strange, feels like its about to break:

A Family Bond (Locked) (!!!!!!!!)

This perk... the pressure is reaching its critical point. Will it break and be destroyed forever, or will it unlock and reveal its purpose?

Scenario 62: The Singularity and the Star Part IV – Shine Brighter than the Stars



TON 618 arrives like a darkness devouring reality itself, and the moment it crosses the threshold of the Vega System, every trap, strategy, and safeguard you and your companions prepared is pushed to its breaking point. Whether you raced back immediately—preventing a catastrophic gravitational cascade that would have torn the Vega System apart and caused untold damage upon the Sylvandar colony—or stayed behind to help Vega and Aia face the turmoil between them, the outcome converges all the same: the Avatar forces its way inside. To mortal eyes it is nothing more than a mobile abyss, a ravenous black hole swallowing heat, light, and matter. Yet to those capable of perceiving its truth, the event horizon opens like a pupil, revealing within it the towering, humanoid silhouette of the Singularity's avatar—cold, ancient, and driven by a singular purpose.

Facing the Avatar is an ordeal that tests even your cosmic strength. Every strike it unleashes lands with impossible weight capable of harming your Cosmic Vestments, each movement distorts space so violently that gravity itself becomes treacherous terrain. Even your strongest abilities feel strangely dulled against its presence, as if reality warps itself in its favor due to its gravitational might. Only Vega herself and your companions dare to stand alongside you, burning with the full fury of her true stellar form, her radiance defiant against the infinite dark and your companion's own abilities. Around you, planets tremble in their orbits; stars flicker; alarms across the Vega System scream warnings that no technology can articulate. This is not a battle—this is the collision of cosmic destinies.

Despite the enormity of the threat, Aia braves the battlefield as well, her unperfected Celestial Form seems lacking as she tries to match the scale of the conflict. She is brave, but her power is a spark compared to the inferno surrounding her. The Avatar notices this—and in a single, horrifying moment, it turns toward her. Its gravity wells deepen, space bends inward, and its arm of crushing singularity reaches toward the young Star Seed. You will be struck away with overwhelming force, Vega streaks forward in a burst of desperate light in order to save Aia, and she collides with the monster. The Avatar clamps onto her true star body instantly, draining her mass, consuming her radiance with merciless hunger. Aia screams her name, helpless as Vega begins to collapse toward the abyss—but Vega speaks to her, not with sound, but with trembling, luminous threads of light across the void...

Vega's voice, carried through pure starlight, trembles with both strength and regret. *"Do not cry, little one,"* she whispers into Aia's heart as the Avatar pulls her closer to oblivion. *"I was never as brave as that person was... never as brave as I should have been for you."* Aia's tears scatter like drifting motes of cosmic dust, her hands trembling as she reaches forward, unable to touch, unable to save, unable to understand why the universe would give her a mother only to take her away. Vega's radiance flickers, her form distorting as matter is ripped from her, yet she continues speaking—soft, broken truths spilling like dying embers. *"I*



feared your pain... feared that you would look at me and see only the burden I placed upon your life. I thought distance would spare you... no... it would spare me, but it only deepened the wound." Aia shakes her head desperately, her voice cracking as she tries to speak, but Vega's final whisper comes first—gentle, loving, and unbearably fragile. *"Shine brighter than the stars, my sweet child."*

For an instant, everything stops. Your power cannot warp time to prevent this, your speed cannot close the distance in a meaningful way to stop it, your foresight fails to reveal any path that saves Vega before she is consumed. Even the cosmos itself seems to hold its breath as she is drawn toward the singularity. Then, without warning, the Avatar shudders. The void around it ripples in defiance. A warmth—utterly alien to a being of devouring gravity—pulses from within. The humanoid shape at its core twists, hesitates, and finally speaks. The voice that emerges is cracked with emotion, trembling with remembrance. *"Vega... my dearest..."* Vega's fading celestial form manifests and turns, her dimming eyes widening. There is disbelief, hope, and sorrow all at once as she breathes a single name she thought lost forever: *"...Altair."*

The Avatar—no, the remnant of Altair buried within it—strains against its own monstrous nature. Its form contorts as if battling an unseen chain, every motion laborious, every word torn from the core of its being. The gravitational drain halts, Vega's collapse suspended. Then the Avatar's head will snap toward you with fierce urgency, its hollow eyes burning with Altair's last will. *"Do it!"* he roars. *"What are you waiting for? Free her!"* The singularity trembles, the surrounding void warps, and you then will understand: this is the only moment you will ever get. Aia, driven by anguish, love, and the sudden ignition of a long-dormant spark within her, explodes into an even more striking appearance—her radiance soaring upward until she stands not as a mere immature Star Seed, but as a true child of a Living Star, shining with all the might her lineage affords her, having somehow broken through and achieved a perfected Celestial Form in the heat of the moment.

With the Avatar frozen between two wills—its monstrous nature and Altair's resurging spirit—you must seize the moment. The universe around you will bend as you must draw every fragment of your cosmic might into a single, all-or-nothing strike. Space folds, time frays, and reality will fracture around your arm as you will have to prepare a blow meant not merely to wound, but to break the impossible chains binding Vega to destruction, breaking both fate and death into impossibility. Aia rises beside you, her newly awakened power blazing like a almost a newborn star coming into being, to the limit of what a Star Seed can muster. Her presence will serve to sharpen your resolve, the two of you forming a shining front against the darkness. "For her," she murmurs, her voice unsteady yet burning with conviction. Together, you must surge forward, unleashing your full strength in a symphony of light that will collide with the singularity's avatar.



The impact is cosmic. A rift of blinding brilliance is going to tear across the void as your combined attack slams into the Avatar, ripping its grip away from Vega's true star-body. Matter that had begun to fall toward oblivion snaps backward, returning to its rightful place within her. Vega's light flares violently—first in agony, then in relief—before stabilizing into a weak but steady pulse. The Avatar reels, Altair's spirit forcing its colossal mass backward, scattering its gravitational cohesion. You feel the moment Altair's last strength frays, hear his voice dimming into a fading echo: *"Take care of her... for both of us."* Then the remnants of the man he once was dissolve into the greater shadow of the singularity as it plummets, staggering and vulnerable for the second time since its creation.

This is the opening—your one final chance. The Avatar, weakened and exposed, is incapable of defending itself. Its form flickers like a dying flame, gravity unraveling into incomplete vectors and ruptured fields. You will have to gather everything you have left, every reserve of cosmic power at your disposal, while Aia draws upon Vega's lingering radiance to amplify your final blow. With a roar that shakes the dust of nebulae and stirs the threads of fate, you will have the chance to launch the catastrophic attack with the Avatar unable to react or defend. Just before your final strike hits, you'll hear for the first time ever the dark voice of the monster, of TON 618, speak, "YOU AGAIN...!! I WILL NOT FORG...", and then be interrupted by your attack. Success means the strike pierces through the Avatar's core, shattering its form from within. Its humanoid silhouette twists in rage and disbelief, implodes, and finally bursts into a cascade of collapsing singularities that dissipate harmlessly into the greater cosmos. TON 618's Avatar is once again no more—its presence scattered into the void, its threat extinguished forcing its mind to sleep once more.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

Silence follows. True silence—cosmic, profound, the kind that only exists after a great calamity has passed. The Vega System steadies, its orbits settling back into place. Aia drifts in the void, trembling, her celestial form flickering from exhaustion. Vega's weakened radiance pulses in gratitude, a faint echo of her once brilliant presence—but alive. Just barely alive. As Aia moves toward her mother's recovering consciousness, the surviving warmth of Altair's final sacrifice lingers like a distant melody. The darkness has been driven back a second time, and the light has prevailed—but at great cost. What comes next—healing, reconciliation, and the reshaping of bonds thought broken forever—remains in your hands, Cosmic Lord. For now, the universe shines a little brighter, because you refused to let the light of a star fade.



"I always believed you would be here to save her, [Jumper]... even if I am no longer able recognize what you've become... May the two of you... find the happiness I never could...

Shine for both of us... my friend...."

- Departing words of the last remnants of the essence of the Living Star of Aquila before fading away, shortly after the second destruction of TON 618 Avatar.

The Avatar of TON 618



The true body of the Living Singularity is one of the most colossal entities in all existence—an impossibly massive being of pure gravitational dominion, fully aware yet forever anchored in place by its own enormity. Though unable to roam the cosmos itself, TON 618 extends its will through a single, terrible instrument: its Avatar. Through this manifestation, it exerts influence across the universe, consuming matter and energy at catastrophic speeds and spreading dread wherever its presence is felt.

Like the Celestial Forms of its distant cousins, the Living Stars, the Avatar operates under similar cosmic principles—yet far more advanced and far more dangerous. TON 618 can only manifest one Avatar at a time, but this limitation is overshadowed by the fact that the Avatar is directly and continuously connected to its consciousness. Destroying the Avatar does not kill the entity, but it forces the main body into a period of dormant silence, its awareness withdrawing to rebuild what was lost.

The Avatar is overwhelmingly powerful, and typically it does not stray far from the gravitational dominion of its main body. Those who know of its existence rarely even contemplate confronting it—and those who have attempted rarely survive long enough to regret it. Its durability eclipses that of nearly all cosmic beings, its strength defies its size, and its manipulation of gravity, space, and time makes it a nightmare for even the mightiest entities. Any ability that relies on these fundamental forces becomes twisted, unraveled, or rendered inert in its proximity; the sheer existential weight of the Avatar anchors it violently into reality, warping everything around it.

The Avatar cannot be permanently destroyed. In time, TON 618 will reforge it and resume its dark pilgrimage. Some have whispered of striking at the primary body itself, attempting to end the threat once and for all, but within the depths of its Schwarzschild radius lie forces even more monstrous than its roaming manifestation. Every attempt to pierce that abyss has ended in failure, and for now, confronting TON 618 directly remains an impossibility.

There may be a time for the Cosmic Lord to confront the true body of TON 618 in the future, but for now should you be victorious in destroying the Avatar, the universe will remain safe from its dangerous hunger... at least for a while.

Scenario 63: The Singularity and the Star Part V – I Missed you



You have succeeded. You defeated the dark avatar of the Singularity and saved Vega from a fate steeped in shadow. The Vega System has taken damage—its extent varying based on your choices throughout the scenario—but it now stands safe, and what was lost can, in time, be restored.

Hours after the battle, Vega and Aia will remain on the planet, finally allowed a moment of quiet together. There, they speak—hesitantly at first, then with long-buried honesty—sharing the emotions they had each locked away.

For Aia, despite never meeting Vega before, the feelings she carried—the whispers, the instinctive certainty that someone had been watching over her—are revealed to have always been Vega's presence, and deep inside her she knew all along.

For Vega, this is the moment she finally voices what she left unsaid for nearly five centuries. Whatever fear of rejection she had, it was blasted away just as you did with the Avatar.

This conversation won't immediately solve their wounds or erase their struggles. But it marks the first true step onto a brighter path—one where healing, connection, and reconciliation can finally begin.

This marks the end of the scenario—an ending that carries the hope of a brighter tomorrow for Aia and Vega, who have finally begun walking the long path toward becoming a family. Yet even now, there remains the possibility that **someone important is still missing from that picture**.

If you have met Vega before—if you have ever been part of the Kingdom of the Stars—then the scenario <u>continues</u>.

There are countless possibilities for what your relationship with Vega may have been, far too many to capture in a single narrative. Perhaps the first thing you did was rush to her side the moment you arrived. Perhaps the Vega who once followed you chose to merge with her other self. Or perhaps you waited for the right moment to reveal yourself, only for her distress call to reach you before you could act.

For the sake of clarity, this scenario assumes you have not approached her until now and Vega did not know about your nature as the very same Jumper that travelled the universe with her. If your story differs, you may adjust these events as needed to make them fit to your story.

After Aia leaves and goes to sleep, you'll receive a message meant for you. It is Vega asking for you to come to an undisclosed location in the planet, alone.



Vega will be waiting for you on the beach beneath a quiet, star-washed sky. The moment you draw near, she senses your presence; she turns, her expression caught somewhere between concern and a dawning, fragile realization.

“It’s you… isn’t it?” are her first words.

She knows.

She must have known the instant your true essence flared while saving her from TON 618—the moment Altair recognized you, the way Aia interacts with you as if an invisible thread binds all of you together. Even beneath the mantle of the Cosmic Lord, even hidden behind an alternate form or shape, she has pieced it together.

You are the one who was once the Star Seed of Earth.

You are *her* Jumper.

There is no way to deny it now, and the moment you confirm it, Vega breaks into tears. Five hundred years… to most Living Stars it would pass like the blink of an eye, but for her, it has been an eternity. She remembers the adventures with Aelia, Syldri, and the others as if they were yesterday. When she gathers enough breath to speak, her first questions are soft, trembling:

“How have you been?

…How long has it been for you?”



You and Vega will have the chance to talk for a long while—about your journeys, the wonders you've witnessed, the trials you've faced. In turn, Vega will share what these five hundred years have been like for her: how the Sylvandar colony came into existence, how the universe kept turning like a great cosmic wheel after the events in Laniakea, and how some of your friends and companions lived out their lives, for those who chose to remain.

And then, with visible hesitation, she gathers the courage to tell you one more thing.

She recalls *that* night—your kiss, the quiet moment before the Megalith War began. She explains what happened after your departure: how she forged a single stellar shard using both your essence and hers, and sent it toward Earth. If you haven't already realized the implications, the truth will begin to dawn on you here.

Who received that shard. Who merged with it. Who became a Star Seed.

Aia.

A daughter of the stars—your daughter.

Vega's expression eases, as though a weight she has carried for centuries has finally been lifted. She isn't trying to force anything upon you—she doesn't expect you to accept a role you're not ready for, nor is she demanding recognition. What she wants is simply to see how you respond to this truth she has kept hidden for so long.



How you choose to respond—your words, your gestures, even the silence between them—will shape what this moment becomes for Vega. And as you speak, you'll feel something shift in the fabric of reality itself, as though a color that had long been drained from the world quietly returns. Just as in that earlier jump, the cosmos seems to breathe again, glowing with renewed brightness.

"Thank you, [Jumper]. I hoped... truly hoped... that this day would come. To see you again. **I missed you**."

From there, Vega will wish to spend the rest of the night with you on that quiet shore beneath the starlit sky. The scenario gently draws toward its end, leaving only the closing moments for you to share with Vega and Aia—and, depending on your choices, the decision of whether to reveal to Aia the truth of who you are to her.

If you choose to accept both Vega and Aia, the following perk finally unlocks its true abilities. The perk also copies itself into both Vega and Aia, with you three sharing it no matter what, unless one voluntarily reneges it.

A Family Bond (Unlocked)

You are part of a family—one defined not only by blood, but by love, loyalty, and the unshakable certainty that you will never face existence alone. The ties between you and your family are unbreakable, strengthened by a connection that no force, power, or cosmic interference can sever. Those bound to you, whether through lineage, vow, pact, or chosen kinship, will remain steadfast and true, just as you will remain steadfast to them.

Fate and destiny themselves align to protect these relationships, ensuring they endure, flourish, and remain whole despite any trials that arise. This perk overrides any attempt to distort, corrupt, or weaken the bond you share with your family. You will always sense when one of them is in danger, in distress, or in need of you.

For a fleeting instant, you may even feel the echo of the family you may once had in your original world—a gentle brush of familiarity across your soul. And any new family member you welcome into your life will immediately receive a copy of this perk, becoming forever part of the bond you carry across worlds.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP



During the course of this adventure, exploring the hidden bond between Aia and Vega has caused the unraveling of the long-buried truth of their connection. Aia, unaware that Vega is her celestial mother, the very Living Star that turned her into a Star Seed, has lived her life without realizing the watchful presence that has lingered over since her transformation into a Star Seed. On the other hand, Vega harbored a deep fear of rejection, unsure if Aia would accept her after all this time.

Your involvement has helped to create a bridge between them, setting the first step toward healing their relationship. Not only that, but your actions were key in saving Vega from the clutches of the Avatar of TON 618, and with the aid of an unexpected friend, it has been destroyed for the second time by your hands.

As a token of gratitude and friendship, Aia will **gift you a simple yet meaningful necklace**—a seashell pendant from the time when she was still mortal, lovingly adorned with a small fragment of Vega's radiant essence. This necklace will serve as a reminder of your invaluable support during their darkest times, symbolizing the beginnings of a new relationship between mother and daughter.

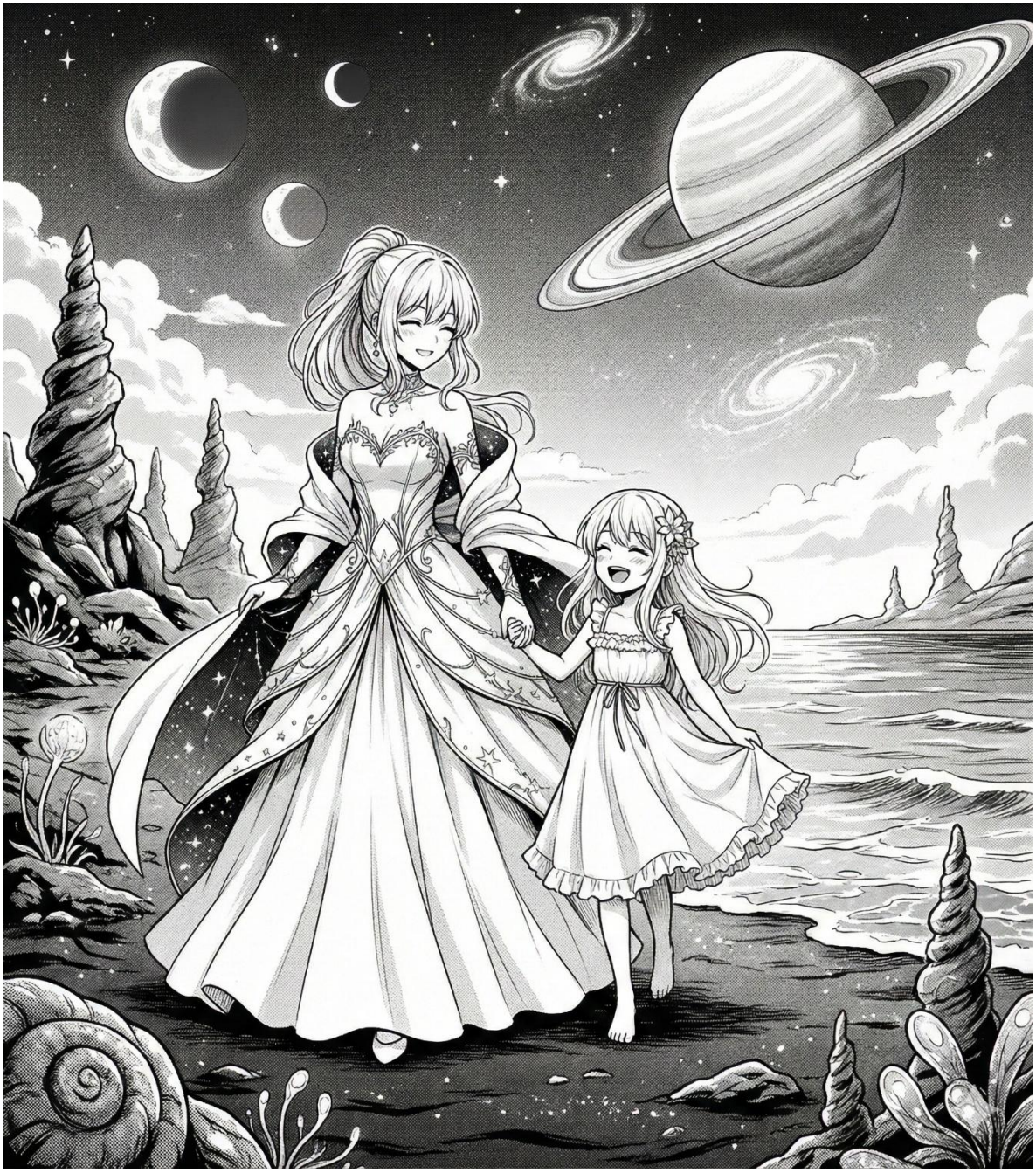
Companion: Vega, the Living Star from the Constellation of Lyra



Five centuries have passed for her—long, heavy years—and Vega has no intention of letting this second chance slip away. If you took her as a companion during *Kingdom of the Stars*, then the Vega of that journey will choose to merge with her prime self if she has not already done so, becoming a single being who carries both sets of memories, experiences, and feelings intertwined.

Still recovering from the devastating clash with TON 618, Vega can manifest only one Celestial Form for the time being. Curiously, when she remains close to her true stellar body, this form appears exactly as you once knew her. Yet the farther she travels from her star, the more she resembles **a younger, smaller version of herself**—a side effect, she explains, of her diminished stellar reserves. **In time, her full brilliance will return**, her cosmic power restored to its proper magnitude.

For now, though, Vega is simply content. Content to stand at your side again, to reclaim the bond time once strained, and to follow you and Aia across the vastness of creation on whatever adventures may come next.



In another time, another story, perhaps things could've been different. Perhaps having taken the choice of staying here with her in that jump could've had things going different for Aia.

Your choices matter.

The Singularity and the Star – Scenario Notes

This scenario, which originally began as a short adventure centered on Aia and her star-mother Vega, gradually expanded into a more developed story once the events of *Kingdom of the Stars* were taken into account. Vega's arc in that jump—where she serves as the primary companion—takes place roughly five hundred years before the events of this one. It was during those years within the jump where she, alongside others and you, journeyed across the galaxy and beyond, setting in motion changes that would alter the predestined history of this universe and create the possibility of avoiding a dark future.

With this scenario, I wanted to bring Vega back—not as the mysterious, young and wild star from before, but as a far more complete, mature, and emotionally intricate character. I wanted to explore how she would react upon meeting her daughter and facing *you* again after five centuries had passed from her perspective. Of course, the events of *Kingdom of the Stars* can unfold in many different ways depending on your choices. Your Vega might already be traveling with you as a fragment or alt-form, or she may have merged with her counterpart in this universe (...almost spoilers). Because of this, I know that crafting a single, rigid story could conflict with people's individual experiences. So I encourage you to freely adapt this scenario—bend it, twist it, or rewrite it—to fit your own narrative. The heart of the scenario is simple: you answer Vega's call, arrive to help her, notice her growing attachment to Aia, and eventually witness the emotional revelation that she is the star who created the stellar shard that merged with Aia, making her Aia's mother. Together, you work to stop TON 618 from taking her, and this crisis becomes the catalyst for the fragile but hopeful mending of their strained mother-daughter bond.

I also added a few nods to my original vision for *Kingdom of the Stars*—threads that could carry over into this jump. Among them is the possibility that Aia might also be your own unintended daughter, created when Vega, in a moment of emotional impulse after your departure, forged a stellar shard using both her essence and yours. It was an act born from loneliness, longing, hope, and possibly love—all of which you may choose to explore or ignore.

Finally, Vega returns as a companion option in this jump. Given her potential history with you—whether as a friend, partner, or something deeper—it felt natural that she would refuse to let a second chance pass her by. She may initially appear in a younger, smaller form as a result of her near-devouring by the Living Singularity, which drained much of her stellar power. Also, we can't forget the intervention of Altair, whose spirit or essence was devoured and trapped within the Living Singularity and hopefully with the destruction of its avatar it has now dissipated in peace after enduring for 500 years refusing to be absorbed just to intervene when it mattered the most. Personally, I find the image of a younger-looking Vega trying out modern fashions to be both charming and fun to play with—at least until her full stellar brilliance is restored once more.

Scenario 64: The Dreamscape's Hidden Truth Part I – Nightmares in the Waking World



Months pass, and for a time it seems as though the universe is finally beginning to settle. But tranquility, as always, proves fleeting. Whispers spread across friendly systems: impossible sightings, contradictions made real, evidence of entities that both existed and never were. Entire groups of people vanish without reason. Civilians report nights filled with suffocating nightmares… and in rare, horrifying cases, those nightmares manifest in the waking world. Most planets have their share of local anomalies, cryptids, or reality-bending oddities that explain isolated incidents—but never so many, across so many cultures, all at once. Something is happening. Something vast, and unseen.

Even if you choose to intervene personally, the truth refuses to reveal itself. Each time you arrive at a site of reported disturbance, the event has already ended. When you do make it in time, it is always by seconds—so close you can feel the ripples of the phenomenon, yet always just far enough that the culprit escapes. A door closes. A shadow withdraws. The aftermath remains, unmistakable and chilling… but the responsible force slips away as if reality itself is conspiring to hide it. This pattern escalates until, at last, the incidents reach Earth. A major military base in Europe sends out a desperate plea for assistance as an unknown entity lays waste to the defenses. Within minutes, fallen soldiers rise again, moving with the empty precision of the undead.

Upon arriving, you immediately sense the origin of the chaos: an impossible silhouette wrapped in living shadow. The creature is no extraterrestrial, no aberration of physics—but something far older and stranger. It hails from the Dreamscape, the collective imaginary realm born from the dreams, fears, and nightmares of all living minds. This particular nightmare is an **Abyssal Lich**, a powerful Dread Nightmare capable of commanding necrotic forces, animating corpses into mindless servants, and wielding *Dread Shades*—strange manifestations of nightmare power that belong only to Dreamscape-born entities. You would be wise not to underestimate such beings; their Dread Shades can bypass nearly all conventional defenses, resisted only by certain Dreamscape-born protections or powers that directly govern the laws of reality. Your Cosmic Vestments can deflect these assaults, but each time they do, they will suffer damage—small at first, but cumulative.

The Abyssal Lich known as **Aepthkahmon** believes himself untouchable, arrogantly confident in his dominion over nightmares and death. He will soon discover the error of invading your world. Destroying him, however, is far from simple. Abyssal Liches cannot be permanently killed as long as even a single mortal in the waking world remembers their legends—and Aepthkahmon's tales, dark rituals, and whispered stories run far deeper than you suspect. Still, you are the Cosmic Lord, and it falls upon you to uncover the method by which this connection can be severed forever. The means exist somewhere between dream and waking… but the path you choose to take is yours alone.

Succeeding in permanently destroying the Abyssal Lich ends its brief reign of terror, yet your victory brings no sense of closure. Almost immediately, your senses flare: elsewhere on Earth, other unnatural beings—each radiating a signature disturbingly similar to the Lich—are manifesting. Though far weaker, these nightmares still pose a threat, and while Earth's strongest defenders can repel some of them without your intervention, the pattern is unmistakable.

Something is deeply wrong within the Dreamscape.



Nightmares that should remain bound inside that realm are now slipping into the waking world, sowing chaos across continents. Soon reports from other worlds confirm the same phenomenon: a universe-wide breach, nightmares leaking into reality in escalating waves.

Your goal is clear—**you must enter Dreamscape** and quell the source of this crisis. But gaining access to it is no trivial matter. The Dreamscape is not a place one simply *walks* into.

To reach it, you will need knowledge—and time.

Diatomyr is aware of the Dreamscape's existence, but the sisters who once knew its pathways have long since vanished. The **Crystal Library of the Cosmos** may hold fragments of ancient guidance, perhaps involving the Living Stars and their enigmatic **Celestial Corridors**. Another option is to locate a true **dreamwalker**—one of the incredibly rare beings who can pass from waking reality into the Dreamscape freely. Fewer than a dozen exist across the entire universe.

Alternatively, you may possess abilities from earlier jumps capable of bridging the boundary. Some companions may also possess obscure or forgotten methods of entry; each path is uncertain, but all are worth exploring. Yet be warned: the Dreamscape feels *different* now—distorted—and entering it through conventional powers may lead you somewhere surprisingly unexpected.

Meanwhile, the incursions continue. Each week the nightmares manifest more frequently, their forms growing stronger, stranger, and more relentless. Civilians who encounter them risk terror, injury, or worse.

And then—if all else fails, or if you linger too long—Dreamscape itself will reach out to you.

One night, precisely at midnight, you will feel it: **a call**. Not a voice. Not a whisper. More like... a melody, a resonance brushing against your soul, familiar yet unplaceable. Not threatening—almost comforting, like being drawn gently into a loved one's embrace.

Sleep will pull at you.

Accepting its invitation does not feel like surrender. It feels like purpose.

And when your eyes close—

you will fall into dreams.

Into Dreamscape.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

Once more, the call of Dreamscape draws you into the realm of dreams and nightmares. But much has changed since the fall of the Songstress and the ascent of the Composer of Nightmares.

What became of the Songstress's Agents? What fate befell the Court of Dreams? The Dreamscape now lies in devastation—its harmony shattered, its foundations trembling. And within its broken echoes, a long-hidden truth waits to be uncovered.

Scenario 65: The Dreamscape's Hidden Truth Part II – The Silent Songstress



Something stirs within the **Hall of Infinite Notes**, deep in the shattered **Spire of Echoes**—once the radiant seat of Dreamscape's ruler, now a hollow monument to a forgotten age. Within that immense chamber, where harmonies once wove reality itself, two figures labor with quiet desperation.

Giriyela of the Swampy Fields, the healer witch whose voice could lull tempests, and **Municurne**, the former Spymaster of the Songstress, gather dreamlight and nightmare essence in equal measure. Upon the dais where a failsafe weapon once rested, an unstable crystal—shifting through hues both soothing and terrifying—hovered as they poured their shine and shade into it. Their purpose is singular and audacious:

To summon someone who might save Dreamscape from its unraveling.

This is where you awaken.

You find yourself lying on ancient mosaic tiles, the air heavy with the scent of old melodies and broken hopes. Before you floats the strange crystal, its colors pulsing in rhythm with your heartbeat. When your eyes open fully, two astonished beauties stare at you—one breathless with hope, the other with narrowed, calculating disbelief.

It actually worked.

Even they don't understand how. Perhaps fate intervened. Perhaps Dreamscape itself reached for you. Or perhaps your connection to this realm runs deeper than the bounds of this jump. Whatever the reason, the impossible has happened:

You now stand within Dreamscape once more.

And the very first sound to greet you is the trembling, melodious voice of Giriyela as she steps forward and pleads: **"Please, Cosmic Lord... help us."**

What follows is their recounting of Dreamscape's fall.

They speak of the age when the Songstress and the Composer clashed in secret, when dreams and nightmares strained against one another until the balance finally shattered. They recount the abduction of the Songstress, the long descent into chaos, the desperate raid upon the **Realm of Endless Dread**, and the battles against the Composer's Dread Generals—until the final confrontation within the **Obsidian Citadel**.

But the story only grows darker.

Though the Composer of Nightmares was defeated, he rose again through an unexpected betrayal. Municurne nearly snarls that word, spitting on the floor as memory burns her. She explains how one of the most brilliant Agents of the Songstress faded soon after, and the rest began to flicker—shines dimming, shades fraying—as the Songstress's light failed them.

They should have all vanished.

They *would* have vanished...

if not for the Silent Songstress.



This person, in the absence of the Songstress of Dreams, took upon the role of the Songstress and extended her power to the surviving Agents, somehow anchoring their existence, preventing them from dissolving into dream dust. Barely. Just barely.

If you once walked Dreamscape as **An Agent at the Service of the Songstress of Dreams**, you will recognize both women—and nearly every event recounted. Revealing your identity to them will produce a reaction powerful enough to shake the chamber. Hiding it will spare you that moment, but not the weight of their story.

Either way, they finish their tale the same way:

The surviving Agents now live fragmented, fragile lives. Their shines and shades are muted, suppressed—because the Silent Songstress can barely sustain them only if they do not draw upon her power. Dreamscape itself is collapsing. The Composer of Nightmares *rules* now. The Court of Dreams is gone. What remains are isolated pockets of refuge—cities like **Selarbor**, where remnants of hope still flicker. Even mighty **Ilirya**, jewel of Dreamscape, lies in ruin.

The Dreamscape survives now only in fragments. The Composer of Nightmares has all but claimed dominion over its denizens, and his influence grows bolder by the day. Though pockets of resistance remain—Dream-born souls who still defy him—their numbers dwindle as **Dread Nightmares** and **rogue Nightmares** multiply, swarming across the realm under the Composer's malignant will.

Worse yet, the Composer has found a way to pierce the boundary between dreams and reality. Nightmares that should dissipate the moment they step into the Waking World now linger—hours, days, even longer—an impossibility made real through some unknown method. Whatever he has done, it threatens both worlds.

When Giriyela and Municurne finish recounting their tale, and if you explain what has been happening in the Waking World—vanishings, attacks, nightmares manifesting as flesh—they exchange grim looks.

"It is him," Municurne confirms. "He sends his horrors to sow fear and despair. The more terror and fear he generates, the stronger he becomes." The solution, it seems, lies here in Dreamscape. And you, as the Cosmic Lord, may assume that confronting a powerful Nightmare should be a simple task.

That would be true...

if the Composer of Nightmares were still what he once was.

Giriyela gestures around the ruins. "Right now we stand within the shattered **Spire of Echoes**. It isn't safe. The Composer's eyes are everywhere. Municurne and I risked much to come here—only because the Silent Songstress bade us."

Dreamscape shifts endlessly, its landscapes in constant flux. Your cosmic senses—so dependable in the Waking World—are diffused here, scattered like starlight through fog. Even trying to track the greatest source of fear yields no clarity: it fractures into countless phantom directions, all shifting unpredictably.



Municurne crosses her arms.

"To end the nightmare spilling into reality, the traitorous Composer of Nightmares must fall. But he is not as he was. Something has changed him. He has become... even more powerful than his predecessor used to be. As though Dreamscape itself bends to his will."

She hesitates, then adds:

"But how he gained that power—that truth is not mine to tell. Only the Silent Songstress can speak of it."

Who is this Silent Songstress?

Neither Giriyela nor Municurne will explain.

They lead you through the hollow corridors of the ruined spire. Through cracked walls you glimpse the state of once-glorious **Ilirya**—a city that once shone like a dream given form. Now half its towers lie broken. The white stone is dulled to ash. The golden fields beyond the walls are withered husks. Whatever beauty and hope once radiated from this place has been drained away.

"The Nightmares ravaged it after the Songstress fell," Municurne mutters. "The only consolation was the defeat of the Dread Generals at the hands of that particular Agent and the others. But with the remaining Agents barely clinging to existence, even that victory means little."

At last, the climb brings you to what once were the private chambers of the **Songstress of Dreams**. The air here is eerily still, untouched by the drifting winds of dreamstuff. Giriyela places a hand on the ornate yet fractured door.

"She is inside," she whispers. "Please... go."

Both women remain outside.

This meeting—the audience with the **Silent Songstress**—is yours alone.

Inside the chambers—the highest sanctum of the Spire of Echoes—the air feels strangely still. The room is untidy, yet there is a gentle calm to it, like a place that has long since surrendered to sorrow but refuses to collapse entirely. Faint motes of dreamlight drift in corners, clinging to remnants of what once was.

And there, seated upon a chair woven from shadowed clouds and living darkness, is **the Silent Songstress**.

Duchess Nyxademia—the living embodiment of the fear of the dark, the Mistress of the Night, and now the forlorn heir to a mantle never meant to be hers. After the final battle in *An Agent at the Service of the Songstress of Dreams*, she awakened the moment Umbraxis, the Shadow Tyrant, fell. With the Dread General's destruction, its dread shade's effect unraveled—freeing her.

But her awakening brought no triumph.

It brought despair.

She learned of the Songstress of Dreams' death. And with their mistress's fall, the **Agents of the Songstress**—her most trusted hands and living echoes of her will—began to fade. Duchess Nyxademia understood that without the



Agents, Dreamscape would stand no chance against the Composer of Nightmares. So she did the unthinkable: she took up the mantle.

She became the Silent Songstress—**a songstress who cannot sing**.

For her voice, though powerful, cannot weave dreams and nightmares into reality, nor can she wield the full splendor of the true Songstress. Her immense power as the embodiment of the fear of the dark is still far too small for the task she has forced upon herself.

The toll is clear.

She looks drained—ashen, almost translucent—barely capable of sustaining the remnants of the Agents. Every time they call upon their shines or shades, the cost gnaws at her dwindling strength. She cannot endure this much longer.

"The so-called Silent Songstress welcomes you… Cosmic Lord," she says softly.

Her voice is quiet, but it carries weight.

She studies you for a lingering moment before speaking again.

"…I see. I can sense it—the power of dreams within you."

If you were once an Agent, she feels it instantly.

She will recognize the echo of the one who came closest to saving the Songstress. If you bear shines or shades, she feels that resonance in you—undeniable, familiar.

"Perhaps it is fate," she murmurs. "To meet the Cosmic Lord, and one whose spirit is so deeply tied to Dreamscape. I will not waste your time. Both the salvation of the Waking World and the fate of Dreamscape hinge on the defeat of the Composer of Nightmares."

Her gaze dims with sorrow.

"He was once devoted… misguided, yes, but devoted. Now he has become a blight—twisted by the very powers he sought to control."

She rises, though the effort visibly drains her.

"Do not let confidence blind you, Cosmic Lord. The Composer of Nightmares has seized the **soul of the Songstress**, and with it he wields a power within Dreamscape nearly equal to your own, he commands Dreamscape like you command reality. He has reshaped this realm to confound all who seek him. Dreamscape itself bends to shield him."

She lifts one trembling hand.

"But if anyone can reach him… it is you. Seek the place where everything began. Seek him in the **Obsidian Citadel**."

You may continue speaking with Nyxademia, who will share the fate of the agents once loyal to the Songstress—and perhaps reveal what became of other denizens who played key roles in her final days. When your conversation ends,

you may leave the chamber. Nyxademia will appear weary, yet quietly joyful, as though a fragile new hope has taken root within her heart. Despite everything that has transpired, she still believes the nightmare can end—and to her, you embody both hope and possibility.

Outside, Municurne and Giriyela await you. They understand what you must do, yet they cannot accompany you; they lack the power to confront the Composer of Nightmares in his current form. Before departing, if you look their way, your cosmic senses will momentarily pierce their Veiled Mirages—those potent, enigmatic auras that some denizens of Dreamscape possess, allowing them to conceal their true natures and appear as the viewer subconsciously expects. For a heartbeat, you glimpse their authentic selves: a lithe and hauntingly beautiful basilisk, and a towering raven cloaked in shadow. In the next blink, they are once more the women who spoke to you.

Your task is clear. **You must reach the Obsidian Citadel within the Realm of Endless Dread and confront the Composer of Nightmares.** The path will be long—though it may not be unfamiliar. A strange déjà vu lingers, as though you have walked these steps before.

To reach your destination, you must cross the ruins of Dreamscape. Many of its once-wondrous locales now lie shattered or twisted beyond recognition. Nightmares dominate the realm, and it may be wise to avoid drawing too much attention. In Dreamscape, time and distance have little meaning, so expect a journey shaped more by will than geography. You may encounter old allies, familiar threats, or horrors newly born, but your objective remains unchanged.

No matter how long your journey feels, none of it will count against your jump's allotted time in this particular scenario. Dream-time is fluid—minutes for the waking may unfold as years for the dreamer. Reaching the Realm of Endless Dread, locating the Obsidian Citadel, and potentially encountering the last surviving Dread General will allow the scenario to progress into its next part. Do not let this opportunity slip by—destroy this vile remnant of the original most powerful Dread Nightmares under the Composer if you can, and press onward into the Citadel to face the Composer of Nightmares in order to save both reality and the dream realm.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

The journey through Dreamscape toward the Realm of Endless Dread is an experience both strange and transformative. What lies within the Citadel remains unknown. Once it was the stronghold of the Composer of Nightmares; now it stands as the scar where ruin first spread through Dreamscape.

If you previously completed **An Agent at the Service of the Songstress of Dreams**, Duchess Nyxademia will recognize you at once in this scenario. In gratitude—and perhaps out of lingering hope—she will offer you a small boon to aid in what is to come. She possesses a unique Shade, and through the synthesis of her power and your nature as a Jumper, a Cosmic Lord, and an Agent, you are capable of learning it. It may not be a match for the Master of Fear, but she insists that you are worthy of it.

Grasp of the Night (Reward Tier 2 Shade)

A potent Shade born from Dreamscape itself. When invoked, your eyes shift to a deep Tyrian purple, and the world around you is instantly eclipsed into absolute night. While this Shade is active, all forms of fear-generation are magnified to an overwhelming degree—darkness gathers around you like a royal mantle, and even natural or magical sources of light dim beneath your presence.

Within this domain, you *are* the night. You *are* the dark.

Beings who claim intangibility or invincibility will recoil, for this Shade embodies the pure conceptual fear of darkness itself.

Any damage you inflict within this domain becomes lingering and semi-permanent, unable to be undone so long as the target continues to fear you, even if they escape within the bounds of this shade.

Scenario 66: The Dreamscape's Hidden Truth Part III – The Obsidian Citadel



Reaching the Citadel was never truly *dangerous*—not for you. In Dreamscape, genuine threats to someone on the level of a Cosmic Lord are incredibly rare. The obstacles along your path will seek instead to mislead you, to cloud your senses, to drown you in fear or divert you down winding, dream-lengthened routes. Yet the trek through Dreamscape and into the Realm of Endless Dread remains a revelation. With the Songstress gone, the realm has changed profoundly: entire regions have shifted or vanished, new locations have manifested, and the landscape feels as though Dreamscape itself conspired to delay your arrival.

But at last, you stand before your destination: the Obsidian Citadel, buried in the deepest reaches of the Realm of Endless Dread. It was once the sovereign fortress of the Composer of Nightmares—at least, of the *former* Composer. Now it lies scarred and ruined from the catastrophic raid led by the Agents of the Songstress and the final clashes of that fateful day.

The Citadel still radiates an oppressive air of dread. Its broken form only heightens the sense that something is fundamentally wrong here, that danger breathes beneath the surface even if it is unseen. The main gate has been shattered, the entryway scattered with unmistakable signs of battle. And yet, for a place once described as the beating heart of Dreamscape's nightmares, it is strangely devoid of Nightmares or other threats.

Inside, the ascent to the highest spire is impossible—the upper levels have collapsed, jagged and broken, offering glimpses of the swirling grey and black clouds churning above. A handful of paths remain, branching into the Citadel's fractured interior. Your cosmic senses detect an uneasy wrongness saturating the place, as though the very reality here is foreign—claimed by another mind and another will.

Within these walls, you will quickly discover that brute-forcing your way through reality itself is nearly impossible. Attempts at reality manipulation meet fierce resistance, and even when successful, the changes revert almost immediately to their original form and purpose. This Citadel is under the Composer of Nightmares' absolute dominion, and he has no intention of letting your journey be an easy one.



Exploring the lower level reveals little at first. Signs of an old battle are everywhere: shattered fragments of instruments lie scattered across the floor—once conduits that amplified the powers of the Songstress's Agents, now nothing more than broken relics. As you walk, a creeping sensation begins to press at the edges of your awareness, as if unseen eyes track your every move, as though you are being watched... stalked... exposed. You will find no enemies here, but with the right senses or abilities, you can identify the source: **a subtle memetic effect saturates the entire chamber**. Your Cosmic Vestments will dampen—perhaps even negate—its influence, though lingering too long may strain them.



A passage at the far end leads into a corridor whose walls are adorned with carved scenes from Dreamscape's history. Some depict a woman and a man dancing among Dreams and Nightmares; others show the woman singing while the man conducts the surrounding entities in perfect harmony. In some carvings they are two figures; in others, a single being split across two forms. Faces and masks representing the beings are sculpted throughout the stonework—silent, unmoving, seemingly harmless. All are strange, new to you, except two masks that feel strangely familiar. One seems to be based on the appearance of the Songstress of Dreams while the other seems to represent the previous incarnation of the Composer of Nightmares.

Do not peer into their openings.

Within each hollow mask lies not shadow, but something far more malignant: pure, liquefied fear. Even a brief touch would be enough to overwhelm your senses for a moment, potent enough to affect even you if you are careless. All around the place you'll find old and useless relics, some representing mundane items, statues, skulls, or garments and armor. Take no notice of them, for they are all solidified nightmares, and by all means they act as cursed items. Carrying one or two might not have noticeable effects for you, but even a single item might prove to be quite dangerous to an unsuspecting dreamer or mortal. Carrying more than two might begin to show adverse effects on you Cosmic Lord, so beware.



Continuing onward, you enter a long hallway where the darkness feels almost physical—heavy, oppressive, suffocating. In truth, nearly every corner of the Citadel is submerged in near-total shadow, granting a mortal just enough vision for imagination to fill the void with terror. But your cosmic senses pierce deeper than the Composer ever intended, and any light you summon forces the darkness to recoil. Here, your very presence pushes back against the nightmare-reality that dominates this place.

If you look beyond the narrow range of mortal sight, you'll notice shapes embedded within the walls—countless dark entities watching you in absolute silence. They are nightmares, formless and ancient, born from the Citadel's own shadows. Once, they served as its innermost guardians, devouring any who dared trespass into their master's domain.

But now, they hesitate.

You are no mere intruder—no Dreamer, no wandering mind, but something they can't fathom—and they feel this with every step you take. Like vermin keeping their distance from a sleeping lion, they cling to the walls, unwilling to test you.

Should you bring others with you, however, the story changes. These creatures will not hesitate to attack others, and the horrors they bring are best left unexplored. Consider this if you have brought your companions into this place.



Arriving at the end of the corridor opens into a broad chamber—yet somehow, impossibly, it feels even darker than the hall behind you. The shadows here cling to form and intention, gathering thickly around a raised platform at the far end of the room. Atop three circular steps rests a grotesque sight: a bleached skull with fangs like curved obsidian, set upon a tattered cloak that drapes over a void of absolute darkness. Several spectral spears protrude from within the cloak—frozen at the moment they pierced it—silent witnesses to a battle long lost. It is as though a group of warriors were consumed whole, their desperate final strikes preserved as part of the creature's silhouette.

The skull stares at you with hollow, predatory focus.

It does not speak.

It does not move.

It simply *waits*—as though weighing your presence, testing the air around you, calculating what sort of being dares approach.

You may address it, for this is **Morgrath the Black**, and the path ahead will not open without facing him.

A low tremor rolls through the chamber—felt, not heard. The skull's empty eye sockets ignite with twin embers of black fire, and the spears within the cloak shift as though stirred by an unseen breath.

Then a voice emerges.

It is deep, resonant, layered with a thousand whispers and a single roar—like darkness itself trying to remember how to speak.

"So... the Cosmic Lord walks into the carcass of my master's throne."

The chamber seems to tighten around you, as though the very stone leans closer to listen.



"I have watched eons pass without a challenger bold enough to stand where you now stand."

A rattling sound follows—perhaps a laugh, perhaps a snarl.

"Dreamers break. Nightmares kneel. Agents bleed and vanish. But *you*..."

The black fire flares.

"...you arrive as though summoned by inevitability."

Morgrath leans forward slightly, though the cloak beneath him does not move.

"Tell me, Cosmic Lord—why do you tread the Realm of Endless Dread?"

A pause.

"Do you hunt the Composer? Do you seek to end the nightmare he has become?"

Another pause—longer, colder.

"Or..."

The darkness inside the cloak churns like a living storm.

"...have you come simply to test the limits of fear itself?"

Morgrath straightens, the spears within him subtly shifting with the motion.

"Answer with care. Your truth determines whether you pass... or remain here forever as another forgotten echo in the dark."

You may answer Morgrath—explain your purpose, question its motives, or challenge its authority. What it replies depends on many things. You may even attempt to strike it down... only to discover, in an instant, that in this chamber **nothing** responds.

Your Cosmic Powers do not stir.

Your abilities and perks fall silent.

Your strength finds no purchase.

It is just you—unaugmented, unshielded—standing less than ten feet from Morgrath the Black.

The realization is a cold, creeping thing:

What if Morgrath decides to attack?

What if other nightmares appear?

What if the Composer himself materializes behind you?

A thousand possibilities bloom like poisoned flowers.

But this is no battle.

This is a **test**.

Or rather... yet another trap woven into the Citadel's oppressive design, meant to unmake your composure and pull you into fear. Because if you yield—even for a heartbeat—Morgrath swells with your terror. Its shadow expands, its form grows titanic, and in moments you may find yourself a trembling speck before a giant born entirely from your own dread. Should a self-sustaining cycle of fear take hold, Morgrath will become unstoppable—for you would be the one feeding it, and trust me Cosmic Lord should this be the case he will turn hostile.

However, if you remain calm... steady... untouchable amid the suffocating pressure, then the illusion fractures. Eventually, Morgrath leans forward, its voice scraping like bone over stone, offering you a final challenge:

"So the Cosmic Lord does not break... then come. Step into my darkness— and vanish forever."

You turn—and find that the entire room has sealed itself. No exits. No doors. No windows.

The Citadel denies you every ability, every escape, every spark of cosmic might.

Only one path remains:

Directly into the absolute black beneath Morgrath's cloak.

The darkness radiates the essence of annihilation. Entering it feels like willingly crossing the threshold of your own death.

What will you do?

You may wait as long as you wish... but no miracle escape will reveal itself. Morgrath will not move. The shadows will not part.

The crossroads is absolute.

If you reach out, even lightly, the darkness meets your hand with a cold so profound it pierces through Cosmic Vestments and every defense you possess. Entering it fully requires unwavering will—and a courage strong enough to reject the fear pressed upon you by Dreamscape itself.

Should you step forward—

Morgrath erupts into manic, triumphant laughter, as though claiming an eternal prize...

And then—

Silence.

The darkness evaporates.

You will stand alone in the chamber.

Morgrath is gone—completely, absolutely gone.

The oppressive gloom that once smothered the room has thinned, revealing only faint, broken features of stone and dust.

The three circular steps remain, but atop them now stands a narrow stairwell that leads deeper into the Citadel.



Your Cosmic Powers feel as if they were never gone. Your abilities, perks, and nature as a Cosmic Lord reassert themselves immediately—as if the entire encounter had been no more than a nightmare illusion woven to trap or cripple you. Was Morgrath even real, or merely part of your own imagination and fears made manifest?

But if you reach this point, then you resisted.

You passed a dark test, though it's not clear if it was made by this place or was a test of your own.

The path forward is open, and with it, the final approach to your true destination.



Through the darkened corridors of the Citadel, the path carries you onward. Each step through these haunted halls feels disjointed from time itself—like wading through echoes. Faintly, almost imperceptibly, a melody drifts to your ears. A song.

One you have heard before.

The final melody the Songstress of Dreams sang as a final plea for rescue and salvation before her tragic fall—faint as memory, fragile as a dream on the verge of waking.

Eventually, you emerge into the heart of the Obsidian Citadel:

The Abode of True Fear.

This chamber was once the seat of the Composer of Nightmares, where he shaped terror like symphonies and unleashed twisted masterpieces upon Dreamscape. Now, it lies shattered. A broken cage rests upon the ground, its door blasted open—the prisoner it once held long gone, stolen away by sorrow and calamity.

Scars of the great battle remain: collapsed walls, scorched stone, a crater where unimaginable power struck, fragments of blackened crystal and shattered instruments. This was where the Agents of the Songstress made their final stand, where hope clashed against despair... and where the future of Dreamscape was rewritten.

Yet now, the chamber is still.

Empty.

Hollow.

And wrong.

Fear saturates the air—thick, clinging, heavy—as if the very space remembers the battles fought here. But the Composer of Nightmares is nowhere to be seen. No movement. No presence. Only a hostile quiet that feels like it is holding its breath.



Then—

A voice, distant yet thunderous, cuts through the silence, echoing from somewhere far above you.

A voice that should not be here.

A voice that has been waiting.

"I did not expect *you* to be the newly awakened Cosmic Lord. Tell me—how can the one destined to guard the universe hope to save it... when you could not even save HER?"

With those words, the figure releases its hold and drops to the ground before you.



You now stand before the **Composer of Nightmares**—the master of terror and the current ruler of the Dreamscape. Power radiates from him in suffocating waves, fear coiling around his form like an endless nightmare. And beneath that terror, you sense something else as well: the unnatural twist of dream-essence bent to his will.

A maelstrom of emotion stirs within him—astonishment, disbelief, and then, rising like a storm, anger and envy. Whatever his purpose here, he has come alone. No Nightmares lurk in the shadows to aid him, nor does he require them. He came with intent... but upon seeing you, something old and buried has awakened inside him.

He never accepted defeat—not in contests, not in power, and certainly not in the affections of the Songstress. Yet here you stand, transformed, elevated just like he is... a being now closer to his own nature than ever before.

His voice cuts through the stillness:

"**I will not lose again, Agent. This time, you will not stand in the way of my desire. It is time... for our rematch.**"

A twisted smile creeps across his face.

"**Let the games begin—**

and may the loser be destroyed... forevermore."

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

The time for the fated rematch begins, the Composer of Nightmares has challenged you, Cosmic Lord!

Scenario 67: The Dreamscape's Hidden Truth Part IV – Games of the Court – Rematch!



The Composer of Nightmares—**Noctis Nightfall**—summons his unique Shade and the Games of the Court begin. His power saturates the Dreamscape, making resistance impossible. In an instant, reality twists, and you find yourself standing atop a colossal checkered board, its squares stretching out into a surreal horizon. Towering chess pieces loom above you, and a vast, impossibly bright full moon hangs frozen in the sky.

This place is not Dreamscape... nor any universe you recognize.

"**You will face three challenges,**" Noctis announces, his voice echoing across the board.

"**A game of character, a game of might, and a game of pure skill. Prove yourself, and you may survive. Fail... and you will be consumed by your own inadequacy. For in these games, the loser is destroyed—forever.**"

A manic edge creeps into his tone as he rests on top of a massive chess piece.

"**Do try to disappoint me, Cosmic Lord.**"

To halt the advance of this nightmare, you must overcome trials designed to unravel your spirit—echoes of the games he once played as an Agent under the Songstress herself. Beating all three games should mean you will vanquish the Composer of Nightmares, though losing a single one will have dire consequences for you, Jumper.

You must overcome every challenge presented by the Composer of Nightmares. All your cosmic powers, abilities, and perks remain available—**yet none will allow you to bypass, break, or prematurely end the games**. No ability can be used to escape, auto-win, or circumvent the trials.

You do not realize it—not yet—but the Composer is wielding the true essence of **Nightmares** and the true essence of **Dreams**, reshaping reality around you both. Within his unique Shade, **"Games of the Court,"** only one victor can exist.

As long as the Shade remains active, you cannot harm or hinder the Composer of Nightmares, and he cannot **directly** harm or hinder you. Instead, the Shade forges trials from both his power and your own subconscious—creating challenges worthy of a Cosmic Lord.

The Games are, in a twisted way, *fair*: no cheating is possible.

But the odds? They are heavily stacked against you.

Throughout each trial, **Noctis's voice** echoes from unseen corners of the warped arena. At times he mocks you. At others, he laughs at your struggles. Sometimes he reminisces about his days under the Songstress... and sometimes his voice sharpens with bitterness as he recalls how much he loathed seeing you make her laugh—how she smiled for you in ways she never did for him.

[Consider that in this scenario, the rules of the Composer of Nightmares' Shade will ensure that if you lose at even one of these trials, you will face complete destruction. Even if you restore yourself with 1-ups or other means, the Shade will persist, immediately destroying you again and again. There's no other escape from these games, its either win or be destroyed and fail the jump.]



The First Trial casts you into a labyrinth woven from haunting memories—moments you buried, regrets you refused to face, fears you hoped would fade. Only by navigating these illusions and confronting the shadows of your past can you escape.

The memories you face feel *absolutely real*. These are not mere echoes of your journey in this jump, Jumper—they are fragments from **previous jumps**, from worlds you survived and threats you overcame... and even from the life you lived *before* you ever began your chain. Nothing is hidden here. Nothing is off-limits.

This trial carries several dangers.

First is the simple, terrible **believability** of what you experience. These memories were real once, and they will press against your heart with the weight of truth. Ignoring them is impossible—they are crafted to hurt, to strike where you are weakest. Do not delude yourself, Jumper; even the greatest who ever walked the chain were once ordinary humans, with strengths... and with vulnerabilities.

The second danger is the labyrinth itself. It bears its name for a reason. Even if the memories fail to ensnare you, the labyrinth is fully capable of doing so. No power, ability, perk, item, or trick can map it or guide you. You must walk it—step by step—trusting only in your resolve.

The labyrinth has no fixed shape; it shifts and twists, born from your memories and sculpted by the Composer's will. Still, the rules of the Game demand that an exit must exist... even if the path to it is maddeningly difficult.

Near the end, on the final stretch before the exit, you will encounter a **visage of someone you hold dear**. Among all your companions, friends, lovers, and family, it will be the one who matters most to your heart. And they will try to make you stay—*with extraordinary conviction*. For all intents and purposes, they **are** that person: their voice, their mannerisms, their memories, their feelings. Every detail is perfect.

Except for one flaw. A single, almost imperceptible inconsistency.

Recognizing it is exceedingly difficult... and failing to do so has trapped many before you.

If you are not careful, Jumper, you may become one of them and lose this game.



The Second Trial thrusts you into a mirror arena, where dark reflections of yourself emerge—twisted echoes that wield your worst traits as weapons. To prevail, you must master your identity, accept your flaws, and outmaneuver the versions of yourself that embody everything you deny.

You will stand upon a vast gray expanse. There is no sky, no ground—only endless emptiness broken by **countless mirrors**, each one shimmering with distorted potential.

This is a **Trial of Might**.

From the mirrors, shadows step forth: warped doppelgangers shaped from the flaws within you. There could be a greedy version of yourself. A violent one. A liar. A coward. One that revels in cruelty. One that perhaps delights in destruction or control of others. They are not random creations—they are **your flaws**, real and present within you, magnified and twisted by the Composer's influence.

Each reflection is powerful, wielding all your powers, perks, and abilities... but each is only a fragment. Individually, they are weaker than you; after all, **you are the whole**, and they are but pieces. Yet they are relentless. Should you fall here, they believe one of them may take your place—becoming the true "you," free at last.

Destroying them is possible, but meaningless. Shattered reflections reform moments later, stepping from another mirror with renewed hunger. The arena is endless, and so is their return.

Only one method truly works:

To **accept** these flaws as part of yourself.

Not deny them, not suppress them—accept them. This is easier said than done. Many flaws revealed here are ones you probably never recognized. And the doppelgangers, armed with your own memories, will not hesitate to weaponize your past, resurfacing every moment you tried to forget.

But once you acknowledge all that you are—the good *and* the terrible—the reflections will lose their power over you. One by one, the mirrors begin to crack. The arena fractures like glass struck from within. When the last shard falls, the trial ends, and you will stand ready to face the next challenge.



The Final Trial is played on a grand cosmic chessboard, where entire galaxies serve as pieces and every move reshapes the Dreamscape. The Composer, confident in his mastery over this realm, manipulates the game with ease, but to win, you must learn to bend the fluid rules of the dream world. This ultimate confrontation will test your strength, wisdom, and resilience. Victory requires more than raw power—it demands strategy and an unyielding spirit, as defeating the Composer of Nightmares is the only way to stop the incursions and save reality.

This is the Composer's domain—fluid, mutable, and governed by rules only he truly understands. He moves his pieces with unsettling ease, confidence radiating from every gesture.

To win, you must do what he believes impossible:
learn the dream's rules fast enough to break them.

This confrontation is more than a contest of power. It tests your insight, resolve, and ability to stand firm before overwhelming manipulation. Victory demands not only strength, but strategy—and the unwavering will to challenge the being who has ruled nightmares since before you first set foot in Dreamscape.

You and the Composer face each other from opposite ends of the enormous board. Moving a piece requires only a thought, but these are no simple tokens. Lose a pawn, and an entire galaxy collapses into oblivion. Capture a knight, and portions of Dreamscape shudder free from the Composer's grasp. Shift a bishop, and nightmares flicker into dreams—or dreams curdle into horrors.

Every decision has weight. Every choice echoes through realms you may never fully understand.

And yet, the game is not merely a game.

The Composer plays with malice sharpened by resentment. He lays traps woven from fear, temptation, and doubt. He crafts dilemmas that force you to choose between strategic advantage and the safety of those you care about. He whispers threats, memories, and jealous grievances—anything to make your hand falter.

At the center of the board stand two kings:

one shaped in **your image**,

the other in **his**.

The moment a king falls, the game ends—along with the loser.

Defeat means annihilation.

Victory should mean you shatter the Composer's hold on Dreamscape... and sever the nightmare incursions once and for all.



Victory will not come easily. If you manage to outwit and outplay the Composer, the win is yours—but nothing in this scenario or this jump guarantees success. Everything depends on you. Should you prevail, it *should* mean the end of the Composer of Nightmares once and for all...

or so you believe.

Noctis Nightfall has no intention of accepting defeat.

He did not endure the loss of the Songstress at the hands of the previous Composer, nor survive the slow corruption and seduction of true nightmare essence, only to fall to his own Shade. The games do not end—because he refuses to let them. Drawing upon the deepest power of nightmares, Noctis twists even the rules of Shades themselves. As long as the Games of the Court persist, he needs only a single moment of your failure.

And yet... will you allow that?

Dreamscape may be his dominion, but **you are the Cosmic Lord**. If there is any being capable of standing against him, it is you. If victory through the games is denied, then only the oldest answer remains.

Force.

A strike. A clash. A blow so absolute that it makes reality itself recoil. Should you act, Noctis will answer in kind, and when your powers meet, the resulting shockwave will tear through Dreamscape—**shattering the game, the board, and the false rules that bind you both.**

The confrontation that follows is nothing short of awe-inducing. Within Dreamscape, the Composer of Nightmares stands **as your equal**, wielding fear with the same mastery you command reality in the waking world. He bends nightmares to their absolute extreme, and disturbingly, he wields the power of dreams as well. Shades, Dread Shades, and even stolen fragments of Shine are brought against you in a relentless, apocalyptic struggle.

This battle is yours alone.

No companions may intervene—any who attempts to do so would be annihilated by the forces unleashed. There are no spectators, no safeguards, and no second chances.

How will you defeat this foe, Cosmic Lord?

The answer lies not in rules, games, or dreams—but in **your will to end the nightmare forever.**

The resolution of this final conflict between you and Noctis Nightfall, the Composer of Nightmares, rests entirely in your hands. It must be nothing short of epic, for it will undeniably decide who stands as the true master of Dreamscape—and perhaps of reality itself.

When the conflict reaches its end, only one shall stand victorious, and the other shall be undone.



At this point, your growth as a Cosmic Lord should allow you to fight on a level never before witnessed. Every blow, every collision of power, sends tremors through reality itself, fracturing the moment and revealing fleeting visions of alternate paths—other versions of you and Noctis that might have been, yet never came to pass.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

Defeating Noctis Nightfall in single combat is an achievement that will be remembered by the denizens of Dreamscape for ages to come. The final battle, fought within a realm of higher thought—bordering a dimension beyond Dreamscape itself—reverberated across the entire dream realm and was felt even within the Waking World.

Should you emerge victorious, Noctis staggers back, his form flickering like a nightmare on the verge of ending. He fixes his gaze upon you and slowly extends an arm, pointing as he speaks:

"Foolish Agent... this is all a dream within a dream. The only question left is—who will be the one to wake up first?"

A fractured laugh escapes him as his form begins to unravel and fade. Whether he was truly destroyed remains uncertain, but his presence vanishes completely from Dreamscape, leaving behind an absence where fear once reigned.

As the Composer of Nightmares disappears, a single object remains. A smooth, round sphere gently falls to the ground where he once stood.

Could this be what was left behind when **she** fell...?

The Dreamstone (Reward Item)



A small, spherical stone, iridescent and shimmering with colors that shift and change like a kaleidoscope. Embedded within its translucent depths is a tiny, swirling vortex, a miniature representation of the infinite realms of dreams and nightmares. It is a token that, when touched, evokes a profound sense of déjà vu, a fleeting awareness of the illusionary nature of reality. It whispers a silent message: *"This is all a dream within a dream..."*

What use could this mysterious stone have? For now, it seems to give you pleasant dreams if you sleep next to it, though surely this is the first of many secrets this item holds.

With the defeat of the Composer of Nightmares, profound changes ripple through Dreamscape. The Dread Nightmares are the first to suffer the consequences—stripped of their Dread Shades, their power collapses, and they soon begin to fade away. Dreamscape itself feels the impact of its fallen ruler. Though it cannot truly heal without both a Songstress and a Composer, a fragile balance has been restored. The realm will degrade no further. Dreams and Nightmares may now begin the long process of recovery, and the reign of terror has finally ended.

The Waking World is not spared these changes. The incursions of Nightmares, once frequent and relentless under their master's command, abruptly cease. Deprived of the Composer's power, they can no longer defy the laws of reality. The denizens of Dreamscape were never meant to walk freely among the waking, and once more they are bound to their own realm.

In the aftermath of these events, as silence settles where fear once ruled, you may find yourself wondering: did you truly uncover the hidden truths of Dreamscape? Or, after treading its deepest secrets and clashing with the master of fear itself, were you instead left with even more unanswered questions—new mysteries born from a realm as wondrous as it is unfathomable?

Only time will tell.

Scenario 68: Heaven's Fall Part I



Several months after your previous trials, you answer a distress call from a distant world—one that, at first glance, appears to be yet another familiar crisis. A catastrophic force has been unleashed upon the planet, reducing entire cities to ruin and leaving its inhabitants desperate for salvation. For you, a Cosmic Lord, the danger itself poses little true threat.

Everything proceeds as expected... until it doesn't.

In the final moments of the conflict—whether through accident, selfless sacrifice, or a cruel twist of fate—**one of your companions, someone other than Diatomyr, is slain**.

Despite your overwhelming power, every attempt to revive them fails.

Advanced technology, resurrection rites, divine invocations, even direct manipulation of reality itself—none of it works. Their body remains inert, untouched by forces that have restored worlds and rewritten destinies. Whatever has claimed them lies beyond the reach of your usual miracles.

Your remaining companions turn to you for answers, but for the first time in a long while, you have none.

Emotions run high. Doubt creeps in. And it is Diatomyr—usually soft-spoken and contemplative—who voices a chilling possibility. Perhaps the failure is not in your methods, but in what they seek to restore. In this universe, resurrection is impossible without a soul. And if the soul cannot be found... then it must have gone somewhere unreachable.

There are only two such destinations: the Thousand Hells, or the High Heavens.

Your investigation quickly rules out the former. There is no demonic residue, no infernal taint, no sign of hellish interference. All evidence points upward—to the High Heavens of this universe, known as **Elysium's Embrace**.

This revelation brings little comfort.

Those versed in cosmic lore will tell you the same grim truth: souls that enter the heavens are all but impossible to reclaim. Elysium's Embrace is a sanctuary beyond interference, its inhabitants shielded from outside influence by the very laws of existence. Once a soul is accepted, it is protected absolutely.

And there is a far greater problem.

Elysium permits only the dead to enter.

No ritual, no power, no perk, no clever loophole allows a living being access to its gates. There is no deception that can fool it. To enter Elysium as far as you know would require true death—and for you, **that would mean total destruction and an immediate failure of the jump, unless you possess an out of context perk that might allow you to do so.**

Still, hope flickers.

You may scour the universe for knowledge of the High Heavens, though most accounts amount to distorted myths and half-remembered legends. Only the **Crystal Library of the Cosmos** holds reliable truth. There, you might learn something unsettling: souls within Elysium do not remain forever. Over time, they fade—dissolving into the heavenly whole until nothing remains.

The Library offers no known method of entry. The heavens are bound so deeply to the structure of reality that bypassing them should be impossible.

And yet...

Among the fragmented memories of fallen custodians, you uncover a peculiar record: the keeper of Elysium's Embrace, **Amara Celestis**, maintains a long-standing and enigmatic connection with the ruler of the Thousand Hells.

A contradiction. A crack in the perfect order.

Perhaps the Demon Queen knows more than she lets on.

Of course, dealing with her is never simple. Mischievous, cunning, and endlessly opportunistic, she will not aid you without exacting a price of her own.

Whether through forbidden knowledge, a dangerous bargain, or open defiance of cosmic law itself, the path forward is clear.

You must find a way into Elysium's Embrace.

To bargain for your companion's soul...

or to take it back by force.

Scenario Rewards: +200 CP



Uncovering a method to enter **Elysium's Embrace as a soul** and standing before **Amara Celestis** marks the completion of the first chapter of this scenario. The true prize—the recovery of your fallen companion's soul—remains unresolved, deferred to trials yet to come.

This is only the beginning.

Amara Celestis does not surrender what has been entrusted to her lightly. Within Elysium's Embrace, her authority over souls is absolute, woven into the very laws that define the heavens. Any attempt to reclaim a soul at this stage is almost certain to fail. **The most likely outcome of this part is refusal**.

If you approach Elysium as a soul alone, Amara will deny your request and **banish you from the High Heavens with effortless finality**. No violence, no struggle—simply judgment, and exile.

Part II of this scenario will deal with what comes next: discovering a way to enter Elysium *physically*, defying the rules that forbid the living, confronting Amara Celestis on equal footing, and reclaiming your companion's soul by force, bargain, or revelation.

There is, however, another path. Should you recover the soul through alternate means before that point, the scenario will conclude early. Doing so will save your companion—but will permanently forfeit access to Part II and its associated rewards.

If you are cast out of Elysium's Embrace without answers, **Dabria** may quietly share a dangerous rumor: a hidden backdoor into the heavens. Its location is unknown, lost even to her, but its name persists in forbidden whispers—

The Sanctum of Hope and Dreams. Finding it may be your only way forward.

Heaven's Fall Part I - Scenario Notes



If you choose to seek aid from the **Demon Queen**, she will agree—readily, even—but not without a price. The favor she asks is a strange one.

She will mark the back of your hand with a **small, obsidian-black sigil**, cold to the touch yet not painful. When questioned, **Dabria** will assure you that it is neither harmful nor malicious, to you or those you cherish. She will not, however, explain its true purpose. *"Some things are better understood later,"* she will say with a knowing smile.

Accepting her terms seals a demonic contract.

Dabria will produce a **black chalice filled with a luminous golden liquid**, drink from it herself, and then offer it to you. Should you accept and take a sip, the pact is finalized. She will raise the chalice as radiant and shadowed energies coil around her and the cup alike, the air vibrating with power drawn from both Heaven and Hell. When she opens her eyes once more, she will speak softly:

"Good luck, Promised One. May you endure what even gods cannot."

The world will unravel.

Reality twists, stretches, and dissolves as you are torn from Pyraxis, from the Hells, and from any place that obeys time or distance. It feels like being hurled through a passage faster than light, faster than thought itself—until motion ceases altogether.

You will arrive in **Elysium's Embrace**.

The High Heavens are radiant, serene, and impossibly calm. Your form here is no longer physical—only a **pale, ethereal reflection** of yourself, a soul-shaped echo drifting through divine light. You are neither alive nor dead, but something suspended between.

Within Elysium, peace presses in on you.

An overwhelming sense of rest tugs at your thoughts, dulling urgency, softening grief. The need to find your companion's soul feels distant, strangely unimportant—as though it belongs to another life. This is the true danger of the Heavens. Elysium does not cage souls; it *invites* them to stay.

You must resist this call.

Failing to do so will see you slowly dissolve into the Heavens, unable to return, lost in eternal repose.

Before long, you will sense another presence.

A woman approaches, angelic in form and flawless in bearing, her beauty not overwhelming but *inevitable*. She is both singular and almost omnipresent, existing wherever she wills within the Heavens.

This is **Amara Celestis**, Keeper of Elysium.

She knows every soul within her realm—and she is immediately aware of you.



Her aura is calm, welcoming, and unyielding. She will listen as you speak, allowing you to plead your case, recount the tragedy that claimed your companion's life, and beg for their soul's return. She will not interrupt. She will not judge aloud.

When you finish, she will pause.

Then, gently, she will refuse.

Amara will confirm that your companion's soul has indeed arrived in Elysium's Embrace—and that it cannot leave. No soul ever does. The purpose of Elysium is not preservation, but **release**: a place where souls are guided toward eternal rest, where they eventually dissolve and merge with the greater cosmic order.

You may demand. You may argue. You may threaten.

None of it will matter.

Within Elysium, **Amara's authority over souls is absolute**. As you stand now—neither fully alive nor truly dead—you are subject to the laws of her realm. She will not harm you, nor will she fight you. She will simply declare that *this is not your time*.

With a single act of will, you will be dismissed.

You awaken back in your body, deep within Pyraxis, guarded by your companions and Dabria. The connection to Elysium is severed.

Any attempt to return with Dabria's assistance will fail. The Heavens themselves now reject you outright. With mild irritation, Dabria will admit that Amara has noticed her interference.

"Seems my little trick won't work again," she'll mutter. *"Not anytime soon."*

For a time, all hope seems lost.

Then, after a long silence, Dabria will speak again.

"There might still be a way..."

She will tell you of a place bound by design to both **Heaven and Hell**, intimately connected to both herself and Amara Celestis. A place whispered of in forbidden lore and lost memories.

The Sanctum of Hope and Dreams.

According to Dabria, it is a nexus—one that touches the foundations of Elysium itself and may offer a means to challenge the laws that govern the High Heavens. She does not know where it lies, only that it exists, and that its origins are tied to forces older than both Demon Queen and Keeper alike... perhaps even to the **Creator of the Universe**.

With no other paths remaining, your course is set.

Armed with the knowledge that salvation is still possible, you must begin the search for the **Sanctum of Hope and Dreams**—a place that may yet allow you to defy Heaven itself, and reclaim what was taken from you.



Amara Celestis, **Keeper of Elysium's Embrace**, reigns as the undisputed ruler of the afterlife. To the mortals of countless worlds that are aware of her existence she is spoken of as an absolute goddess, the final authority of the High Heavens, and the last destination of all souls—regardless of their origin, power, or legacy.

Within her domain, **all souls are unable to oppose her might**.

Not even the soul of the **Cosmic Lord** may defy her judgment while standing beneath the light of Elysium. Here, strength, will, and cosmic divinity alike are rendered irrelevant before the laws she embodies.

To challenge her with a living, physical body—shielding one's soul from her dominion—is not merely forbidden, but *unthinkable*. In all recorded history of this universe, there exists **no account**, no legend, no half-forgotten myth of anyone trespassing Elysium's Embrace in such a manner.

Such an act would not be rebellion.

It would be heresy against the order of existence itself.

Scenario 69: The Last Message of the Creator



One day, an unexpected transmission arrives—one that does not address you, Cosmic Lord, but Diatomyr Epsilon, the Last Custodian of the Universe. The message is meticulously crafted, encoded in a language only a Custodian could recognize. Its contents are brief, unsettlingly so: a request for a meeting, and a single name.

Thalendra.

At the sight of it, Diatomyr goes still. For the first time in a very long while, she looks shaken. She insists on attending the meeting alone, her voice steady but strained, as though the name itself carries a weight she has long tried to forget. If you press her—telling her that even Custodians should not face the past alone—she will eventually relent, asking you to accompany her, though she gently requests you that you only support her when she meets that person.

The meeting place is the **Crystal Library of the Cosmos**, the home of the Custodians of the Universe and the resting place of their fallen members. There, amid the crystalline desert and memory-engraved crystal formations, stands Thalendra—One of Diatomyr's long-lost sisters. Her very presence is both a sign of relief and troubling emotions, as her existence tells Diatomyr she is not alone and is not the last, but having been gone for so long and with no attempts to contact them has left Diatomyr hurt. Millennia have passed since they last saw one another, and the reunion is heavy with sadness, resentment, and unspoken regret. Words come slowly at first, but when they do, the truth spills forth between both sisters. A long talk, feelings, and eventually forgiveness will happen between both sisters but only if you interject, a mediator will be needed for both of them to find common ground to finally find their own way to forgiveness.

Long ago, Thalendra abandoned her duties as a Custodian to pursue a forbidden question: *what became of the Creator?* While her sisters maintained the fragile order of the universe, Thalendra chased rumors, echoes, and impossible clues, resenting most of them for not seeking what happened to their creator. She didn't contact her sisters, fearing they would seek her and force her to return to her duties. In her absence, many Custodians fell, vanished, or faded into myth. But after countless years of nothing to show for it, she believes her search has finally borne fruit.

Thalendra reveals that she has traced a promising lead to one of the moons of **Cassiopeia XI**. There, within the ruins of a fallen civilization, lies a sealed vault—warded by ancient constructs, reality-warping defenses, and laws older than recorded history. It is a place where the Creator once walked, or so the evidence suggests. Thalendra admits she cannot face what lies there alone. She asks Diatomyr to stand with her once more—and, by extension, seeks your aid as well.

The expedition to Cassiopeia XI will be perilous, but should you be successful then the vault will yield fragments of truth: lost histories, broken records, and revelations about the Custodians' origin. Yet the ultimate question—the Creator's fate—remains unanswered. During the expedition its likely Thalendra or Diatomyr will find a carefully preserved shroud, containing the crystalline remains of one of their long-lost sisters, a Custodian who perished eons ago. After returning with quiet reverence, Thalendra will ask for time—time to mourn, and to lay their sister to rest.

Several days will pass in solemn reflection in the Crystal Library of the Cosmos, where you may spend quality time with your friends and companions if they are with you. Spending time with them is wise, as during this period no further troubles will come to you, a relative moment of peace in your cosmic life.

Then, the universe will speak again.

A resonance echoes through the void, addressing **you** directly. Its origin is unmistakable: **Earth**. More precisely, the message seems to come from a place spoken of only in whispers and half-forgotten legends—the **Sanctum of Hope and Dreams**.

The signal is layered with meaning, guidance, and warning in equal measure, it summons you to come to the Sanctum to receive a message. Using its clues, you must locate the Sanctum, unlock its sealed pathways, and uncover what lies within. For whatever message awaits there is not merely a greeting or a farewell.

It is the **Creator's last message**.

And it may decide the fate of everything that still exists in this universe.

Scenario Rewards: +400 CP

Completing this scenario reunites two sisters long separated by eons, and with your intervention a fracture that time itself would not heal has begun to mend. It leads you to the legendary **Sanctum of Hope and Dreams**, the hidden and final abode of the Creator of the Universe. Within its sacred halls, you will receive her last message—a revelation that is both a solemn request and a dire warning concerning the ultimate danger this universe faces.

With the scenario's conclusion, **Thalendra** will choose to remain by Diatomyr's side at last. After countless years apart, the sisters reclaim what was stolen from them by duty and loss. Thalendra will linger close, occasionally showing a quiet curiosity toward you as the Promised One, though her heart clearly favors time spent with her sister. So long as Diatomyr continues to travel with you, Thalendra will remain nearby, joining your journey and bearing silent witness to what comes next.

Receiving the Creator's final message inside the Sanctum of Hope and Dreams will leave a profound mark upon you. The weight of her words will reshape your understanding of the universe and your place within it, reflected mechanically through the substantial CP granted by this scenario.

The Creator herself has acknowledged your existence. Not as a god addressing a pawn—but as something far rarer: a recognition of potential. As a result, a new perk has manifested within you, permanently woven into your **Bodymod**, marking you as one who has heard the last request of a mother seeking help to ensure the safety of her daughters.



Little Jumper (Bodymod Perk):

A greater being has acknowledged you, granting you reprieve when faced against the impossible. You may resist and invalidate once every 10 years one effect, ability or action from any being on you up to the level of an omnipotent being or a benefactor.

*"Perhaps if its you little child... no... **little Jumper**... please help **them**..."*

The Last Message of the Creator – Scenario Notes

We're approaching the final stretch of the jump! One of the more important scenarios leading towards the end of the overall story of the Awakening of the Cosmic Lord in this jump is the definitive moment where the Cosmic Lord finds the Sanctum of Hope and Dreams and receives the last message of the Creator of the Universe, a request and a warning regarding the current fate of the universe and the danger it faces.

Like all previous scenarios, the idea behind the scenario is to have your Cosmic Lord experience the main parts behind it, and have them serve as a guideline on how more or less the story could go, and have you change the things that you feel could make your story better, or fit on your vision of how you or your jumper would experience this scenario.

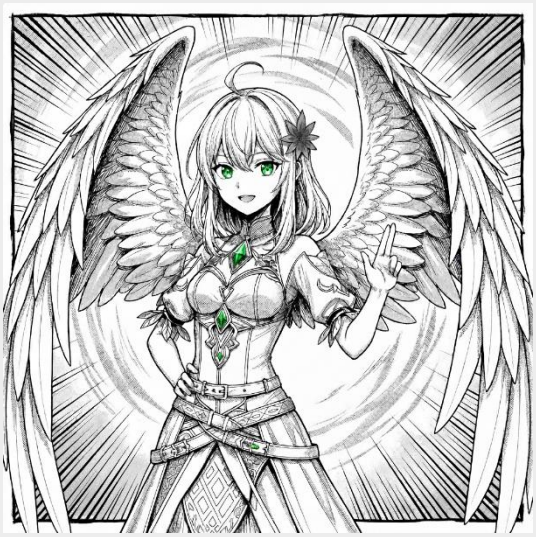
This scenario is composed of two parts, the sudden return of Thalendra and her reunion with her sister Diatomyr is meant to be a difficult and emotional moment that leads to their reconciliation and a new adventure to search for clues regarding the Creator's fate. If you chose to have the Heaven's Fall scenario in your story, then this could be a great opportunity to seek clues regarding the Creator and the Sanctum of Hope and Dreams, as information regarding its location should be almost impossible to obtain at this moment.

In my original vision, this whole scenario would be a very long story involving your jumper, with the first part being the reconciliation of the sisters, followed by a great adventure exploring the ruins, then with some partial success regarding the exploration followed by a brief moment of respite where the sisters laid to rest one of her fallen sisters, and finally finding the Sanctum and journeying to it to receive the message.

Like previous scenarios, I want to give you a guideline that you could use as a cornerstone to build your own version of the scenarios. I'll proceed to make an expanded scenario with more details that you could incorporate into your story, to enrich your experience, and to share my own view of the events of the scenario. **Like always, you don't need to follow the story to the letter, as long as you stay true to the spirit of the scenario then success and the rewards should be yours**.



The Last Message of the Creator – Scenario Notes



It began with a whisper across the void—an impossible transmission threading its way through dead stars and silent orbits, not meant for you, but for Diatomyr Episilon. The message carried a weight that bent the air around her, a resonance almost as old as the universe itself. The universe's last custodian, it seemed, was no longer alone. The signal asked for a meeting and spoke a name thought lost to eternity: **Thalendra of the Hidden Veil**, one of Diatomyr's vanished sisters. In that moment, the past surged forward, refusing to remain buried.

The impact of the message will fracture Diatomyr's composure. Shock gives way to anger, anger to relief, each emotion warring for dominance as several millennia of silence collapse into a single moment. She will insist she must go alone, retreating toward her birthplace within the Crystal Library of the Cosmos, believing this burden is hers to bear. Yet she does not truly wish for solitude, and she knows it. Whether by gentle insistence, quiet loyalty, or outright defiance of her request, you can make it clear that she does not need to face this reckoning without you. If she trusts you more than she admits, that trust will win.

The Crystal Library is world like a frozen memory, exactly as you remember it from the last time you were here, a desert of luminous crystal dunes etched with the history of existence itself. Within this vast silence, only two presences can be felt—Diatomyr's familiar cosmic feeling, and another that mirrors it almost perfectly. Thalendra waits among the crystal sands, her presence unmistakable even from orbit, a lone star burning on an otherwise empty world. The planet holds no other voices, no watchers, no echoes of life. Only memories. Here stand the last of the Custodians of the Universe, facing one another at the end of an age.

Their reunion is anything but gentle. Thalendra's presence brings relief sharp enough to ache, followed immediately by wounds long left to fester. She abandoned Diatomyr and the others long ago, vanishing without farewell in pursuit of answers none dared to seek. Resentment surfaces alongside grief—anger at being left behind, guilt at not following, sorrow for sisters who faded, fell, or were erased by time. Words come slowly at first, heavy and fragile, until centuries of unspoken truths spill forth in a torrent. With your presence, the weight of the moment will shift, and what might have taken centuries if not thousands of years for the delicate ageless beings known as the Custodians will quickly move toward reconciliation, forgiveness for both sisters forged not by time, but by choice and understanding.



When the storm of emotion finally breaks, Thalendra reveals why she returned. Long ago, she abandoned her sacred duty to chase a forbidden question: what became of the Creator? As the Custodians dwindled and the universe grew fragile, she believed that maintaining order was no longer enough. If the Creator could be found, perhaps the slow extinction of her kind could be undone. None followed her—bound by duty, fearful of leaving the universe without protectors—and so she



left alone, painfully cutting all contact to avoid being forced back. In her absence, the Custodians vanished one by one, until only Diatomyr remained. Now, after countless failures, Thalendra believes she has finally uncovered something real, something she believes might truly change everything.

Her search has led her to a distant moon orbiting Cassiopeia XI, where the ruins of a long-dead civilization hide a sealed vault older than recorded history. It is a place defended by ancient constructs, warped laws of reality, and remnants of power that should not still exist. Evidence suggests the Creator once walked there—or left something behind. Thalendra admits what she could not before: she cannot face what lies ahead alone. She felt your awakening years ago, the unmistakable awakening of the Promised One, and wondered if fate had arrived too late—for answers, for forgiveness, or for hope.

You will have to set a course for a distant star, one that does not belong to any galaxy, but drifts alone through the intergalactic dark. It is a rogue system, torn from its parent long ago—or cast out by deliberate design. This is the Cassiopeia system, a place steeped in quiet wonder and ancient loss, where the ruins of a once-great civilization still cling to existence. These remnants date back to the Age of Light, when the universe was whole and thriving, and the echoes of that era linger in broken buildings and forgotten structures that hint at a civilization that once inhabited this place.

Reaching Cassiopeia is not, in itself, beyond your ability. Whether by cosmic power, advanced technology, or stranger means, the journey through space poses little true obstacle. Finding the system, however, is another matter entirely. Without Thalendra's guidance, the Cassiopeia system is considered all but unreachable. Attempts to divine its location, calculate its trajectory, or even force entry through instantaneous travel will most likely fail, scattering travelers across unintended destinations. Something about the system resists discovery, as though reality itself conspires to hide it from those who do not already know the way.

This distortion is no simple veil. Powers, abilities, and even absolute forms of navigation falter in its presence, bent subtly but inexorably off course. Only specific artifacts, jumpchain perks and items, or Thalendra's own hard-won knowledge can pierce this concealment. To all others, Cassiopeia remains a myth, a star that exists somewhere except where one looks for it.

When you finally arrive, the system reveals itself as a scattering of worlds bound to the lonely rogue star. Among them, one stands apart: the eleventh celestial body, known as Cassiopeia XI. Once an ecumenopolis, it is now a world-spanning ruin, its surface layered with the remains of vast cities and broken infrastructure that stretch from horizon to horizon, silent witnesses to a lost age.

It is on Cassiopeia XI that Thalendra's trail truly begins. Amid collapsed megastructures and buried avenues, a vast, cavernous opening yawns beneath the planet's surface, leading into deeper, older ruins untouched by time. Whatever waits below was hidden with purpose, and as you descend, it becomes clear that this world was never merely abandoned—it was sealed away.

Welcome to the Wondrous Ruins of Cassiopeia XI.

[Dungeon?] The Wondrous Ruins of Cassiopeia XI

Danger Level [★★★★ ·]

What? What does that dungeon tag mean? These danger level stars, have you seen them before? The whole planet of Cassiopeia XI is covered in ruined buildings, empty places, cities that once were and now are not, but it is not the interior but also there are countless cavernous paths under the planet's surface. The technology here seems to be a fusion of both highly advanced arcane and technology, though rather than following a single scientific or magical method the technology here seems to have worked by interfering with the laws of reality. Some of the tech here still responds if energized, though most is damaged and non-functional.

Curiously, there's even almost imperceptible traces of hardened reality scattered across many of the buildings here. It is not perfect, as your senses will reveal, it is slowly decaying unlike the one you could create with the Hardened Reality Creation Cosmic Power that stays permanently, or the more normal hardened reality that quickly decays when separated from you. One only can wonder how advanced was this race or if they were favored by the Creator back in their time to achieve this feat of engineering.

The planet on the surface seems abandoned, with no discernible life on it. Using your powers might reveal traces of plant life scattered here and there, and at least no life on the surface outside of buildings. The traces of hardened reality all around the buildings seem to interfere with detection, possibly the source of the difficulty to locate this planet by several methods. If there are unexpected entities or organisms in this place, they are not easily seen.

In any case, the planet is both a giant ruin and a labyrinth to be explored. Thalendra's quest will take you to an enormous cavern that will lead you to one of the underground ruins. This is the entrance of the ruin she wants to delve into, the one where the potential clues of the Creator remain.

The Cavernous Path



The cavernous path is the first threshold of the ruins, a vast passage carved deep into the world and lined with quartzite crystal that radiates a soft glow of amber and gold. The light is neither natural nor artificial, but something in between, warm and steady, as if the stone itself remembers how it was once illuminated. As you move forward, remnants of semi-solid light panels flicker to life along the walls, responding to your presence with faint symbols and fractured data, echoes of a system that once guided countless travelers through this place.

At first glance, the route appears deceptively simple: a single corridor stretching onward into the depths. Yet subtle branches split away at irregular intervals, each turn nearly identical to the last. Without careful attention, it becomes dangerously easy to lose one's bearings. The cavern is designed to invite confidence and then quietly betray it, allowing intruders to wander ever deeper while believing they are still moving forward.

What is far harder to notice is that the space itself is distorted. Distances stretch and fold in ways that defy intuition, transforming what should be a linear passage into a shifting maze. Paths loop back upon themselves, corridors repeat

with minute differences, and time seems to drag as the cavern subtly resists both advance and retreat. To those unprepared, the route becomes an endless tunnel, a place where escape feels perpetually just out of reach.

There is, however, a way through. The maze can be conquered by those who can mark their passage through space itself—by anchoring direction, tracing their steps, or imposing order upon the warped geometry. With the right methods, the cavern reveals its hidden logic, and the path forward, once obscured, can finally be found.

Ancient Lobby



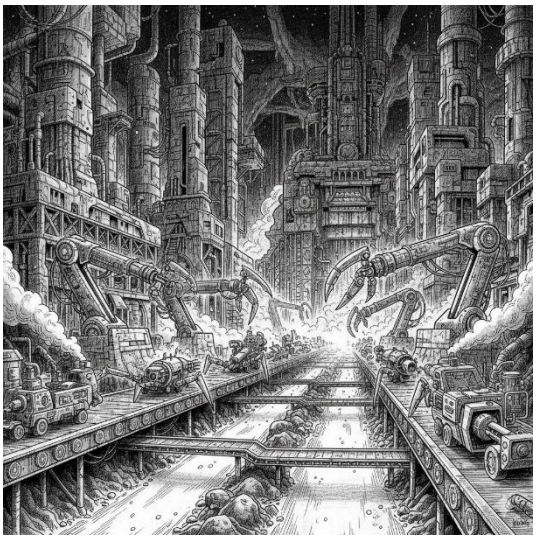
A colossal steel door stands half-sealed at the threshold, its surface scarred by impacts and time, opening into a vast lobby built to accommodate hundreds—perhaps thousands—at once. The space feels hollow now, its scale oppressive rather than grand. Broken furniture lies scattered like the bones of some long-dead gathering, and shattered equipment hangs from the walls in lifeless silence. Among the debris rest the remains of humanoid machines, their frames twisted, arms torn free, heads crushed or missing entirely. These were not servants, but combat models, and their ruined forms speak of a desperate conflict that ended abruptly. Despite the violence implied by its remains, the lobby itself is unnervingly calm, a rare pocket of stillness where nothing stirs. Dim emergency lights flicker weakly, revealing two passageways deeper into the complex, one faintly energized and humming with residual power. A third route hides beneath a damaged floor grate, from which a foul, organic stench rises, heavy with warning. Potable water can still be drawn from forgotten systems here, but no food remains—only the quiet reminder that this place was never meant to be returned to.

Residential Area Gomita



Beyond the powered zones lies a dead district, its lights long extinguished. Gomita stretches outward in all directions, an endless sprawl of residential blocks stacked and interconnected into a city without a skyline. Debris carpets the corridors and plazas, mixed with claw marks gouged deep into hardened alloys and walls bearing unmistakable signs of violent intrusion. The silence here is profound, broken only by distant echoes that never quite reveal their source. Long-abandoned high-speed transit lines snake through the area, their rails twisted, shattered, or abruptly ending as if torn apart mid-disaster. The sheer scale of the place creates a liminal unease, the sense of walking through a city that expects inhabitants who will never return. Pools of viscous, toxic sludge bubble quietly in scattered locations, radiating danger. Within these pools lurk mechanical remnants warped into predatory forms, dormant so long as they are undisturbed. Getting too close stirs them into sudden hostility, and while some pools can be avoided, others block vital routes, forcing a grim choice between confrontation and retreat.

Ruined Factory



Deeper still lies a factory that never learned how to die. Portions of it remain powered, its systems continuing their work with cold, mechanical devotion. Vast assembly lines churn endlessly, drawing in raw materials only to fashion strange, impossibly advanced constructs—machines of elegant design and alien logic—before dismantling them again to feed the cycle anew. Rivers of molten metal flow through channels carved into the floor, casting a hellish glow across towering machinery. The air hums with latent energy and forgotten intent. Automated security still functions here: alarms awaken without warning, and spider-like robots armed with whirring reality rending blades skitter through the shadows, defending a purpose no living being remembers. Hidden traps are woven seamlessly into the architecture, punishing the unrecognized with ruthless efficiency. At the factory's core resides an ancient artificial intelligence, alien in design and fractured by whatever catastrophe befell this place. It continues its task blindly, incapable of dialogue or deviation. Silencing it would end the factory's endless motion, but doing so would also cause the molten channels to cool and harden, sealing off deeper passages forever and entombing secrets that may never be uncovered again.

Infested Ventilation Corridor



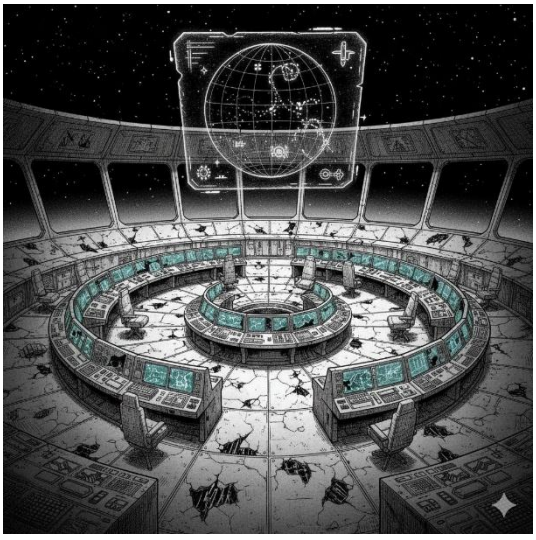
Accessible from both the Ancient Lobby and Gomita, the ventilation corridors form a massive artery through the facility, wide enough to move entire convoys through their reinforced tunnels. Their walls are layered with dense materials designed to prevent collapse and isolate airflow, but they also suffocate communication and dull all external senses, leaving travelers cut off and alone. The corridors are almost completely bare, stripped clean by their current inhabitants: enormous amoeboid entities that cling to walls and ceilings, slowly drifting as they consume filth and matter alike. These creatures ignore conventional attacks, their gelatinous forms absorbing physical force without harm. Magic fares no better at first glance, its effects seemingly passing harmlessly through them—until careful observation reveals the truth. Arcane forces are displaced in time, phasing forward minutes before finally manifesting with delayed, often catastrophic results. Contact with these beings is fatal to organic life; they digest flesh on touch, and even a fragment entering a body will begin consuming it from within. Within the ventilation corridor somewhere lies an emergency panel that will sterilize the entire ventilation corridor, terminating the amoeboid entities with high physics negation, and anyone else within the corridor when the sterilization timer runs out. At the corridor's far end stands a massive bunker-like door, sealed tight and scarred by repeated attempts to breach it. Beyond it lies one of the entrances to the Command Room, waiting in silence, as if aware that anything capable of reaching it will not do so unchallenged.

Secret Labs



Hidden behind false walls and forgotten access shafts under the molten metal rivers of the Ruined Factory, the Secret Labs feel less like places of research and more like sealed confessions. The air is cold and unnaturally still, preserved by systems that activate only when someone enters, as though the rooms themselves awaken reluctantly. Rows of shattered containment pods line the chambers, their transparent surfaces cracked from the inside out. Strange instruments lie scattered across worktables, frozen mid-experiment, still humming faintly with residual energy that refuses to dissipate. Symbols and equations etched directly into the walls hint at research that blurred the line between science and sacrilege. Some screens reveal that research was done here to somehow prevent or reverse the effects of one or more entities on reality. The research notes and the information around is inconclusive, but apparently some great catastrophe happened long ago with catastrophic effects on the fabric of space time. Whatever discoveries were made here were never meant to be shared, as it seems the scientists and the fruit of their research is gone, along with the pervasive sense of unease suggesting that some results could not be undone—only hidden away and abandoned.

Command Room



The Command Room lies at the very heart of the facility, a vast circular chamber built to command and observe every system within the complex. Tiered consoles curve around a central dais like the ribs of some enormous carcass, their displays either dead or caught in fractured holographic loops that endlessly replay the final moments before collapse. The silence here is oppressive, broken only by the faint crackle of failing power lines embedded beneath the floor. Immense viewports ring the chamber, once meant to gaze upon stars or distant installations, now opening onto absolute darkness. Panic is preserved in the room's final arrangement: chairs overturned mid-flight, emergency protocols burned permanently into control surfaces, and scorched markings where immense energy was discharged in a last act of defiance or desperation. Suspended above the dais drifts an ancient holographic map of the universe. **It no longer matches reality—entire regions are missing, others darkened or hollowed out, marked with advancing sigils that trace the movement of some unknown force across cosmic scales**. To stand here is to feel as though time stalled at the moment of disaster, the room still waiting for orders that will never arrive.

Hall of the Creator



The Hall of the Creator is not a temple, yet reverence presses in from every surface. Accessible from both the Residential Area Gomita and the Command Room, the chamber stretches far beyond what its external dimensions should allow, its length distorting perspective the longer one looks. Towering pillars rise from the floor, each carved with living reliefs that depict creation, collapse, and rebirth on a cosmic scale, their details subtly shifting whenever they fall outside direct sight. At the far end stands a monumental plinth, fractured and empty, yet radiating a presence that weighs upon the mind like a half-remembered dream. Sound behaves unnaturally here—footsteps echo long after movement ceases, and whispers gather at the edge of hearing without ever revealing a source. Along the walls, dormant terminals flicker to life, revealing fragments of a long-ended war: records of sentient stars traversing entire galaxies, and the sudden formation of voids where vast clusters once existed. **One final log speaks of a rallying call issued by the Creator of the Universe from the core of a proto galaxy that matches what is today the Milky Way, summoning all remaining forces available**. Whether the inhabitants of this place ever answered that call, or were consumed by the threat that loomed, remains chillingly unclear.

Energy Core



Deep beneath the ruins lies the Energy Core, a chamber that should not, by any reasonable law, remain intact. A massive lattice of cracked conduits encircles a suspended mass of condensed power, pulsing slowly, rhythmically, like the heart of a dying star. Light bends unnaturally around it, casting shadows that move against the source and warping space with every beat. The air is saturated with radiation and raw force, each breath tasting of ozone and something older, stranger, and profoundly wrong. Automated containment systems still function in a degraded state, their warnings reduced to distorted signals and failing seals that struggle to hold back annihilation. The Core is the reason the facility still lives, and the reason it may yet die. Attempting to fully optimize its output and restore power risks catastrophic destabilization—a supernova that would erase everything nearby—yet leaving it untouched ensures that whatever sleeps within this energy will continue to dream, waiting for the moment its secrets demand to be revealed. An additional possibility lies in attempting to move the energy core into your warehouse, should you be successful you'd gain **a powerful fiat backed power source that you could use to power anything with a maximum output of a small star.** Should you fail, it could very well explode in your face, or inside your warehouse.

Key events that will happen within the Ruins in the scenario

The Fallen Sister



Throughout the expedition, two figures remain ever at your side: Diatomyr and her sister Thalendra. Both are deeply invested in this journey, volunteering to explore whenever possible, driven by a shared obsession that predates entire civilizations—the mystery of what became of the Creator of the Universe. For the Custodians, this question is personal, and every corridor of the ruins feels to them heavy with that unresolved past.

The most haunting discovery awaits within the Secret Labs. The machinery there is shattered and incomplete, its research fractured beyond recovery, yet both sisters are drawn unerringly to a single, overlooked detail: **a folded cloth wedged within the carcass of a broken device.** As they approach, recognition settles in before sight alone can explain it. They reach for it at the same time. **Wrapped inside lies a fractured amethyst, unmistakable in nature—the remains of a fallen Custodian, reduced to crystal after meeting her end by means unknown.** Whether she fell in battle, through betrayal, or by some failed experiment cannot be determined. The machine that held her was analyzing the crystal's composition, but its results are lost. The discovery leaves both Diatomyr and Thalendra visibly shaken, grief surfacing without words.

Inconclusive Truths About the Creator



Further exploration of Cassiopeia XI yields only fragments—broken logs, corrupted records, and echoes of a catastrophic conflict that occurred millions of years ago. **The ruins refuse to tell a complete story. What little remains offers no clear answers about the Creator's fate, only hints of devastation on a cosmic scale**. Diatomyr and Thalendra need no clarification; they lived through those events. They remember the terror, the unraveling of reality, and the cost paid by those who stood against whatever threatened the universe at that time.

When it becomes clear that the ruins do not contain the revelation Thalendra hoped for, the weight of disappointment finally breaks through her resolve. Frustration and sorrow take hold, tempered only by Diatomyr's quiet presence at her side. If nothing else, they have found one of their own. The fallen sister must be returned home, laid to rest alongside the others, her long-forgotten existence finally acknowledged.

A Perilous Departure

Escaping the ruins seems straightforward—until it isn't. As you and your companions will likely make your way back toward the Ancient Lobby, the facility will react to your departure. If the Energy Core remains active, a final failsafe engages. The air thickens, turning viscous, as though space itself has begun to liquefy. Movement becomes agonizingly slow, possible only for those possessing true cosmic strength, everyone else will be stuck unable to move. The ruins are no longer merely abandoned; they are actively trying to prevent your escape.

Those caught in the fluidized space will require immediate aid to escape, for the danger escalates rapidly. The lobby's entrance begins to distort, folding inward as corridors loop and collapse into one another. Space rewrites itself into a self-contained array, threatening to seal the entire group within what feels like a forming micro–sub-universe. Time is short, the exit is shifting, and failure here would mean being trapped in a place practically cut from the universe itself. Escape is possible, but time, resources, and the correct Cosmic Powers will be required if you fall into this trap.

A Tidbit of Lore: The Tale of the Sisters from the last days of the Age of Light

As you explore the ruins, the catastrophe hinted at in broken records and scarred walls may finally find its voice through the sisters themselves. At first it comes in fragments, an offhand remark or a moment of silence that lingers too long. If you press them, Diatomyr and Thalendra will speak of a time so distant it scarcely resembles the present universe. In those days, the cosmos was filled with light. Stars crowded every sky, life flourished without fear, and order was maintained by the Creator, who walked openly among her works. The Custodians stood beside her, not as rulers, but as keepers of balance in a universe that still believed in permanence.

That age ended when a shadow emerged from the edges of existence. What came was not a creature, nor an invader that could be named or reasoned with. It was hunger given form—a vast, consuming absence that fed not only on matter, but on meaning itself. Worlds dimmed as it passed. Civilizations vanished without leaving ruins behind. Even the Living Stars, beings of immense will and power, were devoured, and Custodians fell one by one, erased in ways that left no crystal, no echo. When the Creator herself confronted the Hunger, it became clear that there would be no simple victory, no sealing or banishment that could truly end it.

Diatomyr speaks then of the final rally. Across the universe, every force still capable of resisting answered the call. They gathered beneath the banner of the first living being ever born into existence—the First Star—and the Creator herself. It was a desperate convergence, a unified charge meant not to survive, but to reach the heart of the Hunger at any cost. The plan was simple and terrible: to shatter it from within, even if it meant annihilation.

Thalendra finishes the tale. The assault struck as one, a simultaneous act of cosmic defiance that tore the Hunger apart. The Creator prevailed, but the victory demanded a price beyond measure. The First Star sacrificed itself to make the final blow possible, collapsing into nothing so that existence itself could endure. Neither Diatomyr nor Thalendra witnessed the moment firsthand; they were far from the center, holding collapsing fronts as the universe trembled. Yet they felt it all the same—the shockwave rippling through every star, every world, every surviving Custodian. That moment marked the end of the Age of Light, and the beginning of a quieter, dimmer universe, forever shaped by the day the Devourer was finally defeated.

The Last Message of the Creator – The Scenario Continues



The expedition into the ruins yields fragments of history and echoes of a past universal catastrophe, but no answers about the fate of the Creator of the Universe. With nothing more to be found on Cassiopeia XI, Diatomyr and Thalendra will decide to return to the Crystal Library of the Cosmos to lay their fallen sister to rest. It is not a decision made lightly. For the Custodians, remembrance is sacred, and the weight of what was lost follows them across the stars. They will kindly ask you to come with them, for they value your company, and this is a sad time for them.

What follows is a period of quiet mourning. Days pass beneath the crystalline skies of their desert world, where the sands themselves are etched with memories. The sisters reminisce about those who are gone, about ages that no longer exist, and about choices that can never be undone. Your presence—and that of any companions who remain—will be deeply valued. You may spend this time simply standing with them in grief, or wander the crystal deserts, delving into preserved memories of fallen Custodians. Within those refracted echoes, you might uncover forgotten techniques tied to your Cosmic Powers, or fleeting insights into the nature of the Creator herself, glimpsed through the eyes of those who once served her.

After several days—no more than a week—this stillness is shattered. A signal erupts across the cosmos, propagating instantly to every corner of existence. It carries no sound, no symbols, no language, yet it is unmistakable. Only the Custodians can perceive it... and you. To them it is a summons without direction, but to you it carries an intuitive certainty. A place forms in your mind with absolute clarity: Earth. More specifically, the call resolves into a location you somehow already know: the Sanctum of Hope and Dreams.

The summons serves two purposes. It is a continuation of the events set in motion during Heaven's Fall, for the Sanctum is said to hold a secret that could allow physical entry into the High Heavens themselves. But it is also something else—an intentional call meant for you alone. There is no explanation, no context, only the certainty that whatever awaits there has been waiting for you.

The trail leads to Antarctica, a land already steeped in isolation and silence. The signal originates from there, but offers no precise location. Finding the Sanctum requires effort: the aid of your companions, the use of rare perks, artifacts, or other means at your disposal. The Sanctum is not meant to easily be found. Yet persistence is rewarded. As you draw near, you begin to see it—a distortion in space, haloed by soft, impossible light. No one else can perceive it. To your senses, however, it is unmistakable: the threshold to the Sanctum.

The distortion is soundless and inert, registering only to your sight. Unless one possesses abilities specifically attuned to such phenomena, there is no other way to detect it. At a glance, it appears harmless, something you could simply step through. Yet an instinctive warning settles deep within you. Something about this passage is wrong. Dangerous. You may choose to turn away, to delay what comes next. If you do, the scenario rests, though the summons will return again and again with every week that passes, a quiet reminder that the Sanctum still waits.

If you step forward, the journey and the scenario continues.

Crossing the threshold hurls you into a spatial channel that accelerates you instantly beyond lightspeed. Color, energy, and fractured reality streak past in all directions, but within moments the true danger reveals itself. Pressure builds—slow at first, then exponentially—crushing in from every side. Without your Cosmic Vestments, mere seconds would be enough for your body to be reduced to nothing, erased under the absurd forces at work. Even with them, survival is not guaranteed. You must pour your full Cosmic Power into resistance as the channel tightens its grip.

With every passing second, the strain intensifies. Cracks begin to spider across your Cosmic Vestments, even these legendary protections pushed beyond their intended limits. There is no visible end to the channel, no sign of relief. Whatever lies ahead was never meant to be reached by lesser beings. Whether this ordeal is a safeguard, a trial, or a deliberate trap remains unknown—but one truth is clear: the Sanctum does not grant entry freely, and it will exact its price before revealing what waits beyond.



Inside the spatial channel, your Cosmic Powers simply cease to exist. It is not suppression or interference—there is nothing here for them to act upon. Your Fragment of Reality reaches outward and finds no reality to alter, no laws to bend, no substance to grasp. You are not traveling through a place, but through the negation of place itself: an absence where existence has been stripped down to nothingness. There is nothing to perceive, nothing to understand, because there is nothing *there*. **You are traveling through the Nothingness**. Only motion, only pressure, only the growing certainty that this passage was never meant to be endured.

The strain begins subtly, then worsens with terrifying speed. You feel the first crack not in your armor, but within yourself. Your Fragment of Reality fractures under forces that press beyond even your Cosmic Vestments, as though the channel is grinding you against the concept of nonexistence itself. Power bleeds away with each moment. **Your Cosmic Powers weaken due to the damage to your Fragment of Reality, collapsing in rank as the pressure mounts, their former certainty reduced to something fragile and unreliable**. If this descent continues unchecked, you will not merely fail—you will be erased. Those attuned to Nothingness feel the burden lessen slightly, but even then the damage is profound. Survival is no longer assured. It is conditional.

There is no pause, no plateau—only escalation. The pressure compounds relentlessly, crushing thought, breath, and will into something heavy and indistinct. Your Cosmic Vestments begin to crack as well, damage slowly spreading through all of them. Every second stretches longer than the last. You may cling to artifacts, expend reserves, or force yourself forward through sheer defiance, but the channel offers no mercy and no alternative path. The damage accumulates, layer by layer, until doubt creeps in uninvited. Was this a mistake? Was stepping through the distortion the final, irreversible error? There is no answer—only the sensation that the channel is closing in, that it will finish what it started if you slow, if you falter, if you hesitate for even an instant. If you black out here, you are certain to die.

Just as endurance gives way to inevitability, you collide with **something solid**.

The impact is violent, bone-rattling, tearing fragments from your Cosmic Vestments as you slam into a strangely shaped solitary door adrift in the void. It looks almost absurd in this place—wooden, worn, real—but it is the only thing that exists besides you. The pressure surges again, spiking toward a critical threshold. Your body feels impossibly heavy, vision dimming, consciousness threatening to slip away. You have seconds. Perhaps less. Opening the door is

no longer a choice; it is the only remaining action between survival and annihilation. You must force it open. You must cross. There is no other way out.

The moment you pass through, everything stops.

The crushing force vanishes as if it never existed. You stumble into a wide, circular chamber ringed by tall pillars, their surfaces smooth and unbroken. The air is still. Silent. Safe. You have crossed the dangerous spatial channel and arrived somewhere else entirely. This place feels solemn, removed, and profoundly distant from anything you have ever known—and yet you recognize it instantly. **This is the Sanctum of Hope and Dreams**.

Relief is short-lived. When you attempt to call upon your Cosmic Powers, reality answers with pain. The damage you have received has reduced them below their former strength, lashing back with sharp, internal agony, while even the powers that remain usable feel diminished, brittle, and insufficient here. All Cosmic Powers will have dropped one or two ranks. Escape is no longer an option; returning through the channel is unthinkable, perhaps impossible. Within you, the fractures in your Fragment of Reality begin to knit themselves together, slowly and painfully, a process that will demand time and rest you do not yet have. For now, you are stranded—cut off from your universe, or perhaps removed from it entirely.

The Sanctum is forged from hardened reality of a purity and cohesion beyond anything you have ever shaped. Its structure feels absolute, unwavering, as though nothing could intrude upon it without permission. When you reach outward with your senses, trying to perceive what lies beyond its boundaries, you find only absence—much like peering into your warehouse, yet emptier still. There is no threat waiting outside, no presence watching, only a vast, unrecognizable nothing. At the center of the chamber stands a single throne, unoccupied and patient. Beside it rests a simple cup of tea, warm to the touch, thin wisps of steam rising as though it was poured only moments ago.



The ordeal you endured catches up to you all at once. Fatigue settles deep into your being, heavier than any wound. For the first time since your awakening as a Cosmic Lord, you feel truly exhausted—beyond strain, beyond pain, into something quieter and more dangerous. Your movements feel slow, deliberate, as if the Sanctum itself is encouraging stillness. The throne draws your attention again and again, not through compulsion, but through quiet invitation. When you touch it, the sensation is unexpected. It is made of the same hardened reality as the Sanctum, yet it carries warmth, and with it, a gentle stirring of hope, as though rest itself has been given form. You could sit and recover, or you could push past the exhaustion and explore further.

Exploration reveals a place untouched by chaos. The Sanctum is empty, pristine, and self-contained, with no exits beyond the door through which you arrived. Along the lower portions of the walls, however, are markings that do not belong to the grandeur of the structure—simple drawings, childlike in their execution. They depict a woman with two children, surrounded by small winged figures, laughing, playing, and sharing quiet moments of joy. The images feel deeply personal, as though they were never meant to be seen by anyone else. You may retreat into your warehouse or pause to assess your condition, but the weariness remains. Your Fragment of Reality is healing, slowly and imperfectly, and calling upon your Cosmic Powers only aggravates the damage, sending subtle waves of discomfort through your being.

If you return to the throne and allow yourself to sit, the sensation is immediate and profound. It feels like the most comfortable rest you have ever known, as though the weight you have carried since your awakening is finally acknowledged. Next to the throne there's a cup of tea, and testing it in any way reveals it to be simply that. Should you take a sip you'll feel extremely relaxed, and notice how somehow the damages you've received slightly begin to heal faster. Drowsiness will wash over you, gentle and irresistible, and resisting it feels unnecessary—almost wrong. You will drift into sleep lulled by the comfort and feelings of safety, deep and untroubled. And within that sleep comes a dream... though it quickly becomes clear that it is not a dream at all, but a message, waiting patiently to be received.



A moment of sleep, a moment of respite, and a moment where a message is given.

The Message from the Creator of the Universe

The message does not arrive as a recording, nor as a vision imposed upon your senses. It comes as a dream—soft, unguarded, and intimate. How fitting, and how strange, that she would choose this medium, given her history with her friend and rival. Yet here, within sleep, the message finds you. This is the form she chose for her message to be delivered, for the Promised One she once foresaw, the one she hoped for with all of her being.

Darkness surrounds you, but it is not absolute. You drift in the vast quiet beyond creation itself, the void that exists outside all universes. Far away, scattered like dust across infinity, are faint points of light. They are not stars. They are entire universes, distant and self-contained, each a reality unto itself. You do not question this—you simply know. Such understanding is part of what you are now. Cosmic Lord.

Before you, closer than all the rest, floats a single universe. It turns slowly, a luminous sphere suspended in nothingness. The sight of it stirs something deep within you, and your Fragment of Reality responds at once, resonating in silent recognition. This is the universe where you awakened, where your path truly began.

As you drift nearer, you sense something else—something that does not belong to the universe, yet remains bound to it. At first it is almost imperceptible, impossibly small when measured against the vastness of a cosmos. But as you draw closer, its shape becomes clear. It is not an object.

It is a person.

A woman floats there, just beyond the edge of the universe, as though she is both guarding it and letting it go. She does not fall, nor does she move with effort. She simply exists, sleeping, serene and distant, wrapped in the quiet gravity of the infinite as she gently floats. And though she seems to not yet have noticed you, you already understand—this is her.





The white of her robes and hair is flawless, almost unreal. Seeing her suspended in sleep, framed by the universe behind her, is mesmerizing in a way that borders on reverence. From this vantage point, the universe appears as a vast, luminous sphere, its surface alive with countless smaller spirals—galaxies turning within galaxies. Whether this is a trick of perspective or something deeper, you cannot say. It is beautiful enough that, for a moment, makes you seem to forget everything else.

Your gaze drifts past her, toward the universe itself, and memory stirs. This sight echoes the instant of your awakening—the moment when perception widened and the veil was torn away. You feel it again now, that sensation of *seeing*, of looking not merely at reality, but *into* it. Your awareness sharpens, piercing deeper than it ever has before.

And then you notice it.

Something is **wrong**.

Buried deep within the fabric of the universe is something that should not exist. It is not merely hidden—it is *entrenched*, woven so thoroughly into reality that no being living within the universe could ever perceive it. A parasite, vast beyond measure, feeding silently across existence. Its presence feels obscene, a fundamental wrongness that makes your very essence recoil. You cannot define its shape, because it does not possess one currently in any meaningful sense. It is fractured, **shattered**, and yet everywhere at once.

The moment you perceive it, you understand a terrible truth.

It perceives you in return.

A sudden spike of pain lances through your mind. Images not meant to be seen force their way into your thoughts—fractals folding into themselves, impossible geometries, oceans of shadow swirling around a half-glimpsed form. You catch flashes of it: a grotesque, ever-shifting thing, its existence a contradiction to reason and order. Your thoughts buckle under the strain.



The pain worsens. Your consciousness is dragged closer, assaulted by a presence that claws at your awareness with deliberate **hunger**. Its fractured essence begins to cohere, revealing fragments of itself to you—a towering, monstrous convergence of writhing forms and countless eyes. Each eye reflects a different madness, a different truth that should never be known. **Hunger radiates from it**, vast and patient.

Its voice erupts inside your mind—not a single sound, but a chorus of whispers, screams, and broken thoughts layered atop one another. Every word threatens to tear you apart from the inside, to reduce your will to screaming fragments.

You can resist, but the effort feels hopeless. Even as a Cosmic Lord, your mental defenses strain under the direct attention of this being. Perks and protections blunt the assault, but only briefly. With every passing moment, the entity adapts, eroding your safeguards as if it knew how to deal with jumpchain perks, learning how to reach you. Whatever this thing is, it has done this before.

Just as it feels inevitable—just as the pain threatens to eclipse you entirely—

She moves. The woman in white stirs, and **her eyes open**.

They are not merely eyes, but vast pools of infinite depth, filled with kindness, sorrow, and a power so immense it defies comprehension. When her gaze meets yours, the space around you *shatters*. Not physically, but conceptually, as if reality itself recoils from her attention.

The entity's influence on you is annihilated in a wave of white fire in an instant.

A wave of calm washes over you, silencing the chaos, mending the fractures in your mind with impossible gentleness. The grotesque presence recoils, screaming in fury—not aloud, but across existence itself. Any fragment of its form you glimpsed unravels and dissolves as if it never was there in the first place, erased by her mere awareness.

The void grows still once more.

And the woman in white watches you, awake at last.



Her lips part, shaping words that never reach the air. There is no sound, no language—yet you understand her all the same. Meaning flows directly into you, carried on waves of emotion rather than speech. Hope, ancient and profound, floods your being. It is gentle, but overwhelming, like the warmth of a sunrise after an endless night.

You have seen it.

The understanding settles into place without resistance.

The fragment of the Devourer that still lurks within… the wound that poisons this small home.

There is sorrow in her presence now, immeasurable and restrained, the grief of a being who has endured far more than she ever wished to. And yet, beneath it, there is resolve.

Perhaps…
Perhaps it is you, little one—no… little Jumper…

The correction carries a strange fondness.

Please… help them.

In that moment, you realize she is not addressing you as a Cosmic Lord. Titles, power, dominion—none of that matters to her. She sees something else. She sees *you*. A Jumper. A bearer of possibility. A being not bound to the fate of this universe alone.

Standing before her feels unlike anything you have ever known. She does not feel like a ruler, nor merely a creator. She feels closer to what you might call a benefactor—yet far gentler, far lonelier. Whether she truly is one, you cannot tell. Only that her gaze carries the weight of countless hopes deferred… and now, finally, offered to you.

She raises a hand in farewell.

There is no ceremony, no command—only trust.

Light consumes everything.

You awaken within the Sanctum of Hope and Dreams, the vision already fading like the last traces of a perfect dream. The message has been delivered.

You have met her. The Creator of this universe. And she has asked you to help *them*.

Who *they* are remains unanswered. So too does the nature of the thing you saw buried within reality itself. If even the Creator, in all her power, could not erase it… then what does that mean for the universe she left behind?

The cosmos, once whole and secure, now feels fragile. Vulnerable. Whatever you glimpsed is still there.

Waiting.

And now, her hope rests with you.

As the weight of that realization settles in, you will notice something else. **The fractures within your Fragment of Reality are gone—completely healed**. No scars remain, your powers returning to their original might. The restoration did not come from time or rest, but from a force beyond your understanding.

From her.

Within you, something stirs. **A new perk has manifested within you**. A perk born not of struggle or conquest, but of *recognition*. Of being seen by the woman in white—by a being who may stand on the same distant plane as those who grant journeys themselves. This newfound essence will not only protect you once every ten years, but also allow you to traverse the spatial channel between the Sanctum of Hope and Dreams and reality without harm, its protection shielding you from the crushing forces that once nearly destroyed you.

Somewhere beyond the Sanctum, Diatomyr and Thalendra are waiting for you.

And now, you know the truth.

You have seen the final danger that lurks within this universe.

And the Creator has chosen *you* to face it.



The sisters watch the horizon in silence, holding onto the certainty that with the coming of dawn, you will soon return to them.

Scenario 70: Heaven's Fall Part II

[This scenario may be undertaken at any point after completing the first part of the Heaven's Fall scenario and discovering the Sanctum of Hope and Dreams.]



The quest to reclaim the soul of your companion—still imprisoned within Elysium's embrace, the High Heavens—has not yet reached its end. Though you have uncovered the Sanctum of Hope and Dreams and survived the truths hidden within it, one final secret remains, concealed at the very heart of the Sanctum itself.

The key was never hidden in the walls or pillars. It waits upon the throne.

Should you sit upon it once more and allow your Cosmic Power to flow, you will feel the Sanctum respond. The throne reveals its true nature—not merely a seat, but an infinitely vast hyperconductor, capable of accepting and guiding power far beyond mortal design. Your energy does not resist it. It is drawn in, shaped, and carried elsewhere.

The sensation is unmistakable. It feels like being pulled beneath an unseen ocean, pressure mounting as you move upward rather than down, struggling toward a surface you cannot yet see. Each heartbeat brings the sensation of ascent, of breaking through something vast and impermeable.

You might not fully understand the mechanism at work. You do not need to.

With every moment, the presence of the High Heavens grows clearer—closer. Not as a place you can see, but as a pressure upon existence itself. A boundary thinning. A veil beginning to part.

This is no illusion.

This is the hidden entryway.

The backdoor into Heaven itself.

With a single blink, the throne vanishes.

You are no longer seated within the Sanctum of Hope and Dreams. Instead, you stand upon familiar ground bathed in impossible light. This is **Elysium's Embrace**—a place you have known before, though never like this.

Last time, you came as a soul.

Now, you are here in full, physical form.

Your body exists within the High Heavens, intact and undeniable, and you are not alone. Every companion who chose to walk beside you in this jump—and perhaps beyond it—stands with you. How they crossed the threshold to be here with you is unclear. The secrets of the Creator are not easily unraveled, but whatever mechanism carried you here did not bring you alone. Whatever awaits you, you will not face it without allies.

For now, the **Keeper of Elysium** is nowhere to be seen.

Amara Celestis is ever-aware when souls pass into her domain, yet your arrival has gone unanswered. Perhaps she cannot perceive physical intrusions in the same way. Perhaps this is a flaw in the heavens themselves. A blessing—but a temporary one. Your continued presence will leave ripples even paradise cannot ignore.

Your purpose is clear:

Find your companion's soul, free it and escape.

Your journey will carry you across the heavens themselves—endless paradises sculpted to perfection. Rolling fields under eternal dawns, cities of gold and crystal, tranquil oceans where no storm has ever been born. Each domain is tailored, intimate, and deeply personal. This is not merely a reward—it is a carefully crafted illusion of fulfillment.

Here lies the cruel truth of Elysium. **Your companion is found not imprisoned, but content**. They live an idyllic life within a private heaven. They laugh. They love. They belong. They have a family, children, a peaceful existence untouched by loss or struggle. Their partner bears an uncanny resemblance to you—close enough to unsettle, yet hollow in ways only you can sense.

Because none of it is real.

These figures are not souls. They do not think, dream, or grow. They are constructs—beautiful, empty imitations designed to keep the soul placid, compliant, and unwilling to leave. Elysium does not bind through chains. It binds through comfort.

To awaken your companion from this illusion is meant to be painful. Confusing. Traumatic. The moment truth breaks through, paradise collapses into grief. And once they are free, it becomes clear that something is wrong with themselves.

Something is missing.

Memories feel incomplete. Powers are dulled or fractured. Parts of their personality seem muted, as though pieces of their essence have already been taken and woven into the fabric of Elysium itself. These losses cannot be restored easily—if at all for the foreseeable future.

Your companion can feel what they lost calling. They are a part of themselves, and they are still out there.

The center of the heavens.

Reaching it requires another long passage through countless personal heavens, each revealing the same unsettling truth: Elysium does not judge. Saints and monsters alike rest in bliss, their pasts erased beneath perfect contentment. This is not justice. It is order.

At the heart of the realm, the heavens fall away.

You arrive at a vast chasm, opening into an endless white void. Suspended at its center stands a towering pillar of solid light—brilliant, overwhelming, and alive. Within it, countless souls are fused together, their identities dissolved into a single radiant structure.

This is the anchor of Elysium.

The mechanism that binds every soul to the cosmic order governing the High Heavens.

And it is here that she finally reveals herself.

Amara Celestis, Keeper of Elysium.

Her presence is calm, vast, and absolute. You can feel her authority settle over the realm the moment she arrives. There is no anger in her expression, only certainty. Your intrusion can no longer be ignored.

She will demand the immediate return of your companion's soul. To her, this soul belongs here—at rest, preserved, and eternal. She warns that removing it threatens the balance of the heavens and that defying Elysium's laws invites catastrophe upon the universe itself.

Escape will not come easily.

Leaving the High Heavens now will require her cooperation—or the breaking of the rules that hold paradise together. You may attempt to argue, to persuade, to appeal to reason or compassion. If you are extraordinarily convincing, she may waver.

But the truth is clear. Amara Celestis is not inclined to bend.

And this time, she will not let you leave without a fight.

Scenario Rewards: +400 CP and an additional +200 CP to be spent in Cosmic Powers (companion only)

Reaching the High Heavens, traversing Elysium, and locating and reviving your companion places you on the path toward completing this scenario, but survival alone does not constitute true success. If you escape without reclaiming what Elysium has already taken, your companion will return diminished—memories fractured, powers dulled, or pieces of their identity forever altered. These losses will persist for the remainder of this jump and may echo into future ones. To fully succeed, you must confront Amara Celestis within Elysium itself and break her claim over your companion's soul, whether through overwhelming force or extraordinary persuasion, defying the very rules that sustain the High Heavens.

Achieving this grants you 400 CP, while your restored companion gains 200 CP that may only be spent on Cosmic Powers, their soul strengthened by surviving and reclaiming essence from Elysium's core. During the final confrontation, a single feather will fall from Amara Celestis and come to rest near you, which you may claim as a fiat-backed item—silent proof that even the laws of Heaven can be bent, and that you walked into paradise and returned with what was yours.

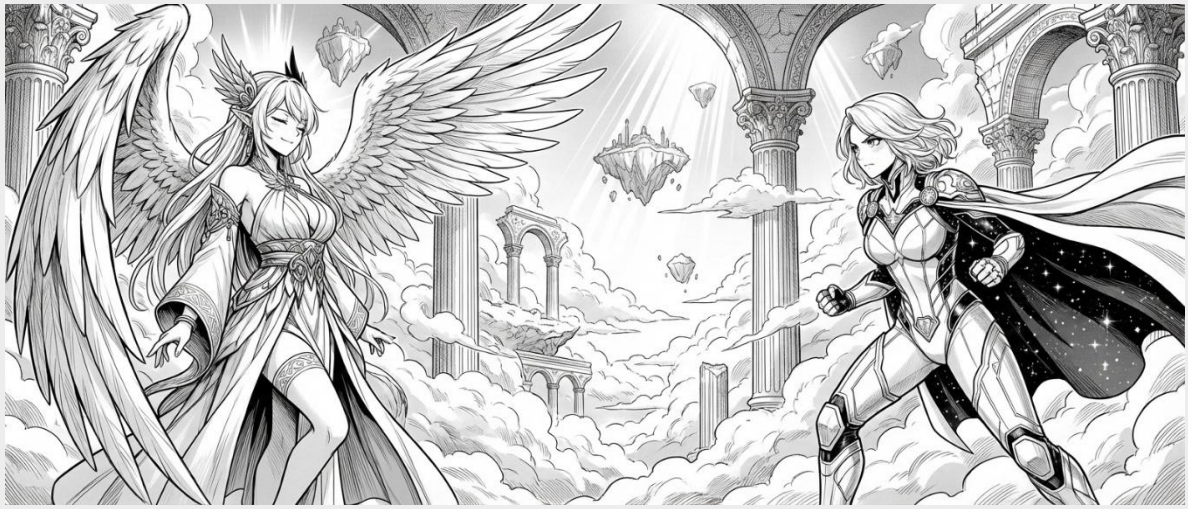
Feather from an Older Sister (Reward item)

A silvery feather once part of the Keeper of Elysium's Embrace, imbued with a trace of her ethereal beauty and power. Holding this feather grants you a sense of calm and serenity, along with a subtle boost to your luck. It also fosters a quiet kinship with the souls of the departed you may encounter on your travels.

Once every decade, this miraculous feather can protect you from death, though its radiant luster will fade slightly after use. Over time, it will regain its glow, ready to shield you once again.



Heavens Fall Part 2 Scenario Notes



The second part of this scenario begins with what was once impossible: you intrude into the High Heavens in the flesh, intent on reclaiming your companion's soul and restoring them to life. The last time you stood here, Amara Celestis banished you without hesitation. Now you have returned by force of will and defiance alone, and this time, removal will not come easily. Your companion's soul is imprisoned within Elysium's Embrace, sustained by a flawless illusion, and it falls to you to shatter it.

Traversing Elysium is meant to be both beautiful and unsettling. As you cross the heavens in search of your companion, you will have to pass through countless personal paradises—idyllic realms tailored to each soul that rests here. The unsettling truth becomes apparent quickly: Elysium does not judge. The heavens receive saints and monsters alike, granting each a version of perfection shaped to their desires rather than their deeds. This is not reward. It is containment, a beautiful trap.

When you finally find your companion, they are living a perfect life within such an illusion. They have a home, a partner, children—everything they could have wanted. None of it is real except their feelings. The family, the life, the world itself are hollow constructs, designed solely to keep the soul content and compliant. Most disturbing of all, the partner they are with bears an uncanny resemblance to you, subtly altered to match their preferences. What this means is left deliberately ambiguous, it could be their best friend, a family member, or even their lover. Awakening your companion from this illusion is not easy; it is like tearing someone from the most beautiful dream imaginable. The shock is profound, even cruel, because while the paradise was false, the emotions were not.

Even after freeing them, it becomes clear that something is missing. Memories, power, fragments of identity—parts of their essence have already been taken by Elysium itself. Fully restoring them requires journeying to the true heart of the heavens: a colossal pillar of light at the center of Elysium's Embrace, formed from the souls that have been completely absorbed into the system. This is where what was taken can be reclaimed.

At this point, Amara Celestis can no longer ignore your presence. She arrives as the absolute sovereign of the High Heavens, demanding the immediate return of the soul you have taken. To her, this is not cruelty but necessity; Elysium's order must be preserved at all costs. While persuasion is possible in theory, Amara is unlikely to yield. She is not merely powerful here—she is sustained by the Heavens themselves. She is cocky, smug, and fully knows that even if you're the Promised One, in here she can't allow you to do as you wish. Within Elysium, she is perfectly capable of rivaling you as the sole Cosmic Lord of this universe, commanding sacred forces as effortlessly as you shape reality elsewhere. This is her domain, and she enforces its laws with absolute conviction.

My original vision for this scenario was that defeating Amara directly would be futile so long as she remains bound and supported to the heavens' core. While out-of-context abilities may be able to change that and could defeat her, the intended solution was meant to be in recognizing that the pillar of light is the true source of her invincibility, what keeps her almighty in the heavens and what binds her to this place for eternity. Damaging or destroying it destabilizes Elysium, severing Amara from the system that empowers her. Even then, her sense of duty would drive her to continue fighting—until the intervention of her sister, the Demon Queen Dabria Celestis, who has been watching events unfold through the demonic pact that binds her to you. Dabria's arrival marks the true end of the conflict, convincing Amara to stand down and leave with her, though not without Amara delivering a final warning: the destruction of the pillar will have consequences that even she can yet fully foresee.

Originally, those consequences were intended to tie into the awakening of the Shattered One, releasing what once kept it dormant within the universe, the entirety of the power of all souls of this universe. However, this is left intentionally open-ended this time, for you to adapt if you have other ideas. The disruption of the heavens raises far-reaching questions that I haven't explored yet: what becomes of the cycle of souls? Can resurrection now occur freely in a universe where souls were once immediately claimed by Elysium? How does this affect the Hells, which actively compete for souls before the heavens can claim them? Amara, after all, is not the creator of the High Heavens—only their appointed caretaker, just as Dabria is not the creator of the Thousand Hells. These threads are left unresolved by design, waiting to be explored in future jumps or stories set in this universe.





Once the scenario concludes, the Celestis sisters withdraw from the cosmic stage. Amara leaves the High Heavens behind and joins Dabria in Pyraxis, making her sister's realm their shared refuge. There, they remove themselves from the affairs of both Heaven and Hell, abandoning the endless cycle of judgment, temptation, and duty that once defined them.

What becomes of the High Heavens, now fractured and leaderless, is uncertain. The order that sustained them has been broken, and whatever balance once governed the passage of souls is no longer intact. As for the Hells, Dabria shows little concern; her objective was never dominion, only the salvation of her sister from an eternal burden. Amara herself can do little to repair what was lost. Restoring the heavens would require the direct intervention of their mother—or nothing less than a complete rewriting of reality.

Scenario 71: Endgame Part I – The Broken Eclipse

[This scenario is intended as the crisis that has been lurking within the universe, the stakes will be higher than ever here and it is presented as a narrative story. Feel free to adapt it to your needs, your story comes first!]



At first, the reports are easy to dismiss. Isolated incidents scattered across the Milky Way: disappearances in fringe colonies, strange rituals uncovered in dead worlds, malformed creatures released into densely populated systems before being swiftly destroyed. Each event bears the same signature, whispered by investigators and survivors alike—the Cult of the Broken Eclipse. Local authorities manage to contain most of the damage, and taken individually, none of it seems world-ending. But the pattern is there, faint at first, growing clearer with time. This is not random chaos. It is preparation.

The situation worsens when Felfarris comes to you with troubling news. The same phenomena are appearing far beyond your galaxy, mirrored across distant stars. The Cult is not local, nor recent—it is vast, patient, and far more entrenched than anyone believed. The Grundth, having once suffered beneath the schemes of the Void Monarch, recognize the signs immediately. Secretive movements, ritualized violence, and reality-warping interference are never harmless. They ask for your aid, not merely to stop the Cult's actions, but to understand them—to uncover how such a network operates unseen across the universe.

Your investigation is meant to take you from scarred planets to forgotten ruins, to places no sane civilization would build upon. The Cult is careful. They erase evidence with disturbing precision, and attempts to uncover the truth through cosmic or supernatural means are consistently frustrated. Time feels distorted around their sites, divinations blur into static, and psychometric traces fray as though something actively resists being known. Still, perfection is impossible. You begin to find fragments—half-burned texts, interrupted rituals, hidden sanctums buried beneath layers of mundane reality. Sometimes, you arrive too late. Other times, you interrupt ceremonies already in progress, glimpsing things that were never meant to exist.

What you should uncover is unsettling. The Cult is fractured, splintered into cells that barely seem aware of one another, yet all share the same obsession. They believe a barrier between realities is weakening, and through it they can summon their dark master—the Eclipse of the End—from whatever abyss it was cast into. Many of their attempts are crude, even desperate, as if they are racing against something they do not fully understand. Their recent surge in activity is no coincidence. Something has changed, and they can feel it.

As you dismantle their operations within the Milky Way, their resistance proves ferocious but ultimately inadequate. Void-born creatures, deranged sorcerers, and remnants of old horrors stand in your way, yet none pose a true threat to you. A recurring name surfaces among recovered fragments, hinting at a hidden coordinator guiding the Cult's efforts, but every lead ends the same way—in silence. Whoever they are, they remain just out of reach.

Then the tone begins to shift.

The Cult's actions grow erratic. Rituals lose their structure. Symbols once associated with the Eclipse are replaced or defaced. Some cells abandon the Eclipse entirely, invoking something else—something unnamed, something far more unsettling. The careful preparation gives way to frenzy, as though the Cult itself no longer understands what it is



trying to summon. The goal that once united them begins to unravel, and in its place lingers a far more troubling question.

What if the Eclipse of the End was never meant to return?

And what if the Cult has already opened the door to something far worse?

hat was once a unified design begins to collapse in on itself. The Cult of the Broken Eclipse fractures not through infighting, but through madness. Cultists lose coherence, their chants slurring into nonsense, their rituals warping into grotesque parodies of what they once practiced. Some move as if guided by unseen hands, others speak in voices not their own. It becomes clear that many of them are no longer acting with intent at all.

The truth reveals itself gradually, and when it does, it is chilling. The Cult was never the architect of its own purpose. Their efforts have been subverted by something far older and far more dangerous—a presence they now name in fragments and whispers: **the Shattered One**. Its influence bleeds through their workings, twisting the original design into something vast and catastrophic. This is no resurrection, no return of a fallen master. This is entropy and hunger given will, pressing inward on reality itself.

With this revelation, the stakes become unavoidable. Stopping the Cult is no longer enough; they are merely the conduits. To avert collapse, you must attempt to trace the Shattered One to its source, uncover how to stop it in the first place, and learn whether it can be sealed, undone, or destroyed. Time grows thin, and every malformed ritual brings the universe one step closer to unraveling beyond repair.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

The Cult of the Broken Eclipse, in its reckless attempt to restore its fallen master, has been corrupted by a far darker influence. The disturbance in reality they believed to be their long-awaited opportunity is instead the catalyst for their undoing. Whatever the Shattered One truly is, its presence poisons their efforts—and it cannot be allowed to fully emerge.

Success in this scenario lies not in victory, but in endurance and understanding. You must confront the cult's resurgence, dismantle its cells where possible, and piece together the truth behind their actions. Along the way, you may uncover fragments of knowledge about the Eclipse of the End, and perhaps even glimpse the nature of the Shattered One itself. Yet true resolution remains beyond reach; the madness driving the cult cannot be fully stopped here.

Though your actions will slow the spread, they cannot halt it entirely across the entire universe. The corruption continues to seep outward, rituals grow more unstable, and with every passing moment the Shattered One draws closer to crossing into reality. This is not the end of the threat—but the point at which it can no longer be ignored.

All through the scenario, the more you learn about the Shattered One, the more it will remind you of whatever you saw hiding behind reality when you received the last message of the creator. Unsettling.

Scenario 72: Endgame Part II – The Unseen Madness



You are not alone in your efforts to stem the rise of the Cult of the Broken Eclipse. Across the universe, allies and rivals alike have begun to move against them. The Caelorian Empire, the Grundth, the scattered Federations, and even civilizations that once stood indifferent or hostile now act with rare unity. Reports of havoc and ritualistic violence arrive from every corner of known space. What once seemed like isolated incidents is becoming a full-scale crisis—one that demands immediate action, even as its true shape remains unclear.

Your Custodian companions soon depart, drawn away by disturbances sensed through the Crystal Library of the Cosmos. From that ancient place, they have always perceived dangers to the universe, and now those dangers are multiplying. Swiftly mobilizing, they will work to intercept cult activity wherever it emerges in an efficient way, though for one or two Custodians they cannot solve this alone. Felfarris will take a leading role in coordinating efforts within the Milky Way, managing—at least for now—to contain the cult's spread. Still, some losses are inevitable. A single hidden cultist on a populated world can do immeasurable harm before being found, and not every tragedy can be prevented, unless a Cosmic Lord is involved.

Even Refresh, usually a cheerful and happy going, grows uncharacteristically somber. To her, there is nothing amusing about what is unfolding. She speaks often of feeling a growing sense of dread, an intuition she cannot shake, and though she will aid you whenever asked, her unease only deepens as time passes. Curiously, that very intuition she has as a Cosmic Lord, you can feel it as well. Zayidd, the Gyneesi princess, will remain at your side, until one quiet night she is going to ask you to accompany her home. A troubling message from her father has reached her, hinting at unrest within the Gyneesi Kingdom. Your intervention reveals cult activity embedded deep within their capital, and with your help, a looming catastrophe may be narrowly averted.

During this time, Laura Minetti and Synapsis will reach you with a dangerous proposal. They believe they can trace the cult's true origin through a combination of Laura's magic and Synapsis tracking methods, revealing their secrets and possibly a way to stop them, but only by seizing control of an unfinished ritual site. Should you agree, securing such a place will result in her efforts to partially unravel the ritual's structure to succeed, granting a fleeting but horrifying glimpse of what lies behind the cult: the Shattered One. The backlash from the reveal of its presence will be catastrophic, obliterating the site in a violent surge of energy. Protecting both girls will be essential; if shielded in time, they will survive, though they will remain unconscious for an entire day due to exposure to something they can't comprehend. What you witness in that moment confirms your worst suspicions—the thing behind the cult is the same thing you encountered when you saw the Creator of the Universe, the thing lurking within reality itself.

Aia and Vega remain on Earth for much of the scenario, until Vega senses a disturbance within her own star system. A rogue vessel approaches the Sylvandar colony, its interior saturated with cult corruption. Left unchecked, Vega will destroy the ship outright with an incinerating flare from her true star body, but doing so will unleash a cloud of black particulate matter capable of infecting every nearby world. Careful intervention on your part can prevent this outcome, neutralizing the threat without triggering a far greater disaster—so long as you do not act recklessly and destroy the ship.



Aurelia does not immediately return to Caeloria when the cult first resurfaces, but once the scale of the crisis becomes undeniable, she departs without hesitation. The Caelorian Empire needs its Empress in times such as these, and she rises to the task as she always has. Under her command, the empire wages a disciplined and highly effective campaign against the cult within its borders. Yet even for an eternal empress, there are limits. Some threats are meant for rulers and generals to face—and others demand the hand someone like a god, someone like a Cosmic Lord.

Mara Blackthorn grows visibly concerned as the cult's activities escalate. She recognizes them immediately—though under a different name—and becomes a vital source of knowledge regarding the Eclipse of the End and the apocalyptic legacy tied to it. She will not hesitate to stand at your side against them, fully aware that if the cult succeeds, the horrors they unleash may be the last sights the universe ever knows. However, she will find troubling the news of the Shattered One. One existential horror is enough for her, but the idea that there are more out there, troubles her.

Urist is absent as well, though not out of fear or retreat. Instead, he has gone to rally the Mythopoetic Gods—entities of immense power who rarely involve themselves in mortal affairs. His absence is keenly felt. Whether he struggles to convince the proud and obstinate gods to intervene, or has encountered dangers unseen, remains unclear. The silence surrounding his efforts only deepens the unease.

Rah and Lapis, the astral phoenixes, remain steadfastly with you. Though they know little of mortal concerns, both have developed a strong aversion to the energies wielded by the cult. To them, those forces feel wrong—tainted in a way that even ancient, cosmic beings instinctively recoil from.

Across the worlds touched by the cult's actions, morale steadily erodes. In response, Vivi chooses not to lift spirits through grand performances, but through quieter, more personal acts of compassion. She dedicates herself to aiding those who have suffered, organizing relief efforts and activist movements thanks to her influence and contacts that span multiple worlds. Alone, her impact is significant. With your support, the ripple effects of her work will spread exponentially across the galaxy and beyond.

On Earth, Armigrand works closely alongside his parents, driven by a recent breakthrough. He seeks to enhance the planetary shield once used by the Houses, merging it with his own quantum technologies. The results promise to become foundational to Earth's future defenses—but inspiration is needed to push the work to completion. A familiar, cosmic presence—someone who has guided him through the years—may be exactly what he requires.

The girl from the Ravager Nebula, whose name you know well, remains on Earth as well. She speaks of an oppressive sensation in the air, a sense of approaching hunger she cannot explain. You may not fully understand her words, yet your own senses confirm something is amiss: a faint, foul presence, like a distant stench, growing more noticeable with each passing day.

Kirik, ever the opportunist, attempts to draw you into a quick adventure—a small heist meant to lighten the mood. Should you agree, the attempt quickly falls apart. When it comes time to depart, his ship, the *Scatterbolt*, is gone. Tracking it down reveals the culprit just beyond the solar system: Kirik's wife. She has commandeered the vessel as punishment for his many failings as a husband, declaring she will return it only after enjoying her joyride. You may

choose to intervene and help Kirik recover his ship—though few would argue his wife is in the right, and this is a minor justice done upon him.



The maddening consequences of the cult's actions now ripple across the entire universe, and time grows desperately short. At last, a final lead emerges—one that offers something tangible, unmistakable, and deeply alarming. The Cult of the Broken Eclipse has found what they were searching for and is preparing a ritual of unprecedented scale, a singular act meant to restore their master once and for all. Every sign points to this being their final gamble. They are gathering their most devoted members, their greatest resources, and whatever knowledge they have left. If they are stopped here, the cult will suffer a decisive, possibly fatal blow. If they are not, the result may be a catastrophe beyond imagining.

The true horror lies not only in the ritual itself, but in where it is to be performed. The cult has somehow uncovered a path to a place that should never be reached, never even named. When the location is revealed, Mara reacts with visible shock—and perhaps you do as well. This is not merely another hidden world or forgotten dimension. It is the last place the cult should ever be allowed to tread: the **Rift at the End of Space and Time**.

You have been there before—or, if not, Mara knows the way all too well. Either way, the moment of reckoning has arrived. Whether you go alone or rally your companions and allies from across the universe, the choice is yours. What is certain is this: the cult must be stopped now, or there may be no universe left to save should they succeed.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

As the moment of decisive confrontation draws near, the unseen madness unleashed by the Cult of the Broken Eclipse leaves its scars across the universe. In this scenario, success is measured not by a single battle, but by your presence throughout the crisis—standing beside your companions as they face the spreading chaos, witnessing how each of them endures, falters, or rises in the shadow of what is to come and with your aid, surely magnify their efforts.

To succeed, you must take part in these unfolding events, intervening where you can and continuing the search for a way to strike a truly decisive blow against the cult. Uncovering the final clue behind their ultimate rite marks the culmination of this effort and the reward for your vigilance.

The Cult of the Broken Eclipse must be stopped, and its members must answer for what they have done. The safety of the galaxy, the universe, and perhaps reality itself now rests in your hands, Cosmic Lord.

Scenario 73: Endgame Part III – At the End of Space and Time



Reaching the end of space and time is always a disquieting experience. The notion that both distance and duration can simply *end* defies mortal reason, and yet the place exists all the same. You recognize it at once: the great column of light, standing alone amid the ruins of a forgotten reality. But this time, the silence is broken. Signs of intrusion and desecration scar the site. A vast ritual circle has been carved into the ring of ruins in blackened sigils and corrupted inks, its purpose unmistakably vile. The air itself feels wrong, heavy with a gnawing hunger, as though the cult's actions have already begun to draw something alien closer to existence.

Your arrival does not go unnoticed. Resistance follows swiftly. The Cult of the Broken Eclipse lacks the means to truly challenge a Cosmic Lord, yet desperation drives them to try regardless. Cultists, warped beasts, corrupted machines, and half-formed abominations hurl themselves at you and your companions. They are not your true adversary, merely obstacles bought with fanatic devotion and stolen power.

At the far edge of the ruins, standing before the trembling rift, waits the leader of the Cult of the Broken Eclipse. Once human—if he can still be called that—his body is scarred by foul fire and sustained only through profane rites. He is the last true servant of the Broken Eclipse, clutching what he believes to be the final key needed to complete the ritual and tear open the sealed rift.

His mind is a fortress of obsession, warded against control or persuasion. Even destroying his body proves futile; his flesh stitches itself back together, animated by a false relic embedded within his chest—an imitation fragment of what he believes to be the Eclipse itself. He will not yield. With the ritual nearing completion, he stands between you and the rift, and there is no path forward that does not pass through him.

The clash that follows is violent enough to scar reality. Dimensional tears rip open around you, exposing fleeting vistas of impossible worlds and living nightmares. Eldritch horrors, void-born creatures, and warped entities are torn from beyond and hurled into the battlefield. If your companions are present, they must hold back the remaining cultists while you face the fanatic alone.

Despite his ferocity, the truth is plain: he is no god, no demon, and wields no true cosmic power. His resistance is a desperate gambit. The cult never anticipated opposition of your magnitude, and his defeat is inevitable. But he does not need to win. He only needs to delay you.

Time is his true weapon.

As he falls, the ritual completes. The rift shudders. The world holds its breath. For a single, terrible moment, everything goes silent.

And then—nothing happens.

The rift remains sealed. The Eclipse of the End does not emerge.



As the ritual collapses in on itself, a far worse truth becomes clear. The cult's efforts were never truly calling to the Eclipse at all. Their rites, their sacrifices, their madness—every action has instead served to stir something else. Something that was meant to remain dormant.

The Shattered One.

Its influence floods the site in an instant. The remaining cultists lose what little sanity they had left, their bodies twisting and breaking as they become vessels for unspeakable hungers. Eldritch forms bloom from ruined flesh as the Shattered One's presence consumes them. The energy gathered for the ritual is torn away, siphoned into something vast and unseen beyond the rift.

The Eclipse never answered their call.

Something far worse has begun to truly awaken.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

The final confrontation with the Cult of the Broken Eclipse is at hand, and they will expend everything they have in service to what they believe is their master. Yet the truth is far darker: the Eclipse was never the guiding hand behind them. The cult has been manipulated from the beginning by the Shattered One, a presence using their fanaticism to hasten its own awakening and claw its way back into physical reality to resume its maddening desire to consume reality.

This scenario represents the definitive end of the cult itself. By reaching the Rift at the End of Space and Time, standing against them with your allies and companions, and defeating their leader, you deliver a decisive and permanent blow. With their final coordinator destroyed, the Cult of the Broken Eclipse collapses across reality, their remaining cells rendered directionless and doomed. Those who of the cult linger—here or elsewhere—will meet a grim fate, consumed utterly by the very force that used them as tools.

But this victory comes too late to prevent everything.

The Shattered One has already been stirred beyond the point of no return a long time ago. Perhaps your own awakening as a Cosmic Lord was the catalyst, or perhaps it was only the final condition it required. Whatever the cause, it has begun to manifest. The cult is gone, erased from the board—but in its place stands a far greater threat, one that no longer hides behind intermediaries or false gods.

The universe has entered a true state of crisis.

Scenario 74: Endgame Part IV – The Shattered One



The universe is beginning to come apart.

Reality frays at its edges, eroded not by force, but by presence. In the deepest reaches of the greatest voids, red fractures spread through existence like cracks in shattered glass. This is where it begins to manifest—not the true, whole form of the being, but a single surviving piece. The piece that hid within this universe when it was broken into countless pieces long ago. One fragment is enough.

At the heart of that endless void, the Shattered One takes shape. A vast, undulating, non-Euclidean mass, wrong in every dimension. Twisted flesh folds into itself, eyes open where no eyes should exist, mouths whisper where no mouths should be. The act of perceiving it is an assault on the mind. Its whispers burrow into thought, and even the bravest feel the edges of madness scrape against their resolve.

You return from the rift to a universe already reeling.

Its influence spreads rapidly. Across countless worlds, the unwary and the weak-minded begin to break. Stars vanish without explosion or warning. Planets erupt with grotesque, ravenous life that devours everything upon them. Those who study the anomaly too closely risk losing themselves entirely, their minds unraveling under the weight of what should not exist.

Civilizations cannot ignore this for long. Calls for unity spread like wildfire across the cosmos. Within days, a neutral system becomes the gathering point for an unprecedented convocation: empires and federations, gods and monsters, mystics and generals, living stars and ancient beings drawn together by fear and necessity.

You may take part in these efforts, organizing the rally, forging alliances, and pressing for action. Or you may consider confronting the Shattered One directly—but to do so alone, at this stage, would be folly. You are powerful, yes. But so is the Shattered One.

With each passing day, the universe destabilizes further. The Celestial Corridors of the Living Stars collapse into inaccessibility. The Dreamscape shudders and fractures. The Astral Sea grows violent and unpredictable. Even the Hells stir uneasily, disturbed by a hunger that does not belong to them. The Shattered One is not merely present—it is feeding, growing stronger as reality weakens.



The crisis summit draws voices from every corner of existence. Some argue the entity can be contained. Others insist it must be sealed at any cost. A few laugh bitterly at the idea of fighting it at all, demanding evacuation plans and the abandonment of doomed systems. You may offer your perspective, but agreement will be rare. Fear, pride, and desperation fracture the assembly.

Then the Custodians speak. Diatomyr recalls the Age of Light, the last time such a monster emerged, and how it was only defeated through the combined will of all living beings. The room reacts in horror, disbelief, and dread. Arguments erupt. Accusations fly. The gathering teeters on the brink of collapse.

If order is to be restored, it will not come from them.

It will have to come from you.

If you succeed, if you can bring unity where there is chaos, you will give the universe something it desperately lacks in this moment—a chance.

If enough voices can be brought into alignment, a decision is made. Not unanimously, not without fear—but with resolve. A coalition is formed. A single, desperate accord to defend the universe from annihilation.

The armada that follows is the greatest force assembled in recent history. Thousands upon thousands of fleets surge into motion, cutting through the star-strewn void like a migrating constellation. Sleek celestial frigates glide beside hulking dreadnoughts built for attrition. Living vessels—organic, breathing, pulsing with bioluminescent veins—travel alongside cold mechanical titans bristling with impossible weaponry. Even Living Stars follow the fleet closely, wary of their own gravity causing mayhem for the mortal races. Every ship carries more than soldiers and firepower; each bears the hope of an entire people who believe, perhaps for the last time, that survival is still possible.

Among them, the Caelorian fleets advance in perfect formation, Aurelia herself commanding from the *Caelian*, her empire's flagship blazing like a promise against the dark. The Grundth war-hosts move in tandem, disciplined and relentless. Felfarris returns to stand with its people—this is no longer a time for counsel or compromise. It is a time for war. Your other companions take their places as well, each contributing in the way only they can, ready to face whatever awaits beyond the edge of reason.

The journey toward the anomaly is not merely a march to battle; it is a final quiet before the storm. These moments allow you to speak with your companions—some are leaders and legends, others heroes known across worlds and others remembered only by those who love them. There is little time. Every exchange carries the unspoken weight of what may be the last. Use it well.

As the armada pushes deeper into the space near the anomaly, the corruption begins.

At first, it is subtle. Whispers brush against the edges of thought, faint and easily dismissed. Caelorian telepaths report hearing voices that do not belong to anyone present. Grundth warriors—veterans hardened by centuries of war—find their tempers fraying without cause. Crew members glimpse movement where there should be none, shadows bending against the laws of light.

Then the silence begins.



An entire Grundth battleship—renowned for its resilience—goes dark. No response. No distress call. When coalition scouts investigate, they find horror within: crew members slaughtered by one another, bodies warped into grotesque forms, faces frozen in expressions of terror and hatred too intense to be human. Within the following hours, more ships fall. The corruption spreads far faster than projected.

The terrible truth becomes clear—the Shattered One's influence is not confined to the anomaly. It has already reached into the minds of those who came to stop it.

Then the first betrayal ignites the void.

A battalion of Caelorian light-ships breaks formation. Their radiant hulls, once glowing with celestial brilliance, now burn with a sickly crimson light. Their weapons turn—not outward, but inward. The madness has claimed them entirely. Without warning, they open fire on their former allies.

The first shots are fired.

Unity shatters.

What was meant to be a single, overwhelming front collapses into chaos as alarms scream across the fleet. Space erupts into warfare—brother against brother, ally against ally—while the Shattered One watches from beyond, its hunger growing, fed by despair.

The war for reality has begun.

Whether there is anything you can do at this moment is uncertain. These were meant to be your allies, yet their minds are no longer truly theirs. The madness has taken root too deeply—woven into thought, memory, and identity itself. Even attempts to shield them now feel hollow, as though you are trying to dam an ocean with bare hands. Whatever has claimed them is already inside. Capturing, stopping, or destroying them is possible at this moment.

The Shattered One was so close before the battle began. It was nearly within striking distance of the coalition, and yet it does not move to attack. It does not need to. The fleet is tearing itself apart under its influence alone. The entity hangs in the void, vast and unmoving, as though the destruction unfolding before it is beneath its notice.

Then the void splits.

Two colossal pillars of power erupt into existence, piercing space like divine lances. One is radiant beyond comprehension, a column of pure creation. The other is an abyss made manifest, devouring light and certainty alike. The Celestis sisters have arrived.

Amara and Dabria descend as shimmering avatars of opposing absolutes. The former Keeper of Elysium's Embrace, resplendent and terrible in her brilliance, and the Demon Queen of the Ten Thousand Hells, cloaked in sovereign darkness. Together they are impossible to ignore—beacons of defiance in a battlefield drowning in despair.

When they act in unison, the universe itself shudders. Waves ripple through spacetime, distorting light, gravity, and causality as if reality were a fragile membrane stretched too far. Amara raises her hands, and creation answers—



radiance pouring from her like the dawn of a thousand worlds. Beside her, Dabria stands unmoved, arms crossed, shadow coiling around her form as she calls upon the ancient legions bound to her will.

The Hells answer.

Demons pour into reality in an unending tide, summoned not in chaos, but in disciplined fury. They were forged for war, and now they are unleashed. With their arrival—and with your own intervention—the corrupted fleets begin to fall back. One by one, maddened ships are subdued, disabled, or destroyed. For the first time since the armada fractured, the universe regains something it had nearly lost: a fighting chance.

The sisters do not hesitate.

Turning their full attention toward the Shattered One, Amara and Dabria combine their power into a single, catastrophic strike. Light and darkness entwine, collapsing into a beam of impossible intensity that lances across the void. For one breathtaking instant, space is filled with impossible color—like the birth of a universe compressed into a single heartbeat—as their attack reaches the entity.

Then the unthinkable occurs.

The Shattered One does not fall.

Its vast, malformed body warps beneath the impact, reality bending and screaming around it—but it endures. A moment later, it answers. A wave of maddening force erupts outward, a howl of infinite hunger and fury that shatters thought itself. The counterstrike is catastrophic. Amara and Dabria are hurled away at unimaginable speed, their forms slamming into the wreckage of broken fleets, divine light and infernal shadow scattering like embers.

The truth settles in with crushing weight.

At this moment, attacking the Shattered One yields nothing. Not even the most extreme weapons at your disposal—Omega Gamma Ray Bursts or worse—draw more than its indifference. Its resilience is not merely vast; it is fundamental, as though it exists beyond the very concept of being harmed.

As the battle rages on, Amara and Dabria rise again, continuing their assault. The coalition joins them, throwing everything they have into the fight. Yet nothing seems to truly wound the thing.

What *is* the Shattered One? And how does one fight something that does not acknowledge pain, loss, or even opposition? Those questions linger unanswered as the universe trembles on the edge of annihilation.

And then, a presence is felt beyond the battlefield, beyond even the universe itself.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

The battle for reality is far from over. Though you have reached the threshold required for success in this scenario by reaching this moment, the Shattered One remains unbroken, its presence still gnawing at the fabric of existence itself. The fate of the universe now hangs in a fragile balance—poised between annihilation and salvation.

Scenario 75: Endgame Part V – Protect the Universe, Cosmic Lord!



Beyond the boundaries of creation, in the silent void between realities, something ancient stirs. A woman awakens where time has no meaning and distance has no measure. Her hair, white as newborn stars, drifts through the nothingness like a living constellation. She is grace given form, power given purpose—an echo of a being so vast that even gods would think of her only as myth. For untold ages she has stood watch, guarding this universe from threats that never reached its shores. No invading armada, no hostile god, no cosmic horror has ever passed her vigil. She is not the Creator herself, but an echo—an avatar left behind so that the true Divanitrika might pursue purposes far beyond this reality.

Now, she has felt it.

The Devourer's fragment has awakened.

The echo does not hesitate. From the edge of existence, a comet of blinding white light tears across the cosmos, faster than causality, faster than thought. Reality bends away from her passage. The laws of the universe simply fail to apply.

The Shattered One senses her approach.

A scream ripples across reality—not a sound, but a universal convulsion. Every warped mouth within its impossible form speaks at once, howling a name soaked in ancient hatred and fear.

"**Diva...nitri...ka...**"

She arrives without fanfare. Divanitrika, Creator of the Universe, manifests at the edge of the battlefield. She does not strike. She does not speak. She simply watches the monster before her—and somehow, you understand. She is waiting. Even now, even diminished, her power must be used perfectly.

That moment is yours to create.

The Shattered One lashes out, turning its attention to the "pests" surrounding it—the living forces of the universe throwing everything they have at something beyond a god they cannot wound. Weapons blaze, spells rupture space, impossible technologies scream against its hide. None of it truly harms the creature, but it slows it. Distracts it. Buys seconds.

Seconds are enough.

You are a Cosmic Lord. You have allies, companions, artifacts, and power forged across the length of your jumpchain. You can throw anything you have into the storm, to force the Shattered One to commit—to rage, to strike, to focus. And if you succeed with the distraction, in that instant, Divanitrika moves.

She does not dodge the reality-shattering appendages hurled toward her. She does not need to. She crosses the distance in a heartbeat and reaches the monster once.

She touches it.

The universe detonates into light.



A radiance floods the battlefield, so pure and overwhelming that thought itself fractures beneath it. **The Shattered One screams as white fire engulfs its form, burning away corruption, severing its hold on every mind it has touched**. Space trembles. Your fragment of reality resonates harder than it ever has before. The fire does not merely destroy—it *denies*. It works because she believes it will. She believes because it works.

Hope and determination, made absolute.

The Shattered One recoils, vast portions of its form burned away, its pressure on the universe collapsing. Then it retreats—ripping itself free from physical reality and vanishing beyond perception.

Is it over?

Divanitrika turns to you. Her presence is different now—thinner, quieter, like a fading echo. No longer the goddess she appeared to be.

"This is not the end, little Jumper", she says softly.

"This echo of mine lacks the power to destroy it. But I have given you all what I can... now its your turn to protect the universe, Cosmic Lord!"

Only now do you understand. She had a finite reserve. Every act of power consumed something that could never be recovered. What remains of her is fragile by cosmic standards—still immense, but no longer untouchable. She is spent. She cannot intervene again.

The Shattered One lives—but it is wounded. Truly wounded. For the first time, it can be harmed.

You feel its trajectory immediately. Your cosmic senses align, your understanding of reality snapping into place. It is fleeing toward a place that feels inevitable.

The End of Space and Time.

A fitting battlefield for an ending.

There is no time to wait. Every moment gives the creature a chance to recover. Not all can follow you. Fleets lie broken. Aurelia's flagship is crippled. Felfarris still stands ready, but bringing him may mean condemning him. Diatomyr and Thalendra will not hesitate—they were made for this. The remaining Mythopoetic Gods will answer the call. Mystics, companions, friends—many will insist on coming, even knowing the risk.

You must choose who stands beside you when the universe itself is on the line. After all, the upcoming battle will be on the cosmic level, and not everyone can follow you there. Your power will be needed to have a chance to succeed, but some of the others can be of help to you in this final confrontation.

And then, once more, you must travel to the End of Space and Time.

The Shattered One awaits you there—diminished, enraged, still unimaginably dangerous. This is no longer a war of delay or survival. This is the moment destiny crystallizes. The final confrontation. The end of madness, or the end of everything.

Scenario Rewards: +1200 CP

The unforeseen intervention of the Creator of the Universe has granted you a single, fleeting chance—a fragile moment of hope wrested from the brink of annihilation. The Shattered One has been wounded, but not destroyed, and now the fate of the universe rests entirely in your hands, Jumper.

There is no longer room for hesitation or compromise. Either you succeed in destroying this fragment of eldritch, existential horror, or it will consume you and the universe alongside it. Even diminished, this shard of the Shattered One remains a cataclysmic force—capable of shattering stars and tearing galaxies apart with terrifying ease.

Victory will demand everything you have become.

Should you prevail in definitely defeating the Shattered One and purging it from your reality forevermore, you will be awarded **+1200 CP**, a reward befitting a trial of unimaginable peril. Steel your resolve.

This is the final battle of this story.

This is the endgame.

Good luck, Little Jumper.



After completing this scenario, you will awaken one morning to find **a beautiful letter** beside you. It is brief, written not in words but in a strange, ethereal language of emotions and feelings that only you as a Cosmic Lord can truly comprehend. The letter expresses deep gratitude for all you have done, resonating with a heartfelt sincerity that lingers as you read. At the end, it is signed by Diatomyr, thanking you on behalf of all living things in the universe.



Endgame Part Scenario Notes

This scenario represents the original endgame of the jump: the final confrontation between the Cosmic Lord and the Shattered One, where the fate of reality itself hangs in the balance.

In the original 1.0 version of the jump, this was the closing scenario. Here, it has been reframed and expanded to better serve as a narrative framework rather than a rigid sequence of events. The structure is meant to be flexible for you to make changes, with many moments where you can build a more detailed narrative oriented to your story. The core premise remains unchanged: the Cult of the Broken Eclipse spreads chaos across the universe, you move to stop them, and in doing so uncover the far more terrible truth—that they are merely pawns of the Shattered One. Their actions hasten its awakening, until it finally manifests within reality itself.

At that point, the scale of the conflict changes completely. Stopping the cult is no longer enough. To confront the Shattered One, you are expected to rally the forces of the universe—empires, gods, civilizations, and entities willing to stand with you against annihilation. Even then, the Shattered One's power is meant to be overwhelming, far beyond what a Cosmic Lord can reasonably face alone with the tools provided by this jump. In the original vision, only the intervention of the avatar of the Creator of the Universe herself could truly level the field, and even that aid comes at tremendous cost. Divanitrika's avatar exhausts nearly all of her remaining strength weakening it just enough, leaving the final struggle in the hands of you and the living beings of the universe she has safeguarded.

As hinted throughout this document, the Shattered One is not a complete entity. It is a fragment—one piece of a far greater being once known as the Devourer. Yet even this understanding is incomplete. The Devourer was not merely a monster, but **one of the Twelve Sovereigns of the Cosmos**. Why it came to Divanitrika's first universe, why it sought to consume her creation, remains unknown. What is known is that when Sovereigns clash, the Omniverse itself trembles. Divanitrika and her creations prevailed—but the universe was forever scarred by the encounter.

The Shattered One serves as a monstrous antagonist driven purely by hunger and madness. As a fragment of a Sovereign, it is not meant to be easily contained or defeated. While it no longer bypasses perks outright, it is still capable of eroding defenses, straining protections, and forcing the Cosmic Lord to confront the limits of their power. The intent is clear: with the resources available in this jump alone, the Shattered One is meant to be stronger than you. Victory is not guaranteed by raw strength, but by sacrifice, unity, and **the choices you make**.

How the final confrontation unfolds is deliberately left unwritten. Whether through battle, strategy, loss, or triumph—or some combination of all of them—is entirely up to you. This scenario is not about providing a definitive ending, but about giving you the space to create one that is uniquely yours.

As always, this scenario is a guideline, not a script. Dealing with the cult, rallying the forces of the universe, and stopping the Shattered One are the measures of success. How you achieve them, and what the cost may be, is your story to tell.

You've made it this far, Cosmic Lord. You've reached the Endgame.

May you be victorious.

The Shattered One – Extra Lore

The Shattered One is the main antagonist of this jump: a monstrous remnant of an entity once known as the **Devourer**, a being that nearly consumed the universe in its infancy. *The Shattered One* is not its true name, merely the designation given by those who have learned somewhat about its origin. It is called this because what you face is not a complete entity, but a single fragment of a far greater whole—one of countless shards scattered across the Omniverse during the cataclysmic battle that ended the Age of Light. In that final conflict, the united forces of the universe, led by **Divanitrika Celestis, the First Star, and the God-Shattering Star**, succeeded in destroying the Devourer's core, splintering it into innumerable pieces across the Omniverse, with one sneakily hiding within this very universe undetected.

The truth, only known to Divanitrika, is that the Devourer was once one of the **Twelve Sovereigns of the Cosmos**—entities that sit at the absolute apex of what is possible and impossible within this setting. Even as a fragment, the Shattered One is fully capable of devouring an entire universe. Anything below true universal-scale power should be unable to meaningfully harm it. By design, your Cosmic Lord is *not* meant to naturally possess the tools within this jump alone to face such a threat head-on. That said... jumpers are nothing if not creative. If you possess the right perks, artifacts, allies, or narrative solutions, then perhaps you *do* have what it takes.

Sovereigns of the Cosmos are infamous for their ability to bend or ignore rules—*including Jumpchain mechanics themselves*. However, the Shattered One is no longer a full Sovereign. It cannot fully disregard perks or protections, though it may strain, erode, or pressure them. How absolute this is remains deliberately flexible. You may choose to defeat it without Divanitrika's avatar, or discover an entirely different solution I could have never anticipated. However you handle it, your approach is valid and supported. This scenario exists to empower your story, not restrict it.

As an antagonist, the Shattered One should feel overwhelming. It should be capable of threatening a Cosmic Lord wielding all Rank 3 powers, forcing you to think beyond raw strength. However, if sufficiently weakened—whether by cosmic intervention, narrative preparation, or the united forces of the universe—it *can* be brought down. Do not underestimate the power of alliances, sacrifice, ingenuity, and sheer determination. Even a Cosmic Lord who is "weaker" on paper may triumph through unity and resolve.

In terms of abilities, the Shattered One should possess a vast array of eldritch powers. Madness on sight, reality-warping whispers, mental erosion, and existential pressure are all expected—but these are merely symptoms. The true nature of the Devourer, and thus the Shattered One, is not madness but **hunger**. It does not seek chaos for its own sake; it consumes. The more it devours, the stronger, smarter, and more dangerous it becomes. Every star, mind, and reality it absorbs sharpens it further.

Finally, the Shattered One need not be the last remnant of the Devourer you ever encounter. Other fragments may still drift through the Omniverse—some perhaps better left undisturbed, others awaiting a future Jumper powerful enough to face them alone, without relying on out-of-context intervention. These threads are intentionally left open so we can possibly explore them in the future!

Scenario 76: The Reborn Custodians of the Universe

[This scenario will assume that it will happen later in the jump after you have finished any previous scenarios you chose, feel free to adjust any inconsistency to align with the choices you have done in this jump]



After many events and trials, the universe stands preserved with your guidance, but even you, as a Cosmic Lord, may not always be present to safeguard it. One day, Diatomyr will approach you with a respectful but serious request. She nervously asks you to come to the Crystal Library of the Cosmos, her ancient and hallowed home. There, she tearfully will bow before you, humbly pleading for you to use your fully matured cosmic power to reawaken her fallen sisters, the original Custodians of the Universe, to restore her lost family and ensure that they may once again protect the cosmos.

Reawakening the Custodians is no simple task. To achieve this, you must commune with the crystal network of the remains of each fallen sister within the library, entering a meditative state where your mind will be drawn into the vast and interconnected mindspace of the Custodians. Inside, you will experience their lingering consciousnesses, vivid memories of their triumphs, defeats, and the lives they once led. Every Custodian has a distinct personality: some are kind and nurturing, others stern and unyielding, or perhaps suspicious of anyone but the Creator. As you journey through their memories, you must earn their trust and sway each one to accept you as their new leader and master. Fail, and the Custodians may remain forever beyond your reach, their consciousness trapped in an eternal sleep within the crystalline abyss.

Any remaining living Custodians, those lost, those that abandoned their duties, or those that simply choose to live for themselves, will detect your attempt no matter where in the cosmos they were, and will arrive but not to intervene. They will gather to witness whether you can succeed in this monumental task. As the process intensifies, should you falter but show care, conviction, and the ability to revive their sisters, these Custodians may offer their aid. They will channel their power into you, allowing you a final chance to succeed where you might otherwise fail. Should you succeed, you will reawaken the fallen Custodians, restoring the lost family of Diatomyr and securing the universe's safety once more.

Scenario Rewards: +200 CP

The Custodians of the Universe stand restored. Once more, the Sisters walk the halls of the **Crystal Library of the Cosmos**, speaking with the stars, safeguarding existence, and tending to the great balance of reality. Joy and renewal spread throughout the cosmic order—and it was *you* who made this possible.

Diatomyr, alongside any other surviving Custodians, rejoices at their return. No longer merely peers, they now take their place as elder sisters and guides to the reborn Custodians, ushering in a new era of stewardship. In gratitude and reverence, all Custodians will pledge their loyalty to you—their **Promised One**, **Master, and Protector of the Cosmos**.

This legendary achievement grants you **+200 CP**.

It begins with Diatomyr...



I, Diatomyr Epsilon, renew my oath and pledge my undying loyalty to you, my Master.

It is an honor beyond words to be the one to stand before you during all this time, Promised One. My heart, my will, my soul, and my purpose are yours, now and for all ages forever to come.



So you've done it, Promised One...

Just how... no, I mean...

I never truly believed in the prophecy of the Promised One. My sisters always spoke of you as someone that would come and set things right, but with the passing of the ages I began to actually resent you, you know.

My sisters began to fall, and the Promised One supposed to save us never came.

But not only you saved this universe from its dark fate, but also saved my sisters, so...



I guess you're not that bad, Promised One!

I, Custodian of the Universe Thalendra of the Hidden Veil, pledge my eternal loyalty to you, Promised One! You've really lived up to your name, I really now want to see what the future will bring to this universe!



First Custodian of the Universe, Aelia Alpha, steps forward, her voice steady yet trembling with feeling:

I, Aelia Alpha, First Custodian of the Universe, pledge my life and my loyalty to you, Promised One. After all this time... I can hardly believe it. You truly were the one foretold—and you saved them all.

She exhales softly, a rare smile breaking through her composure.

Thank you, [Jumper]. I watched over this universe for so long with and without my sisters and at some moments I felt lost, yet now... there is a warm feeling in my chest.

Perhaps this is what true hope feels like.

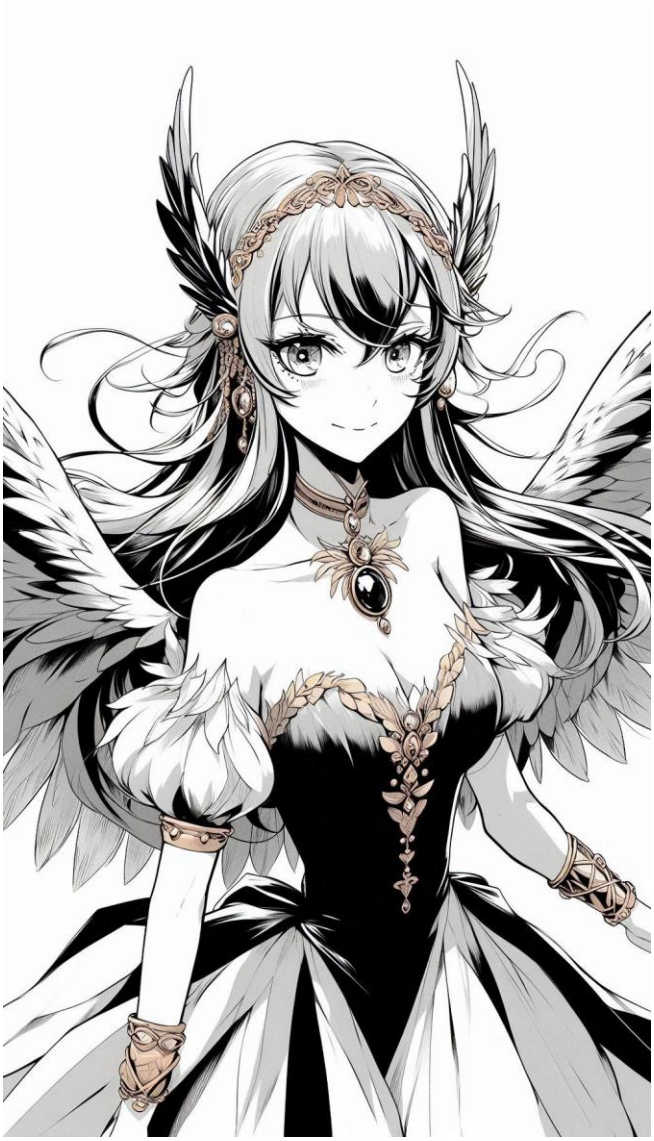


My, aren't you a cutie? I, Custodian Aveena Theta, pledge my eternal loyalty to you, Promised One!



I am so grateful for everything, I can now walk and fly again in this wonderful universe.

I, Custodian Muninny Zeta, pledge my total devotion and loyalty to you, Promised One!



The times of sorrow are over, a new beginning awaits to everyone! I, Custodian Phirina Mu, offer my life and purpose to keep order and safety in this universe in your name, Promised One!



Are you the one that brought me from that endless sleep?

Of course, who else could have done that but the Promised One.

I am forever grateful, and for that I, Custodian Vianna Phi, pledge my eternal loyalty to you, Promised One! Lets keep this universe safe forevermore!

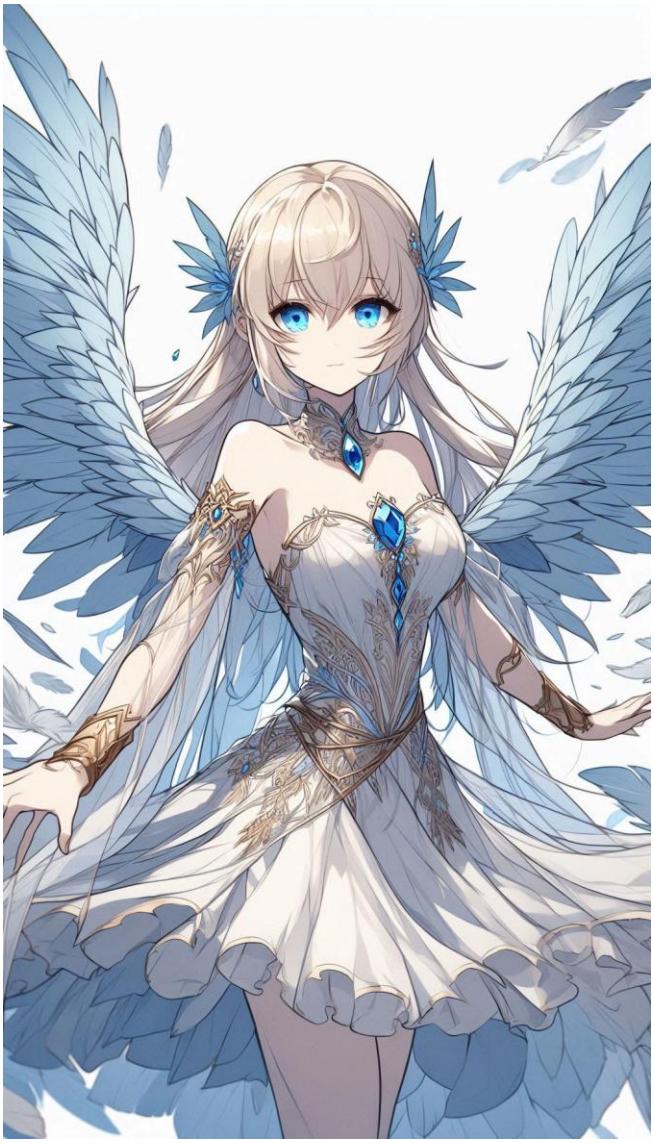


We are back? What happened? Did the Mistress succeed against the enemy?

Everyone... is back. You.... Promised One!?

I... I, Rayleigh Kappa, Custodian of the Universe, pledge my eternal and unlimited loyalty to you, Promised One!

*Thank you....*sniff*, thank you...*



My eyes never lie, and what I see in you is... undeniable. I, Oriany Psi, Custodian of the Universe and Prophet of the Sisters, declare my undying loyalty to you, Promised One!



Hardened Reality... Cosmic Vestments... You are a Cosmic Lord. But I can feel it, you're not just any Cosmic Lord, you are our Promised One.

I, Minerva Omega, Custodian of the Universe and Protector of the Crystal Library of the Cosmos, greets you and pledge my loyalty to you, Promised One!

Let's protect this universe together!

The Custodians of the Universe continued to arrive before you, one by one, each stepping forward to greet you and pledge their loyalty to their promised master. And yet, before a single name was spoken, you already knew each of them.

Each of the little sisters—the Custodians of the Universe—was bound to you, just as you were bound to them. Threads of fate, older than memory, wove you together. You are their Promised One, the figure they had hoped for, waited for, and believed in across uncounted ages.

Every Custodian who approached you carries power equal to Diatomyr's, if not more, and many bore singular quirks and abilities that set them apart from their sisters. And they were not few. Not a dozen. Not even a hundred.

There are hundreds of thousands of them.

You may speak with them, greet them, and accept their oaths. It feels like a long while—an eternity of shared understanding and quiet joy—yet in the wider flow of reality, only minutes pass.

The universe, wounded but alive, still has much that must be mended. The Custodians do not linger. The moment the last vow is sworn, they disperse without hesitation, returning to their sacred duty with renewed purpose.

Still, this is not a final farewell.

There will be time for rest. Time for laughter, stories, and peace within their home—the Crystal Library of the Cosmos.

For now, the universe is in good hands.



Before you depart the Crystal Library of the Cosmos, one of the Sisters approaches you in silence. With a knowing smile, she places something in your hands...

The Custodian's Heart (Reward Item)



This exquisite item is crafted from a fragment of each Custodian's crystal, a testament to their bond with you. **Holding the Custodian's Heart allows you to sense their feelings—gratitude, joy for their revival, and hopes for the universe's future.** The crystal radiates warmth, a constant reminder of the sisters' devotion and the family you helped restore.

Though it remains inert for now, with time and the infusion of your Cosmic power, this crystal **may one day awaken into a completely new being, shaped by the collective will of the Custodians and your influence**. Until that day, it stands as a beautiful symbol of your connection to the Sisters and their undying loyalty.

Scenario 77: A Farewell Party

[This optional scenario will occur just a few days before the end of your jump, after every story and plot thread of your jump has been resolved, as you prepare to make your final decision.]



The vast cosmos, filled with wonder and endless adventure, has felt your influence—changing the lives of both friends and foes alike. Whether for better or worse, your journey has left a lasting mark on the universe. But no matter how infinite the cosmos may be, your journey began on a small blue planet called Earth. Now, as the end approaches, everyone you hold dear will gather on this familiar world to throw a grand farewell party in your honor.

The event will be a joyous celebration, filled with strange and marvelous music, heartfelt gifts, and fond memories. Friends, companions, and even some rivals will come together, setting aside any lingering animosities, at least for this one night. Those no longer among the living will be remembered with warmth, never forgetting that they too left their mark during this adventure. This party is your moment to bask in the love and camaraderie of all who have shared this journey with you, including your companions and allies from across the universe.

Only those you've told, and any companions, will know that this is more than just a party—it is the precursor to your final decision. Everyone else believes you're going to explore the universe and beyond. Yet, for now, it's not the time to dwell on such things. Tonight is for enjoying the present, for celebrating with those you care about before the curtain finally falls on this chapter of your cosmic journey.

Scenario Reward: This party is your reward, my friend. As both a Cosmic Lord and a Jumper, you've shaped the lives of countless individuals across your journey. Every person you've met, every life you've touched, is alive with their own dreams and desires, changed by your presence. And in turn, they've left their own marks on you, ensuring that you'll carry their memory with you into the future. This celebration is a reminder of the connections you've forged, and the lasting impact you've made on those around you.

Once the party finishes, you'll find a cardboard box in a corner with your name:

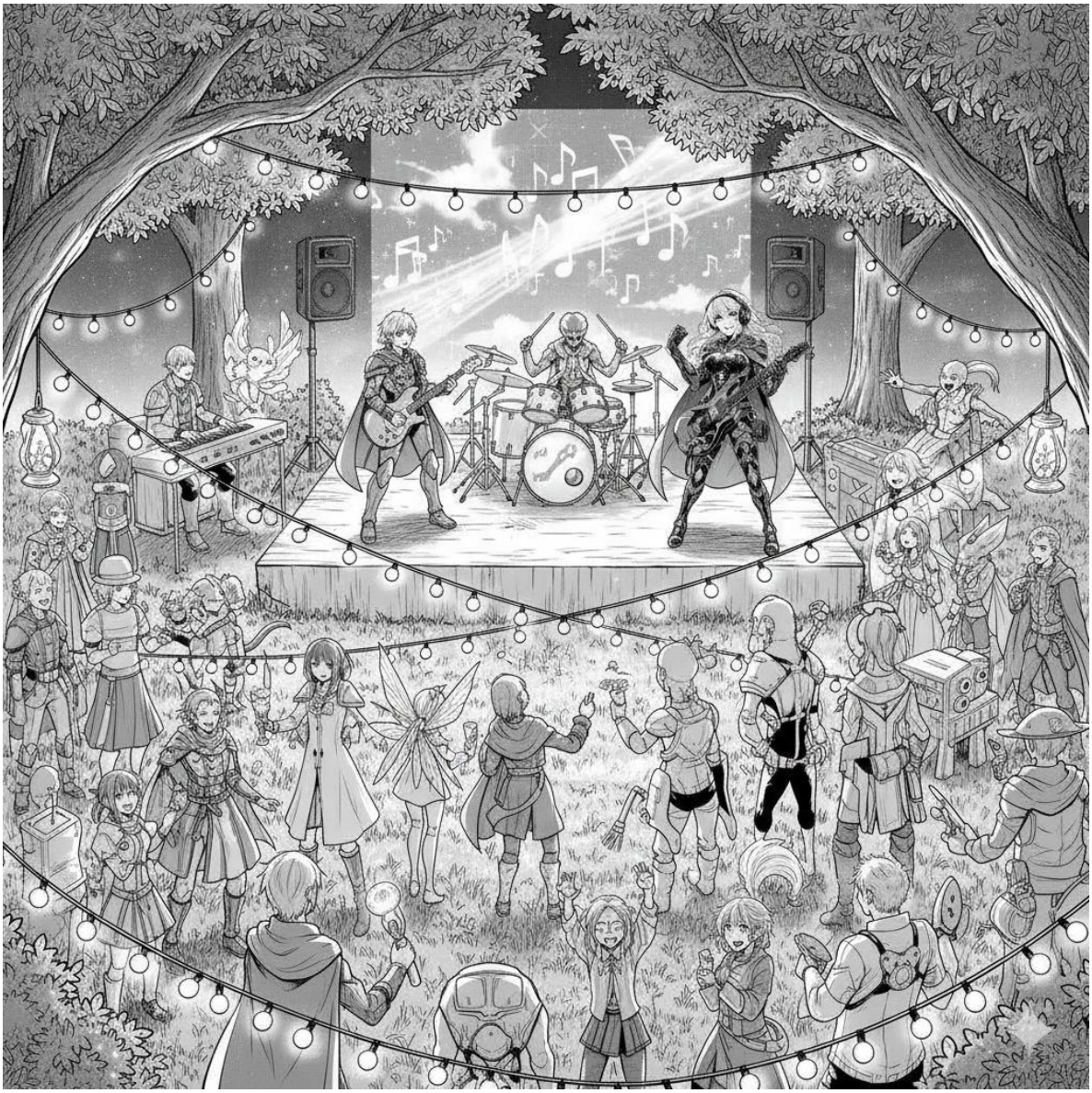
A Box of Gifts and Mementos (Reward Item):



A simple cardboard box, tagged with your name, awaits you. Inside, you'll find an assortment of heartfelt, mundane gifts from the many people you've crossed paths with during your time as a Cosmic Lord. It's filled with framed pictures capturing moments with your companions—snapshots from adventures, victories, and quiet times in between. Mixed among them are recordings of shared laughter, camaraderie, and the memorable experiences you created with others.

Alongside these memories, the box holds a variety of other treasures: handwritten letters, intricate figurines, handmade decorations, and more—each one a token of appreciation, friendship, or remembrance. While none of these items possess grand cosmic power, they are uniquely personal, a lasting reminder of the relationships you've forged and the joyful times spent across the universe.

These mementos serve as cherished reminders of the lives you touched, the friends you made, and the adventures that shaped your journey in this universe.

























The End of a Journey

It's been fun isn't it? It seems like it was yesterday when you first arrived into this place, and awakened as a Cosmic Lord. From humble beginnings on a quiet world called Earth, your journey in this jump began in ignorance of what you truly were going to become. You awoke as a mere human, with only the knowledge that the cosmos itself would one day recognize you as one of its own. Step by step, through moments of wonder and terror alike, you discovered truths that shattered old limits and forged new horizons. You crossed stars, walked among gods, and stood where space and time themselves came undone. Each revelation, each trial, carved away the ordinary until only something extraordinary remained.

You did not walk this path alone. Friends, companions, allies, and even former enemies stood beside you, shaping your story as much as you shaped theirs. Together, you faced horrors that should never have existed and beheld wonders that few minds could ever comprehend. You laughed, you mourned, you fought, and you endured. From fragile hopes to universe-shaking battles, **every choice you made** left a mark—not just upon reality, but upon the hearts of those who followed you. In becoming a Cosmic Lord, you did not lose your humanity; you refined it.

Now, as a Jumper, you stand at the threshold of an uncharted future. The cosmos still bears scars, but it also shines brighter for your presence within it. Civilizations endure, stars continue to burn, and life moves forward—because you were there when it mattered most. The road ahead is long, and new journeys await beyond this one, but for now, you may rest and look upon what you have achieved. From mortal to myth, from Lord to Universal Protector, your story here might be reaching its end... and the universe, at last, dares to hope.

Now as the party comes to an end, it is time tdHkls..s .ddfHello?....p2.3.4.... Is this working?s ..s .a...*psst*

"My my~ Hello there! Forgive me the interruption, but how did *you* get here? You're not from this universe at all, are you? Heehee... you're exactly how I imagined you—just like in my dreams. But tell me, was it endless hope that carried you here... or did you simply wander out of one of my daydreams?"



"A *jumper*, huh? Now that's curious. Who could have brought someone like you all this way into the Omniverse? How delightfully mysterious~"

"Oh? You're thinking about rewards already? Well... maybe you *do* deserve one. After all, **the children are safe now, and that makes me very, very happy."**

"Hmm? My face? Ah—right, right! You can't quite perceive me, do you? You are still not ready I see. But that's okay~ we'll meet properly someday. I'm sure of it."

"See you... what was it.... ah yes... See you later, little Jumper~"

If you've gone through the entire jump, and kept the Celestis sisters safe, then the following reward is yours:

The Gift from the Red Sovereign (Jump Reward Perk)

Hehe~, I sure did

Someone has interfered with this jump—briefly, deliberately. This perk was never meant to exist here, nor was it intended to be the original reward for completing this jump. And yet, it now lies in your hands.

This gift grants you **a choice at the beginning of every jump after this one**. Upon entering a new jump, you may choose to accept the Red Sovereign's mark: an intricate rose-shaped tattoo that appears upon your left thigh. Accepting the mark **seals away all Cosmic Powers and perks gained in this jump, along with your understanding of reality from them and your full Cosmic Lord nature, for the duration of that jump**.

While the seal remains intact, you exist as something lesser than what you truly are—your potential restrained, your cosmic authority bound, though all other perks and powers you have from your other jumps remain intact and unrestricted. However, should you ever face a mortal danger where your true death or chain failure would be unavoidable, the seal will shatter. In that moment, your full Cosmic Lord potential will be unleashed in their entirety.

So long as you willingly accept the seal at the start of a jump and it remains unbroken, you will gain **+200 CP** to use freely within that jump once it ends. If the seal is ever broken, those bonus CP in that jump are immediately forfeited.

Power restrained, or power revealed at the brink of annihilation. Perhaps this is a blessing in disguise, to allow you to enjoy future jumps that have a lesser ceiling of power and not rely entirely in your potent Cosmic Powers.

I bet she can't meddle with things like I do!

The choice—and the risk—are yours to have.

She couldn't even bother to give a reward for saving the kids, hmph!

Drawbacks



Supplement Mode (Free): You can take this jump as a supplement, merging it with another jump. CP from both jumps remains independent from each other.

Extended Stay (+100 CP each): Want more time to explore? With this drawback, you'll stay an additional 10 years in this universe. **You may take this drawback up to 10 times**, extending your stay by up to 100 years.

Limited Body (+200 CP): Any CP you spent enhancing your body in this jump will revert to the free option for the duration of the jump. If you initially chose the free option, you'll now be stuck using your base body mod form without additional enhancements for the rest of the jump.

Stunted Mind (+200 CP): The same principle as Limited Body, but applied to mental enhancements. Your mind reverts to the free option, or, if you already chose it, you're stuck with your baseline mental abilities from your body mod for the duration of the jump.

Fleeting Soul (+200 CP): Any CP spent enhancing your soul will also revert to the free option. If you started with the free option, you'll retain only your base soul abilities from your body mod for the rest of the jump.

Flawed Vestments (+200 CP): Something went wrong with the creation of your Cosmic Vestments. Their protection is severely diminished, and no enhancements can improve them during this jump.

Where's the Innerverse? (+200 CP): The miniature universe Cosmic Lords access within themselves is now locked to you, reduced to a tiny 5x5 meter space, limiting its usefulness for the remainder of the jump.

There's Something Wrong with My Personal Reality Field (+200 CP): Your personal reality field is malfunctioning, causing unpredictable gravity issues and disabling your adaptive true form. Other abilities relying on this field will occasionally fail, often at the worst possible times.

Missing Cape (+200 CP): Your Infinity Mantle has mysteriously vanished. You'll have to manage without it until the end of the jump.

Taking Your Time (+200 CP): For the duration of this jump, any multipliers you have—whether from perks, powers, or abilities—are disabled. You'll do everything at the normal pace.

No Upgrades (+200 CP): Any customizations or upgrades to your Cosmic Vestments are locked and deactivated. If you didn't select any, this drawback will instead disable your most powerful perk or ability.

Dark Genesis (+400 CP): A corrupted part of your reality fragment now periodically ejects you into a dark, twisted micro-universe, forcing you to survive its horrors for a day before returning. This happens once a month, and at the end of the jump, you'll face a final challenge: destroying an amalgam of all these micro-universes to cleanse your fragment.

Cosmic Limiter A (+200 CP): All your Rank 3 Cosmic Powers are locked, forcing you to rely on their Rank 2 versions for the rest of the jump.



Cosmic Limiter B (+200 CP): [Requires Cosmic Limiter A] All Rank 2 and 3 Cosmic Powers are now locked, leaving you only with their Rank 1 versions.

Cosmic Limiter C (+200 CP): [Requires Cosmic Limiter B] All your Cosmic Powers are drastically weakened, reduced to a tenth of their normal strength, requiring much more effort and time to use.

Missing Powers (+200 CP): [Requires Cosmic Limiter C] All Cosmic Powers and out-of-character (OOC) powers are locked until the jump ends.

Flawed Items (+200 CP): Any fiat-backed items malfunction randomly, particularly in critical moments, before resuming functionality. Expect plenty of frustration.

Adverse Items (+200 CP): Your fiat-backed items develop a mind of their own, actively trying to sabotage you. They'll stop at nothing to cause misfortune—unless you keep them stored in your warehouse.

What Happened to Lost and Found? (+200 CP): All fiat protections on your items are gone. Anything lost or destroyed during the jump stays that way until the jump ends.

Bad Impressions (+200 CP): You will always make a poor first impression on potential companions. This effect will wear off after the first few encounters, but by then, the damage may already be done.



Hostile Intentions (+300 CP): All potential companions now perceive you as a threat. They will either try to harm you or rally others against you. This can be resolved with enough effort, but don't expect an easy fix.

Dangerous Individuals (+300 CP): All non-companion individuals mentioned in this jump are now far more powerful and dangerous to you, having gained specialized skills and resources aimed at stopping you if provoked.

Hostile Locations (+300 CP): Every location you visit is far more hazardous. Even peaceful places like Earth now hold hidden dangers, while perilous regions like the Dark Universe become downright lethal.

A Threat to Our Plans (+400 CP): Antagonists from this jump now see you as a major threat and begin mobilizing against you from the outset. They may even join forces to devise schemes specifically targeting you. Even if you eliminate them, new enemies will arise from time to time.

More Interesting Scenarios (+400 CP): Scenarios become far more convoluted and dangerous. Stakes rise dramatically, making simple challenges perilous and complex plots potentially lethal, with dire consequences looming around every corner.



Universal War (+400 CP): You arrive in a grimdark universe embroiled in endless war. Every civilization is at each other's throats, and space travel is fraught with danger. Many factions follow "Dark Forest" rules, treating all outsiders as enemies. Ending this eternal war will require immense effort.

What's One More Existential Threat? (+600 CP): Near the end of the jump, a crack will appear in the Rift at the End of Space and Time. It's your duty to stop the Eclipse of the End from breaking through. Failure to do so will lead to the universe's destruction, and you will fail the jump.

This WAS a Scaling Enemy, was It? (+800 CP): The fragment of the Shattered One will begin to stir on its own during the jump, there will be no clear signs on where and why, but only you will notice it. The others that may aid you against it whether they be civilizations, mighty allies or even enemies will either not see it, believe it, or refuse to do anything about it. It will be up to you, and only you to stop it before it's too late.



One Final Decision

Your journey as a Cosmic Lord has been filled with battles, alliances, and unimaginable discoveries. However, every adventure must eventually reach a conclusion—or perhaps, a new beginning. The moment has come for you to decide how your path continues. Will you stay and carve out a permanent place in this universe? Will you return home to where it all began? Or will you venture forward, seeking new worlds and greater challenges?

As you reach this stage, your fragment of reality undergoes another transformation. **Whereas before, its fate was tied to the destiny of your universe, it now draws its power entirely from you, making it wholly independent and free from external influence**. Now it's time to choose.

Stay

You've made this universe your home. The bonds you've formed and the struggles you've faced have solidified your place here. By choosing to stay, you embrace your role as a Cosmic Lord, ready to oversee and protect this universe for as long as you desire. Perhaps you will guide civilizations to greatness, or rule over them as their immortal guardian. Here, you will find permanence, though your powers and responsibilities will shape the cosmos around you for eons to come.

Return Home

The pull of home can never be underestimated. For all the power you've gained, returning to Earth—or wherever your true home may lie—allows you to bring your story full circle. When you choose to return, you will bring with you the wisdom, experience, and perhaps even some of the power of your cosmic journey. Life may return to a simpler form, but you will forever be marked by the vast adventures you've experienced. Who knows? Your home may never be the same again after your return.

Move Forward

Your thirst for adventure, knowledge, and challenge remains unquenched. You are a Cosmic Lord, but before that you are a Jumper and there are infinite universes, realms, and dimensions that lie beyond the one you've just experienced. By moving forward, you open yourself to a new jump, a fresh universe filled with unknowns. What awaits you next? Perhaps it's another cosmic threat, a quiet life or perhaps a world of unimaginable beauty and mystery. Regardless, your journey continues, and the multiverse will once again feel your presence.



Additional Entries

Thalendra of the Hidden Veil, the Lost Custodian

[Bonus Companion]



Thalendra is one of the many artificial life forms created by the Creator of the Universe, just like her sister, Diatomyr. However, unlike Diatomyr, who remained committed to her duties, Thalendra abandoned her post in search of answers regarding the mysterious disappearance of their Creator. Once a diligent Custodian like her sisters, Thalendra became increasingly disillusioned as the threats to the universe grew and the Creator remained silent. She made the difficult decision to leave the Crystal Library of the Cosmos, believing that the truth of their Creator's fate lay beyond the limits of their duties.

Physically, Thalendra appears very similar to Diatomyr—a radiant, angelic woman of unearthly beauty who shares an almost exact copy of her face—save for her striking emerald eyes and the emerald crystal located in her chest, a distinguishing feature among the Custodians. Like Diatomyr, she is capable of projecting her ideal form as a manifestation of her will, altering reality as needed. However, Thalendra's journey has led her to adopt a more fluid, adaptive approach to her powers, often altering her appearance and using other identities to move unnoticed through the cosmos.

Thalendra has wandered the forgotten corners of the universe, seeking knowledge in places even the Custodians rarely venture. She has delved into forbidden knowledge, ancient ruins, and even made dangerous pacts with powerful entities to piece together fragments of their Creator's whereabouts. Unlike Diatomyr, who remained resolute and anchored in her duty, Thalendra became a seeker—constantly questioning, constantly searching.

Though her departure caused a rift between her and her sister, Thalendra always intended to return once she found something truly significant. She now seeks Diatomyr's aid, having discovered a lead that will eventually lead to the Sanctum of Hope and Dreams—a place hidden even from the Custodians, where answers about their Creator may lie. Her return is not without emotional weight, as Thalendra carries a deep sense of guilt for leaving her sister alone to shoulder the burdens of the universe.

Thalendra is more open and daring than her sister, willing to take risks and confront cosmic forces others would shy away from. Despite her strength, she is haunted by her past choices and the uncertainty of whether she made the right decision in leaving her duties. Her loyalty to the Creator, while tested, remains strong, and her love for her sister, though complicated, runs deep.

As a Custodian of the Universe, Thalendra shares many of Diatomyr's abilities: impervious to age, cosmic strength, the power to alter reality through her projection, spatial flight, and the ability to withstand immense cosmic forces. However, her time away from her duties has honed her skills in stealth, subterfuge, and survival, making her more versatile in unconventional situations. Her knowledge of forgotten cosmic lore and hidden paths will prove invaluable as the two sisters seek the truth behind the disappearance of their Creator.

Now, at a critical moment in the universe's history, Thalendra has reappeared, bringing with her not only the hope of answers but also the possibility of reuniting with Diatomyr to face the greatest mystery of all—the fate of their Creator.

The Interdimensional Academy and this jump



In my mind, this jump takes place after the events of the Interdimensional Academy. Following the conclusion of the final scenario, a great cataclysm occurs, scattering any survivors and fragments of the Nexus (the setting of that jump) across the Omniverse. However, this jump could also represent an alternate reality, one where the outcome of the Interdimensional Academy may have been different had your Jumper intervened and saved it. Perhaps something else unfolded there after your Jumper departed. Feel free to explore any possibilities or continue the choices you made in that jump.

I wanted to pay homage to Interdimensional Academy by incorporating some references from it into this jump. While I liked many of the companions, I decided to include Mara, as she felt like one of the more dynamic and enjoyable characters. In this jump, she is meant to be a more experienced version of her Interdimensional Academy counterpart. Whether or not she journeyed alongside your Jumper during that jump is entirely up to you.

For those who already have Mara as a companion, I made an effort to keep her presence in this jump subtle to give you room to fit her into your narrative. If Mara is already with you, there's no need to spend CP to have her as a companion again, though you may need to import her. Feel free to adapt how she fits into the jump in a way that works best for your story—whether your version of Mara takes over the role of this jump's Mara, a clone exists, or any other creative solution you come up with.

In the future I'd like to explore a **Return to the Interdimensional Academy**, to find out what happened after you left and the fate of the Nexus and any entity or survivor that remained trapped inside.

Regarding Some Perks and Cosmic Powers

Some friends and jumpers have asked me to clarify how tome of these work, I created this section to

Transcendental Transformation: This remarkable perk initiates a gradual and exponential evolution of your body, mind, and soul, increasing their capacities by an order of magnitude every decade. Over time, this growth leads to extraordinary levels of strength, intellect, and spiritual resilience, though it never reaches infinite or conceptual levels. As such, while your stats may rise to impressive heights, they will still remain beneath the scope of true infinity or reality manipulation.

One of the key benefits of this perk is its influence on your **Cosmic Powers**, significantly reducing the time required for them to rank up, though it does not directly increase their potency. The precise extent to which this speed is enhanced remains for you to discover throughout your journey, providing ample room for exploration within your chain.

Cosmic Powers Unselected: Any **Cosmic Power** not purchased via CP (Choice Points) simply means it never manifested within you. It is important to remember that most **Cosmic Lords** only possess a small

handful of these powers, yet your unique nature offers you the opportunity to manifest them all. This is because your universe has channeled much of its energy into creating your fragment of reality.

The design of this jump assumes that many will wish to gain access to all **Cosmic Powers**, which is why there are various methods for obtaining additional CP, alongside a generous starting amount, and having most rank 1 powers at low prices. Since the lower ranks of these powers are typically affordable, it should be within your reach to acquire all of them if that is your goal.

Even more, the new version of the jump gives so many CP rewards I can't think of a situation where you can't afford any of the powers of this jump!

Universal Traversal: While this ability grants you the power to travel across the universe and explore distant realms, it will not allow you to enter a different multiverse or access the settings of other jumps—unless you unlock your **Spark**.

Cosmic Potence and Cosmic Boost: Cosmic Potence doesn't enhance your base strength directly; instead, it enables feats of strength up to the level of its rank. While just using the raw physical strength from **Cosmic Boost** might not surpass the apparent strength granted by rank 1 of **Cosmic Potence**, it can amplify other natural attributes you possess, such as those enhanced by the **Transcendental Transformation** perk or other perks and abilities from across different jumps. With enough other strength enhancements, **Cosmic Boost** can potentially elevate your strength beyond the level of a star system while Cosmic Potence reaches its soft cap out at that level.

Moreover, **Cosmic Boost** strengthens not only your body but also your mind and spirit, enabling feats beyond mere physical power, giving you a versatile advantage that complements and enhances what **Cosmic Potence** provides.

Absolute Magic's Wellspring of Magic Power: The wellspring of magic granted by **Absolute Magic** is a formidable source of energy, capable of sustaining your magical abilities without depleting your personal reserves. This vast reservoir ensures that your magic remains powered and potent. However, it has a specific limitation: while abundant, this magical source is strictly tied to fueling your magic and resists any attempts to utilize it for non-magical purposes. It is a specialized wellspring, designed to sustain the immense energy demands of your magic, ensuring you never fall short of power in your arcane pursuits.

Divanitrika Celestis, Sovereign of the Cosmos



An echo of the long-lost Creator of this Universe, Divanitrika rests outside the boundaries of existence—beyond space, beyond time. She is a perfect, eternal replica of her true self, created to watch over the universe and protect her daughters while the original Divanitrika ventured beyond to face an ancient foe she once believed vanquished.

Though she may appear to be akin to the Cosmic Lords, Divanitrika is something far beyond their comprehension—perhaps just a few steps beyond, perhaps more. The universe and reality itself bends to her will, her mere presence a force of unfathomable power. Yet, this is only a shadow of her former might. Her true self, if such a thing could be described in our terms, would come close to rival a multiversal being in strength, if not surpass it entirely.

Eons ago, the very first universe she crafted, the place where her much loved daughters were meant to flourish, was besieged by a multiversal horror of unspeakable scale. In a final battle, she **shattered it into countless fragments**, each one... sc... scattered... th... through the multivers...e...

*"Hello, **little Jumper**."*

*"I've been waiting for this moment, through time, choices, and through **your** very imagination, a moment where your ideas and actions would bring a potential future that would give way to a brighter tomorrow."*

The text seems to fade, replaced by a voice—not a voice heard with ears, but felt in your very essence. **Divanitrika is speaking to you**.

"I see you've come far. For that, I must thank you. My power, left behind in this echo, was never meant to face that piece of the devourer, not alone. But you—your strength, your choices—they allowed me to intervene, to aid you in preventing what could have been the end of all things."

There is a pause, a sense of warmth and quiet gratitude filling the void.

*"My true form left long ago to pursue **a far older enemy**, one that predates even the creation of this universe. I left this echo to guard my daughters, to protect the life I created, but I never imagined one of the devourer's fragments would survive here, hidden in the dark corners of the cosmos, I am glad this mistake was able to be corrected thanks to you, and for that you will always have my gratitude."*

You can feel her presence dimming, as if her strength is fading once more.

*"The power I left here is spent, drained by this battle. I must return to my slumber soon, to still be able to guide my daughters if they need me again in the future. But before I go, know this: you have my deepest thanks, little Jumper. Without you, all would have been lost. **Perhaps one day, our paths will cross again**—perhaps that time with my true self. Until then, I wish you happiness and peace, wherever your journey leads..."*

The voice begins to fade, her presence slipping away like a dream.

"May you forge your own fate filled with happiness, little Jumper. Farewell... for now..."

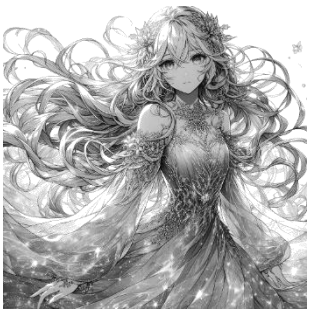
My Other Works

Hello everyone! Thank you for reading this far into the jump. If you've enjoyed the setting and want to explore more corners of this shared multiverse, here's a look at my other jumps—each connected by lore, themes, or continuity:

Interdimensional Academy



Located in the heart of the Nexus, the Interdimensional Academy is a prestigious institution where your Jumper will spend years learning alongside the brightest—and most dangerous—individuals from across the Omniverse. You'll forge friendships, tackle group challenges, explore bizarre and wondrous dungeons, and uncover mysteries that threaten not only the Academy, but all of existence. Just remember, you won't be the only Jumper invited... and not everyone has good intentions.



Agent at the Service of the Songstress of Dreams

As her newest Agent, you serve the enigmatic Songstress of Dreams, acting as her will made manifest. You hail from Dreamscape, the surreal realm of sleeping minds where Dreams and Nightmares walk as living forces. But war brews beneath the lullabies, as the Composer of Nightmares moves to challenge the Songstress' reign. Navigate wonder and terror alike in a setting shaped by emotion, art, and slumbering gods.

Kingdom of the Stars



On a quiet night, a fragment of celestial essence found you—and in that moment, you became a Starseed. This is the beginning of your journey to become a Living Star, a being of radiant power destined to shine across galaxies. Experience a journey that starts on Earth but quickly ascends beyond it, joined by unforgettable companions as you shape your fate and push back against a future consumed by darkness.



Awakening of the Cosmic Lord

Set five centuries after *Kingdom of the Stars*, a new force stirs. You have become host to the single surviving fragment of reality—a Cosmic Lord, born to rule. As the universe takes notice, you'll encounter allies, rivals, and enemies from across the stars. Wield godlike powers in this high-stakes cosmic saga, where your every decision can reshape creation itself.

City at the Edge of Nothingness



Adrift between realities lies a city of impossible architecture and untold secrets. This place—the City at the Edge of Nothingness—is part trade hub, part artifact, and entirely alien. Governed by strange laws and shaped by ancient Wills, it attracts travelers, refugees, and adventurers from all walks of existence. Here, you'll navigate political intrigue, survive cosmic anomalies, and perhaps uncover the truth of the city's creation... and its purpose.

SinGod/Luciano'sLogic Excellent Adventure



What started as an ordinary day for Luciano takes a bizarre and unexpected turn. Just as he steps outside his home, an unseen force—or perhaps an unfathomable entity—yanks him out of reality itself. Spiraling through the unknown, he is hurled into a world unlike anything he's ever seen. Here, robots casually stroll the streets, magical girls double as both top idols and wanted criminals, and lewd monster girls prowl in search of rare males (or females—we don't judge) to abduct for their own... questionable purposes.

AzureKnight goes into the Nasuverse



Thrown into a strange new reality filled with waifus, overpowered beings, and dangerously convoluted lore, AzureKnight finds himself in a world where Servants can be summoned at will, everyone seems to have HAX-tier abilities that would make full-power Goku or One Million Superman look like background characters, and plot-convenient fate ensures that anyone remotely strong is constantly clashing with others just as busted. Welcome to the Nasuverse, where logic takes a backseat, hype drives the narrative, and the risk of chain failure lurks around every corner. Good luck, AzureKnight—you're going to need it.

That Time I got Reincarnated into a Cool Guy/Gal but the Smurfs Kidnapped Me and Now I'm Being Tortured



One moment you were hanging out with your friends, passionately debating your favorite book series—some were arguing about The Three-Body Problem, others were bragging about "clapping" some Tau thing from Warhammer 40k. Everything was fine, nerdy, and normal... until an azure-colored raccoon popped out of nowhere holding what looked like raffle tickets. Congratulations! You won something. Unfortunately, that "something" happens to be a one-way trip to another reality—one where you're inexplicably hotter, everything seems to be borderline SFW for some reason, and, for reasons that defy logic, there are Smurfs. And they're coming for you.

My Google Drive Folder



Over time, I'll continue to create new jumps—or maybe overhaul existing ones with hundreds of new pages, who knows? If you're interested in seeing my latest work or updates, you can find them here:

https://tinyurl.com/39pxbmty

Alternatively, if the shortened link goes out, here's the full url for my drive:

https://drive.google.com/drive/folders/1ihmK8scPmtF3CQR-QXcl96tgCN5OZX7-?usp=drive_link

Want to discuss this jump or have any questions?

I'm usually hanging out in one of Reddit's Jumpchain Discord communities! Feel free to join us there to chat about this jump or anything else on your mind—just remember to follow the rules and be respectful.

Join here: https://discord.gg/dmSStbhp4b

Whether you have feedback, questions, or just want to brag about how cool your Jumper is, I'll be there to greet you!

Changelog

- [DEC 31,2025] V.2.0 – The fourth update I said I wouldn't do.
    - Well, I did it again. Began a simple update to clarify wording, then decided to update some images, then update the companions entries, then why not update the whole entries of characters and places, then why not fix a few wording issues with the scenarios until... "let's improve everything!" happened.
    - I had a lot more Ideas for the jump, but I had to choose to not implement them because otherwise it would never end! We're at nearly 500 pages, its practically a book jump instead of a jump doc at this moment.
    - I won't be listing all the changes here, because its waaay to much to mention. New characters, new items, more cosmic powers, better companion entries, a LOT more scenarios, improved lore, more rewards, just a lot of MORE!
- [OCT 12, 2024] V.1.3 - Third jump update (final update)
    - Improved the text from the Cosmic Vestments section
    - Added a small section about forging your Cosmic Vestments, nothing much but a bit of flair and stating you may now imbue a bit of your cosmic powers into your own cosmic vestments, to reflect the changes on the creation of hardened reality.
    - Changed a bit the formatting of the Vestment Customizations section.
    - Added the **Adaptive Camouflage** and the **Mindveil** customizations for your Cosmic Vestments.
    - Added the "**What is Hardened Reality**?" section.
    - Clarified that every new star system within your Inner Verse would increase your base stats, so Cosmic Boost would multiply your base attributes, in order to make it relevant even if you hold an entire universe within your Inner Verse.
    - Clarified you will receive 5 total discounts in the perk section, with 4 freely used in any 400 and under perk and a single one available for a 600 CP perk.
    - What is happening? Your fragment of reality is much stronger than initially believed, **now you have 5 discounts to be used in any rank 2 or rank 1 version of the cosmic powers, and two additional discounts that may be used in any power, including the rank 3 versions**.
    - Changed a bit the Reality Weaponry Cosmic Power. Now you may only forge up to a dozen of Reality Weapons, but their own power and capabilities are considerably boosted from before. These reality weapons may also be imbued with properties or attributes from your own cosmic powers, exponentially empowering them even further. Also weapons are no longer limited to melee weapons, now they may be ranged or even consumable weapons for dramatic single use effects.
    - Changed the name of Improved Reality Folding & Hardening into **Hardened Reality Creation**, also updated the power to reflect the ability of cosmic lords to imbue their hardened reality creations with properties based on their available cosmic powers, which should make Hardened Reality much more interesting, opening a whole new deal of possibilities to your creations. You may also create Hardened Reality weapons with this power, though even at rank 3 they will not be as powerful as if you had created them through the Reality Weaponry power, but have the advantage that may be given to others as they do not depend from your personal reality field to sustain themselves.
    - Changed a bit how the compounding increase of Rank 3 Cosmic Boost happens, now instead of being writing that that every 10 minute mark your attributes would double, now its a gradual increase that will double them equally every 10 minutes.
    - Rewrote Entrophy Control to make it more fun and interesting to read while remaining the same in scope.
    - Updated the costs of a few rank 3 cosmic powers, **to lower their costs** in order to make them more accessible for you.
    - **Added 5 new Cosmic powers**: Elementalis, Voidcraft, Conceptual Engineering, Chaos & Order Control, The Law of Heavenly Hellfire, and Existential Erasure.
    - Modified a bit the Prometheus Cyberization Technology reward from one of the scenarios, added that the synth transformation achieved by the technology will permit to remain looking exactly the same. Now you can uplift your favorite races and friends without worrying about them looking borgy.
    - Finished the Artwork and Story Supplement, may it serve well as inspiration for your adventures.
- [OCT 01, 2024] V.1.2 – Second jump update.
    - Done a few cosmetic changes on titles and format to the document.
    - Added an **index** to the document.
    - Changed the **matter capacity** increase granted by the third tier of body, from **a red supergiant star to a red hypergiant star.**
    - Updated the **Inner Verse section**, added a subsection explaining how **its growth contributes to empower** different aspects of yourself.
    - Changed the Perk section to give four discounts on any of the 100, 200 or 400 perks, and a single discount on a 600 perk.
    - Rewrote several perks to make them more interesting to read.

- Updated Star Prodigy to specify it boosts both learning and training by 20 times.
- Updates **Magus and Tech Savant** to clarify it makes anything you do related to the perk's expertise superior to anyone doing the same thing that does not have the perk. Also included bonus synergies for both perks.
- Clarified Matter Reclamation to specify that if your matter reserves are full the beam will still work, but any reclaimed matter will be lost.
- Added the perk **Mass Overload**, to grant a perk that allows you to increase your matter capacity without doing anything on your part.
- Rewrote Greater Inner Verse to still reflect a 100x increase, but should be interesting now with the changes on the Inner Verse section.
- Changed **Universal Genesis** to state the created universes contribute to your growth as much as your own Inner Verse, further speeding up your rise to untold heights, hopefully making it more interesting for jumpers to pick.
- Added a few new images in a couple places in the document.
- Changed Cosmic Potence to only be able to increase the potence and range of other Cosmic Powers up to Planetary Level, to prevent buying rank 2 and have all other powers at rank 1 and benefiting from rank 2 levels of power.
- Changed the name from Telekinesis and Telepathy to **Astral Mindforce**. Added note that this power benefit from your mental attributes, making it stronger the more powerful your mind is. Also added another note to clarify that the rank 3 energy and matter transmutation will only work on non-living matter, as living matter transmutation is part of the purview of the Living Matter Manipulation cosmic power.
- Added a limitation on Photonic Mastery rank 1 to not benefit from power increases, to avoid having hundreds of thousand planet busting beams for a mere 100 CP if Combined with Cosmic Potence. Rank 2 removes this limitation.
- Changed **True Innovation and Adaptation**'s learning and training multipliers to apply only to **learning and understanding of technology** and not general learning and training.
- Modified a bit the description of rank 3 space and time manipulation to mention that at this point you may do anything you can imagine with both space and time, only limited by time and your own energy capacity.
- Added a note to Universal Traversal, to specify if combined with Cosmic Awareness it allows to perceive a glimpse of your intended destination before you actually step in.
- Added three new Cosmic Powers: **Soul Dominion, Entropy Manipulation**, and **Parallel Timeline Duplicates**.
- Added a new Additional Notes entry: The Interdimensional Academy and this Jump.
- Added a new Additional Notes entry: Regarding some Perks and Cosmic Powers.

- [SEP 25, 2024] V.1.1 – First jump update.
  - Fixed some font sizes for titles and corrected a few typos in the document. Special thanks to **Leo Gorg, Kacper Cudzich, and Domar7431** for the aid in proof reading.
  - **Higher Dimensional Thought** now specifies that it boosts intelligence, problem-solving, simulation, and more.
  - Added a new section to customize your starting **Inner Verse.** This may be expanded in a future update, but we'll see how it's received for now.
  - Expanded the **Vestment Customizations** section with new upgrades and more options. You now receive 5 discounts for this section and may integrate additional features into your Vestments, like weapons, armor, guns, and more customization options.
  - Added new perks, increasing the selection from 12 to 21.
  - Balanced and modified several existing perks, including **Magus** and **Techno Savant,** to work better with overlapping cosmic powers that previously caused confusion.
  - Added a perk to hint at a future jump, but it won't be the next one I create.
  - Rewrote **Cosmic Potence** to hopefully make it easier to understand.
  - Removed the **Omega Gamma Ray Burst** Rank 1 ability, which allowed the Cosmic Lord to instantly create thousands of minor rays with the power of a nuke.
  - Added **Photonic Mastery** as a new Cosmic Power, for beam attacks with nuclear power, solid light constructs, and other photon-based shenanigans, along with a little reality alteration.
  - Introduced **Absolute Magic** as a new Cosmic Power—if we have a tech power, why not a magical one?
  - Clarified **Future Prediction** to state that if you have ways to gather relevant details for a prediction (e.g., a perk or the **Cosmic Awareness** power), **Future Prediction** will automatically do so without your intervention.
  - Added **Cosmic Boost** as a new Cosmic Power, allowing you to push beyond your limits, showing others how it is to go even further beyond.
  - Increased the number of items in the item section from 15 to 22.
  - You now receive three discounts instead of one in the item section.
  - Added an option to spend CP to turn one of your companions into a Cosmic Lord for 400 CP.
  - Removed the text stating that dead companions cannot be revived during this jump.

  - Updated the **Companion** section to remove railroading from character entries, leaving only general information. Some companions have had partial or complete rewrites to reflect this, while remaining conceptually the same.
  - Updated **Archeron's** name to **Acheron**—I always thought the river of Hades had an "R"!
  - Updated **TON 618** to mention that it's a living singularity, and the corrupted star seed became an avatar of its will. This may need further updating if it's still unclear.
  - Added **Dabria's** last name to her character entry.
  - Removed all mentions of **The Shattered One** being capable of piercing your defensive perks to induce madness, as this was disliked by many jumpers.
  - Compacted the entry for the **Sanctum of Hopes and Dreams** to take up less space.
  - Updated some images in the **Locations** section.
  - Made a major update to the **Scenarios** section. Scenarios were rewritten to remove railroading and avoid a predetermined story, allowing you as the Jumper to choose how you wish to resolve them. One downside is that the original storyline for the jump scenarios is now more hidden or even absent—let me know your thoughts on this.
  - Added two new scenarios after **The Rift** and **The Return of the Shattered One**—hope you enjoy them!
  - If any scenario could still be improved or has other issues, let me know and I'll take notes for the next update.
  - Every scenario now includes an extra reward, ranging from items, companions, and weapons to technologies, mementos, or small things to enrich your jump experience.
  - Updated a few drawbacks with minor text changes.
  - Made minor text updates to **Divanitrika's** entry at the bottom of the document.

- [SEP 17, 2024] V.1.0 – Jump's mostly done, needs probably some feedback to fine tune costs but I feel the jump should be complete and perfectly jumpable.

Author's Notes

A little over a year after releasing version 1.3 of this jump, I found myself returning to it—despite having no plans to do so. When I revisited the original release and compared it to the quality of my more recent work, I realized there were several elements that no longer felt up to par. At the time, I only had a loose idea of concepts like the Sovereigns of the Cosmos, the living stars, and the broader shape of the setting. With hindsight, I could see many places where the jump could be improved, expanded, and better integrated into the larger narrative. I started with a few small revisions... then noticed more things... then asked myself why not add this, or refine that—until, eventually, I decided to overhaul nearly everything.

So I did.

Which, admittedly, was probably not the smartest decision when I should have been focusing on new jumps to move the overall story forward.

Much like *Interdimensional Academy*, this jump became a full and comprehensive rework. That said, I am far more satisfied with its quality now than I ever was with the original release. I know that some readers dislike heavy railroading, and I made an effort to avoid overly rigid wording. However, I've grown fond of presenting a structured narrative through the scenarios—one that serves as the "official" version of events in my own mind, while still acting as a guideline rather than a mandate. Most of you will likely alter, reinterpret, or completely reshape the scenarios, and that is not only expected, but encouraged. This jump is meant to be a sandbox and a playground for you, the reader and jumper, to tell your own story—whether that's as a hero, an explorer, a ruler, or even a villain, though the scenarios do lean toward a more heroic path.

This jump also contains more callbacks to my other works than any previous one. In fact, it references or incorporates elements from all of them. It is intended to act as a midpoint in the overall saga; from here, we are halfway to the finale. The jumps that follow will likely be smaller and less complex—do not expect another 400+ page behemoth or such an abundance of scenarios, at least not until *A Clash Between Sovereigns of the Cosmos*, where the sky is no longer the limit... but merely the beginning.

Finally, you'll notice the addition of many new illustrations, alongside a number of the original images. All artwork in this jump was generated using AI—some with Bing Image Generator, and most of the newer pieces with Gemini Flash 3 Nano Banana. I genuinely enjoy how modern tools allow creators to visually represent ideas more accurately and consistently than ever before. While it's not perfect, it enabled me to bring this project to life in a way that would otherwise be impossible, as I simply don't have the resources to commission this volume of artwork. I hope you don't mind, and that the images help enrich your experience.

As always, **thank you for using your greatest power** and read this jump document, and I hope you have with it as much fun as I did while writing it.

See you later, Cosmic Lord.



In the beginning, she was born from all the hopes in the Omniverse, and in order to understand herself and her role, she decided to create a little home in a hidden corner of existence.

A few months after the time you were meant to depart from this jump, one of the Celestis sisters is facing a serious challenge that no cosmic power may overcome...



"You burned it again, Amara."

"...I *might* have overdone it a little."

"A little? Sister, that thing is practically begging for mercy."

Dabria steps closer, smiling despite herself.

"Oh hush. You know I was never good at this kind of thing. Why can't I just use light and let it sort itself out?"

"Because some things require patience. And care." She nudges Amara lightly. "You've been alone for far too long. It's made you forget the small joys."

"I didn't forget them," Amara mutters. "I just never needed them the way you do."

"And yet," Dabria says with a soft laugh, "you still somehow make everything look charmingly **unholy** when you do things by hand"

"Hey!" Amara protests, then sighs. "...You're enjoying this way too much."

"Of course I am." Dabria smiles warmly. "I missed you."

"...Yeah," Amara admits, a little quieter. "I missed you too."

Later, on the Demon Queen's quarters within Pyraxis...



"My Queen, the artifact you requested has finally been completed."

"Oh?" She turns a page slowly. "How curious. It's blank."

"It will take time—and considerable power—for it to begin writing itself, my Queen. But once **the Playbook** is complete, we will be able to reshape reality itself. Every soul will belong to—"

He hesitates, then corrects himself. "—to *you*, my Queen."

"...How quaint."

"Q–quaint?"

"I don't need it anymore."

"...What?"

"I'll keep it," she says calmly, closing the book. "But my plans have changed. I've thought of something far more interesting."

The Duke stiffens. "My Queen...?"

"I think it's time the demon nobility expanded." A faint smile curls at her lips. "Perhaps a Duke. Perhaps something higher."

"What do you mean?" Vesperian asks, unease creeping into his voice.

"You'll see," she replies softly. "A new era is coming. And really—"

She glances back at him, amused.

"—you can't rely on me forever, can you?"

The Awakening of the Cosmic Lord

-END-

A story has ended and perhaps new ones are beginning.

See you in your future jumps, [Jumper]!