



That Time I got Reincarnated into a Cool Guy/Gal but the Smurfs Kidnapped Me and Now I'm Being Tortured

A fast original Jumpchain document by AzureKnight_mx

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. You, being the curious (or foolish) soul you are, grabbed one without thinking twice. 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.

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What is going on?

You've been transported to another world! Exciting, right? Well... there's something you should probably know, my fresh-faced Jumper. I'm what you might call a *non-licensed benefactor*—a little short on cosmic credentials and maybe lacking the full multiversal “oomph” of the big names. So, uh... I can't exactly send you to the *coolest* worlds, and the perks package might be a bit on the budget side. Still! I've scraped together as much CP as I can manage. Sorry about that, friend—but hey, adventure awaits, so try to enjoy the ride!



You receive +100 CP!

Smurfs?

Yep. You'll be dropping right into the middle of a dark forest—sorry, it was the cheapest *non-lethal* option I could afford. Unfortunately, this particular forest is home to the mighty (and murderously territorial) anomalous entities known as the Smurfs. They *really* don't like trespassers. Don't glare at me, I don't make the rules—I just deliver the victims, er, Jumpers.

Anyway, it seems they'll notice your arrival almost immediately. And for some reason I can't quite explain, they're all hopelessly obsessed with you. Think “yandere on a double espresso,” but bluer and smaller. These aren't the cutesy cartoon Smurfs you grew up with, either. They look the same, sure—but they're so fundamentally evil that even the Dark Eldar would cringe at what these tiny fiends do behind closed mushroom doors.

Still, if you can manage to get out of the forest, everything should be fine... right? It's not like they'll follow you outside the woods.

...Right?

Are you a Boy or a Girl?

Technically, you're *supposed* to be someone named Argus—but the nature of Jumpchain is forever in flux, constantly rewriting reality like a caffeinated fanfic author. So, are you a guy or a gal? This actually matters, because your appearance will shift accordingly. Sorry though, I can't pull off the *hummus jumbus gender blender deluxe*—you're stuck with classic settings only.

Of course, this will only be evident once you see the perk I have available for you, I'm sorry my friend.



Origin

You've got two possible origins in this jump—though only one is *kind of* safe. Choose wisely.

- **Argus the Jumper (Free CP):**

The legend begins with Argus—the first to enter this jump and, somehow, the first to make it out alive. His (or her) presence left a strange imprint on the fabric of the document itself. If you choose to take on Argus's identity, things might go... smoother. The Smurfs might even be *less murderous* toward you. *Might*. Take that however you want.

- **The Other Jumper (Free CP):**

Ah, so you're not Argus. Bold choice. By stepping outside their role, you're free from any prewritten fates or plotlines—but so are the Smurfs. They won't be bound by "certain agreements" or "barely safe, technically consensual" rules anymore. Instead, they'll crave your blood, your soul, and maybe your chastity. Again—take that as you will.

Perks

Hey there, it's me again! I managed to scrounge up a few perks for you—don't ask how, the paperwork alone nearly erased me from existence. If a perk says it's *required*, that means you **must** grab it if you've picked the related origin. And if there's a perk with other cost than CP, don't worry, you can still buy it in-jump, if you manage to gather the required currency or materials!

The Hotter Smurfer (100 CP) (Required for this jump for all origins)

Remember those tiny blue forest dwellers who sang songs, built mushrooms, and never hit the gym? Yeah, you're not one of them. You're better. You're hotter. You're red—because red is hot, and subtlety is for mortals. **This upgrade transforms you into the ultimate compact powerhouse: charming, absurdly attractive (by almost any species' standards), and radiating an aura that says "I could seduce the sun itself."** You keep a small four feet stature and the mischief potential of the smurfs of old, but your voice drips charisma, your skin glows faintly with cosmic warmth, and every hair flip could melt low-grade metals. Basically, you're the tallest and sexiest interdimensional red imp in existence. Do with that power what you will... responsibly, of course.

Delicious Mushrooms (\$100 Pesos)

What do you mean this perk doesn't cost CP? Well, yeah—it doesn't. But if you can scrape together a hundred pesos in actual cash, you can buy it! Congratulations, you now have access to an infinite supply of *delicious mushrooms* inside your warehouse. We're talking curry mushrooms, chicken mushrooms, shiitake mushrooms, funny mushrooms, sexy mushrooms, mind-control mushrooms—you name it, it's probably growing in there.

All you have to do is cook them up and eat (or, y'know, feed them to someone else). What could possibly go wrong with *that* kind of power?

No swearing for 200 (\$200 Dollars)

Every time you—or anyone nearby—tries to cuss or say something vulgar, it instantly gets replaced with the word “*Smurf*” in the most abrupt, jarring way possible. The first time it happens, everyone will be utterly confused and mildly traumatized.

Activating this perk costs **\$200 dollars**, and turning it off will also cost you **\$200 dollars**—because apparently, censorship isn’t cheap, and the perk will take it from your pockets, credit cards, and personal accounts, as long as they are in American dollars. If you reactivate it later, don’t worry: the surprise resets, and everyone gets to experience that glorious moment of confusion all over again.

All swear words are guaranteed to become *Smurf*, but beware—sometimes the system glitches and replaces normal, innocent words instead. The results can be... very awkward.

Headache (10 pills of Advil)

This jump can be rough—sooner or later, you’re bound to get a headache. Luckily, this perk has you covered! With **Headache**, you gain the *mystical ability to cure pain through the power of headbutting*.

Anytime you feel a migraine coming on, just bonk your head against something (preferably not a brick wall) and—*poof!*—the pain’s gone. As a bonus, if you headbutt someone else who’s suffering from a headache, theirs will vanish too! Sure, you might end up with a little bump, but thanks to the magic of this perk, it’ll never turn into a headache. Science can’t explain it. Please don’t try.

Atlantean Micromight (100 Push-ups, 100 Sit-ups, 100 Squats, 10km Run — Every Day for a Month)

Oh? So you seek the invincible strength to defeat any foe with a single punch? Yeah... no. You’re not getting *that* kind of power here.

Instead, this perk grants you the microscopic might of the Atlanteans—a divine offshoot of humanity said to descend from the gods themselves. Unfortunately, you’re only tapping into about 0.01% of their true potential. Still, if you can complete the ritual—100 push-ups, 100 sit-ups, 100 squats, and a 10km run every day for a month—you’ll be rewarded with a flawless physique, perfect health, removal of all diseases, and the kind of strength and endurance that push your body right up to its genetic limit.

Once you’ve unlocked this power, you can slack off if you want—get lazy, gain weight, whatever. But the moment you redo that full routine in a single day, all your gains and benefits come roaring back instantly. The gods may judge you, but your abs will forgive you.

Booksnapper (Burn a Book in Front of a Group of Orphans Who Want to Go to School)

Wait—did you actually just burn a book in front of a bunch of kids dreaming of getting an education? What are you, a monster? ...Well, congratulations, because apparently that’s the ritual required to unlock this perk.

Booksnapper grants you the uncanny ability to instantly absorb and comprehend the contents of any book—*but* only if you can snap it clean in half with your bare hands. The moment you do, all its knowledge floods into your mind, perfectly organized and permanently stored, like photographic memory—but only for what you’ve “snapped.”

Morally horrifying? Maybe. Efficient? Absolutely.

Smurf Me Baby (Requires successfully seducing a Smurf in the cringiest way possible, with witnesses.)

Ah yes—the sexy perk. To unlock this one, you’ve got to charm a Smurf in a way so painfully awkward that others physically cringe watching it happen. Once that’s somehow accomplished, you will gain this perk with the ability to choose one signature action—a pose, a wink, a song, a catchphrase, whatever—and imbue it with **irresistible seductive power for the rest of the jump**.

The move doesn’t have to be clever or even remotely sensual; in fact, the dumber it is, somehow the better it gets. From then on, whenever you perform it, something about it just... works. People blush, hearts race, and those attracted to you might suddenly feel an overwhelming, confusing urge to get closer—whether that means holding your hand or something far more scandalous.

Repeated exposure to your “move” amplifies its effects, making the eventual *release* (conversation, contact, or otherwise) oddly satisfying. However, be warned: if anyone sees your action through a screen or window, and it’s lame? Expect instant, catastrophic cringe, the kind where if its shown to others in this way then expect the results of your actions to follow up for the whole jump.

Nymph Magic (Requires performing a ritual on the full moon, offer a crystal and something precious to you)

So, you want a bit of supernatural flair? There’s a way. Under the light of a full moon, perform a ritual with a crystal and offer something that truly matters to you, and the forest will answer. You’ll gain a sliver of its magic—the same strange power that flows through the Smurfs themselves.

With it, you can coax small plants to grow with a thought, summon gentle breezes that lift moods and restore living flora to a healthy state, and under the moonlight your attractiveness will *triple*—or scale accordingly, depending on the lunar phase. You’ll also gain limited command over thorny plants, allowing you to launch their spikes as sharp, high-speed projectiles.

And if danger comes calling, simply run joyfully through the forest chanting “*Sha-La-La-La-La!*” (yes, exactly like that) to summon a thick, silvery fog. Within it, you’ll vanish from sight, reappearing safely somewhere else in the same forest. If nowhere is safe, the fog will shelter you until it is. Be warned, though—while you’re nearly impossible to track, magical beings *can* find you... if they’re determined enough.

Adult sleepover gone wrong? (Requires sleeping with an adult someone in a completely platonic, no contact, and absurdly dangerous way)

If you somehow manage to meet the conditions for this perk—seriously, why would you even try?—you’ll gain the uncanny ability to **sleep through practically anything**. Explosions? Screaming banshees? The world’s loudest snorer? Doesn’t matter—you’ll snooze right through it. This perk protects you from all harm short of the truly catastrophic, meaning you could nap on the edge of a cliff and never roll off, or doze peacefully in the middle of a riot without so much as a twitch. However, if someone or something intends to do direct harm to you... then this perk won’t help much. Don’t go tempting fate and danger with this one, kids!

There’s a catch, though. This perk *tangles with fate* in strange ways. Should you find yourself sharing a place (strictly for sleep!) with an adult of your preferred gender, and if there’s even the faintest spark of mutual attraction... expect the universe to conspire in the most inconvenient, awkward, or suspiciously romantic ways possible. You can still have a normal completely platonic no contact sleepover with someone—but really, where’s the fun in that?

Items

These items may look like the familiar trinkets and tools from the Smurfs you know—but each one has been subtly twisted by the influence of the *evil* Smurfs lurking in this jump. You can take as many as you can afford or unlock once the jump begins... or none at all, if you value your peace of mind.

Mushroom Home (Free) (Warehouse Attachment)

A cozy, self-sustaining mushroom house—perfectly sized to match your current form. Inside, it's always at the ideal temperature, furnished with quaint Smurfy décor and a small, eternally warm fireplace. It's surprisingly comfortable and can be imported into any future Jump as part of your property, though once this jump ends it will attach to your Warehouse waiting to be imported.

The mushroom itself is safe... mostly. Its spores tend to spread over unliving surfaces, slowly breaking them down for nutrients. Over time, they can overtake the surrounding area, transforming it into a creeping fungal landscape. If left unattended near valuables—or anything you'd prefer to *not* be covered in mushrooms—it will happily turn them into seedbeds for more growth.

Smurfberry Patch (Requires eating poisoned food three times)

A small, ever-blooming patch of **Smurfberries**, the legendary fruit of the blue fiends. They're delicious, wholesome, and mysteriously perfect—each berry providing exactly what your body needs. They never rot, never wilt, and replant themselves without any care from you.

However, if left unattended, the patch may grow something far less pleasant—**Parasyberries**. These look almost identical to normal Smurfberries, but once left alone for too long—or eaten by the unlucky—they begin to... change. A tiny mouth filled with sharp teeth sprouts from their skin, and they start rolling around in search of flesh to bite. What they do with the flesh they consume remains unknown, as they appear to devour endlessly without ever filling a stomach they don't seem to have. There's little if no mundane wildlife that can survive a group of these things sneaking up upon them or a single one that begins to feast inside them.

While a handful of them can be squashed easily, a full infestation can quickly turn your garden—or your insides—into a very bad day.

Well of Clear Water (Requires bathing in the purest pond of the Immaculate Dryad, thus corrupting it forever)

A small, sturdy stone well that produces endlessly clean, cool, and refreshing water. In future Jumps, it will always appear nearby your home or base, its waters initially pure and safe to drink. The water carries a faint rejuvenating quality, soothing fatigue and washing away minor toxins.

However, the well is **bound to your karma**. So long as your actions remain good or at least decent, the water stays crystal clear and pleasant. But should you turn to darker deeds, the well begins to foul—its taste becoming bitter, its scent rotten, until finally the water turns black and lethally poisonous.

Once corrupted, the well can never be restored during that Jump. Destroying it only removes it entirely until the next world, when it will reappear pristine... waiting to see if you'll keep your soul clean this time.

Village Workbench (Requires placing two-by-two wood planks in an oddly familiar arrangement)

A sturdy, well-crafted workbench equipped with a reliable set of high-quality tools for woodworking, crafting, and general tinkering. It always comes stocked with basic materials—wood, clay, rope, nails, and the like—which replenish themselves every day.

However, there's something *off* about it. Every so often, one of your creations will come out... wrong. Objects built here may carry faint whispers, subtle movement, or an uncanny sense of awareness. It's not guaranteed, but it's common enough that **constructing dolls, mannequins, or anything vaguely humanoid is strongly discouraged**—unless you enjoy being watched by your own handiwork.

Papa Smurf's Spellbook (Requires making the evil version of Papa Smurf shed a single tear of shame)

A thick, crimson-bound tome containing the complete alchemical and transmutational teachings of Papa Smurf—every potion, charm, and spell meticulously recorded in his elegant hand. By owning this book, you instantly gain the ability to understand and perform any spell or brew described within. In future Jumps, you'll even find suitable *mundane equivalents* for its rarer ingredients—herbs, minerals, and the occasional oddity.

But beware: this book **thinks**. It *wants* things. It whispers to you in quiet moments, urging you to live like the Smurfs of this world—abandon restraint, indulge your every whim, and destroy the weak. Using its knowledge grants you immense power, but every spell or potion also floods your mind with intoxicating euphoria, dulling judgment and feeding temptation to let yourself go.

The temptation effects fade after an hour... but the whispers each time you open this book... never really stop.

The Potion of Instant Growth (Requires bullying a smaller and a much bigger creature than you)

A curious glass flask containing the legendary growth and shrink potion. The liquid inside never truly runs out—it refills itself by one full vial every month. The potion can be used on yourself, on others, or even on objects, granting temporary or permanent size alteration depending on your focus and intent.

However, there's a catch. **The potion must always be used to the very last drop.** If even a single drop remains unused, the transformation will destabilize, becoming *permanently unpredictable*. That means size, proportion, and even physical stability may fluctuate wildly. Once that happens, only a second, freshly refilled flask—after two months—can restore the original form of whatever it was used into.

Handle carefully. Overconfidence and half measures have turned many aspiring giants into pocket-sized cautionary tales, and disproportionate dangers originating from it.

Gargamel's Cauldron (Requires finding a treasure hidden deep within the forest, or stealing the inheritance Gargamel set aside for his daughter)

A massive, soot-black cauldron of ancient iron, engraved with faint runes that seem to shift when the firelight hits them just right. It's unnaturally sturdy, self-heating, and perfectly balanced—ideal for alchemy, potion-making, or brewing up a little trouble. Even clumsy stirring or carelessly chopped ingredients somehow come together beautifully, greatly reducing your chance of disastrous failure.

But power never goes unnoticed. The cauldron carries a subtle allure, drawing the greedy and the covetous to you everytime you use it—bandits, rival alchemists, or worse. They *want* it, and they *will* come for it.

Use it often enough, and you might start to feel like Gargamel himself: brilliant, ambitious... and perpetually hunted.

The Mega-Smerfer (Requires finding and stealing this device for yourself by binding it to your soul)

A towering contraption of pipes, gears, and cruel genius — the Mega-Smerfer is a grotesque marvel of alchemy and machinery, the kind of device only Gargamel's twisted mind could create. It can extract and condense pure mystical energy from magical beings or artifacts, refining it into shimmering golden coins. When consumed, these coins feed your essence, enhancing your magical capacity and subtly extending your lifespan by a few years each time.

Once bound to your soul, however, the Mega-Smerfer becomes a **Fiat Item**, permanently tied to you — and cursed by your ambition. It will begin to **draw life energy passively** from all living beings nearby whenever it's active outside your warehouse, producing new golden coins on its own every week or so. The price: slow, invisible decay in the lifeforce of those around you. Children grow pale, adults weary, animals fall still.

It will never function inside your warehouse — its power feeds only in the open world, where others can pay the price for your brilliance.

Harmony's Smurfy Horn (Requires freeing yourself from addition to the horn and beating Smurfy for ownership of it)

A deceptively innocent-looking horn that hums faintly when held. When blown — whether you're a musical prodigy or completely tone-deaf — it releases a powerful wave of *Good Vibes* magic. The sound triggers euphoric pleasure and overwhelming calm in nearby foes, especially those obsessed with their own petty desires or frustrations. For a brief moment, even hatred itself seems to forget what it was angry about.

Its melody, though, is dangerously addictive. Repeated exposure to the horn's magic breeds dependency — those who hear it too often will crave its sound, becoming docile and emotionally unmoored without it. Breaking free from its influence takes long, difficult detoxification, and a haunting silence that feels almost worse than the spell itself.

Smurfette's Looking-Glass (Requires scarring your face on purpose)

A delicate, silver-edged hand mirror that radiates faint warmth when held. When you gaze into it, the glass whispers a simple but sincere compliment about your appearance or recent deeds, flooding you with confidence and charm for the next hour.

But beauty comes at a price. Smurfette's restless spirit lingers within the mirror, jealous and yearning. When the glass reflects someone beautiful, her ghost may attempt to **steal the allure of those nearby**, subtly diminishing their appearance — a 10 becomes a 9, an 8 a 7, and so on. She makes no distinction between ally or enemy but will not target the wielder, however if they interfere, her covetous gaze may turn upon the holder of this item next. The mirror flatters, but its reflection never lies.

Jokey Smurf's Present (Requires finding and making a pact with Jokey and surviving until dawn)

A cheerfully wrapped, perpetually regenerating gift box that seems to hum with mischievous energy. Once per month, you may offer it to anyone. When opened, it bursts in a harmless explosion of **confetti, smoke, and laughter**, filling the air with a brief sense of joy and lightheartedness. The recipient will even feel a fleeting wave of goodwill toward you — as if the world were just a little brighter.

But the joke doesn't end there. At the stroke of midnight, from **cupboards, shadows, or behind closed doors**, the decayed and grinning figure of **Jokey** will crawl into reality, dragging its brittle bones toward the marked recipient. Should Jokey touch them, they'll be cast into a **nightmare so vivid and cruel** it will make them long for oblivion.

When dawn breaks, the touch of sunlight will shatter the dream, dispelling Jokey with a fit of wheezing laughter — as though it were all just a prank. Then he's gone, leaving only the faint smell of burnt confetti and the lingering question... *Was it really just a joke?*

The Shroomsword (Requires defeating the Forest Guardian)

The fabled **Blade of the Forest Guardian**, forged from a rare metallic mushroom-cap alloy—or perhaps a petrified root blessed by the moonlight itself. This short sword is unnaturally sharp, feather-light, and perfectly balanced, able to slice cleanly through undergrowth, rope, or even a wizard's enchanted robe with a single swing.

Its true power lies in its **"Gargamel-Seeker"** enchantment: within 100 kilometers of any being who despises you with obsessive, petty hatred (much like Gargamel and his Smurfs), the blade begins to hum faintly and tilt toward them. In future Jumps, this trait adapts—guiding you unerringly toward your most annoyingly personal nemesis, no matter who they are.

The Shroomstaff (Must somehow find the hidden Dolphin in the Forest, and trick him to avoid being taken as his wife)

Once belonging to the **Druid Smurf**, this living staff hums softly with a steady, natural rhythm. Its smooth wood is warm to the touch, covered in faintly glowing lichen that never fades, and the staff itself never dies or decays. Acting as a **Minor Arcane Conduit**, it allows effortless casting of simple but useful magic—summoning rain, blooming flowers, cleansing wounds, breaking the will of the young and innocent, or lighting a dark path.

In future Jumps, any spell you cast related to nature, plants, or healing becomes **twice as strong and precise** when channeled through the Shroomstaff. It is said that when held under the moonlight, the lichen glows brighter, as if remembering the Druid's ancient hymns with his lover the Dolphin.

Smurfy Lingerie (Requires to be desired to be used in many dirty ways by others at least 5 times)

Also known as **The Blue Charm**, this playful, ever-shifting set of blue-and-white garments always fits you perfectly—no matter your size, shape, or gender—and transforms into whatever you personally consider "lingerie." When worn, it grants a gentle, magical boost to your **Charisma, Cuteness, and overall Allure**, subtly enhancing your natural charm to anyone capable of being attracted to you.

It's perpetually clean, perfectly scented, and magically repairs itself each morning. More impressively, it grants complete immunity to normal magical transformations meant to alter your form against your will—**no normal curse, hex, or polymorph can change you while you wear it.**

Companions

Hello again, my **budget Jumper**! Welcome to the *Companion Section* of your Jumpdoc—where dreams, friendship, and questionable decisions collide! Normally, this is where I'd tell you that you can *purchase* companions, but since I'm a totally unlicensed and underfunded benefactor, you'll instead be **guaranteed to meet** all of these potential friends during your journey.

Theo

Ah, Theo. Like you, he was once just a shut-in gamer, days blurring into nights as he fought for the world's #1 spot in a zombie survival game. Tragically—or perhaps hilariously—he got **yanked into this reality by me** before reaching that goal. Now he's here, enjoying the same “hotness upgrade” perk you did (lucky him). He has arrived here three days before you, and currently is still very confused.

Theo is a genuinely cool guy—resourceful, clever, and surprisingly brave when things go sideways. He's got an encyclopedic knowledge of zombie lore, urban legends, and survival strategies that might actually keep you alive in this bizarre world. That said, his **low self-esteem** and terminal **virgin energy** can make him painfully awkward around women (and probably you, too).

Theo alongside Lambda and you, are considered the unfortunate protagonists of this story. Still, when things get rough, you'll be glad to have Theo watching your back—just don't let him overthink it when he does.



Lambda

Now *this* one's a wild card. Honestly? She wasn't supposed to be here at all. Her arrival was a complete accident—an unintended side effect of her own reckless tinkering with the **metaconceptual joints** of reality itself. Lambda doesn't even come from your world; she's from a **far-future society** where magic, myths, and the supernatural are long forgotten relics of the past.

Ironically, despite living in a hyper-advanced technological era, Lambda is a **hopeless daydreamer** who always fantasized about dragons, enchanted kingdoms, and being rescued by a valiant hero (or maybe doing the rescuing herself). Her wish came true—sort of—when she accidentally *glitched herself* into your jump while meddling with the fundamental bridge between *will and Source*.

Unlike you or Theo, Lambda didn't get much out of the *Hotter Smurfer* perk. Well—she *did* turn a little more red and gained a little more confidence in herself (“because red is hot,” in her own words), so maybe that counts? Still, she's relentlessly optimistic, fiercely stubborn, and a **certified genius** with anything remotely technological. If she had access to her futuristic equipment, she could even rewrite reality on a very small scale—literally **hack existence**, what scary woman, isn't she?



The world in this jump is stuck in the equivalent of 1958's tech, so she is kind of useless in that sense, though she seems to have awakened a talent in magic thanks to the *Hotter Smurfer* perk, though all she can do is make blue mana balls that emit light, and if thrown they fly comically slow towards a target and explore with the strength of a rather strong firework.

Sin the Smurf

Ah, yes—**Sin the Smurf**. The so-called “leader” of a small, exiled band of Smurfs who were banished from the main village long ago for... let’s just say *unsmurfy behavior*. Sin is a diminutive, broken little creature—literally. He’s disabled, with a permanently busted knee that never quite healed right. You’ll often hear him before you see him: a mix of creaky wheels, bitter muttering, and that faint, unsettling chuckle that makes your spine tighten.

He moves around using a **strange, rickety contraption**—part wooden cart, part fever dream—which looks ridiculous at first... right up until you realize he’s rolling directly toward you at alarming speed. His obsession? Capturing any of the *Red Smurfs*—which, unfortunately, includes you and your fellow friends—to **steal your knees** and replace his own.

Sin is petty, envious, and has a dark sense of humor that borders on sadistic. He delights in bad jokes, irony, and the misery of others. Yet—strangely—he’s not without his uses. If you somehow **befriend him**, or (very carefully) **promise him your knees at some future date**—a promise I *highly* recommend you trick your way out of—he’ll become a surprisingly loyal ally. After all, it’s in his best interest to keep you safe... since, to him, your knees are practically sacred artifacts.



Lettie the Smurf

Ah yes—**Lettie the Smurf**, the second of only three known female Non-Red Smurfs in existence... and easily the most *unsettling* of the lot. Her origins are tragic and bizarre: created as a *backup prototype* for Smurfette, Lettie was swiftly deemed defective and scheduled for disposal due to one fatal flaw—her uncontrollable compulsion to sing her listeners to death.

Her form is a strange contradiction of charm and horror: a cheerful lilac complexion, a perfect smile, and a voice that carries something *wrong* within it. When she sings, reality bends. Her songs don’t merely cause hallucinations—they **manifest them**, warping the senses and birthing what she imagines into tangible, dangerous shapes. She believes, with absolute conviction, that singing to you—or to any of the other “Red Smurfs”—will make her more beautiful, more perfect, more *alive*. Unfortunately, her version of “perfecting herself” tends to leave her audience broken or devoured by the nightmares her melodies call forth.

If you value your sanity—or your continued existence—**never fall asleep near her**. Her voice slips into dreams like a parasite, coaxing horrors from the *Dark Multiverse* beyond the forest into this one. Yet, for all her danger, Lettie isn’t a mindless monster. Keep her occupied—games, tasks, or simply letting her bask in your attention—and she becomes eerily docile, even helpful. But make no mistake: it’s not affection. It’s calculation. She wants you relaxed. She wants you to trust her. Because once you do, and she senses the perfect moment... **she’ll start to sing**.



Jester the Smurf

Ah, **Jester the Smurf**—the forest’s most chaotic little menace, a creature of laughter, madness, and peach-scented dread. Unlike Jokey, whose tricks are cruel and calculated, Jester genuinely wants to make others smile. The problem? His sense of humor is utterly deranged. His “jokes” often blur the line between comedy and nightmare, leaving laughter tangled with screams. It’s widely advised **never to encourage his antics**, and under no circumstances should you *enable* him—lest you discover what he finds funny when he’s truly inspired.



Jester’s appearance lives up to his name: he wears the motley garb of a **court fool**, though the once-bright fabric is now tattered and stained—perhaps with wine, or perhaps something darker. His face is coated in cheap, chalky makeup that smells faintly of peaches, the scent oddly pleasant until you notice it lingers even after he’s gone. In his hand he carries a **wooden baton topped with a cracked clown effigy**, which rattles softly as he moves. Some say the rattle isn’t from the toy at all—but from whatever lies inside it.

Despite all that, there’s one undeniable benefit to his company: the **hidden monsters** that prowl the forest every third night seem to **despise him**. Whether it’s his laughter, his scent, or something deeper, they avoid him completely. Traveling with Jester keeps those horrors at bay... but if he ever decides it’s time for a joke, you might start wondering which is worse—the monsters outside, or the one grinning beside you.

Jello the Smurf

Ah, **Jello the Smurf**—the third and final of the female Non-Red Smurfs, and perhaps the most dangerously alluring. Unlike the others, she wasn’t crafted by alchemy or spellwork, but rather **born of desire itself**—a strange confluence of emotion, magic, and tragedy. Deep within the forest, a desperate Smurf once fled from an angry mob, only to fall into the gaping maw of a massive **man-eater plant**. The creature consumed his body, but his essence lingered... twisting, merging with the plant’s hunger and strange vitality. From that unholy union, **Jello** was born.



To the unknowing eye, she appears almost perfect—a **vision of Smurfy beauty**, soft and vibrant, with a scent so sweet it borders on addictive. Her voice is melodic, her movements inviting, and her touch carries the warmth of comfort and temptation alike. Yet beneath that charm lies a predator’s cunning. She **lures both Smurfs and humans alike**, promising affection, pleasure, and companionship—until she leads them to her lair: the **Honey Trap**.

The Honey Trap is a pit of shimmering jelly hidden among the roots of the forest. It feels warm and pleasant at first, almost blissful... until it **paralyzes** its victims and begins to **pull them under**, slowly digesting them in the gel’s viscous depths. Those who fall in never return, their bodies feeding both Jello and the carnivorous flora that birthed her.

And yet—if one could somehow keep their distance from her hungering instincts, they’d find she possesses a disarming tenderness. Jello has **incredible homely skills**, a nurturing instinct, and a curious longing for connection. Were it not for her... *little habit* of feeding on her lovers, she might have made the **perfect wife**.

Prior the Smurf

Prior the Smurf is what happens when philosophy, hunger, and madness all go horribly wrong. Once a scholar of morality and the arcane, he now roams the forest as a predator with purpose—or at least, that’s what he tells himself. Prior **hungers for eyes**, but never takes them without first crafting a twisted, moral argument to justify why his victim *deserves* it. He calls it “ethical consumption.”

He’s an unnerving sight: a small, shadow-draped Smurf in a tattered black hoodie, one eye gleaming faintly while the other is obscured in darkness—save for the **dim red glint** that hints at something unholy beneath. His voice is calm, deliberate, almost soothing, but every word is designed to unmake you from the inside. He **gaslights, lies, and philosophizes** until his victims crack and—inevitably—**offer their eyes willingly**.

Each month, Prior must consume the eyes of at least one person who enters the forest. Fail to do so, and his body begins to **rot and crumble**, piece by piece, until nothing remains but the red glow where his gaze used to be. Despite this curse, he’s surprisingly articulate and insightful, fully aware that there’s something deeply wrong with both himself and the forest around him—yet he accepts it all with grim serenity.

Disturbingly enough, if you can stomach his company, Prior can be an **engaging conversationalist**. He’s clever, eloquent, and fascinated by human morality. Just... make sure you don’t lose the argument.



Xen the Smurf

Also known as *The Questing Smurf*, though his quest isn’t for glory, riches, or romance—it’s for a **soul**. Once, long ago, Xen was known as *Dark Lord Xen the Unsatiated*, a being of terrifying magical and martial prowess. His reign of petty evil and overcomplicated villainy came to an end when a band of heroes—a white pixie, a shield gnome, a singing otter, and a heroic frogman—sealed him deep beneath the forest. A hundred years later, he has returned... only to discover that his imprisonment stripped him of the very thing that made him whole: his soul.

Now, Xen roams the woods as a self-proclaimed “lord of the forest,” seeking the **purest and brightest soul** to replace the one he lost. His appearance hardly inspires fear anymore—he looks more like a disheveled drifter than a dark lord, his once-regal robes now little more than tattered rags. Yet beneath that pitiful exterior, his mind remains sharp and his power dangerous. He can wield both **blade and sorcery**, and whispers of his old dark prayers still hold weight in the forest’s gloom.

Xen will likely **hunt you or your companions** at first, believing one of you carries the kind of soul he seeks. If defeated or persuaded, however, he may join you—pretending to serve while plotting in the background. Still, a glimmer of redemption lingers within him: should he ever gain a truly pure soul through compassion or sacrifice rather than theft, it might **restore him** to something resembling his former self that should not be possible in this **Dark Universe**... though whether that would make him a savior or a stronger monster is another story.



Other Smurfs (100 CP)

Because I'm such a *generous* (and maybe just a little *irresponsible*) entity, I've decided to include an option that lets you **companion some of the famous Smurfs themselves**—yes, *those* Smurfs you know from the cartoons! Be warned, though: taking one of them along isn't just a casual choice. It carries **conceptual narrative weight** (whatever *that* means), so you'll have to spend **100 CP** to make the bond official.

By investing your CP, you'll gain the ability to **override their corrupted or twisted nature**, allowing genuine interaction and potential friendship... *most of the time*. However, just like the outcast Smurfs you can recruit for free, these familiar faces all come with **quirks, obsessions, or habits** that can make long-term company rather dangerous—or at least deeply unsettling. Ignore those traits at your peril.

There's one special case worth mentioning: **Papa Smurf**. He cannot be truly companioned under normal circumstances, as his goals and schemes will inevitably pit him against you throughout the Jump. Yet, if you're willing to pay the CP cost, you might just **stir something within his darkened heart**—enough to make him follow you... if only to manipulate, challenge, or “teach” you in his own insidious way. Even then, beware: Papa Smurf's kindness always seems to come wrapped in plots, potions, and *painful lessons*.



Scenarios

The following scenarios form the overarching narrative of this Jump, shaping the strange and perilous tale unfolding within the Dark Forest. Only the **first scenario** is required to progress the story—completing it ensures your survival and sets the tone for everything that follows.

All **other scenarios** are entirely optional. You can take them on if you wish to expand your adventure, explore new mysteries, or challenge yourself further. Feel free to **adapt, rewrite, or reinterpret** these scenarios to better suit your Jumper's story, personality, or goals. After all, this is your journey through the corrupted Smurf world—make it as dark, heroic, ridiculous, or tragic as you want it to be.

Scenario 01: Enter the Dark Forest (Required)

You awaken—or perhaps *arrive*—in the middle of an impossibly vast forest. The air is thick with mist and the smell of damp earth, and ancient trees rise like pillars into a canopy that blots out the sun. The forest stretches endlessly in all directions, whispering with unseen life and quiet malice. For a brief moment, everything feels calm... until you realize you've appeared several meters above a makeshift shelter.

The crash of your landing shatters the silence. The shelter lies in ruins beneath you, its crude walls flattened by your unexpected descent. The echo of your arrival rolls through the forest like a thunderclap—and something hears it. From a nearby thicket, a figure emerges cautiously: **Theo**, a rugged but clearly stressed man with the same reddish hue to his skin that now colors yours. He glares at the wreckage that used to be his home, then at you, torn between anger and confusion. Moments later, a soft voice rings out from behind you—a melodic, almost unreal tone belonging to **Lambda**, who peers at you with equal parts curiosity and disbelief.

Both seem as displaced as you are—red-skinned, oddly radiant, and struggling to make sense of it all. They'll explain that they too were *pulled* here from their worlds, and share what little they've learned. This isn't a normal forest. Strange phenomena occur without pattern; folklore beasts wander beneath the trees; and every **third night**, creatures made of living shadow hunt at night. Worse still, they have encountered *tiny blue gnome-like beings*—they call them Smurfs—who snarl about “red intruders” with obsessive hostility.

Your first task is simple in description, deadly in execution: **survive three nights** in the Dark Forest. You'll need to find food, gather supplies, and build a shelter stronger than Theo's former one—because when the third night comes, the forest itself turns against you. The cold deepens, the air thickens, and unseen eyes begin to follow every step. During these days you won't encounter the Smurfs directly, but their traces—strange symbols, blue footprints, and eerie laughter carried by the wind—will remind you that you are being watched.

Cooperate with Theo and Lambda or strike out on your own, but remember: survival isn't guaranteed. The forest doesn't forgive mistakes.

Scenario Reward: A Safe Shelter (Item Reward)

The shelter you construct during this scenario becomes a **Safe Shelter**—a structure imbued with protective qualities born of your struggle to survive. No matter what it's made from—mud, stone, or wood—it always keeps you warm and dry through the night. More importantly, it can **hide you from unwanted entities**, including the night monsters and even the Smurfs themselves.

However, its protection is fragile: the enchantment only holds if the shelter remains silent and unlit. Any sound or light from within nullifies its concealment until the next night. If the shelter is destroyed, you may

rebuild it elsewhere; you can even reconstruct it inside your Warehouse (though it loses its supernatural protections while stored there).

Scenario 02: Hunted by the Smurfs

Oh no... it seems the Smurfs have caught wind of your presence. Over the next week, you'll begin to notice subtle but unsettling signs that *something small and intelligent* is stalking you. Tiny footprints will appear around your shelter one morning—yet there'll be no trace of movement beyond them. On another night, faint voices will echo from the darkness, whispering and arguing among themselves that “the Red Ones must be close.”

If you remain quiet and hidden within your shelter, its protective wards will hold... for now. But make no mistake—they're searching for you, and they're getting closer every night.

Desperate to find a way out of the forest, you'll venture deeper into its heart, discovering some its stranger corners: the **Dryad's Nest**, the **Firefly Grove**, the **Bear Lord's Cave**, and the **Smurf Sacrificial Circles**—grim and haunting places that might break Lambda's spirit the first time she sees one. You may also stumble upon a few broken traps of unmistakable design... *Gargamel's work, no doubt.*

During this scenario, you'll encounter the **Outcast Smurfs**—the peculiar, dangerous named Smurfs listed in the Companion section. Whether you attempt to befriend them, bargain with them, or simply survive their company will depend entirely on your actions.

Once you've met all the outcasts (or after two weeks in the forest), your luck will run out. You'll face your **first Smurf hunting party**—a disciplined, merciless group that will stop at nothing to capture or kill you. You *can* defeat them, but doing so will alert others, and the swarm that follows will not be so easily handled.

Your goal for this scenario is simple, though far from easy: **survive for one full month without being captured or gravely injured by the Smurfs**. You may try to find a way out, but at this stage, the forest itself will work against you—warping paths, distorting landmarks, and twisting time until escape seems impossible.

Scenario Rewards: +100 CP

It is expected you'll run into many things other than Smurfs in this scenario, some friendly, some weird and yet wondrous, and some... less amicable to other things.

Monster Whisperer (Perk)

You've seen the eyes behind the trees and survived their gaze. After enduring the unnatural horrors of the forest, you've gained an intuitive understanding of monsters, spirits, and other sentient creatures deemed “inhuman.” You can now communicate with such beings on a basic emotional or instinctive level, even if they do not share your language or form. Hostile creatures are more likely to hesitate before attacking you, although you should never count on this, while neutral or curious ones may engage with you in strange but meaningful ways.

Be warned, however—understanding them doesn't mean they understand *you*. Sometimes, empathy only makes the horror worse.

Scenario 03: Captured and Expecting the Worst

Things have gone terribly wrong—you've been captured by the Smurfs. Their intentions are *far* from innocent; what they plan to do to you is something between ritual, experiment, and desecration. Their village, once imagined as a cheery fairytale hamlet, now reveals its true face: a fever-dream of twisted morality, indulgence, and cruelty. Theo and Lambda escaped—if they're even alive—but for now, you're the Smurfs' guest in the worst sense of the word.

Each Smurf has their own brand of obsession. Some of the Smurfs that might approach you are listed here, but other different Smurfs might also reveal themselves. **Greedy Smurf** will attempt to bargain with you, pressing for your "consent" to give him *something*—a memory, a power, your reflection, or even a sense like smell or touch. Should you agree to *anything*, he will take it, and it will be gone. **Tailor Smurf** visits under the pretense of making something new—cutting pieces of your clothing for "material." Over time, he'll grow fixated, snipping strands of hair or bits of fabric close to your skin, as if harvesting pieces of you for his craft.

Butcher Smurf simply watches—smelling, studying, occasionally grinning. You can feel the inevitable in his gaze: if you remain captive too long, he'll decide the wait is over. **Smurfette** appears at odd hours, whispering offers of help, of comfort, of release. But her kindness is a snare—those who trust her find themselves tricked and swindled, their beauty and strength devoured by her charm.

Finally, **Papa Smurf** himself will come. His presence is colder than the others—measured, almost compassionate, but unmistakably dangerous. His questions are sharp, his spells sharper. He wants knowledge—about you, your origins, your "chain," your power. If he succeeds in prying open your mind, he may learn enough to unmake you—or worse, to take your place.

Your goal is simple in name but nearly impossible in practice: **endure a full day and find a way to escape**. Theo and Lambda might return to aid you, or perhaps the Outcast Smurfs will intervene with motives of their own. Somewhere beneath the village lies the **Mushroom Dungeon**, the place where you are held and also filled with relics, tools, and tunnels that might grant you freedom—if you can avoid **Tracker Smurf**, whose ability to trace even a single drop of your blood will make him your eternal pursuer so long as he lives.

Scenario Reward: +100 CP

Long Life Stone (Item)

A strange crystalline relic found during your escape from the Smurf Village. It hums softly, as though alive, and radiates a faint warmth that seems to calm the pulse. Those who keep it near find their bodies resisting age, the slow decay of time paused at its prime. Companions within its aura also age backward until they reach the height of their vitality.

Be warned: if the stone is ever shattered, the energy it releases doesn't simply age or heal—it reverses. Everything nearby, living or not, is forcefully de-aged, sometimes beyond birth itself. Those who have lived less than ten years risk simply... ceasing to have ever been.

Scenario 04: Escape from the Dark Forest

The time has come.

It has been nearly six long months since you first awoke within this cursed forest—six months of fear, hunger, and endless pursuit. You’ve survived the nights, evaded the Smurfs’ hunts, and pieced together fragments of their secrets. Now, alongside your allies, you finally believe you’ve discovered a way out.

This is the final expedition. Gather your weapons, your supplies, and your courage. The path ahead is uncertain and treacherous, but beyond the trees, you can almost sense the light of the outside world.

However, escape will not be simple. The Smurfs will not let you leave so easily. The moment you begin your journey, they will know. They will come—relentless, howling, more deranged than ever before. Their pursuit will grow more violent and desperate with each passing hour, their laughter echoing from the treetops and hollow logs.

As you near the edge of the forest, their madness reaches its peak. The blue creatures begin to change—flesh melting, bodies fusing together into composite monstrosities of eyes, teeth, and limbs. Their voices merge into a single shriek of hatred and hunger. They will crush trees and shatter stone to reach you.

The exit is so close now... *don't stop running.*

Scenario Reward: +100 CP

The Path of Escape (Reward Item)

A worn parchment depicting the precise route you followed to flee the Dark Forest, annotated with your own markings and the landmarks you passed along the way. One corner bears a small smear of blood—yours or a companion’s—a reminder of the price paid for freedom.

When studied, the map allows you to return to the forest and retrace your steps to the exact point of your escape. The parchment radiates a faint, comforting warmth when held, as if to reassure you that even the darkest paths can still lead to light.

You've done it. You escaped the forest—bruised, exhausted, but alive. Some of your companions made it out with you, though none of you look quite human anymore. Thanks to *The Hotter Smurfer* perk, your body remains... different. Beautiful, yes—irresistibly so—but forever marked by what you've become. Blending into human society will be difficult, perhaps impossible.

Still, the world beyond the trees stretches before you. You're alive, you're stunning, and you have friends who understand what you've endured. The next ten years are yours to explore, to rebuild, and perhaps even to forget.

...But the Smurfs are never truly gone.

Whispers sometimes follow the wind at night every now and then. Tiny footprints appear at least one or two months near your camp or close to wherever you rest. A faint malign giggle echoes in the distance.

They remember you and aren't satisfied yet.

And if you ever let your guard down and stay in a single place for too long... one of them just might find you again.

Scenario 05: Breaking through – Putting an End to this Dark Universe

Alright, Jumper—let's be honest.

This isn't a normal Jump. You're not in a normal universe.

This place is a *nascent reality*, born from the thoughts and obsessions of a transcendental entity hell-bent on bringing about the end of the Omniverse itself—by replacing it with a darker reflection, a *Dark Multiverse*. What you've seen so far? Just one of the first corrupted nodes—an embryonic pocket reality growing like mold on the edges of creation.

But you... you're an anomaly. You don't belong here. You carry something that doesn't fit within this system's logic—call it narrative weight, essence, or whatever impossible quality defines you as a Jumper. And that's exactly what gives you the potential to destabilize this world and collapse it from within.

Your mission is simple in concept, impossible in practice:

Find the origin point of this reality, reach its core, and destroy it.

To accomplish this, you'll need a weapon capable of harming the metaphysical foundations of a world—the **Spear of Hope**. It's one of the standardized weapons wielded by the **followers of my Mistress**, forged to pierce through the metaphysical barriers that protect corrupted realities. With it, you can strike at the very heart of this place and bring it down.

Why can't I do it? Because my presence here would alert the entities that govern this world—the architects of the Dark Multiverse. If they notice me, things will become... terminally unpleasant for everyone involved. I'm only a soldier meant to fight a war between transcendental beings that exist within the cosmos that is yet to come.

There's a catch, of course. I can't simply hand you the Spear—you'll need to *force* its arrival through your own narrative, through your choices. It requires **300 CP** to fully manifest in your hands. No, I can't lend or grant you that CP. I'm not the kind of being you know as a benefactor, merely contacting you has already taken its toll.

The core that sustains this reality lies deep within the forest you once escaped from—at its heart, beneath the Smurf Village. But your earlier departure has destabilized the world even further. The forest has changed: trees now breathe and hunger, plants feel disturbingly like flesh, and the once-neutral wildlife grows cruel and cunning. The Dark Multiverse is cementing itself into existence, twisting this world into a nightmare where every good thing becomes perverse and wrong.

And if it's not stopped, this infection will spread—beyond the forest, beyond this world—until every corner of existence mirrors its corruption.

Return to the forest.

Descend beneath the village.

Find the corrupted heart, and drive the Spear of Hope into it.

End this Dark Universe, and help delay the arrival of a Dark Future to the Omniverse.

Scenario Reward: The Destruction of a Single Node of the Dark Multiverse

Spear of Hope (Mass Production) (300 CP) (Item Available for Purchase)

A standard-issue transcendental weapon forged and used by **the forces of the Mistress of the unknown entity that contacted you**. While technically a “mass production” model, it possesses power far beyond any mortal weapon. It can damage or annihilate the core of a corrupted, still-forming reality. Against entities aligned with darkness or despair, those that seek to bring a **Dark Future** into this reality, its strikes are absolute, capable of hurting their metaphysical connection to existence. Outside of such battles, it functions as a well-crafted weapon, possessing the physical qualities of the finest, impossibly sharp steel.

If you succeed—if you reach the deepest chamber, overcome the guardians born from the forest’s own hatred, and drive the **Spear of Hope** through the corrupted heart that sustains this world—then the end shall begin.

The moment the spear pierces that festering core, reality itself will scream. The skies will fracture like glass under divine pressure, the forest will convulse as its logic unravels, and every whisper, shadow, and nightmare that once hunted you will be pulled into the collapsing singularity at the world’s center. You will have done it—you will have *ended* a universe.

As the last remnants of the Dark Forest crumble into the void, time within this Jump will fold in on itself. Your stay here will be cut short, your connection forcibly severed as the collapsing world rejects your continued presence. You—and any companion brave or foolish enough to have followed you this far—will be **yoinked** from the disintegrating plane just before it vanishes into nothingness.

For a brief instant, before you awaken in the formless calm between Jumps, something flutters through the void beside you: a **brochure**, impossibly clean amid the cosmic wreckage. It follows you until it drifts gently close to you—an elegant piece of stationary embossed in gold lettering.

And as the last echoes of the dying world fade behind you, the brochure glows softly—a promise, a summons... and perhaps, the next beginning.

Drawbacks

Fated to Be Alone (+100 CP)

Those who walk beside you in this world are doomed. Every companion you bring into this jump is fated to suffer a **Dark Fate** — a death neither heroic nor merciful, but cruel, meaningless, and utterly tragic. Their ends will serve no higher purpose, bringing you only grief and silence. No matter how hard you fight against it, no matter what powers or precautions you take, in the end... this forest will make sure you stand alone.

Permanent Damage (+100 CP)

There's something deeply wrong with how this world handles pain. Any injury you sustain here — no matter how small — refuses to heal properly. Magic, science, divine blessings... none seem to fully mend the wounds of this place. Even a scratch festers, and a cut becomes a lingering, life-sapping ache. The longer you stay hurt, the weaker you become. The forest wants your blood, and it will not give back what it takes.

Lethal Forest (+100 CP)

The forest was dangerous before. Now, it's murder incarnate. Every path, every glade, every pool hides something eager to consume you. The animals are gone — twisted into **monsters** that wear the shapes of wolves, owls, and men like mockeries. Even the trees shift when you're not looking. The Smurfs remain, but they're no longer the worst thing here. Should you ever hear *the Man-Eater Wendigo* whisper your name, or the *Howling Nightmare* sing in the dark... run.

Eldritch Smurfs (+300 CP)

The corruption of the Dark Multiverse has twisted the Smurfs beyond all recognition. They no longer resemble blue humanoids, but miniature **eldritch horrors**—writhing, ever-shifting entities that flicker between dimensions. Their laughter bends light, their eyes see through every illusion, and no barrier or shelter can hide you from their sight. The shelter will no longer hide you in the dark, and hiding in your warehouse only signals a beacon for them to see. Conventional weapons fail, logic falters, and sanity breaks. Keep moving. Never let them find you still.

Darkest Reality (+400 CP)

The Dark Multiverse's infection is spreading faster than expected. You have **less than two months** before the corruption consumes this world completely. After that, everything will rot into an unrecognizable nightmare—one where nothing living remains. Every day brings more distortions, more impossible abominations, more despair. By **year five**, only planet-busting power could save you. By **year eight**, something ancient and vast will notice you—and when it does, not even the gods will intervene.

Sensed by the Dark Sovereign (+600 CP)

Something went terribly wrong. Your arrival has been noticed by the one who reigns over this corrupted Dark Multiverse—the **Dark Sovereign**, the **Malefactor of Reality**. Its attention is absolute. You can feel its gaze even when you sleep. If it chooses to act, no, when it acts, there will be no escape, no reset, no second chance. Should it capture or kill you, this will not be a *jump failure*—it will be **final death**. The Sovereign will tear you from your Chain, body and soul, ignoring any perk you might have and leaving not even a memory behind.

Final Choice

Stay

Are you tired of running, Jumper? Or perhaps the corruption has seeped too deeply, warping you beyond return. The forest calls to what you've become, whispering that this is where you belong. If you choose to stay, you will fade into this dark world—your essence twisting until you are something *other*, something this place can finally call its own.

Perhaps this was always your fate. Perhaps this world merely gave it form. I will not judge. But I wonder... when the last fragment of what you once were dissolves into shadow—will you even remember that you ever came from elsewhere?

Return Home

You have seen what waits beyond the edges of light—the horrors that stir in the unseen corners of the Omniverse. And you have chosen to step away. Home now feels warmer, gentler, even sacred in its normalcy. The air tastes of sunlight. The shadows no longer whisper.

Perhaps you'll rest, perhaps you'll forget, or perhaps you'll lie awake remembering the things that should not exist. You have changed, whether you admit it or not. The darkness has left a mark. But maybe... that's what makes the light shine brighter.

Continue

You survived. Against the odds, against the darkness, against the universe itself—you endured. The forest falls silent behind you, its twisted trees fading into memory. Whatever scars you carry, they are proof that you *won*.

Now the path opens once again, and ahead lies the boundless Omniverse—filled with strange worlds, new allies, and brighter skies. Perhaps you destroyed the corrupted heart of this place.

Perhaps you will save more than you will ever know.

Whatever awaits you, the choice is yours. Go forth, Jumper—your journey continues.

Maybe friend, you'll choose to come to the Academy, I'm sure after your achievement here that you have the potential to shine bright in this place...

Changelog

- November 10th, First release.

Hey guys, just to let you know, the azure raccoon that sent you to this jump is a sleazy dude. He just bailed out on you. Hopefully, I'm sure you have a main benefactor or other means to continue in your jumpchain (and even if you don't, fate and destiny will conspire to make you have a way to do so, after all, this is your own story).

