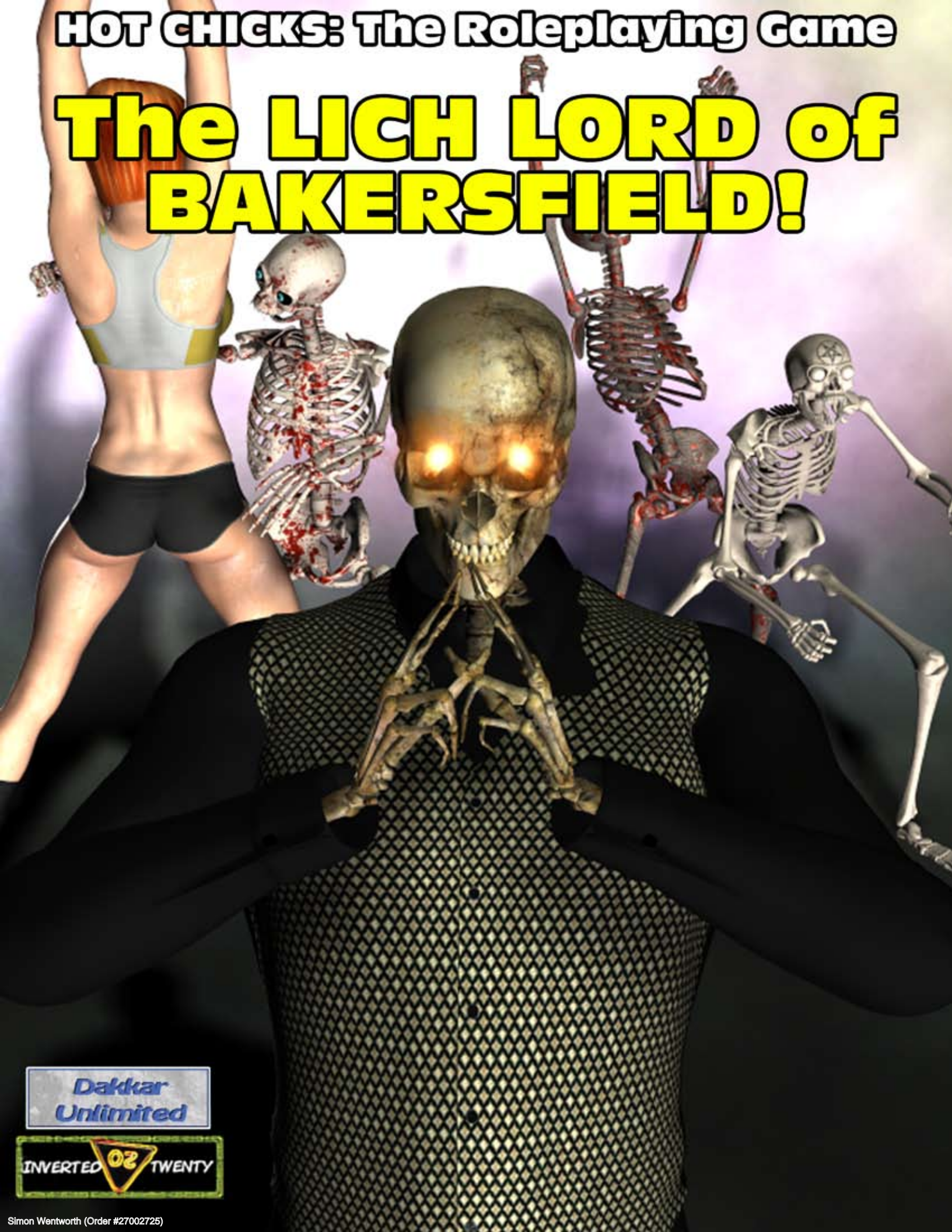


HOT CHICKS: The Roleplaying Game

The LICH LORD of BAKERSFIELD!



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The LICH LORD of BAKERSFIELD!

Written by Scott Corum and Victor Gipson

Editing: Scott Corum

Graphic Design and Layout: Scott Corum

Cover Art: Scott Corum

Interior Art: Scott Corum and Victor Gipson

Concept Design: Scott Corum and Victor Gipson



Dedication:

As always, we need to thank our families and friends who put up with the endless hours we put into doing this thing for a living. In particular, Scott's son Andrew who is almost old enough to understand what Daddy does all day long. Also, we need to thank the friends and homies who managed to listen to us continue to prattle on about this stuff ad nauseum.

Thanks To

Adobe, E-Frontier, Microsoft, and Alienware, without whom this would have taken a hell of a lot longer. And an additional big thanks to the strong and independent women of the world, without whom we'd have no idea what we were doing.

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The Lich Lord of Bakersfield! is a supplement to Hot Chicks: The Roleplaying Game and is part of a game, written for entertainment purposes. It makes no claim to be a textbook of the modern world or near future - the concepts, events and people represented in this book are works of fiction.

This game contains supernatural elements in its background, storylines, and themes. These elements are fiction, and intended solely for entertainment purposes.

This book contains mature content - strong language and adult themes. Reader discretion is advised

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INTRO

The Following is an excerpt from "Beings of Will and Magic," the definitive guide to the modern Lich, by the Archmage Constantino Devonshire.

"Time is the greatest enemy of all who aspire to know absolutely everything. When one is pursuing absolute knowledge, one is pursuing the infinite. This is unfortunate, as mortality makes the amount of time that one has to pursue knowledge most definitely finite. When one is pursuing magical knowledge, however, the difficulty of mortality and finite time can be overcome. The cost is ridiculously high, and most mages elect to prioritize their pursuit for knowledge and accept that they will only ever have a finite amount of information. For the rest, there are three paths.

The first, and perhaps most difficult path, is Apotheosis - the act of becoming a god, or at least, a being infused with the power of deity. There are no hard and fast rules for how this can be accomplished; most people who study Apotheosis agree that, more or less, it "just happens." If the Universe as a whole deems one worthy of becoming a god in their own

right, whether through pursuit of power or leading the right (or wrong!) kind of life, then one may find themselves on the path towards deity. This method of bypassing mortality is notoriously unreliable and difficult to attain - the last time I checked, the Universe hadn't put out any manuals on the process.

The second path to overcoming mortality and finite time is to exist past one's own death in the form of a spirit, or "ghost." This is much more common than Apotheosis, but being a ghost has its own limitations. Leading Necromancers agree that the mental capacities of ghosts are somewhat diminished from what they are in life, and the ability to actually apply any of one's gained knowledge is severely hampered. It is also possible that, as a matter of course of the flow of "the cycle," that even a ghostly existence is finite in duration.

That leaves the third path to overcoming mortality, available only to exceptionally powerful mages who are willing to part with the massive price. A mage of sufficient Will and power can become a Lich.

The act of becoming a Lich is no small matter, and it requires a level of dedication to the pursuit of knowledge that is, frankly, on the far side of what most mages consider "sick in the head." It requires, first and foremost, that the person in question not only have the gift for using magic, but that their willpower be supreme.

Then, there is the ritual. I will not enumerate all of the requirements here - this is not a tome for becoming a Lich, nor would I willingly direct anyone to such a tome. Unfortunately, these dire and dark secrets can be found on the Internet if one looks hard enough. Before you proceed on, I am obligated to warn you. Becoming a Lich is more than difficult - it is insanely risky, phenomenally painful, and very, very few of those who attempt succeed at the effort.

The ritual for becoming a Lich is enough to stain the soul of the mage who attempts to perform it. It involves ritual sacrifice, mutilation, and turning one's back, metaphysically, on the natural order of the Universe.

The mage performing the ritual will not survive it. Neither will any of those who assist them. The mage, however, will rise from the pool of alchemical and bodily fluids released by the ritual as a Lich; an undead spell caster, kept animate past their death by the force of their will and exceptionally dark magic.

While Demons encourage all forms of dark magic, they do NOT encourage the practice of becoming a Lich. Why would they object? It isn't fully known why this would be, but I have several theories.

One is that a mage who becomes a Lich has burned off the majority of their immortal soul in the process. This has the effect of removing them from "the cycle" of life, death, and rebirth, and also of making their otherwise very valuable soul completely worthless to the Demons who consider it currency.

Another theory is that once a mage becomes a Lich, they may be capable of compiling enough knowledge and power to actually challenge the Demons for supremacy of magical power. For now, the Demons consider themselves the secret masters of all of mankind's magical knowledge. A Lich, with enough time and study, could theoretically surpass the magical knowledge and power of Demons; and Demons HATE competition.

It isn't impossible, of course, that both of these theories are true.

Once risen as a Lich, the new undead being must feed on the energy of the living to sustain their existence. Most Liches are not only master Spell casters, but also Enchanters of note. They can become nearly power incarnate - in some cases, they may even find that this process has begun them on the path to Apotheosis; but a dark Apotheosis.

Time is no longer the Lich's enemy, but their ally. They do not age, their intellect can not degrade over time, and to a certain degree, they are indestructible. Their magical existence is tied to a physical object, their Phylactery. Only by destroying this object can the Lich be completely destroyed - otherwise, no matter how completely their body is destroyed, it will simply re-incorporate at another place at a later date.

One does not destroy a Lich with a nuclear bomb dropped on its body, but with a hammer used to break a clay urn. Nuke a Lich, and you'll only piss it off.

No one, not ANYONE, wants to deal with a pissed-off Lich.

Not all Liches are evil, nor are any of them truly good. They are all, to an individual, immensely selfish beings, concerned only with their own pursuit of knowledge and power. One can deal with a Lich only when the Lich wants something. The Lich will likely deal fairly, but if it sees ANY advantage in screwing you over, it'll turn on you so fast that the betrayal will leave friction burns. You can trust a Lich to see to its own interests... and in no other way.

Do not deal with a Lich lightly. Do not seek to gain their favor, do not seek to ally yourself with one, and do NOT try to gain an advantage over it. If you can, leave them to their own devices. If you must fight one, do not hold anything back.

And never forget that your insurance will NOT cover what the Lich will do to you.

The Lich Lord of Bakersfield!

Ah, Bakersfield. Not only a small town in California, but also a number of small towns across the width and breadth of the United States, not unlike Springfield. As in most of our supplements, we're not going to specify exactly which Bakersfield we're discussing - we prefer for the Game Master to be able to fit the material in this supplement into their existing campaign setting, wherever their particular group battles for the future and destiny of mankind.

Beware of this Bakersfield, wherever it may lay. Oh, the people are friendly, the diner has excellent pie, and there is a good source for black market magic items, but there's something wrong with the town; or more accurately, there's someone wrong with this town. Someone who will stop at nothing to endure another day, every day. Eternity is a cruel mistress, after all. She embraces few lovers, and she has expensive tastes.

How to Use This Book

This is a supplement for HOT CHICKS: The Role playing Game. You will need the core rulebook in order to play. You may also want to have a copy of Librus Enchantum: The Book of Enchanting Things, as there's a lot of Enchantment and magic items going on here. We'll also be using material from Little Magics: The Book of Cantrips.

In this tome, we detail the operations of one Ladron Castille, a mage who has extended his existence past his death through an effort of will and magic. We discuss his influence on a small American town, the undead minions that he surrounds himself with, and how he continues his unholy existence on a day to day basis.

We describe his lair, and his business of producing and distributing magic items to keep his finances flowing like water.

As usual, we also include a smattering of Adventure Seeds; ideas to help the Game Master introduce their groups to this town of danger where they can pay a reasonable price for magic items; or a higher price for someone else's immortality.



Scenic Bakersfield

Bakersfield is a small town, and like so many small towns in the America of 2015, it really ought to be in a decline. There's a mine in town that no one works in any more; most people no longer remember what was mined there. "It might have been copper," one resident might muse. "I think it was coal," another would say. Anyone going to the effort of going out to the abandoned mine would find that it was once a source of Bauxite; not a good source, nor a plentiful one.

There's a big factory on the edge of town - disused and crumbling. They made things, there, once. Again, there is a disconcerting lack of common agreement on what, exactly, Bakersfield used to produce.

"Toys," says an old newspaper article. "Car parts," suggests an old man in the town bar. "Mangle flanges," says the drunk in the center of the trailer park, although he can't quite remember what a mangle flange is used for, what one looks like, or even who might buy one. A skilled engineer examining the factory would eventually be able to determine that it made aircraft parts for multi-engine propeller planes; not produced or used for some fifty years.

There are farmhouses a ways down the road from the edge of town. The farms lay empty and dormant, the families that own them living in apartments in town and collecting government subsidies to not grow crops.

In every way, this is a town that is a textbook example of a collapsed and dying local economy. All it needs is an industrial accident, a natural disaster, or a zombie apocalypse to be rendered a deserted ghost town. It should be falling apart and decaying around the feet of the few die-hard residents too stubborn to move to greener pastures.

Instead, however, it boasts a population of roughly five thousand, a collection of quaint shops that feature goods from gourmet foods to masterfully restored antiques, and a steady stream of tourists from all walks of life.

The populace are friendly and welcoming, and appear to be affluent, if not outright wealthy. Most of them live in well-maintained housing tracts laid out in four neighborhoods at the cardinal points of the town. They shop at one of four mom & Pop grocery stores, or the small boutiques with more specialized fare. They don't appear to want for much.

There are no less than ten Bed & Breakfasts in Bakersfield, all of them rated at five stars and charging between seventy and a hundred dollars a night.

It doesn't seem like the kind of town that you'd go to on purpose. It's not a destination, but more a pleasant stop on one's way to where they were actually going. It's not far from the Interstate, and while it isn't well marked by signage, it isn't exactly hidden.

It's an enigmatic small town, but not an unpleasant one by any stretch of the imagination - to normal senses.

The real problems start, however, when one starts to look at the town of Bakersfield through eyes that can see the supernatural, or when one wanders around a little bit too much after the shops close at eight o'clock (sharp). After dark, you see, the town of Bakersfield takes on a whole other personality. A surprisingly hungry personality.

The Lord of Bakersfield

To understand the darker and more sinister aspect of Bakersfield, we have to go a ways back in time and follow the story of a Spanish explorer. We look back to the year 1788.

Ladron Castille was sent by the Spanish crown to explore territories in the New World, in the hopes that they would find resources that they could steal from the French and/or the Americans. With only a few Native American guides, he journeyed to the American west coast almost two decades before the Lewis and Clark expedition would reach it.

Castille loved exploration. He had no concerns for the political motivations behind his secret exploration, and no concerns for the inevitable exploitation of the native peoples or resources of America. He was going where no one had gone before, seeing what no one had ever seen, and that was all that mattered to him.

His guides, however, did eventually realize what kind of exploitation would follow the well-dressed Spaniard. Upon reaching some beautiful sea cliffs in what would eventually be the state of California, the knowledgeable and wise native guides unceremoniously shoved him off the edge of the continent, leaving him to perish after a fifty foot fall to the jagged rocks of the beach.

Castille was made of sterner stuff, however. Luckily, he suffered from only a broken leg and a massive collection of cuts and bruises. Relying on his unparalleled willpower, he splinted the broken leg and explored the edge of the continent where he found himself. He didn't expect to survive for long, but as long as he lived, he would continue to explore.

What he found was beyond his wildest dreams. In a sea cave, mostly concealed by the jagged rocks that had almost taken his life, he found a set of perfectly preserved scrolls that predated any history he had ever studied. The scrolls, sheets of incredibly thin metal rather than any form of cloth or paper, were from the Time before Time. He had found a primer on the One Emperor's language and magic.

He had never had the opportunity to discover whether or not he had the talent for magic. He lived in an age of enlightenment, where magic was considered foolish superstition. He discovered, however, as his voracious mind absorbed the knowledge on the scrolls, that he had everything that he needed to become a mage.

Drinking water supplied by stormy skies and eating

the fish he was able to catch at the shore, Ladron Castille sat, and studied, and began his path towards becoming the greatest mage of his generation.

He mastered Cantrips in a few short weeks, and survival became a simple matter of throwing a few spells. He learned healing magic, and his leg became whole again. He learned to throw fire and lightning, and the native guides that had betrayed him never knew what hit them.

The scrolls ended far too soon for Ladron, having imparted only a tiny droplet of the lost knowledge of magic. It was enough to give him a taste, and to ignite a burning passion for the acquisition of magical knowledge.

It was child's play to journey east to the new America and purchase land with riches he had discovered in the west. He had a large house built in Virginia, and sought out more magic.

There were mages among the founding fathers of America; we're not saying who, but kites and lightning might be a clue to one of them, nudge nudge. Ladron was able to find these people, and get into their good graces by sharing sensitive information about the plans of the Spanish throne for exploiting the North American west coast. Lewis and Clark's expedition was suggested by Ladron Castille, and Meriwether Lewis traveled with secret maps that made the trek possible.

Castille's studies took him back to Europe. He was a member of England's Hellfire Club, where he traded magic secrets with the heights of royalty and the depths of darkest secret societies. It was here that he first heard of the dreaded ritual for becoming a Lich.

He was in his forties when he left England for sites abroad, his passion for exploring and his passion for learning magic merging into a single searing whole. He journeyed through Spain and Italy, stopping in Poland and Russia for a bit. He met with the owner of a darkened castle in Romania, and with an obsessed scientist in Germany.

In Egypt, he found more bits and pieces of magic from the Time before Time, matching them to fragments he located in Arabia, Turkey, and deepest Africa. Everywhere he went, his magical knowledge increased. What would have taken anyone else a hundred years of travel, he accomplished in thirty.

Magic kept him healthy and sturdy, but the living body has limitations. Ladron Castille had seen more of the world than any other human since the Time before Time, and had learned more magic than any human in his century, but it wasn't enough. He wanted to see it

all, and to learn it all.

He was going to have to go down the dark path of becoming a Lich, if he was going to satisfy these drives and passions.

He pieced the ritual together from bits and fragments from a hundred different sites. He gathered followers by teaching them tiny teaspoons of his vast magical knowledge, and instructed them in their part of the great dark ceremony. He failed to instruct them in the part where they died; no need to bother them with details, after all.

There was no portion of the ritual, no matter how brutal or profane, that gave Castille pause. He performed each mutilation and sacrifice with the cold precision of a master craftsman, seeing each act as nothing more than a stepping stone to the endless pursuit of his purpose. The innocent and the helpless suffered, deep in the cellars of his Virginia home. The screams of anguish turned the stomachs of even Castille's most hardened followers, but Castille himself never wavered, never paused. When a follower would question him, they would find themselves strapped down to machines of ancient design, their life's essence forfeit to Castille's will.

When the ritual was at last performed, the skies over the house opened. The storm raged for weeks, destroying the house and dropping the rubble and tons of water and mud into the foundations, as if the Earth itself was trying to erase the event from its memory. The few neighbors close enough to witness the destruction shook their heads and walked away, knowing that God Himself had a hand in the destruction of Castille's property.

Castille himself clawed his way clear of the devastation a week later, his flesh already desiccating and sloughing off. He turned his back on Virginia, and once again wandered the Earth in search of knowledge - this time without fear of time or distance. He had become the first Lich to walk the Earth in over five centuries, and the joy of endless exploration pulsed through his being.

From time to time, as it is with Liches, he would have to drain the life force out of some living being in order to continue his activities. Without the occasional infusion, he would pass into a deep and troubled hibernation until an infusion of life energy would restore him. At first, he could sustain himself with the occasional large animal. Eventually, he had to satisfy his hunger for life energies from humans, although the quality of the human was unimportant.

He continued to travel and learn, exploring and study-

ing, until 1965. That was the year where his requirement for life essence could only be met by taking the energies from humans of exceptional quality, and he was unable to satisfy this need while traveling.

He returned to America, where he had first acquired magical power, and sought out a place where he could establish a keep - a land holding where he could continue to amass knowledge and power, and where he could draw a steady supply of humans of exceptional quality so that he could feed upon their essence.

A large city would be too difficult to hide himself in; the kind of attention he would attract could eventually threaten his existence. A town too small would not be able to sustain the kind of operation he would need to maintain.

Bakersfield was just right. When he first set foot in the town, the factory was in the process of closing down. The mine had been mined out a decade before. The town was full of despair, its hope shattered.

Despite the fact that a skull was all that remained of his face, he managed to smile just a little more.

He needed Bakersfield to continue to exist, and as it so happened, Bakersfield needed him.



Bakersfield by Night

Disguising himself with illusion, Castille approached the city leaders of Bakersfield, and made them an offer they couldn't refuse. He would infuse the town with cash beyond its wildest dreams; wealth that was the by-product of centuries of exploring the far off and ancient places of the Earth. Castille himself had little need for the money, he'd just been letting it sit in some of the world's oldest banks, accruing obscene amounts of interest.

The vast amount of money would be generously loaned to the town's businesses, keeping them afloat in the difficult times, and allowing them to improve to the point where they would draw a stream of tourists that would sustain the town's economy indefinitely. The interest rates on the loans were miniscule, and a program for forgiving the debt of loaners was easily accessible.

In exchange for this infusion of monies, the town of Bakersfield would set aside a goodly sized piece of property near the middle of town, and pay no attention to it whatsoever.

The town's police would steer clear of the area, and no matter what anyone reported or complained about, there would be no action taken towards the mysterious benefactor of the town.

It seemed like a small price to pay, all things considered. Of course, it was anything but.

Castille set up an extensive workshop in the center of town, one where he could not only research magic, but also produce magic items. He had learned ancient and powerful secrets of Enchantment in his travels, and it was time to put those secrets to use.

He produced unique and powerful magic items, and carefully leaked their existence to people travelling through Bakersfield. For a price, and a very reasonable one, you could get very, very good magic items in the small town.

This drew a small trickle of criminals to the town - exceptional criminals who had enough knowledge of how the world actually worked that they believed in magic, and knew the value of good magic items. Most of these criminals quietly purchased their "Plus Three Pistol of Shooting Forever" or "Briefcase of Holding a Body" and left town. Some of these criminals, humans of exceptional quality, disappeared.

Occasionally, someone would come to Bakersfield looking for the vanished criminals. Family members, law enforcement, criminal accomplices; they would show up in town asking questions. They got no answers. If they persisted, they would find themselves in Bakersfield's comfortable and modern jail. If they made too much more noise, they themselves disappeared.

No bodies are ever found, no clues are left behind, and no one in Bakersfield seems to know anything. In truth, very few of Bakersfield's residents do know anything about Castille's operation. The few that do would rather die than threaten the town's mysterious and generous benefactor. "So, a few human scum vanish in the town every year. That's a small price to pay

for a safe and prosperous place to live!"

Over time, news of the high quality, low price magic item outlet in Bakersfield spread beyond the criminal community. The people fighting the fight for the future and destiny of mankind trickled through Bakersfield with the steady flow of tourists, and began to acquire magic items themselves.

Adventurers like the good prices on the "Softball Bats of Decapitation" and "Rings of Flying Real Fast," and they'll travel a good distance to the small town. Most of them will make their purchases quietly and safely, and leave town to fight the good fight. Some of them, humans of exceptional quality, will disappear.

Of course, Adventurers are harder to put off than your average law enforcement officer or private investigator. When they start asking questions, and get no answers, they may find themselves locked up as well. If that fails, Castille has other options.

A master Necromancer as well as master Enchanter, Castille has the bodies of those that have vanished walk the streets of Bakersfield by night, hunting and taking those who can not be silenced by other means.

Of course, if one can make it to the town's bar after eight, they'll be safe, as long as they stay inside. Something has to stay open until late, after all. Strangers can't expect too much help from the townsfolk inside, however.

To the town of Bakersfield, this situation is acceptable. A strict curfew of eight o'clock under pain of being dragged to the magic item shop by a squad of skeletons is a small price to pay for continued prosperity and "safety."

It assures Ladron Castille of a steady supply of humans of exceptional quality, so his existence continues unabated.

He has plans, you see... his explorations are far from over.



A Couple of Spells

Like all good Necromancers, Ladron Castille knows the Xombie spell. He considers it "Low Magic," though. The Xombies created by the spell are high-maintenance, infectious creatures, which can grow into an undead menace if not watched over very carefully.

In his studies across the width and breadth of the globe, he discovered a couple of new Necromantic spells which he uses far more often than the Xombie spell. They require the use of a human skeleton, but he can acquire those quite easily.

Quicken Skeleton

Range	Touch
Damage	None
Purchase Cost	\$4,950.00
Risk Cost	10
Casting	Fifteen Seconds (3 Turns)
Duration	Permanent

Turns the bones of an inanimate corpse into a walking, moving Skeleton (Page 21). This spell raises the Skeleton as a "Mook," having no Shrugs (a single failed Damage Resistance roll destroys it) nor Risk. The Quickened Skeleton is completely loyal to the caster of the spell and anyone the caster commands them to be loyal to.

Raise Skeleton

Range	Touch
Damage	None
Purchase Cost	\$18,000.00
Risk Cost	20
Casting	Five Minutes (60 Turns)
Duration	Permanent

Turns the bones of an inanimate corpse into a walking, moving Skeleton (Page 21). This spell raises the Skeleton as a "Lieutenant," having Shrugs and Risk. The Quickened Skeleton is completely loyal to the caster of the spell and anyone the caster commands them to be loyal to. This spell can be cast on a Quickened Skeleton (a Skeleton animated with the Quicken Skeleton spell) to give the Quickened Skeleton Shrugs and Risk; elevating a Quickened Skeleton to a Raised Skeleton costs the caster only ten (10) Risk.

Strange Bedfellows

Where there is power, there are those who wish to benefit from it. Castille's operations in Bakersfield has attracted attention from some organizations that keep track of the supernatural, but most of these organizations keep a safe distance, not understanding the operation and not seeing a large enough danger to expend effort in its direction.

One day, however, a young lady showed up on Castille's doorstep. She was a human of exceptional quality, and had every chance of ending up one of Castille's meals of life essence, but she had something that was actually more interesting to the Lich.

She had his passion for learning magic.



Leillani Cassandra approached what she thought was a powerful Enchanter with a unique offer. In exchange for learning what he had to teach her, she would do anything. Absolutely *anything*, so long as she could learn magical secrets from him.

While the Lich had no need of pleasure of the flesh or companionship of any kind, he did appreciate her level of dedication. In his travels, he had heard of a group calling themselves the Daughters of Wickedness, and here was one of their member on his doorstep. He took Leillani in and offered her room and board, a reasonable salary, and a magic secret every so often if she would become the public face of his magic items outlet. She could hardly refuse him, especially once she found out Ladron Castille's true nature. Her path to acquiring dark magical secrets became well established - she

is an apt and talented pupil.

The relationship between the two is an unusual one, to be sure. Castille appreciates the help; it allows him time to study and craft magic items. He also has found that he enjoys teaching; it seems to be the natural extension of his acquisition of knowledge. If the student were someone with moral or ethical limitations, he might find that the teaching would not go smoothly nor pleasantly.

Fortunately, Leila's moral compass has no needle. She was raised practically from birth to acquire magical knowledge at any and all costs. She knew only a smattering of Cantrips when she arrived in Bakersfield - Castille has expanded her knowledge of the "Little Magics" and has begun teaching her some of the more dangerous spells he knows.

Day to Day Operations

Ladron Castille never sleeps. He spends several hours a night reading from magical journals or perusing the darker corners of the internet for fresh leads on new magical secrets. Well before sunrise, he is hard at work in the workshop, crafting a supply of inventory for the shop.

Leila wakes up at the crack of eleven and makes coffee so she can function. By noon, she's showered, applied make-up, dressed, and is ready to open the shop.

Customers don't show up every day. A week or more can pass without the front door opening. Sometimes, five, ten, or more customers show up all at once. It depends on what's happening in the area, how the information on the street is moving, and even on astrological forecasts.

Leila takes up her time on the slow days with practicing her repertoire of magic spells and operating a couple of internet chat rooms. Her chat rooms are very slick and professional, and allow her to carefully troll for magic secrets. She is constantly amazed what lonely old wizards will do for ten minutes of shameless webcam voyeurism.

If Castille has noticed the webcam in the bathroom (unlikely), he hasn't said anything.

Customers are greeted warmly and checked over carefully. Leila will sell items to law enforcement officers, because there is nothing illegal about selling magic items. She just makes sure that the customers aren't ei-

ther some form of Demon or a Ministry agent. A one-way mirror in the showroom allows Castille to observe customers while he toils at his workshop; he'll occasionally send Leila a Mental Message to avoid working with a particular client if they look too suspicious.

The great majority of customers who walk into the shop are in no danger. Twice a month, Castille will let Leila know that a customer, one that has come into the shop alone, is going to disappear. Leila guides the customer closer to the mirror in the showroom, and Castille hits them with Kiss of Morpheus or some other spell to incapacitate them. We will discuss the fate of those customers later.

Castille works at his workshop until ten o'clock, then breaks for an hour of meditation before going to his reading of magical journals and the internet.

The shop is open until eight o'clock, five nights a week. If a customer comes to the shop at any other time, Castille alerts Leila to open up for them. After-hours customers aren't greeted nearly as warmly, but they are still dealt with in the same fashion.

On her off days, Leila does what shopping needs to be done. Castille's needs are few; Leila needs food and toiletries. She'll occasionally fool around with a local to satisfy her other physical needs, but she refuses to form any attachments other than to Castille.

Occasionally, Castille will take a day off from working (when the inventory is adequate) and teach Leila another spell or method for Enchantment.

Every so often, Castille closes down everything for a day and goes somewhere. Leila keeps things going for that day, and has come not to worry about it too much. If her mentor needs his "me" time, then she's going to be happy he's getting it, and leave him be.

Neither Castille nor Leila believe in keeping things formal, either in the shop or between one another. Magic keeps the place clean and well maintained, and Castille's endless supply of funds keeps the business solvent through even the slowest seasons. He doesn't really need the profits from the place, which are substantial.

If it wasn't for the steady trickle of missing persons, the situation would be damn near ideal. The local authorities don't bother Castille with each and every little detail of people coming into town looking for missing relatives and what-not; they only report particularly bothersome or determined individuals to the town's Lord.

Every night, at nine o'clock, Castille's legion of skeletons skulks from alley to alley in the small town, seek-

ing out troublemakers and spies. Those that they find and catch meet the same dark fate as those who are “disappeared” from the shop.

So long as everyone behaves themselves, this situation can go on indefinitely. One might almost wonder if Ladron Castille is up to anything else, which might be even more sinister than his patient and cautious abduction operations.

Deeper Secrets

All right, there might be a few things that Castille is playing close to the vest, hiding them even from Leilani for the present.

For one thing, there’s the matter of his Phylactery. In order to become a Lich, he had to put the larger part of his soul and metaphysical being in a jar, essentially. His immortality is tied to the existence of that item - should it be destroyed, he will cease to be.

Ladron Castille’s Phylactery is safely buried in Virginia, on the site of his old house. When he emerged from the ground following his Lich ritual, he left the stone urn containing his essences underground, in a stone vault.

He still owns the lot of property where the old house once stood, and he has carefully maintained control over it for the centuries he’s been around. Currently, the land is occupied by a Federal building - offices for the Federal Bureau of Investigation. The exact site under which the Phylactery is buried is a garden courtyard on the interior of the building.

On the rare chance that someone can find out where the Phylactery is buried (they’d have to read his mind, and his high Will and the Ring of Mind Armor he always wears would make that difficult), all they’d have to do is break into an FBI building and dig twenty-feet down in the middle of the facility.

He considers it safe enough, for now.

Another secret that Castille has is that the graveyards of Bakersfield are effectively empty. There was no reason to bother the town’s inhabitants with the fact that his Skeletons have tunneled under all of the graves, removed all of the viable bodies, and brought them to the workshop so he could boil the bones clean and raise more Skeletons. The fleshy remains of the dead have been processed by the town’s sewer system, and the empty mine is chock full of an army of the undead, armed with magic weapons.

If anyone tries a large-scale operation against him, Castille has masses of troops at his beck and call.



The magical Rings of Defense in the Skeleton’s skulls do tend to make them rattle, but they also offer quite a surprise for anyone thinking that skeletons should be brittle, easily-broken things.

While the mine sits full of undead, perhaps Castille’s greatest secret is his plans for the abandoned factory.

Castille is an explorer at heart; it is the core of his nature. He has seen most of the Earth’s land surface, and no small part of its oceans. He wants to expand his horizons - to boldly go where no Lich has gone before.

It would be difficult for a being of such power and perceptions to NOT be aware that the Earth is surrounded by, and cautiously invaded by, a large number of alien races. He knows that there is a big, expansive, thriving Universe out there, and he wants to walk around in it.

The abandoned factory is slowly but surely being transformed into a massive magical starship. His days away from the shop are spent magically reinforcing the place, adding constructs made of thousands of magic items to lift and propel the factory, and trying to infuse it with a magical sentience.

In time, he will have to start either learning the science necessary to clone people, or start a small breeding colony of exceptional humans. When he goes into space, he’s going to need to take his food supply with him - until, of course, he finds other beings of exceptional life force. He wants to do more than merely see the Universe. He wants to know what it *tastes* like.

Feeding Time

Every two weeks, Ladron Castille needs an infusion of Life Essence. The infusions must, at this point, be from sentient beings of exceptional quality - Adventurers satisfy the need quite nicely, as do powerful villains. He isn't really picky when it comes to moral alignment. Good Essence and Evil Essence apparently taste exactly the same to a Lich.

The entire purpose of the Bakersfield operation is, effectively, to draw likely subjects into his web. When someone enters the shop, Castille tries to get a gauge for how potent they are - their maximum Risk pool is a good gauge (anything over fifty is a good start), as is the presence of any Special Merits with the exception of Cyber-Enhanced.

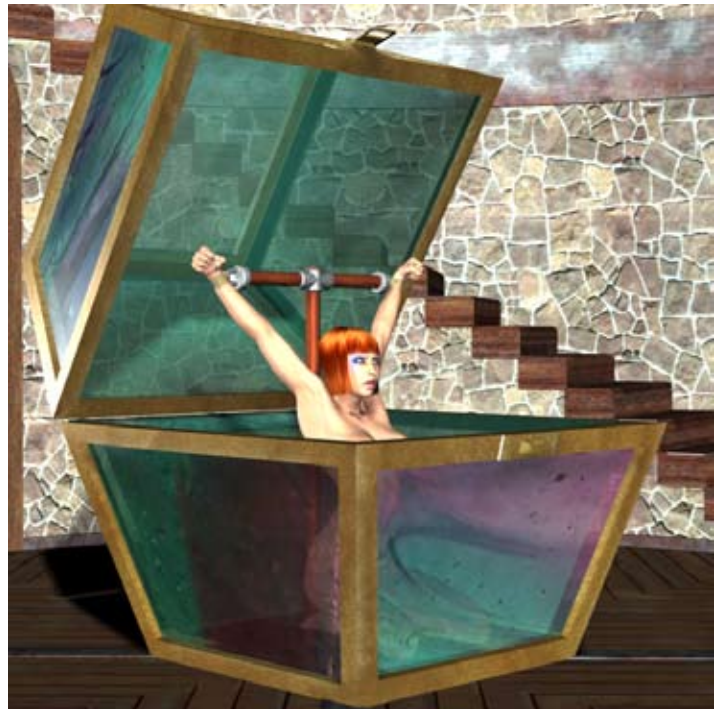
He can also seem to sense how much Life is in a being, knowing their maximum number of Shrugs. Three or more Shrugs marks someone as delicious.



He isn't particularly interested in the subject's level of attractiveness, as far as their taste or suitability for being eaten goes. He won't shy away from pretty food

for a moment, though.

Regardless of how the current subject was acquired, they all go to the same place. In the basement of the workshop, Castille keeps his most mysterious and most potent magic item - the Feeding Box.



Constructed of magically reinforced glass and solid brass, the thing weighs in at a ton. It has a Damage Resistance of fifty (50) and ten (10) Material Shrugs. A reinforced restraining post is mounted in the center, having the same statistics.

The subject will wake up from their incapacitation nude, bound in a kneeling position of supplication within the Feeding Box. The restraining post is constructed to make escape difficult - there is a staggering penalty of minus six (-6!) to Escapology rolls to escape from the thing.

Castille is not far away when they awake. Over the years, he has learned some important lessons when he has someone in this position.

- **Do Not Monologue.** He's there to feed on them, not to inform him of his true nature and his deepest feelings. These are food, not an analyst. He stays silent for these sessions - there is nothing he has to say that is important enough to give his food a chance to escape.
- **Close The Lid.** The prey is likely to spit and curse and to otherwise try to make his unlife miserable. While a person who is afraid may taste slightly better than one that is defiant, there is nothing that is worth giving the food a chance to escape.

- **Do Not Gloat.** Even when the lid is closed and the Enchantments are engaged, there's no reason to be a dick about things. He's captured them, he's going to eat them, their life is about to end; no amount of "Bwah Ha Ha! I'll consume your pathetic life force!" is going to matter at this point.

Once the lid is closed, the process begins. The lid weighs half a ton (1,000 lbs), and is magically locked in place by the feeding process. The lock and hinges have the same Damage Resistance and Shrugs of the rest of the structure, and there is no keyhole for the lock. It will unlock magically when the feeding process is done.

Every minute that the subject is in the closed Feeding Box, they lose ten (10) Risk. Magical pressure literally crushes the Risk out of their physical structure, letting it pool in the bottom of the Box.



When the subject has zero (0) Risk left, a minute in the Box will cause them to lose one (1) Shrug. At this point, their body begins to desiccate and emaciate, the life force literally being crushed out of them.

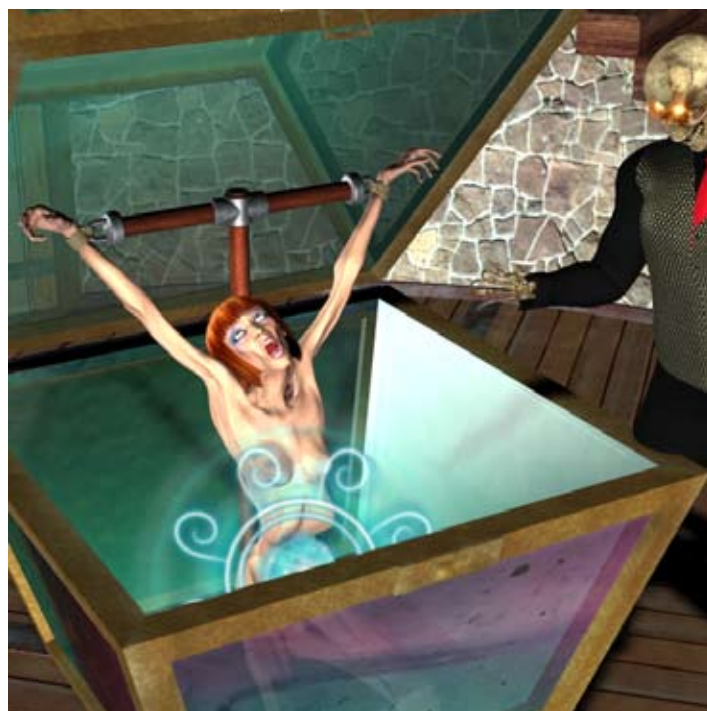
The Box will stop only when the subject has taken twice (2x) their maximum number of Shrugs, leaving them at the state of Dead (but not Dead as Hell). At this point, the box will open, leaving a glowing ember of pure life essence floating over the corpse of the subject.

This is what Castille will absorb into his body. He need merely touch it, and the feeding is complete - the subject immediately becomes Dead as Hell at that point.

If someone or something should cause the corpse to

come into contact with the glowing ember of life force before Castille absorbs it, the subject will immediately recover all of their Shrugs, but their Risk will dissipate into the cosmos. They will be unable to immediately recover their Risk (as they will have zero Risk at that point), but the beginning of another session or some act of a Game Master (including The Deal) may allow them to refill.

The dried and emaciated corpse produced by the Feeding process is ideal for boiling down to a skeleton and raising.



Just in case someone develops the idea to destroy the Feeding Box, Castille has several spares stored away in warehouses across the globe.

Should Castille miss his regular once-every-two-week feeding, he has one week to infuse himself with life essence before he drops into a coma-like slumber. The natural flow of magic and life-force will slowly infuse him with essence over the course of a year, after which he will awake ravenous, with a week to feed.

Should his physical body be destroyed during this time, he will re-incorporate one month later, most likely in Egypt (but someplace funnier if the GM wishes), full of life essence and a strong determination to hurt whoever made his unlife difficult.

The feeding process is one that Castille has a great deal of reverence for; he prefers to be alone as he observes the death of his victims, and spends an hour in meditation after he consumes each one. He appreciates the sacrifice necessary to continue his existence, willing or unwilling.

New Magic Items

Weapon	Acc	Dam	Range	Shots	Weight	Kick	AP	DR	Shrugs	Cost
Chainsaw of Brutality	+1	+20	-	-	15 lbs	-0	3	30	3	\$38,075.00
Never runs out of fuel (Shots: Infinite applied to fuel tank)				Risk cost to create: 950. Castille's Outlet Cost: \$19,000.00!						



Weapon	Acc	Dam	Range	Shots	Weight	Kick	AP	DR	Shrugs	Cost
Machete of Harming	+2	+7	St x3	-	3 lbs	-0	3	20	2	\$38,046.00
Sharper, more accurate, more Damaging!				Risk cost to create: 950. Castille's Outlet Cost: \$19,000.00!						

Weapon	Acc	Dam	Range	Shots	Weight	Kick	AP	DR	Shrugs	Cost
Plus Three Pistol of Shooting Forever	+3	15	18 / 24 / 48 / 96	Inf.	1 lb	-0	0	30	3	\$11,550.00
Never Ever runs out of Bullets! Supernaturally Accurate!				Risk cost to create: 600. Castille's Outlet Cost: \$5,500.00!						

Weapon	Acc	Dam	Range	Shots	Weight	Kick	AP	DR	Shrugs	Cost
Softball Bat of Decapitaton	+1	+8	-	-	5 lbs	-0	0	30	4	\$12,059.00
Decapitating Weapon: Penalty to hit the head is a -1 instead of a -3, a Critical Success when striking at the head AUTOMATICALLY results in a Decapitation! Amaze your friends, Decapitate your enemies!				Risk cost to create: 600. Castille's Outlet Cost: \$6,000.00!						

Item	DR	Shrugs	Weight	Cost	Drop this coin on the ground, and it automatically points North no matter what! Gives a +3 to rolls on the Navigation skill. Risk cost to create: 300. Castille's Outlet Cost: \$1,500.00!
Navigator's Coin	15	1	neg.	\$3,100.00	
+3 to Navigation Skill					

Item	DR	Shrugs	Weight	Cost	Quintessential Armor Protection in a simple ring! Gives the wearer +15 to their Damage Resistance AND two (2) Armor Shrugs! Turn even the weakest of your minions into a veritable tank! Risk cost to create: 950. Castille's Outlet Cost: \$19,000.00!
Ring of Defense	20	1	neg.	\$38,100.00	
Intangible Armor Protection Total of +15 to DR 2 Armor Shrugs					

Character Name	Ladron Castille	Description	Skeletal, well-dressed,
Alias	Lord of Bakersfield		with a supernatural glow in both eye
Player	NPC		sockets

Primary	
Strength	6
Stamina	10
Agility	8
Dexterity	8
Intelligence	10
Perception	8

Derived	
Shrugs	8
Stamina / 2	
Speed	18
Agility + Dexterity + Running	
Will	13
(Intelligence + Stamina) / 2	
Initiative	8
(Perception + Dexterity) / 2	
Damage Resistance	30
Stamina x 2	
Armor Shrugs	2
Risk	230
Will x 10	

Performance	
Running Speed	76
Speed x 4	
S Broad Jump	4
(Agility + Acro or Sports) / 2	
R Broad Jump	9
(Speed / 2) + Acro or Sports	
S High Jump	2
((Agility + Strength) / 2 + Acro or Sports) / 4	
R High Jump	4
((Agility + Strength) / 2 + Acro or Sports) / 2	
Dead Lift	300
(Strength + Lifting) x 50	

Common Rolls	
Attack One	16/17
Staff (Damage 12/13)	
Attack Two	11
Hand to Hand (Damage 8)	
Dodge	8
Parry	16/17
(Staff)	
Notice	14
Sneak	8



Weapon		Acc	Dam
Staff of the Master Arcanist		+4/+5	+4/+5
Range			
-			
Shots	Weight	Kick	
-	4 lbs	-0	
AP	DR	SHRUGS	COST
0	25	3	\$94,746.50
NOTES			
Accuracy and Damage is for one-handed/two-handed use. Partially Collapsible, collapses into a cane with half the Accuracy and Damage. Contains a 50 point small Risk Battery (regenerates one Risk per minute). Enchanted with Ahlmin's Veil, making it impossible to detect the presence of Risk in the staff. (1,180 Risk to produce)			

Merits
Artificer
Alchemist
Brain
Cunning Linguist (x 3)
Danger's Bitch (x 10)
Iron Will
Rich (x 5)
Spell Slinger
Steel-Trap Mind
Superlative
Tough as Hell (x 3)

Skills	
Athletics	SCIENCE
Acrobatics	Academics 7
Climbing	Astrogration 1
Extreme Sports	Biology 1
Lifting	Chemistry 1
Running 2	Computers 1
Sports	Cybernetics 1
Swimming	Electronics 1
Throwing 4	Engineering 1
Zero-G	Genetics 1
Combat	Law 4
Archaic Ranged 4	Medicine 1
Grappling 2	Military Science 3
Hand to Hand 3	Navigation 1
Handguns 2	Occultism 7
Long Arms 3	Parapsychology 1
Martial Dam 2	Physics 1
Melee 4	Psychology 5
Toughness 4	Xenology 1
Espionage	Vehicles
Acting	Animal 4
Business 6	Anthro
Communicate 3	Boats 3
Cryptography 2	Cars 2
Demolition	Helicopters
Escapology 1	Hovercraft
Investigation 6	Jet Packs
Lockpicking	Jet Planes
Security 3	Motorcycles
Seduction	Prop Planes
Sleight of Hand 1	Remote
Stealth	Space Shuttles 1
Streetwise 5	Starships 1
Survival	Submersibles
Hobby/Craft	Ultra Light
Art 5	Special
Cleaning	Do Magic 6
Construction 3	Martial Arts
Cooking	Use Cyberware
Dancing	Use Psionics
Fabrication 6	Use Powers 6
Music 2	
Repair 6	
Rope Work 3	
Sewing 2	
Styling 4	

Flaws
Butt Ugly
Frigid
Infertile
Self-Imposed Limitation: Cautious and subdued operations
Socially Unacceptable: Lich

Hot Chicks:
The Roleplaying Game

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Character Name	Ladron Castille
Alias	Lord of Bakersfield
Player	NPC

Page Two

Character History

Once a Spanish Explorer, Ladron Castille discovered ancient secrets of magic from the Time before Time. Amassing vast wealth and knowledge, he underwent the horrific ritual to become a Lich, a mage kept animate past death by force of Will and magic.

Equipment or Budget Item

Cost

SUPER POWERS	
Personal Durability Alpha (DR +10)	\$2,500.00
Personal Durability Beta (2 Armor Shrugs)	\$4,000.00
Hardening	\$15,000.00
Ignore Suffocation	\$20,000.00
Ignore Pressure Differential	\$20,000.00
Ignore Extreme Heat	\$30,000.00
Ignore Extreme Cold	\$25,000.00
Ignore Re-Entry	\$10,000.00
Ignore Radiation	\$30,000.00
Ignore Hunger	\$15,000.00
Ignore Thirst	\$15,000.00
Ignore Poisons	\$15,000.00
Ignore Disease	\$15,000.00
Ignore Collisions and Falls	\$30,000.00
Regeneration Class A	\$1,000,000.00
Infra-Red Vision	\$20,000.00
Gadgeteer	\$30,000.00
MAGIC SPELLS	
Ahlmin's Foley	\$1,965.00
BAM	\$821.25
Brightness	\$2,088.13
Bite O' Food	\$5,332.00
Breath of Air	\$7,440.00
Cleansing	\$810.00
Drink O' Water	\$5,332.00
Dye Job	\$1,335.00
Generic Mind Trick	\$13,798.75

Weapon			Acc	Dam
Range				
Shots		Weight		Kick
AP	DR	SHRUGS		COST
NOTES				

Weapon		Acc	Dam
Range			
Shots		Weight	Kick
AP	DR	SHRUGS	COST
NOTES			

Weapon		Acc	Dam
Range			
Shots	Weight		Kick
AP	DR	SHRUGS	COST
NOTES			

Armor			
Hits			
DR	SHRUGS	COST	
NOTES			

Notes



Equipment or Budget Item		Cost
MAGIC SPELLS (Cont'd)		
Mental Message		\$2,317.50
Minor Glyph of Holding		\$9,685.00
Minor Manipulation		\$950.00
Off Kilter		\$9,970.00
Ooh, Sparkly!		\$610.00
Shade the Senses		\$1,680.00
Sodrick's Lighter		\$507.50
Soft Landing		\$4,750.00
Tools of Convenience		\$2,820.00
Transmute Clothing		\$3,960.00
Warm and Dry		\$585.00
Wizard Slick		\$6,875.00
Donner's Wrath		\$15,000.00
Fireball		\$10,000.00
Explosive Fireball		\$35,000.00
Flame Blast		\$5,000.00
Lesser Arcane Decoy		\$25,000.00
Greater Arcane Decoy		\$50,000.00
Proteus' Veil		\$20,000.00
Bonds of Proteus		\$40,000.00
Skin Walk		\$40,000.00
Maniac's Strength		\$4,000.00
Burning Shards		\$12,000.00
Vigorous Hide		\$8,000.00
Lesser Mystic Barrier		\$15,000.00
Greater Mystic Barrier		\$35,000.00
Dirge of Extinction		\$1,000,000.00
Cure Illness		\$10,000.00
Heal the Body, Lesser		\$20,000.00
Heal the Body, Greater		\$40,000.00
Eagle's Sight		\$2,000.00
Owl's Vision		\$1,000.00
Cloak of Mists		\$2,000.00
Flight		\$20,000.00
Summon Spirit, Lesser		\$30,000.00
Summon Spirit, Greater		\$50,000.00
Talons of the Beast Lords		\$4,000.00
Position Jump		\$15,000.00
Teleport		\$30,000.00
Gateway		\$60,000.00
Scrying		\$5,000.00
Obliteration		\$100,000.00

Equipment or Budget Item	Cost
MAGIC SPELLS (Cont'd)	
Blending	\$8,000.00
Optic Camo	\$15,000.00
True Invisibility	\$30,000.00
Circe's Transmogrification	\$100,000.00
Mind Armor	\$5,000.00
Elegy of the Grave	\$8,000.00
Banish Spirit	\$20,000.00
Mind Dominion	\$40,000.00
Call Amphibian	\$1,500.00
Call Arthropods	\$1,500.00
Call Birds	\$1,500.00
Call Fish	\$1,500.00
Call Mammals	\$2,000.00
Call Reptiles	\$1,500.00
Bind Spirit	\$45,000.00
Sodrick's Binding	\$10,000.00
Kiss of Morpheus	\$5,000.00
Stride of Marthon	\$15,000.00
Spider Walk	\$5,000.00
Ward of Hiding	\$10,000.00
Ward of Shielding	\$10,000.00
Bane Ward	\$20,000.00
Ward of the Air	\$10,000.00
Ward of the Earth	\$10,000.00
Ward of Fire	\$10,000.00
Ward of Water	\$10,000.00
Shatter the Eye	\$20,000.00
Shatter the Ear	\$20,000.00
Xombie	\$20,000.00
Merchant's Eye	\$2,000.00
Analyze Enchantment	\$20,000.00
Condition Enchantment	\$40,000.00
Charge Risk Battery	\$15,000.00
Ahlmin's Lie	\$50,000.00
Ahlmin's Veil	\$60,000.00
Corrupt Conditioning	\$100,000.00
Enchanter's Seal	\$100,000.00
Break Minor Curse	\$30,000.00
Break Curse	\$60,000.00
Damnation Negation	\$1,000,000.00
Quicken Skeleton	\$4,950.00
Raise Skeleton	\$18,000.00



[illegible]

A full-body 3D rendering of a human skeleton. The skull is highly detailed and grotesque, featuring large, white, staring eyes and a wide, grinning mouth showing sharp teeth. The entire skeleton is covered in numerous red, bloody splatters and stains, particularly concentrated on the ribcage, pelvis, and legs. The skeleton is standing upright against a background of soft, grey, and white clouds. A dark shadow is cast on the ground beneath the feet.

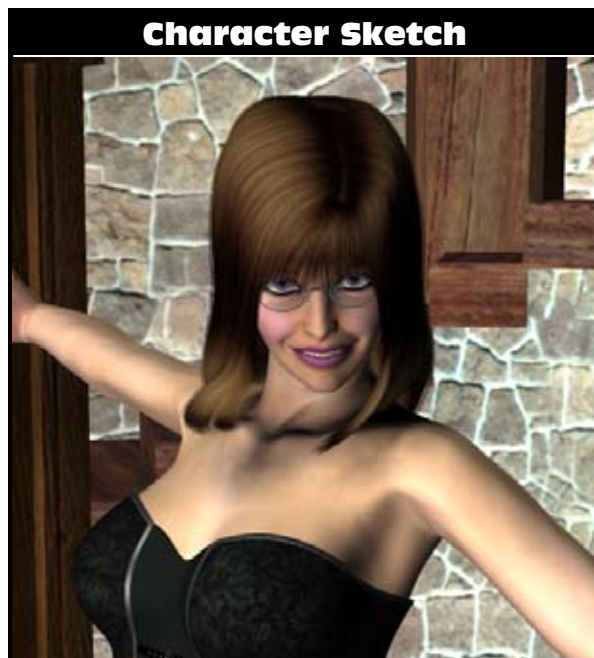
Character Name	Leillani Cassandra	Description	Brown-haired, violet-eyed, busty and ever so pleasantly plump.
Alias	Leila		
Player	NPC		

Primary	
Strength	6
Stamina	6
Agility	7
Dexterity	8
Intelligence	8
Perception	7

Derived	
Shrugs	3
Stamina / 2	
Speed	15
Agility + Dexterity + Running	
Will	10
(Intelligence + Stamina) / 2	
Initiative	8
(Perception + Dexterity) / 2	
Damage Resistance	12
Stamina x 2	
Armor Shrugs	
Risk	110
Will x 10	

Performance	
Running Speed	60
Speed x 4	
S Broad Jump	4
(Agility + Acro or Sports) / 2	
R Broad Jump	9
(Speed / 2) + Acro or Sports	
S High Jump	2
((Agility + Strength) / 2 + Acro or Sports) / 4	
R High Jump	4
((Agility + Strength) / 2 + Acro or Sports) / 2	
Dead Lift	300
(Strength + Lifting) x 50	

Common Rolls	
Attack One	13
Fireball (Damage 10, 20, or 30)	
Attack Two	8
Hand to Hand (Damage 6)	
Dodge	8
Parry	8
(Hand to Hand)	
Notice	10
Sneak	7



Weapon	Acc	Dam
Range		
Shots		
Weight		
Kick		
AP	DR	SHRUGS
COST		
NOTES		

Weapon	Acc	Dam
Range		
Shots		
Weight		
Kick		
AP	DR	SHRUGS
COST		
NOTES		

Merits
Alchemist
Artful
Brain
Cunning Linguist (x 1)
Danger's Bitch (x 1)
Iron Will
Rich (x 3)
Spell Slinger

Skills	
Athletics	SCIENCE
Acrobatics	1
Climbing	
Extreme Sports	
Lifting	
Running	
Sports	
Swimming	
Throwing	
Zero-G	
Combat	
Archaic Ranged	
Grappling	2
Hand to Hand	1
Handguns	3
Long Arms	
Martial Dam	
Melee	1
Toughness	2
Espionage	
Acting	3
Business	2
Communicate	
Cryptography	
Demolition	
Escapology	
Investigation	3
Lockpicking	
Security	
Seduction	2
Sleight of Hand	
Stealth	
Streetwise	3
Survival	
Hobby/Craft	
Art	1
Cleaning	1
Construction	1
Cooking	1
Dancing	1
Fabrication	3
Music	1
Repair	2
Rope Work	1
Sewing	1
Styling	3
Vehicles	
Animal	
Anthro	
Boats	1
Cars	2
Helicopters	
Hovercraft	
Jet Packs	
Jet Planes	
Motorcycles	
Prop Planes	
Remote	
Space Shuttles	
Starships	
Submersibles	
Ultra Light	
Special	
Do Magic	3
Martial Arts	
Use Cyberware	
Use Psionics	
Use Powers	

Flaws
Cheap Drunk
OCD: Hand washing
Personal Dedication: The Daughters of Wickedness
Self-Imposed Limitation: Do anything it takes to attain magical knowledge. <i>Anything.</i>
Socially Unacceptable: Dark mage working for a Lich

Hot Chicks:
The Roleplaying Game

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Character Name Leillani Cassandra**Alias** Leila**Player** NPC**Page Two****Character History**

A low-ranking member of the Daughters of Wickedness, Leilo found Ladron Castille when she was seeking out the manufacturer of magic items in Bakersfield. Seeing the great potential for learning, she convinced him to allow her to apprentice under him. She works as his public face and shopkeeper, in exchange for room, board, a small salary, and the occasional magical secret.

Equipment or Budget Item	Cost
MAGIC SPELLS	
Ahlmin's Foley	\$1,965.00
BAM	\$821.25
Brightness	\$2,088.13
Bite O' Food	\$5,332.00
Breath of Air	\$7,440.00
Cleansing	\$810.00
Drink O' Water	\$5,332.00
Dye Job	\$1,335.00
Generic Mind Trick	\$13,798.75
Mental Message	\$2,317.50
Minor Glyph of Holding	\$9,685.00
Minor Manipulation	\$950.00
Off Kilter	\$9,970.00
Ooh, Sparkly!	\$610.00
Shade the Senses	\$1,680.00
Sodrick's Lighter	\$507.50
Soft Landing	\$4,750.00
Tools of Convenience	\$2,820.00
Transmute Clothing	\$3,960.00
Warm and Dry	\$585.00
Wizard Slick	\$6,875.00
Fireball	\$10,000.00
Vigorous Hide	\$8,000.00
Quicken Skeleton	\$4,950.00
EQUIPMENT	
Sexy Assault Undies of Comfort	\$7,045.00
Large and Varied Wardrobe	\$15,000.00
Sports Car	Paid For

Weapon	Acc	Dam
Range		
Shots	Weight	Kick
AP	DR	SHRUGS
		COST
NOTES		

Weapon	Acc	Dam
Range		
Shots	Weight	Kick
AP	DR	SHRUGS
		COST
NOTES		

Weapon	Acc	Dam
Range		
Shots	Weight	Kick
AP	DR	SHRUGS
		COST
NOTES		

Armor		
Hits	Weight	
DR	SHRUGS	COST
NOTES		

Notes

Leillani lives in Ladron Castille's workshop/shop/home, and has all of her living expenses paid for by Castille.

Adventure Seeds

Here are a few ideas for how you can get a party of Player Characters involved with the dread Ladron Castille.

- The relative of a PC goes missing in a scenic little town off the Interstate. Place is called Bakersfield.
- Bad guys start showing up in the PC's neighborhood with magic weapons that they shouldn't be able to afford.
- On a trip to another destination, the group stops in Bakersfield for the night. The sidewalks roll up at eight o'clock, but there's got to be SOMETHING to do at night here, right?
- An agent of the Ministry approaches the PCs for assistance with what may, or may not be, an Evil enchantment ring.
- An older man known to the PCs becomes obsessed with this woman he's been seeing on the Internet. She gives him little peep shows every so often, but it seems that in exchange, he's been giving up very sensitive magical information entrusted to him by a secret order of druids. Could the PCs check her out and make sure he hasn't done something really, really stupid?
- A strange looking man (Ladron Castille disguised by a Proteus' Veil spell) has been visiting local libraries and checking out a frightening assortment of books on metaphysics, structural engineering, and astronomy. He creeps the hell out of one of the librarians, who the PC know as psychically sensitive.

- A coalition of people who have lost relatives and associates in the area of Bakersfield approach the PCs, and ask them to poke around and see what's happening, as most of the coalition have spent a night or two in Bakersfield's comfortable and modern jail when they poked around themselves.

On the Nature of Recurring Villains

Chances are that, if a group of PCs come up against Ladron Castille, they'll come up against him again at some point.

It's possible, of course, that the group could batter through his army of magic-item enhanced skeletons, determine his true nature, penetrate his substantial mental defenses to probe his mind for the location of his Phylactery, defeat his physical form, and take out the site where his Phylactery is stored, ending his existence forever.

There's a lot that they can miss, in here. Castille didn't get to be over two centuries old and learn every spell in the book (plus a few) by being easy to figure out. Liches aren't common, and while you can find information about them, it's unlikely that the first thing people will think of, when encountering the conundrum that is Bakersfield, is that there's a Lich behind it.

He's stacked the deck in his favor in Bakersfield, he conceals his true nature from everyone but his assistant and his "already-tied-up-and-about-to-die" victims, and he'll do what it takes to keep his advantages.

It gets more difficult.

If Castille realizes that his mind has been probed (likely, with his high Will), he has more than enough magical power and knowledge to get to the site of his Phylactery within less than a minute, recover it, and take it far, far away.

What we're trying to say here, basically, is that even if Bakersfield gets hit by a couple of PC produced nuclear weapons, Castille will probably be back.

He's immortal and patient, he can dig one of his Feeding Boxes out of storage and start another operation somewhere else. He's going to remember the people that made the sweet opportunities of Bakersfield go away, though... the PCs will have their chance to destroy him again.

Personally, I wouldn't let the PCs get him until at



LEAST the third time they meet.

Of course, he could always team up with another campaign villain... the Daughters of Wickedness, Omega Thule, or even the Cult of Mammon would all be pleased to have access to his extensive magical knowledge.

Still, we'll echo the words of Constantino Devonshire from the Intro of this book.

Do not deal with a Lich lightly. Do not seek to gain their favor, do not seek to ally yourself with one, and do NOT try to gain an advantage over it. If you can, leave them to their own devices. If you must fight one, do not hold anything back.

Because you can be certain that Castille isn't going to hold anything back.



Such a Deal!

Welcome to scenic Bakersfield, a small town in a state near you. Enjoy the booming local economy, the quaint shops, the friendly people, and the great pie!

And, if you know what you're looking for, enjoy the astonishing deals on magic items of all kinds.

A few words of warning, though...

Don't go outside after 8:00 PM. The folk in Bakersfield like to get a good night's sleep.

Don't go looking for the town's master Enchanter - he kind of likes his privacy, if you know what we mean.

Oh, and try not to be too exceptional. Exceptional people disappear, every so often. Just up and vanish.

Did we mention that you shouldn't go looking for the town's master Enchanter?

'Cause he might be lookin' for you...

