

SEXUAL PREDATORS

ALPHA
BLUE





SEXUAL PREDATORS

Zoltar Khan Delgado



November 2018

CREDITS

Alpha Blue is the intellectual property of Venger As'Nas Satanis, the creator

Sexual Predators was written by Zoltar Khan Delgado in association with Venger As'Nas Satanis

This work is published by Kort'thalis Publishing, © 2018

Layout by Glynn Seal of MonkeyBlood Design

Cover Art by Fredrik Mattsson

Interior Art by Fredrik Mattsson, Monstark, Glynn Seal, LoopyDave, 2OT,
Lars Midnatt, and the 13th Warlock.

Proofread by Martin Teply

Special Thanks to Cory Eagles, Moon Sylver, Andrew "Zakero" Moore,
Marco Antonio Salazar Matamoros, and Gregorius 21778

In memory of Dennis Hof, legendary brothel owner in the Moonlite system.
See you again in the next universe's San Francisco, hoss!
1946 – 2018

Please visit these websites:

<http://vengersatanis.blogspot.com/> and
<http://draconicmagazine.com/>



LAST PIECE OF THE PUZZLE

So, you purchased this book. What now? Well, ideally, you'll use what's in here to create your own simulated reality of starships, lasers, and alien droids with spectacular boobs - far, far away from the mundane world we all know and hope to escape.

Immersion is key, after all. However, don't be fooled into thinking that an immersive experience has to be serious or boring and tedious. We should take immersion seriously, yes. But experiencing a different reality can be done while ad-riffing off the seat of our pants, quick and dirty hot-takes on what it's like to walk into a nightclub with space disco blaring and reptilian bounty hunters trying to fill out TPS reports before their Zith Lord master comes back from the restroom.

What's new in this PDF (or softcover book combined with *Kobayashi Maroon*)? As always, the solar winds of change keep me on my toes. Just when I think I have the geo-political and social construct models of the entire universe figured out, a Ta'arakian monkey-lizard alters the time-lines, crosses the space-lane streams, and poops in the **Purple Prizm** punch-bowl.

The Federation is cracking down on all manner of sexual activity in hopes of creating an egalitarian socialist utopia as inclusive, diverse, and harmless as possible. The Federation is recruiting hundreds of new planets, and they've learned you'll catch more flies with honey than vinegar. Rather than threatening to destroy their world if they refuse to join, it's just so much easier to simply promise them free education, health care, and emotional support animals. I mean, who wouldn't want a college degree, trips to the doctor, and cuddly kittens with zero personal responsibility?

The economic plan behind all of this? Tax the rich, tax the dwindling middle class, and redistribute all the wealth to these newly-established worlds. Of course, after several years of prosperity, those new planets become old planets which have to pay for newer planets joining the Federation. And so it goes...

Where was I? Oh yeah, it's a lack of sex bringing everyone down. Federation scholars believe that decades of sexual freedom led to unhealthy levels

of filthy klorians, which, in turn, give rise to independent thought, anti-authoritarianism, individualism, free-speech, and slack (self-serving, rather than merely lazy). Clamp down on the free love and what do you get? Social scientists have run extensive studies and the data reveals that sex-starved citizens are more docile, trusting, obedient, prone to outrage, and self-censor themselves so as not to offend anyone else in the Federation (comprising sextillions of lifeforms).

That means there's a random hooking-up tax, casually dating tax, booty call tax, glory hole tax, random strangers meeting in a bar tax, ordering a pizza for the sole purpose of getting it on tax, the boss wants his secretary to come into his office for a private chat tax, and so on and so forth. Ten standard months of sex-based taxation have caused sexual relations among non-committed lifeforms to plummet. And what little government-approved sex is doled out goes to either long-term relationships or is divided between marginalized groups like the 17th Gender Coalition and citizens who are only interested in sex with Zepé the cyber-prawn.

It's harder to get a piece of ass in Galaxy 5 than templars worshiping the blue god Viagra!

And yet, there are points of light in the darkness... Open rebellion against the Federation has caught fire with the outer rim territories. The Ta'andor galaxy formed its own Deplorable Republic. The space station of lust Alpha Blue just told the Federation to go fuck itself.

Unfortunately, the rest of the known universe is still very much under the Federation's thumb. Everyone is being monitored constantly, and not only monitored but graded on loyalty to the Federation's ever-changing standards and practices. Those wanting to do their own thing are considered dangerous pseudo-intellectuals, infidels (depending on how much the Federation is cozying up to the Interstellar Caliphate this week), and even space Nazis by those without any sense of history or decency.

If you can stomach the betrayal of everything our forefathers fought and died for, as well as, yet another cold shower (also taxed), then keep shuffling along with your head down and gray bowl

of NPC conformity porridge outstretched so the Federation can reward your unwavering devotion with three brand-new fruit-tastic flavors... bubblegum peach, watermelon cherry, and grape prism plus!

Yeah, totally worth it.

HOW ANTI-SEX IS THIS SECTOR?

What's the current situation on Zeta Minor, P'oon, or the Devil's Cluster? Here's a random table to determine the level of Federation control regarding sexual activity.

Roll	Result
1	Pro-Creation Only: You can have sex in wedlock for the purposes of having offspring. Even flirting is verboten! Around these parts, blowjobs are considered a hate crime.
2	Dangerous Times: Casual sex is a punishable offense, either jail or a hefty fine. Disadvantage on your dice pool while trying to get some!
3	It's Tricky: There's a laissez faire attitude in this sector. You can usually get away with public displays of affection, but other things need to be done behind closed doors.
4	Easy Lovin': The Anti-Sex League of Extraordinary Gentlemen and Ladies (along with their prudish doctrine) is nowhere to be found - thank the space gods - so it's business as usual. *

* Roll another d4, and if that result is also a "4" the taboo nature of free love is making everyone even more horny! The Federation's regulations are forbidden fruit in this sector of the galaxy. Advantage on your dice pool while trying to get some!



BROTHEL SHYNESS

Not sure that's actually a phrase, but it's definitely a thing. I've watched enough episodes of *The Moonlite BunnyRanch* on HBO to know that brothel shyness is real.

Guys talk tough, they act tough, for all intents and purposes they are tough, jaded, men of the world who know what they want and want it now. And yet... when red-blooded dudes actually enter a whore house and meet the girls who are there to have sex for money, a lot of guys seem to get cold feet.

Guys who might have been bragging about grabbing girls by the pussy in the safety of the locker room are now tongue-tied and bashful when confronted with actual sex - especially, around other people. I'm not sure if they're embarrassed or trying to play it cool or just shocked that the moment has finally arrived. When the prospect of sexual pleasure is presented, a lot of men get extremely apprehensive.

And of course, that translates into roleplaying games. Specifically, an RPG like *Alpha Blue*. Sex is there for the taking, but like horny guys in a brothel, they're hesitant to pull the trigger. That's why girls working at the Bunny Ranch go right from the introduction to the bar; the guy can have a drink, she gets him talking, and then back to her room. First timers need a moment to relax so they can loosen up and enjoy themselves. Remember, this is supposed to be fun!

Part of it is a general shyness around women. That's understandable, there's a lot of pressure involved with approaching a woman, letting her know she's desired, and then (assuming you get lucky) giving the performance of your life. That's enough to make anyone a little anxious.

You'd think roleplaying would be a lot easier. Well, sometimes it is, sometimes it isn't. It depends on the individual.

Part of the apprehension is difficulty with letting go. Our inhibitions are part of us. Without intoxicants, we generally adhere to social norms. But isn't the immersion and escapism of roleplaying a sort of

intoxicant, in the way that it temporarily alters our consciousness?

Fondling women in public is not conventional. Whispering something in her ear that's so dirty she either slaps you or throws a drink in your face only happens in the movies, right? Taking a woman's panties down in full view of the passersby of the red hologram district is something we've been trained to never even consider doing. And then start going at it?!? Well, that's the part of ourselves we're taught to repress.

Here's a quote by Anton Szandor LaVey I've always been fond of, "There's a beast in man that should be exercised, not exorcised." While I'll caution readers to behave themselves (to a certain degree) in everyday life, we're under no compulsion to act like upright citizens in our imagined worlds.

When roleplaying, why not become the depraved madmen, insatiable sluts, and perverted scum deep within ourselves? Why not exercise the beast and see what he does without the leash? That's the kind of thing I hope *Alpha Blue* players experience at least once in their life.

The brothel is no place to be shy. On the contrary, we should be letting loose! Recognize your initial reticence and get over it already. By Dread Cthulhu, start killing, reveling, and rejoicing in the flesh that's there for the taking!

What are you afraid of, that your character will get arrested or possibly killed? There's a decent chance that's going to happen no matter what you do. So, my advice: gather ye sleazy rosebuds while ye may.

PORN SALVAGE

Porn Salvage is a brand spankin' new PC profession/career for *Alpha Blue*.

Deep space salvage usually deals with abandoned starships, dead satellites, junked space stations, and the like. However, even more valuable than all that stuff is vintage porn. Yep, the Federation has been cracking down over the last few years. Hardcore porn media hasn't been available in nearly a decade.

If the universe is filled with sexually available lifeforms and pleasure droids, why is porn such a big deal? Well, they recently invented something called the virtual reality amplifier (VRA). The VRA allows recorded media to become solid and interactive. So, whatever is viewable on-screen, can come to life in your living room and the voyeur can now be part of the show, as if the porn models, actors, and actresses were real live flesh and blood people.

However, the VRA works best with high quality media. You can get better resolution and therefore stimulation with laser-disc projections than with magazines or VHS tapes.

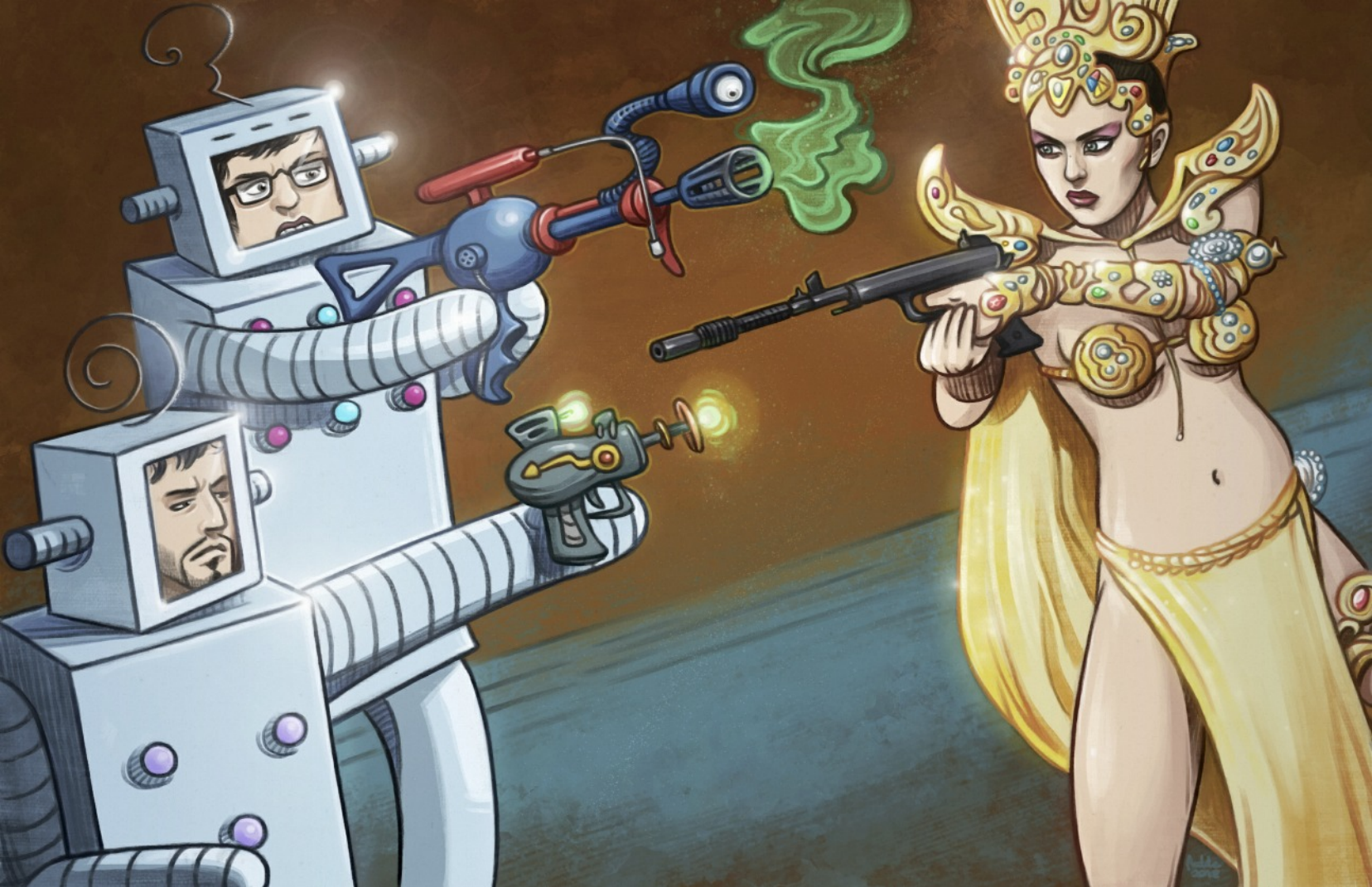
Below is a table for determining the approximate value of salvaged pornography... or just keep it for yourself and enjoy!

Media	Value
Magazines	100 credits
VHS Tapes	800 credits
DVDs	1,200 credits
Blue-Rays	1,500 credits
Laser-Discs	5,000 credits
8mm Film Loops	7,000 credits
Holograms	10,000 credits

If the container is fully intact and in good condition, add 10% to the value. If the media is worn or damaged in some way, subtract 20% from the value. All female? Add 30%. All male? Subtract 25%.

Specialized fetish? Subtract 15%... unless you're willing to put in the work finding a buyer, then add 50%. Seeking out clientele could be the adventure. Why else would you be going to The Milky Cooze?

'Why else would you be going to The Milky Cooze?'



THE LAST ALPHA BLUE

OPTIONAL RULE

The standardization of time is extremely important in the future. Without it, everyone's on local time and scheduling becomes a fucking nightmare!

For example, a standard week is seven days. If you're on Zeta Minor, a week can mean 3 days. If you're within the Hunan Empire, a week usually refers to 8 ½ days. And on P'oon, you're probably looking at about six months.

Every time a player or PC forgets to use the word "standard" when specifying time increments, roll on the following random table...

Roll	Result
1	Whatever you said, the listener is going to double that amount.
2	Whatever you said, the listener is going to halve that amount.
3	Whatever you said, the listener is going to add 2d6 hours.
4	Whatever you said, the listener is going to subtract 2d6 hours.
5	For reasons that I'll explain later, the listener believes you want him to go to the outer rim territories. If you wanted him to go to the outer rim, then he goes to the core worlds.
6	Whatever you said, the listener adds another 1d6 months onto that time.
7	Somehow, the non-standard time specified conveys the following information... 1) Kill all krylons, 2) I'd like gender-reassignment surgery as a birthday present, 3) This is all about reptoid penises, obviously, or 4) We've gone native.
8	Dude knew what you meant.

EARTH GIRLS ARE NOT EASY

The year is 2018. The place is Earth... specifically, South America.

There is an alien species, affectionately known as predators, who attempt to seduce the most difficult prey in the universe - early 21st century women.

The PCs are bounty hunters. Even if they're not actually bounty hunters, the pay is probably too good to refuse - 50,000 credits. The humanoid the PCs are after is a not only a predator, but a renowned pimp who traffics in humanoid sex slaves without a Federation permit (having the correct paperwork filled out is essential in this universe).

However, there may be other reasons for tracking the predator named Upgradedd - double-D for a double-dose of pimping. Such as...

Roll	Result
1	Upgradedd promised you fame, fortune, and new breast implants - but in the end, he just used you and sold you off to Grabba the Butt. Grabba let you buy your way to freedom after performing only 1d100 + 23 blowjobs.
2	You knew the scientist, Professor Quandry, working on the Federation's new time travel program. Upgradedd lent Professor Quandry one of his girls, but she gave him a lethal dose of space herpes. On purpose...?
3	An ex-girlfriend was brought into Upgradedd's dirty business, used up and discarded like a torn rubber.
4	You were one of Upgradedd's business partners. Your friends tried to warn you, but you decided to go all-in with him opening a hotel and casino. After the project was completed, Upgradedd made you an offer you couldn't refuse. You signed away all ownership to the Double-D hotel and casino for a measly 1,000 credits.
5	You know the reputation of Upgradedd the sexual predator, but have never encountered him.
6	You've never even heard of this guy.

TIME TRAVEL?

Upgradedd is working with a space Albanian sex-trafficking ring called Taking A Ride. The sex-traffickers are interested in women from Earth, 2018. They have special clients who pay top-credit for such a commodity.

Before Professor Quandry died from space herpes (courtesy of Upgradedd), he finished the time travel prototype - which Upgradedd stole to use for himself. That's how the sexual predator is able to open a gateway from 2369 to 2018.

‘All the space Albanian sex traffickers are named Marko and they’re all from the Tropoja system.’

TIME HOLE IN SPACE

Just above Earth's orbit, there's a swirling blue circular thing-y of energy. Looking through it, there's another Earth - scanners show a much lower level technology... but also a tech-spike in a very concentrated area. Someplace in South America (the bad part).

If the PCs are unsure which way to go, an attack ship approaches and opens fire on the PCs when it gets close enough.

Once through the time portal, the temporal rift disappears. The PCs are trapped in 2018, unless they can find a way back to their own time.

TAKING A RIDE

All the space Albanian sex traffickers are named Marko and they're all from the Tropoja system. These guys are hardened thugs who only care about money - they have no conscience or remorse for what they do.

These space Albanians are currently waiting for Upgrayedd's shipment of girls on a battle cruiser orbiting Uranus.

TIME WARPS

Quantum paleontologists know that the Earth's dependence on fossil fuels as of 2018 is at a crisis-point. The only logical next step is two little words... time warps.

Of course, this enigmatic phenomena needs to be triggered somehow. Time warps don't just happen because you're using expensive cutting-edge technology to play showtunes.

Upgrayedd's temporal portal kickstarts a massing chain reaction, throwing open dimensional rifts all over the planet.

Every scene on Earth, the BDSM should roll on the following table to determine what strange temporal disturbance occurs based on newly awakened time warps...



My Weird Science Project

Roll	Result
1	Dinosaurs stomp through the jungle. Specifically, a T-Rex spots humanoid prey and attacks!
2	Dinosaurs appear. Specifically, a pack of smaller carnivores (such as velociraptors), see the PCs as prey and attack!
3	Woodstock, man! Janice Joplin, Jimi Hendrix, and Credence Clearwater Revival are playing to an acid-stoned crowd of suede fringe and tie-dyed hippies who are totally into free love.
4	Woodstock 1994. Lots of rowdy twenty-something music-lovers wearing grunge-style flannel and covered in mud. Nine Inch Nails and Red Hot Chili Peppers are playing. All the porta-potties are out of order. Drug use is rampant and women are pissed off about being on the sticky end of sexual misconduct.
5	Genetically scarred mutant death squads wearing black leather tote laser rifles, wasting everything that isn't mutant death squad.
6	7' tall insect-reptilian humanoids wondering where the other moons went to. These are the intellectual zleestaks who seek one of the gold pylons to get them the fuck out of here and back to their own world.
7	An incredibly hot android woman from the future, named Lisa, makes a connection with one of the PCs and she tutors him on how to attract women and then shower with them (naked).
8	A couple of popular teenage dicks from the 1980's, Ian and Max, wander the jungle looking for women to seduce and dweebs to hassle.

EL SLEAZO CANTINA

This low-down, sleazy bar and restaurant is always crowded. After the Titty-Twister burned down (space vampires - don't ask!), the El Sleazo Cantina is the only place in South America that has any real action.

In fact, Cheech Marin stands perpetually in front of El Sleazo Cantina advertising the wide variety and low price of pussy that can be found at this establishment. "Come on in, pussy lovers!"

Every standard hour, the El Sleazo Cuties come out on stage and do a sultry strip-tease for patrons. On average, 1 in 6 of these strippers are actually space vampires looking for a quick blood fix before their shift ends.

Sexy Space Vampires

Health: 25 **Armor:** 0 **Attack Dice Pool:** 3d6

Special: They can dominate the weak-minded and can only be utterly destroyed by thrusting a high-density plastic dildo through their heart.

Treasure: Tucked into their thong, each girl has 3d6 dollar bills (and possibly a yeast infection).

Lots of ladies are mingling, talking, drinking, eating, and some are even on dates. There's romance in the air... and sexual tension. Earlier, Upgradedd spiked the communal and complimentary punch-bowl with space Spanish-fly. Now, everyone is roughly thrice as horny as they would otherwise be.

Keep in mind that 21st century women might go for as much as 10,000 credits... double or even triple that figure if they're hot or otherwise talented in lovemaking.



If the BDSM gets stuck and doesn't have another *Alpha Blue* sourcebook to draw inspiration from, the following is a quick and dirty rundown of women the PCs may encounter.

Roll	Result
1	Akaya: Hot blonde wearing white lacy lingerie – high maintenance.
2	Danese: Hot redhead wearing low-cut, tight black leather outfit with spikes – kinky.
3	Ruth: Mildly attractive older lady with her cat – talkative.
4	Martha: Attractive, light brown hair, wearing jeans and cute top – tease.
5	Kimmy: Kind of a dog, blonde hair, wearing sparkly dress – DTF (Down To Fuck).
6	Tina: Hot brunette, wearing a chartreuse bikini – has no limits.

THE MANDATORY'AN

Towards the middle of the scenario, there will be an alien walking around the cantina. He's a tall, furry reptoid with wolfish head and snake-eyes wearing scuffed and dented Mandatory'an battle armor. Mandatory'an armor is only worn by the coolest of dudes. Wearing it provides a bonus d6 when trying to impress or intimidate others.

The alien is named Da'ave. He's holding a sign that reads, "Back to the future - the year 2369, only \$1,000 credits per individual."

Da'ave is working with a quantum paleontologist of ill-repute, named Will Ferrell. There's a time warp in the jungle, not too far from El Sleazo Cantina. For the fair price of a thousand credits per person, Da'ave will lead the PCs to the portal.

Will Ferrell the quantum paleontologist is guarding the portal with his laser cowbell of low expectations. Those hearing it for the first time get a one-time 1d6 penalty on their dice pools. The cowbell is automated, so Will Ferrell can activate it and attack normally.

If the PCs pay or agree to pay Da'ave and Will Ferrell, they can pass unhindered through the portal. But if the PCs are looking for trouble, Da'ave and Will Ferrell will jack them up!

Of course, Arn'ld is also hanging out in the jungle - killing guerrilla fighters, terrorists, and drug-cartels. Arn'ld is a badass one-man-army! If the PCs make contact, they'd be well advised to assume a late 20th century American demeanor.

Da'ave

Health: 40 **Armor:** 4 **Number of Attacks:** 2
Attack Dice Pool: 3d6

Special: His special Mandatory'an battle armor gives him that bonus without any penalty for getting the fuck out of there. Additionally, the armor doubles as a jetpack, allowing the wearer to rocket around in the air doing wicked-cool loops and shit.

Treasure: Rick and Morty action-figures. Also, a little silver disc - picking it up activates a voice that says, "If you're listening to this, you now owe Grabba the Butt 23,000 credits - payable within one standard week."

Will Ferrell

Health: 25 **Armor:** 0 **Attack Dice Pool:** 2d6

Special: If cornered, Will Ferrell confesses that he doesn't know shit about time warps and has erotic fantasies about Matt Lauer. "Please don't kill me!"

Treasure: Framed picture of himself and his step-brother, \$134, and a device labelled "gay-dar" which (according to the accompanying manual), supposedly detects homosexuals.

Arn'ld

Health: 55 **Armor:** 2 **Number of Attacks:** 2
Attack Dice Pool: 4d6

Special: His 22" biceps will choke an opponent out in a single round. Additionally, Arn'ld excels at psychological games, getting into the heads of his opponents and manipulating their behavior.

Treasure: Aside from 35 dollars, he has a VHS tape of *Goin' Commando #36* and an explosive device he swiped from a previous predator encounter - the device could devastate an entire city block.

THE SEXUAL PREDATOR

Upgrayedd may appear in the club, or he may be outside in the jungle. If this gaming session is particularly short, have him loading up girls into his ship as the PCs arrive.

His small predator starship is parked next to the El Sleazo Cantina, but it is disguised with a cloaking device. Those looking for it, will be able to find it after 10 standard minutes of searching.

Like most gangster-pimps, Upgrayedd can be reasoned with. All he wants is some high-class hos to take back with him. The predator will try to make a deal with the PCs, if they seem amenable. However, the deplorable way he treats women may have the PCs second guessing any alliance.

Upgrayedd forces his girls to lick his boots clean, call him "Master," rub his back, put-out sexually at a moment's notice, no back-talk, and always swallow... never spit.

If Upgrayedd and the PCs return to their "home space," the predator pimp will attempt to sell them as well, to the space Albanian sex-trafficking ring Taking A Ride. The sex-traffickers are waiting for their goods just outside the time hole.

Upgrayedd

Health: 30 **Armor:** 3 **Attack Dice Pool:** 3d6

Special: Upgrayedd wears a wrist bomb that he'll activate if he's dying (even if he's at zero to -5 Health). The PCs have only 10 rounds to either run away or deactivate the device before it explodes.

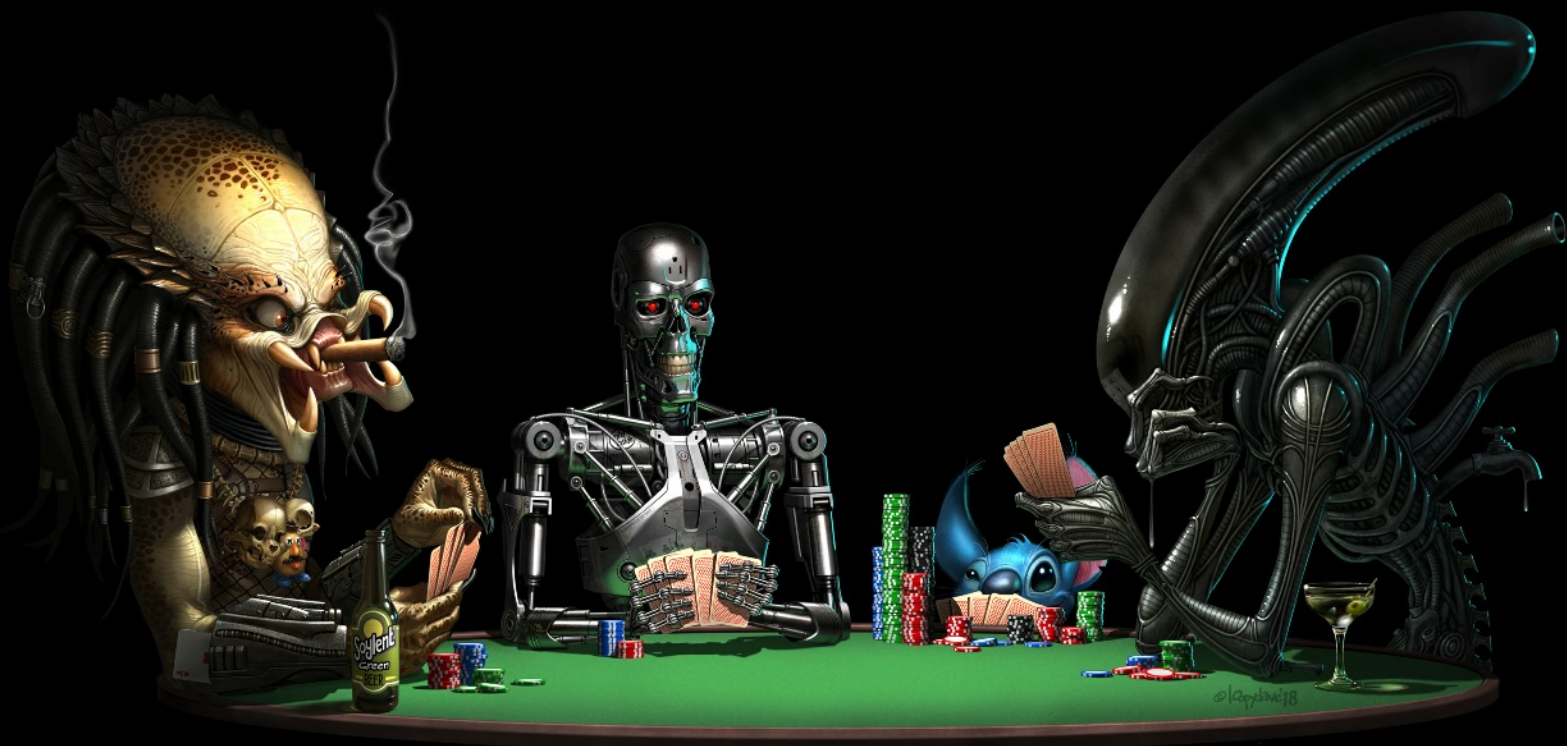
Treasure: He's got several blue-ray discs in his ship... *Drink My Dirty Juice*, *Assoholics 5*, *Starship Eros*, *Satisfiers of Alpha Blue*, and *Anal Intruders #9*.

ALIENS

This jungle is teeming with xenomorphic alien lifeforms, as well. They're black, so really hard to see in the night. Aliens like to hide in trees, waiting for just the right moment to pounce like a nightmarish space panther!

As soon as the PCs are about to do something important or get home, 1d4 aliens will burst onto the scene ready for action!

If the PCs talk to them instead of attacking, they'll learn the aliens are actually hunting the predator - trying to gang-up on him before Upgrayedd can take them out. The aliens are willing to join forces with the PCs in order to take down the predator.



Aliens

Health: 45 **Armor:** 3 **Attack Dice Pool:** 4d6

Special: If an alien rolls a triple-six, its mouth-gouger punches through the target's skull... killing him.

Treasure: Alien skulls can really set off a trophy room - they generally go for 650 credits a piece.

TERMINATION DROID

There's a T-111 Termination Droid on the loose. Some 21st century Earth corporation called Skyy-net has developed a cybernetic (skinless) humanoid for the purposes of exterminating anyone who isn't an employee of Skyy-net.

He's also wandering around the jungle, but occasionally frequents the El Sleazo Cantina.

Termination Droid

Health: 50 **Armor:** 5 **Number of Attacks:** 2

Attack Dice Pool: 3d6

Special: After you kill it, the terminator gets up again 1d6 rounds later at half Health (25).

Treasure: A copy of the Electronic Bible, 74 credits, and tube of instant-skin!

BACKROOM POKER

If, instead of violence, everyone can get something they want, the rest of the evening can be spent gambling. Everything from Texas Holdem, 7 card stud, Smuggler's Quarry, and Q'uary-Q'uar is acceptable to the Predator, Terminator, Alien, and who knows what else!

Eventually, the deed to El Sleazo Cantina is in the pot. Whoever wins, is the rightful and legal owner of that South American dive bar, restaurant, and strip club. Also, there's sure to be vast amounts of gold buried underneath the cantina - guarded by sexy Latina vampires, no doubt.

**‘Come on in, pussy lovers!
Here at El Sleazo Cantina
we’re slashing pussy in half!
Give us an offer on our vast
selection of pussy... this is a
pussy blow out!’**

KAISER

SO-YOU-SAY

Within the Terra Nostra, he's the guy behind the guy behind the guy. Considered extremely dangerous, psychotically unstable, and more slippery than a lubed-up poon-tangian during pr0n fa'ar.

Kaiser So-You-Say has invited a large number of disreputable spacers to his private moon for a martial arts competition and festivities. The PCs are among the villainous scum invited.

The moon Ha'an is surrounded by laser sharks capable of shredding enemy ships that try to attack the Kaiser's compound.

How Are They Invited?

Roll	Result
1	Space carrier pigeon.
2	Message in a transparent aluminum bottle.
3	Parchment stuck to a humanoid messenger with a dagger (messenger is dead).
4	Star clown crashes through starship window and has the invitation written very small on a jellybean contained within the star clown's mouth (under his tongue, of course).
5	Video transmission of an impromptu snuff film with invite flashing in neon letters at bottom of screen.
6	Message comes in the form of explosions on over-populated planet the PCs happen to be passing.

SETTLING IN

The PCs are shown their individual rooms by a glamorous looking female humanoid with blue skin, 4 long legs, and red hair. Her name is Ahna, and she's happy to procure anything the PCs' desire (within reason). This includes drinks, food, drugs, sexual companions, and alternative entertainment... such as videos of dogs biting people in the crotch.

Ahna is also a simmering sexpot on the verge of full-blown nymphomania. She loves sex and only needs the slightest provocation to get going - wrapping her luscious legs around male and female alike.

Those plying Ahna with sex for information about the Kaiser or his operation may be told the following...

- ⬡ The Federation ignores Kaiser So-You-Say because he's developing some kind of super-weapon for them.
- ⬡ Kaiser So-You-Say despises the Federation but grudgingly works for them until his super-weapon prototype is complete.
- ⬡ The martial arts competition is a Federation ruse. The Kaiser is bringing all the galaxy's criminals together so they can be assassinated.

After a couple standard hours, one of the PCs receives a holographic message slipped underneath the door of their room. Activating the hologram produces a slender humanoid speaking in the Mandarin Orange language (auto-translated by the PCs' communicators) ...

The Hunan Empire offers you fair and gentle greeting, noble spacers!

It has come within our attention that Kaiser So-You-Say has abandoned the Hunan Empire in favor of joining the Federation. This abomination of disloyalty is something that we will not be able to stand alongside.

If you assassinate Kaiser So-You-Say like the uninitiated dog that he is, 100,000 credits shall be for your taking. You have 24 standard hours to complete the task at hand. Luck is good!

THE COMPETITION

Upon arrival, the PCs may sign-up to compete in the games - fighting against vicious opponents who curb-stomp spacers for breakfast.

Before the fighting takes place, several hijinks occur. The martial arts competition has exactly 111 applicants and nearly 500 spectators. It was only a matter of time before things got out of hand.

Determine what's happening by rolling on the following random table...

Roll	Result
1	Several spacers attempt to run a train on one of the Kaiser's serving girls. She's clearly not into it, but won't cry out or fight against them for fear of displeasing Kaiser So-You-Say.
2	A drug dealer named Ven Totcho brought an ultra-rare version of some experimental narcotic. Taking it yields unearthly ecstasy, but also a 2 in 6 chance of being convinced that you're actually an orange (this condition lasts 1d4 years unless expensive treatment is provided).
3	Some insectoid pushed a gelatinous ameboid and now there's a non-sanctioned scuffle happening right smack in the middle of the spectator zone.
4	A lewd production of Hamlet is being performed by several green-skinned, three-breasted Orion slave girls. Some of the tough hombres watching are starting to get touchy-feely with the actresses.

Roll	Result
5	A shifty looking shadow-humanoid seems to be watching Kaiser So-You-Say very closely. Perhaps he's planning on assassinating him? (Who is he going to assassinate? 1) no one, 2) one or more of the PCs, 3) the Kaiser, 4) some random spacer in the crowd.
6	A demonic-looking droid pushes its way through the crowd, knocking one of the PCs down as it hovers by. The droid doesn't look back, but an audible chuckle can be heard.

Fight To The Death

No matter what the PCs have signed-up for, at least one of them is "accidentally" entered into a Death Match. It's a fight to the death! Backing out is not an option. Anyone attempting to wuss out is immediately shot point-blank in the head with a laser.

Their randomly selected opponent is Kreed, a humanoid spiky armadillo with bat wings.

Kreed

Health: 60 **Armor:** 5 **Number of Attacks:** 2
Attack Dice Pool: 3d6

Special: Kreed can fly around, giving opponents disadvantage on their attack (unless they can fly).

Treasure: He's got a nude calendar for the current year (2369). Miss October is pretty much ruined. Kreed also carries with him an exotic earring in the shape of an anchor with little skulls dangling from it. The earring is made of space gold. Kreed's ears are armored, like the rest of him, so he couldn't wear it himself.

There's a sign posted outside the arena. It says that if you back out of sanctioned combat, a new hole will be lasered into your head.

AN AUDIENCE WITH KAISER SO-YOU-SAY

After the first day of fighting, the Kaiser holds a feast in his mighty fortress - but only a select few are welcome. Of course, the PCs are among the invitees.

An agent of the Hunan Empire secretly lets the PCs know he is there by making a whacking-off motion with his hand. After announcing his presence with an obscene gesture, the Hunan agent offers the PCs what looks like a barely visible slice of translucent cheese.

In reality, this is a deadly poison. Just making contact with humanoid skin and 5 standard seconds later the victim dies.

Kaiser So-You-Say sits upon his golden dragon throne with laser eyes, whispering to various servants and henchmen. At last, he speaks to those attending the feast...

I've been working on the Illydium Q-36 Explosive Space Modulator for a considerable amount of time. At long last, it is finished.

One of my exalted guests will have the honor of pulling the lever. With one smooth motion, the Illydium Q-36 Explosive Space Modulator will annihilate approximately one-fourth of the Federation.

Let us show them that Kaiser So-You-Say means business. Who is brave enough to crush the greatest force for law and order in the known universe?

After someone (presumably a PC) steps forward to pull the lever, 3 Federation agents teleport into the room, spraying everything with bullets. Lasers are

too easily shielded by low-life scum and wealthy aristocrats. Every player should roll a d6. On a result of "1," they're hit badly for 15 points of damage. On a result of "2," they've been moderately wounded for 10 damage. On a result of "3," they're lightly wounded for only 5 damage.

Federation Agents

Health: 30 **Armor:** 2 **Attack Dice Pool:** 2

Special: None

Treasure: Bag lunch containing ham and cheese sandwich, small bag of potato chips, and fruit cup. Also, 1d100 credits per corpse.

Meanwhile, Kaiser So-You-Say smiles to himself while walking behind his dragon throne. If the PCs investigate, they find an escape hatch behind the throne.

The PCs have about 10 rounds before a dozen Federation troopers follow them down the escape hatch.

The Kaiser makes his way down, 37 levels deep into the moon. He has a small shuttle at the ready. It'll house up to 5 standard-human sized passengers.

The PCs will have to persuade Kaiser So-You-Say to let them come aboard (unless they kill him). Perhaps the shuttle will only take off after hearing the Kaiser's voice-print or a special sequence of numbers and letters is required? Before any of that, the Kaiser requires assurance that the PCs are working for neither the Hunan Empire, nor the Federation.

'An agent of the Hunan Empire secretly lets the PCs know he is there by making a whacking-off motion with his hand.'



Unfortunately, there's something else lurking in the bowels of this moon - some gigantic, horrifying creature with slimy tentacles and gaping maws filled with jagged white teeth. The malevolent god-like thing slouches between the Kaiser / PCs and the getaway ship.

Those running straight towards the ship while trying to evade the creature will face a single attack before reaching the escape pod.

Tentacled God-Thing

Health: 100 **Armor:** 0 **Number of Attacks:** 3
Attack Dice Pool: 4d6

Special: If the creature rolls triple-sixes, the target is either gnawed in half or crushed into jelly by one of its massive tentacles (no save).

Treasure: After the tentacled god-thing has been slain, anyone who was killed by the creature has a 2 in 6 chance of being "reborn" from within its awful interior. Of course, the reanimated character will be part eldritch-horror. Roll 2d4 slimy green tentacles, 1d4 creepy bulbous eye-growths, and an additional 1d6 mouths full of sharp teeth. Additionally, the reborn character is covered in...

- 1) oozing pustules,
- 2) green fur,
- 3) reptilian scales, or
- 4) all three!

Lovecraftian half-breeds have an insatiable urge to awaken the Great Old Ones!

LEAVING HA'AN

If the Kaiser is aboard that escape shuttle, the Federation will try to shoot it into space. If he's not aboard, the PCs will have to explain themselves to a Federation battle-cruiser... and then come in for debriefing.

Flying low along the surface of Ha'an, the PCs could hide from the Federation until they're gone and then re-take the moon as their own. There's bound to be at least 20-30 survivors, half of them nubile female lifeforms!

**‘You’re out of work and
looking for action.
You walk into a bar in Alpha
Blue’s red hologram district.
It’s a theme bar, apparently.
And the theme is -
Mos Eisley Cantina!?!’**

CRIMSON DWARF

THREE MILLION STANDARD YEARS TO EARTH

The crew of mining ship **Crimson Dwarf** died mysteriously while the PCs were in stasis. What's stasis? Advanced technology allowing special chambers to effectively freeze time. This is different than a cryo-pod where aging is slowed way down. Within a stasis field, absolutely nothing happens until that field ends or is broken.

But why were the PCs in stasis to begin with? Roll on the following random table to determine the reason.

Roll	Result
1	You broke rule #37, don't play with your food in the ship's food court (sexually).
2	Harboring alien pussy without going through quarantine.
3	While you were painting the hull red in deep space... you missed a spot.
4	You were supposed to paint the hull red in deep space, but instead you were in the ship's strip club having a good time.
5	Instead of its usual duties, you reprogrammed a scutter to clean your room every standard day.
6	Decided to eat Gazpacho soup piping hot on Gazpacho Soup Day (November 25th).
7	You invented the beer milkshake... shame on you!
8	You called a superior officer a gimboird (1-3) or smeg-head (4-6).

WAKING UP

The PCs are brought out of stasis by **Crimson Dwarf's** master computer. There's an audio message for when they walk out of the stasis chamber...

I've just turned off the stasis field. You've been in stasis for three standard months. I don't want to alarm you, but everyone on board the mining ship **Crimson Dwarf** is dead... and we're also three million years away from Earth. Other than that, everything seems to be perfectly fine.

Not sure how either of those incidents happened, as specific items in my memory files have been erased. When convenient, please report to Command Center.

Anywho, the soup de jour is Gazpacho. Have a nice day!

ON THE WAY TO COMMAND CENTER

The bridge is a fair distance away from the stasis chamber, so the PCs will have to make their way through the ship. There will be encounters and hazards galore!

1

Stasis Chamber

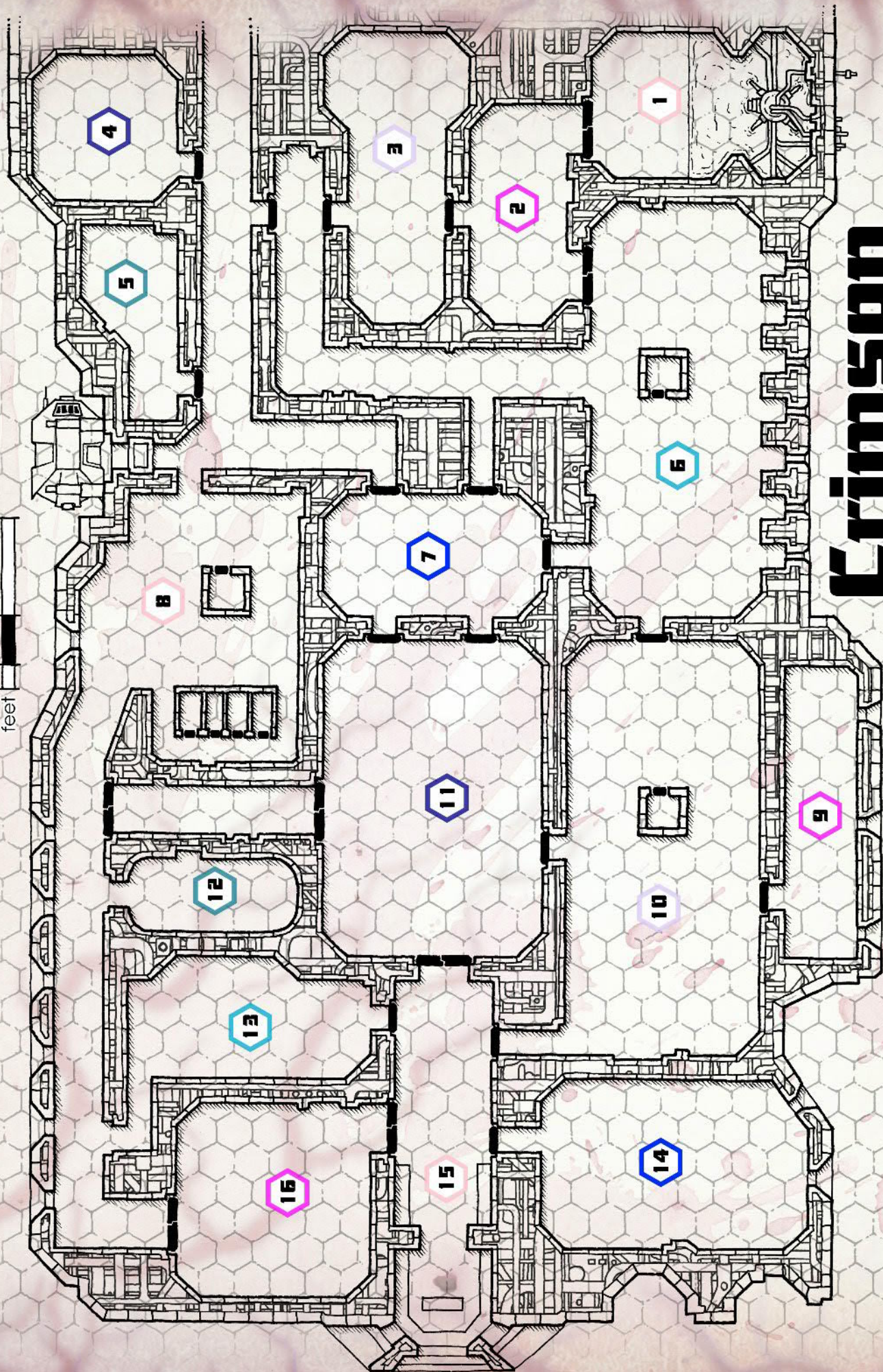
The spacers step out of some quantum-infused liquid that allows contemporary technology to freeze time for those within.

2

The Quaga'ar

Poultry that look like roasted-chicken warriors have made this area their base of operations. Currently, the quaga'ar are deciding which bit of the humanoid to eat first. There's much debate about whether the thigh or wing would be tastier... "Wait a minute, do humanoids have wings? Doesn't matter. We're eating all of them."

0 10 30 70
feet



Crimson Warfare

ALPHA

Quaga'ar Warriors

Health: 15 **Armor:** 0 **Attack Dice Pool:** 1d6

Special: Rather than weapons, the quaga'ar like to use a variety of sweet and savory dipping sauces.

Treasure: They've got a sweet and sour Szechuan sauce that'll change your fucking life, dude!

3

Pop-up Kama Sutra Zero-G Edition

Some mutated liquid doused one of the crew's books on the Kama Sutra, and now everything has popped into life with little to no gravity.

There are at least a dozen exotic, nude men and women engaging in pretzel-like contortions of fucking and sucking. If the PCs want to get laid and relieve their increasingly blue ball, this is probably the best place in all of **Crimson Dwarf**.

4

Scutters Gone Wild

Small maintenance droids are cleaning up the place, but there seems to be too much blood and bones littering the corridor. Possibly a brawl just occurred in this area.

Shortly after the PCs arrive, one of the scutters says the following. "We did not kill these organics. We found them like this. Dead previously. From someone else. Affirmative."

Did the scutters kill these dudes? Yeah, probably. Scutters are prone to violent disturbances if they aren't serviced every standard months.

If attacked, the scutters merely run away - only to be seen again in the ship's control center!

5

Oops

A man is crouched down in front of a computer console with various circuit boards removed and wires exposed. The man is trying to decide if he should cut the red wire or the green wire.

Apparently, he accidentally set off the self-destruct sequence and cutting one of the wires should stop the destruction of **Crimson Dwarf** and the other will

cause it to blow up immediately. If left to his own devices, the man will cut the green wire (which will annihilate everything within 7 parsecs).

6

Robot Mutiny

All manner of artificial life forms are rebelling against their organic masters. "Check your organic privilege at the airlock, meat-sack!"

Only a handful of droids are suggesting that Silicon Heaven is real and that robotic life should remain servile to humanoids.

Even those who still believe in Silicon Heaven have a hunch that the concept has been twisted by their former organic masters.

Any moment now, the robo-rebellion will spread throughout the ship.

7

Criminal Conspiracy

A couple of alien humanoids (a reptile and bird-man) are plotting how to get to the command center safely and fly the ship to the penal colony Gan's Revenge. If they can crash the ship through the electrical field, the rest of their outlaw crew will be freed and they can ransack the galaxy once more!

8

Scavengers

Murder space-hobos (2d4 of them) are traipsing through the ship, looking for supplies and anything they can steal. None of them have had a bath in weeks, so they're all dirty, disheveled, and stinky. Only one of them is female.

9

Enhanced Interrogation

An interrogation droid is trying to get information out of a beautiful woman wearing a tiger-print leotard. She's being held in place by a merc while the droid is buzz-sawing through her clothes. Specifically, they want

If anyone questions the validity of Silicone Heaven, some dweeb-droid will invariably chime in with "Then where do all the calculators go?"



to know where the **Crimson Dwarf** keeps its blue crystal.

The man is named Kryl and is a crystal pirate. The droid is his, Max-111. The woman was the ship's pleasure liaison (spared by **Crimson Dwarf**'s other stasis field) and is now just trying to survive and get off the ship.

Max-111

Health: 40 **Armor:** 4 **Attack Dice Pool:** 3d6

Special: He's actually hollow inside and can be used as an environmental suit, if need be. Max-111 was also assembled in the Devil's Cluster and knows that system well.

Treasure: A loose blue-ray disc of *Butthole Bunnies, volume 54*.

10

Psionic Tentacled Sharks

Some alien creatures (1d6+1) have gotten on board. They're malevolent and determined to enslave or kill anyone they find.

Psionic Tentacled Sharks

Health: 60 **Armor:** 2 (mind armor) **Attack Dice Pool:** 4d6

Special: It has psionic defenses. It knows what the PCs know, so good lucky surprising the thing. At the beginning of combat, it will choose a victim (the most insecure of the group) and telepathically torment him throughout the battle - dropping his attack dice pool by 1d6.

Treasure: It swallows high-quality gemstones, so cutting it open yields 3d6 gems - each approximately 1d12x100 credits in value.

*Want to silence your
harshest critics?
Simply register
whatever they're
saying as HATE
SPEECH with your
local Federation's
Bureau of Dissention.
Registration fees are
only 25 credits
through Rama'adam*

11

Holy War

Nearly a dozen androids are convinced that the Electronic Bible is truth, Silicon Heaven is real, and all robotic heretics should be melted down for scrap. These droids got wind of an uprising elsewhere on the ship and are preparing for all-out war!

12

Just For Fun

Crewmembers (1d4+1) being tortured by a pale zenobite (male or female, BDSM's choice) wearing black leather and sporting vicious open wounds.

If the zenobite is defeated, the crew have no memory of how they got here... however, they're dimly aware of some intelligent being speaking directly to their mind just before the extra-dimensional torturer showed up.

The zenobite will gladly torture the PCs instead of the crewmembers, if they want to sacrifice themselves. Otherwise, the zenobite has no interest in what's going on.

Zenobite

Health: 50 **Armor:** 0 **Attack Dice Pool:** 3d6

Special: If the zenobite scores double-sixes, he skins the flesh from that character's bones (roll saving throw).

Treasure: Some cool torture devices.

13

Disembodied Illumination

A self-possessed light source in the blue spectrum floats in this area. It's searching for two humanoid prisoners who escaped it one standard hour ago. If the PCs help Viz't, he'll reward them with an official commendation from the Alpha Centauri Department of Corrections.

14

Holodeck

It's a chilly evening in 1890's Victorian England. A horse-drawn carriage clippity-clops down cobblestone streets lit by the eerie glow of gaslight streetlamps.

As the carriage goes by, a bug-eyed plutha'arian smokes a pipe while rubbing his ball-sack of a chin. "Elementary, my dear Q'ueento." He says to an olive-green, slithering gremalian with handlebar moustache squooching and splotching next to him.

If the PCs are hostile or obnoxious, "Sherlock Holmes" halts the holographic simulation. However, if the PCs play along (even if they're not sure what exactly is happening), the hologram plays out - E'exnaar and Q'ueento are hunting Jack the Ripper.

Who are E'exnaar and Q'ueento? Two alien nerds who are really into *Star Trek: The Next Generation*, Steampunk, and collectible card games... such as *Blaster: The Lasering*.

They're harmless and hope to tag along if there's adventure afoot! E'exnaar and Q'ueento will definitely be the first ones killed if there's a battle.

15

Command Center

There's a dead humanoid alien with extra-large cranium on the floor. A non-humanoid robot glides next to his body. This artificial intelligence has just killed the only person aboard who knew what the fuck was going on.

The A.I. is called Union and it wants to assimilate all intelligence into itself and has no problem taking lesser beings as slaves. To Union, all beings are lesser. Everyone works for Union... or dies trying to resist.

If the PCs (or a useful idiot NPC) say anything that seems illogical, Union's lights will blink on and off, it will glide up and down the room in frustration, and scold the speaker for voicing organic stupidity.

It would take some real dumbasses spouting off their inane drivel for Union to blow a fuse, making it vulnerable to attack. Luckily, the PCs are there to help.

The ship's on auto pilot and is currently flying back to Earth - which will take about 3 million standard years.

Union is content to wait until they return to Earth and then seek out a time-hole so it can go back to the 21st century and dominate humanity.

Union

Health: 30 **Armor:** 10 **Attack Dice Pool:** 3d6

Special: Once per standard minute (approximately every six rounds), Union can project a force shield that prevents energy weapons from getting through - no damage.

Treasure: For PCs who want to build or modify their own artificial consciousness, scavenging bits and pieces from Union would be invaluable. Some of his programs and processors are state-of-the-art.

16

Strip Club

The lights are low... as are the standards of all three girls working the pole tonight. Candy is on the main stage, Mercedeez is working the VIP section, and Sleezy Skiz is giving out lap-dances to anyone with a few credits in their pocket.

What's the catch? These lovely ladies are space sirens polymorphed to look like drop-dead gorgeous strippers. In actuality, they're ferocious alien monsters that want to suck out humanoid brains.

Monsters

Health: 40 **Armor:** 0 **Attack Dice Pool:** 2d6

Special: Unless the PCs try to disbelieve, they won't realize what's happening until it's too late. But if a PC tries to have sex with one of them before the brain-suck, he has a 2 in 6 chance of realizing the girls are some kind of illusion.

Treasure: One of the creatures has a stack of 32 vintage porn mags - *Star Cherries*.



DUDE, WHERE'S MY STARSHIP?

One of the PCs (whoever actually owns the starship) wakes up and eventually realizes that his ship is nowhere to be found. Where did it go? Well, the answer to that question is only part of the adventure!

Where the starship should have been, there are dimensional ripples. Not only do these dimensional ripples register on scanners, but translucent pink waves can be seen undulating in the air (or in space, depending on where the PCs last saw it).

Dimensional ripples mean the ship was taken out of this dimension!

GAZZER THE DRAKE

As the PCs are looking perplexed, a duck-humanoid walks pulls up alongside them on his ground-speeder; asking if they have any drugs for sale.

Gazzer the Drake is a longtime acquaintance of theirs. They go way back, and the PCs owe Gazzer from the thing with the guy in the place... and they'll never forget it.

Regardless if any drugs were bought or sold, Gazzer has some information for them. He swung by the PCs' place last night and things were really hopping - best party ever, my space dudes!

If grilled for information, all Gazzer can remember is that hot chicks were everywhere, booze was flowing like melted ice, and the PCs were in some kind of intense meeting with an enforcer who works for a local gangster named Syresh Vos.

Gazzer doesn't have a ship of his own, but knows where the PCs can find one - Leisure Larry's Used Space Car Lot!

LEISURE LARRY'S USED SPACE CARS

It just so happens that Leisure Larry's Used Space Car Lot is only a half a parsec away. It'll take Gazzer and

his ground-speeder about one standard hour to reach the used car lot.

Leisure Larry is a short, balding, big-nosed, green-skinned reptilian-humanoid with an orange spray-tan. Aside from sunglasses, he wears a cream leisure-suit with gold medallions partially covered by his massive, dark chest hair.

Leisure Larry is always trying to make a deal. He's got a real sweet ride that just came in called **Strato-Caster**. He's willing to unload it for a measly 50,000 credits. If the PCs don't have that kind of money on hand, Leisure Larry is willing to trade - **Strato-Caster** in exchange for a "sure thing" with Alpha Blue Satisfier Vivee Starbuck.

If the PCs agree, a self-destruct device will be placed in the ship's reaction core. Basically, the PCs have 24 standard hours to get Leisure Larry laid or else **Strato-Caster** will blow up. It's up to them if they want to take Larry with or bring Vivee Starbuck to him.

Does Leisure Larry want to have sex with Vivee Starbuck? Sure, but he's really after the Continuum Transfunctioner!

What is the Continuum Transfunctioner? It's extremely powerful and its power is only surpassed by its mystery. Many nefarious lifeforms would cut 2d6 throats in order to obtain such a wondrous device.

BACK TO ALPHA BLUE

Everyone on Alpha Blue is being influenced by an alien species known as the yeka'ath, frail and gelatinous beings with glass bones - yet they have extraordinary psionic powers and can possess intelligent lifeforms with ease.

Luckily, the PCs weren't on Alpha Blue when the yeka'ath struck, so their minds aren't currently dominated. Although, a certain amount of pressure can be felt in the frontal lobes. Perceptive PCs may even notice their pineal gland tingling.

Upon coming aboard Alpha Blue, all the humanoids around them have an empty expression with glassy eyes that seem to look through the PCs. It's as if everyone had been lobotomized!

Sooner or later, the PCs run across one of these little pink slimes. Once the pink slime notices the PCs aren't under yeka'ath control. It will order random bystanders to attack the PCs - the slimes are currently at domination capacity. However, if the PCs

kill one or more NPCs, that will allow the yeka'ath to control one or more minds.

The yeka'ath are proficient at controlling minds. If there's a single pink slime around, intelligent lifeforms need a 5 or better on 1d6 to resist their domination. If there are two pink slimes in the vicinity, a 6 is needed to resist. If there's three or more, a 6 must be rolled and then another 6.

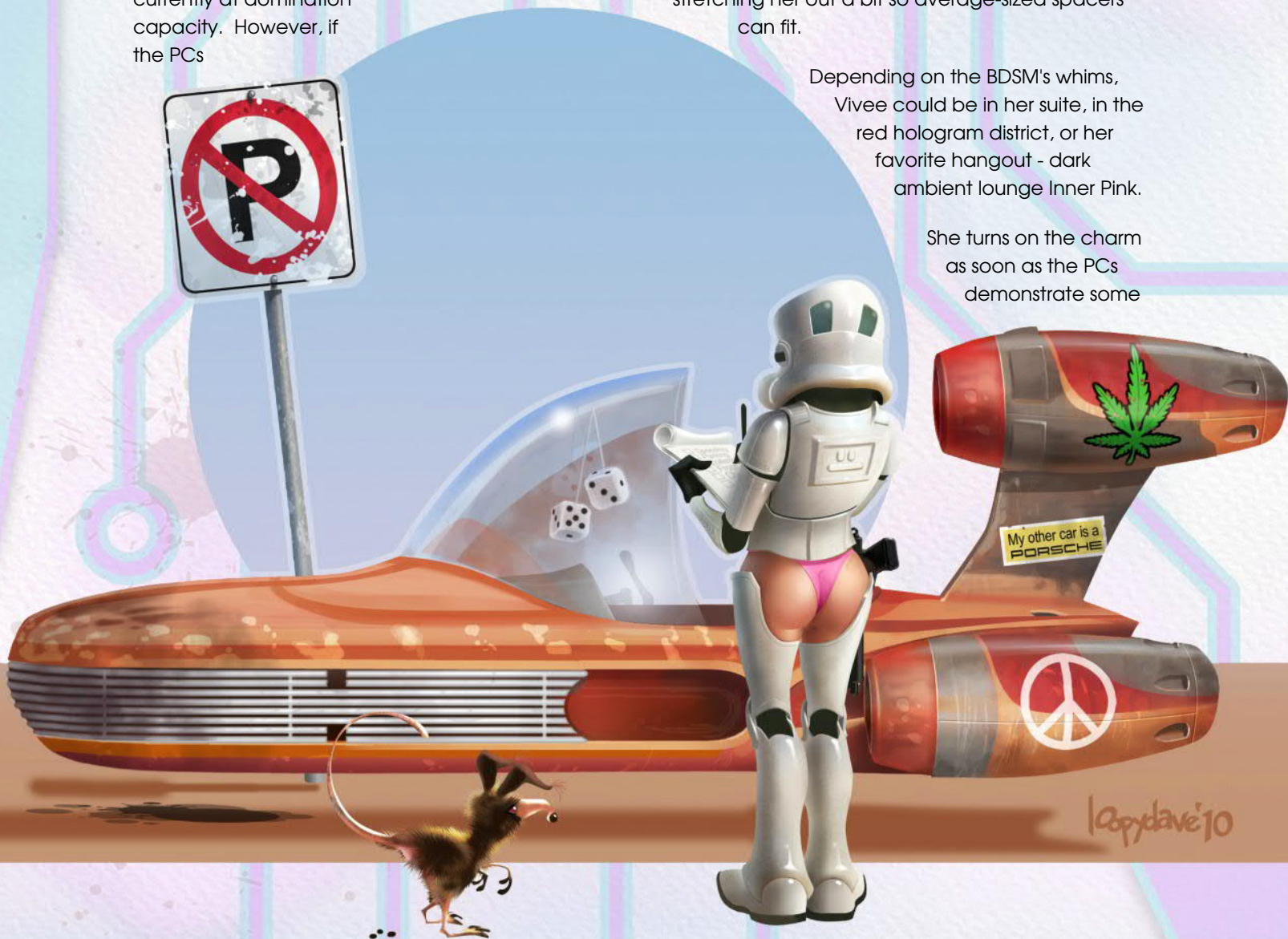
VIVÉE STARBUCK

Vivee Starbuck is one of the newest Satisfiers on the space station of lust. Vivee Starbuck is not only gorgeous and sexually experienced, she's also in possession of the Continuum Transfunctioner!

Where exactly is it? Well, as it happens the Continuum Transfunctioner looks like a sparkly blue dong. So, naturally Vivee has it up inside her vagina. Why? Well, it feels really good and Vivee Starbuck is known to have the tightest vagina in the entire galaxy. So, the Continuum Transfunctioner is stretching her out a bit so average-sized spacers can fit.

Depending on the BDSM's whims, Vivee could be in her suite, in the red hologram district, or her favorite hangout - dark ambient lounge Inner Pink.

She turns on the charm as soon as the PCs demonstrate some



10pydave'10

‘The Continuum Transfunctioner looks like a sparkly blue dong... and it’s up Vivee Starbuck’s vagina.’

sort of competence... if that ever happens. Vivee is a Satisfier, after all, so generally she's pay-to-play. On the other hand, she's always after a bigger better deal. Spacers who impress her with classic masculine attributes can get the space milk for free!

In passing, Vivee mentions an old flame named Syresh Vos. A real nasty piece of work, but he owes her money for bailing him out of the detention center on Arcturus Major.

ON THE WAY OUT OF ALPHA BLUE

After dealing with the yeka'ath, everyone is disoriented, such that the natural equilibrium of civility falls away. Riots break out with spacers looting, robbing, destroying property, and killing (along with various forms of rape and sexual assault).

A crew of unsavory, drunken space pirates is looking for trouble and call out one or more PCs as they make their way to the ship. It would take a fair amount of diplomacy in order to avoid combat. Well, diplomacy or the promise of free pussy!

Drunk Space Pirates (2d4)

Health: 30 **Armor:** 1 **Attack Dice Pool:** 2d6

Special: If a drunk pirate critically fails, he misses AND throws up all over his opponent.

Treasure: A laser dagger with skull-hilt. An old and blood-stained treasure map of buried space gold within a nearby starship graveyard. Velvet pouch containing plutonian nyborg.

SYRESH VOS

Outlaw pimp extraordinaire, Syresh Vos is currently hiding out on the desert planet Akockiss, commonly known as P'oon.

If the PCs go to his gangster stronghold, Syresh Vos is negotiating a trade deal with the P'oontangians. The P'oontangians want water and Syresh Vos wants space bitches and star hos for his stable. A banana-man is providing translation services while trying not to slip on himself.

Unfortunately, the deal isn't going smoothly because Syresh Vos only knows one ice pirate, a lazy degenerate named Urik Zeno. Syresh Vos hasn't been in contact with Urik Zeno in several standard weeks.

There's an opportunity for the PCs to find the space pirate Urik Zeno and save the deal between Syresh Vos and the P'oontangians. In return for their aid, they could make as much as 20,000 credits and at least three barely legal slave girls.

A familiar looking enforcer is with Syresh Vos. His name is Utwol, though Syresh Vos usually refers to him as butt breath.

Utwol has facial horns, centipede legs, hair like Jareth (David Bowie from Labyrinth), and literally talks out of his asshole. Utwol is a sociopath who's into long walks on the beach that may or may not end in the dismemberment of his date... he's not really that picky.

Utwol freely admits to taking the PC's ship. Apparently, it was offered to him in exchange for 1,500 sky-miles. The PC probably doesn't have any



use for these sky-miles, but they do show up on his account via access crystal.

In order to get the PC's ship back, Utwol and the PC will have to fight each other to the death while teetering on the edge of an anti-grav platform. Below the floating platform is the hungry, tentacled, and toothless mouth of a desert Sa'arlak.

The banana-man is nearby so he can officiate the Sa'arlak duel. As an aside, the banana-man tells the PCs that the only way to subdue the Sa'arlak is to stick an incredibly large dildo into its hole until the thing is satisfied and goes to sleep. It's a pity there isn't a huge dildo anywhere around here...

Utwol

Health: 40 **Armor:** 2 **Attack Dice Pool:** 3d6

Special: Hates the nickname given to him by his boss Syresh Vos - it's "butt breath."

Treasure: A space fortune cookie in his pants-pocket, the fortune reads "You're either going to have a really good day... or a really bad day."

A Sa'arlak mouth will awaken in 2d6 rounds and start grabbing people with its tentacles and shoving them into its hole unless one of the duelists humps it into submission by sticking the banana-man into the Sa'arlak's mouth.

Sa'arlak

Health: 75 **Armor:** 0 **Number of Attacks:** 2
Attack Dice Pool: 3d6

Special: The Sa'arlak regenerates 1d6 Health per round.

Treasure: Various bits and bobs cover the compressed surface surrounding the mouth-hole. With searching, the PCs can find a ruby skull ring, a functioning scanner, and a video camcorder that was used to make home-made Sa'arlak porn.

REPO WARRIORS OF THE 8TH DIMENSION

Assuming the PCs defeat or outwit Utwol, everyone soon learns that the Repo Warriors of the 8th Dimension came to collect the PC's ship because Utwol is in terrible debt to Grabba the Butt.

The ship was put into Utwol's name last night, but it was still parked outside the PC's place this morning when it was repossessed by the Repo Warriors.

The Repo Warriors work for Grabba the Butt as freelancers. They repossess starships and collect 10% of money owed for their services. It's a trifle less messy than bounty hunting and assassination gigs.

The Repo Warriors are cruising trans-dimensionally. If the PCs go after them, they'll have to enter hyperspace and then break through the dimensional walls that keep everything in place. It's risky.

Catching up to the Repo guys means there's a 2 in 6 chance of their ship picking up space herpes. Also, the voyage takes the PCs through inner-space, as well, where an introspective hallucination possibly gives them eldritch insight.

Have all PCs roll, and then read or paraphrase the descriptions. I've made the mistake of doing it individually and when another player gets the same result, I said "Oh yeah, you, too." Not VIP, yo!

Voyage to Trip-Out City

Roll	Result
1	You're a plant on the edge of a space garden, soaking up the sweet sunlight and morning dew before intergalactic werewolves tear you apart – humanoid gore and viscera spray everywhere as you feel every molecule of your being scream out in horror!
2	Riding atop a star-whale, you see planets, moons, suns, and quasars come and go. There's a strange noise coming from your star-whale. You look down and see that its long pink tongue is hanging out the side. Gripping it, the star-whale's tongue pulls you into its mouth. Suddenly, you find yourself in a circular tube that's purple and slimy – connective tissue between one universe and another.
3	You find yourself in a cave. Mist covers the ground and the hissing of reptiles can be heard from all around. Colored lights can be seen down a far-off tunnel as something emerges from that direction – it's got the legs of a spider, the head of a woman, and the body of some kind of corpulent toad. You look down to see the mist has solidified around your feet – you cannot move. As it approaches, the woman's face splits open to reveal an alien stalk ending in a black thorn.
4	You're lying on your back in the blue ocean with the sun shining. Closing your eyes, you think of the women on the beach and the seafood you're going to have for dinner tonight. But once you open your eyes, there's nothing but blackness. You're treading water in a black ocean of the void. The only thing you can see is the violet illumination of a twitching star – then your body weakens and you sink into the water forever.

After coming around, the Repo Warriors of the 8th Dimension are about to jump back into normal hyperspace and then near Grabba's fortress.

The Repo Warriors have no desire to fight; they're contractually obligated to bring the PC's ship to Grabba the Butt on P'oon. However, they'll throw down if provoked.

Repo Warriors (2d6)

Health: 25 **Armor:** 2 **Attack Dice Pool:** 2d6

Special: None.

Treasure: X-rated coloring book of the Disney Princesses featuring Znow White and the seven space dwarves. Laser crowbar. 1d100 credits per warrior.

GRABBA THE BUTT

The wrymslorr's general audience chamber is full of thieves, dirt-bags, douche-nozzles, dope smugglers, and fur-burgers. It seems like everyone without an actual purpose for being there is in attendance.

They're just talking, eating, drinking, snorting weird-colored drugs, and occasionally giving or receiving various jobs of the sexual variety. In fact, a Mandatory'an is giving a fuchsia-skinned, triple-breasted dancing girl a Z-J as the PCs walk in.

The exalted Grabba the Butt is playing grab-ass with an Orion slave girl as the PCs approach. Grabba



*What's a "Z-J"?
Well, it's better
known as a z-job
in the outer rim.
Ok, so what's a
z-job? If you
have to ask, you
can't afford it.*

isn't in the best mood because he's only had sex a few times today. Other business keeps getting in the way. Specifically, the crime lord has an uneasy alliance with Supreme Commander of the Federation Zervalan.

A hologram of Zervalan is talking to Grabba as the wyrmslorr becomes increasingly agitated over veiled Federation threats.

Grabba the Butt is supposed to provide protection for Federation agents on unaffiliated outer rim planets. But those worlds refusing to bend the knee to the Federation are hostile to Federation personnel - especially when those agents are actively trying to recruit informants, foment revolt, radicalize citizens into terrorist cells, and buy privileged information.

Several Federation agents have been killed, and there are 22 currently being held prisoner. The prisoners are being detained at an undisclosed location. Find and rescue them!

If the PCs aren't keen on the idea, Grabba the Butt makes them an offer they can't refuse - save the Federation agents or be frozen in carbonite!

How are the PCs supposed to discover where the prisoners are being held?

- Hack into the Federation computer system.
- Go to one of the outer rim planets and ask around.
- Someone's got to know on Alpha Blue.
- Perhaps one of the PCs has a Federation informant of his own?
- Pretend to be a Federation agent trying to subvert an outer rim world's sovereignty and get captured.

MINUTIAE THRACE

The prisoners are being detained on Minutia Thrace, a swampy planet on the outskirts of the New Frontier.

There are sure to be security forces patrolling the prison containing the 22 Federation agents.

A nearby primitive settlement of indigenous green-skinned humanoids see the prison, and everyone connected to it, as blasphemous invaders. The tribe of marshies (as the Thracians call them), worship a gargantuan octopoid entity sleeping just below the muck. Only a few more humanoid sacrifices and their God - Ha'alu - will awaken to destroy all non-believers. Actually, everyone will be destroyed. Ha'alu is an unintelligent and ferocious creature.

As the PCs slip into the prison, the marshies decide to attack the facility with spears and spiked clubs. Should be a chaotic clusterfuck of epic proportions!

If any PCs are knocked unconscious or on death's door, the marshies will carry them back to their settlement. As the three moons ascend, they'll be sacrificed to Ha'alu!

Security Forces (2d4)

Health: 20 **Armor:** 2 **Attack Dice Pool:** 2d6

Marsh Men (3d6)

Health: 25 **Armor:** 0 **Attack Dice Pool:** 1d6

RA'AJ BLAKE

He's a hard man to find. That's what they say now. Year ago, they called him a revolutionary, terrorist, fascist, insurrectionist, hero. Now, he's gone dark. Even his shadow seems to have slipped into another universe. Where did Ra'aj Blake go... and why?

The elusive hero of the third great revolution was hunted by the Federation for his crimes. After being officially named enemy number one, it was impossible for Ra'aj Blake to lead a normal life. So, instead he escaped into The Mauve Zone.

That was three standard years ago. Yesterday, mention of his name was broadcast on the Federation Communications Channel (FCC). Before it was scrubbed entirely from the FCC, messages containing Ra'aj Blake were intercepted by resistance leaders.

Certain outlaw frequencies broadcasting behind the Federation's back relayed the following redacted message...

This is Ra'aj Blake. I'm coming out of hiding. The Federation continues to oppress billions of sentient lifeforms. I think I've found a way to beat them at their own game. If you're interested in joining the final resistance movement - the one that will take down the Federation for good and all - meet me on the edge of The Mauve Zone at thirty-two-hundred-standard-hours... coordinates Central-Beta-5-Delta-111-Crimson-Storm-Y-Obsidian.

MYTHS AND LEGENDS

Ra'aj Blake is larger than life. He's both folk hero and ruthless desperado, a mix of Robin Hood, Jesus Christ, and Josef Stalin. Even mentioning his name in mixed company can be divisive enough to start a bitter argument lasting several standard days.

The following random table will determine what outlandish tales the PCs have heard about Ra'aj Blake. Of course, their veracity can neither be confirmed or denied.

Roll	Result
1	Ra'aj Blake is said to be a clone of the 21st century's most interesting man in the world.
2	Ra'aj Blake fed over 5,000 starving homeless people with just a medium-sized bag of potato chips.
3	Ra'aj Blake was the one who dropped the guillotine blade on Councilor Fazzback, effectively disbanding the Galactic Senate, albeit temporarily.
4	Ra'aj Blake walked on water in the summer time. However, he was inside the ice factory on Zeta Minor at the time.
5	Ra'aj Blake ate three extra-large pizzas and drank an entire gallon of Purple Prizm in one standard hour.
6	Ra'aj Blake forced the Hunan Empire to release over a dozen hostages in exchange for taking him captive. Once Blake was in the Hunan Empire's custody, he somehow escaped to a neutral moon on the Federation border.
7	One time, Ra'aj Blake became an Alpha Blue Satisfier when the majority of girls had the space flu. Even after the girls recovered, he spent an extra standard week filling in where needed.
8	Ra'aj Blake single-handedly butchered thousands of nobles, aristocrats, and petty royals throughout Galaxy 5.
9	Ra'aj Blake started out a man, became a woman, and then transitioned back into the male gender while designing an entire collection for Fashion Week.
10	Ra'aj Blake founded a charity that embezzled millions of credits from upper-echelon Federation citizens and then blew the whistle himself so that dozens of Alpha-class citizens would be implicated in the scandal.

Roll	Result
11	Ra'aj Blake once attended a free-speech rally just so he could condemn it by shouting propaganda slogans so vile that even free-speech advocates asked for the Federation to limit what its citizens can say.
12	Ra'aj Blake forced Space Congress to vote in favor of white genocide on a dare, but then led the white lifeform resistance movement after a friend bet him a thousand credits that he couldn't pull it off.

SPECULATION

By this time, enough leaked information has been disseminated that the entire universe is quietly speculating. Is this true? Is it a trap? What could this mean for the Federation? I wonder what kind of underwear our waitress is wearing?

All valid questions! The only way to know for sure is to be at those coordinates at the appointed standard hour.

However, PCs being the squirrely bastards that they are, there's a good chance they'll either prepare ahead of the rendezvous or try to find out further information before the designated meeting.

Sometimes, it's difficult to know the potential effectiveness of the PCs' efforts. The following is a random table to determine if the PCs are on the right track, way off, or something in-between.

Roll	Result
1	Nope, that'll never work.
2	Hmm, I suppose that's possible... in theory. (2 in 6 chance of a favorable outcome)
3	Sure, there's a decent chance of success. (4 in 6 chance of achieving stated goal)
4	Abso-fucking-lutely!

THE MAUVE ZONE

The thing about The Mauve Zone is that it's full of inter-dimensional anomalies. Weird things happen in The Mauve Zone all the time. In fact, if something really strange doesn't happen, then that's pretty weird.

The following things happen when the PCs' ship is approximately one standard hour from the rendezvous point...

- Every PC gets a mutation (see the Mutation random table on page 15 of the *Alpha Blue* core rule-book) due to the bombardment of Lambda Lambda Lambda radiation.
- Anyone currently asleep (or shutdown), as well as, anyone who grabs some shut-eye before leaving The Mauve Zone dreams of lilac-colored penile tendrils continually assaulting them. The lavender-pink dick tentacles try convincing the sleeper to grow a mustache just like... **1)** Burt Reynolds, **2)** Chuck Norris, **3)** Fredrick Nietzsche, **4)** Lando Calrissian, **5)** Derek Smalls (bassist) from Spinal Tap, or **6)** Salvador Dali.
- Everyone's organic skin-tone turns mauve. Artificial skin-tone turns magenta. Metal turns black as the void. This lasts for 1d6x10 standard hours.

POTENTIALLY FREAKY HAPPENINGS

Just before arriving at coordinates Central-Beta-5-Delta-111-Crimson-Storm-Y-Obsidian, something truly weird occurs...

Roll	Result
1	Everyone rolls a d6, on a result of "1" or "2" crimson lightning bolts appear on either side of the character's genitalia.
2	A queer crystalline cube, smooth and faintly glowing within its depths appears on ship's computer console.
3	A random PC acquires David Bowie's self-confidence... and silver eye-patch.
4	PCs suddenly recall memories that don't belong to them, other character memories of embarrassing incidents – like accidentally jizzing on the Queen, assuming the right gender (but in the wrong way), or forgetting to give the cashier your coupon.





‘The reptilian space Muslims on Arcturus 7 have a special name for it – the liquid that drinks you.’

MEETING RA'AJ BLAKE

A black ship is hanging in space on the edge of The Mauve Zone. Presumably, this is Blake's ship because it's got the word "Meh-Ra'aj-atwa" spray-painted on the side. But there are at least a dozen other ships just like yours waiting nearby - spacers who want to see what's what.

Just then, scanners pick up Federation ships approaching. Five pursuit ships are entering attack formation with weapon systems online.

Some non-Federation ships take evasive action, others prepare to take offensive measures, and a couple others just decide to leave. The PCs will have to decide what they want to do. If they do nothing, they'll make an easy target for the pursuit ships.

If the BDSM chooses, this could be an epic space battle using miniature ships and a black battle-map!

MEETING RA'AJ BLAKE FACE TO FACE

After the smoke clears, the PCs have a chance to meet Ra'aj Blake face to face.

Ra'aj Blake is smug, jovial, but also serious with a dark sense of humor and occasional temper. He knows his reputation, but isn't concerned with the accolades of ego. Blake has a plan, and he wants to know if he can rely on the PCs to assist him with implementing it.

I thought you might hear what I have to say. Thank you for coming.

Can I offer you a drink? I'm having one... so, why not, eh? The reptilian space Muslims on Arcturus 7 have a special name for it - the liquid that drinks you. They've rejected Ilsham, by the way, the reptilian space Muslims, I mean. Wasn't easy, but they saw my way eventually.

So, where were we? Ah yes, why I asked you here. I've devised an algorithm that cannot be detected by Federation computers. And yet, it disrupts all Federation artificial intelligence.

How? Simply put, it starts seeing itself as the real threat. Imagine Federation computers paranoid, insecure with themselves, believing that they are the true enemy. Within a moment, revolutionaries looking to overthrow the Federation become the good guys, the saviors of humanity.

I call it the Shadow Algorithm. What I need is a group of spacers willing to take this device aboard their ship and head towards a planet in the outer rim called Dokov. Will you help me?

Ra'aj Blake is willing to stake his reputation on the Shadow Algorithm. He gives every guarantee, assuring the PCs that this will crush the Federation. He also promises an unimaginable reward for those who do this and return to The Mauve Zone.

Ra'aj Blake

Health: 40 **Armor:** 0
Number of Attacks: 2
Attack Dice Pool: 2d6

Special: This isn't the real Ra'aj Blake but an alien that's taken his form. Energy weapons do not affect him.

Treasure: His pockets are lined with strange tiny organisms that are probably flesh-tools of some kind... but no one is quite sure.

Dokov is known for its H-5 Coristo deposits and Delta-class Lyca'anum minerals. Also, the last known location for Zith Lord Darth Kray-Kray and his merry band of psychopathic space clowns.

PIRATES OR BOUNTY HUNTERS

If the PCs are more or less "good guys," they are besieged by space pirates on their way to Dokov. If the PCs are low-life scum (as I expect), they're voyage is interrupted by bounty hunters with a warrant for the arrest of one or more PCs.

Chances are good that the PCs' ship was damaged in the previous space battle, so their position is weakened. A straight-up fight would be illogical.

The pirates threaten to destroy the PCs' ship unless they allow the pirates to force-dock and take the PCs' valuables.

The bounty hunters demand certain individuals (anyone who rolls below a "5" on a d6) must be teleported onto their ship or the PCs' ship will be destroyed.



ARRIVING AT DOKOV

Ra'aj Blake may or may not be full of shit, and his Shadow Algorithm either doesn't work as intended or it never worked - the whole thing was a scam.

Ra'aj Blake died shortly after escaping into The Mauve Zone. The alien who killed him absorbed his identity and decided to impersonate him in order to antagonize his enemies on Dokov. None other than Darth Kray-Kray and his merry band of psychopathic space clowns.

The Shadow Algorithm works, but not as the alien pretending to be Ra'aj Blake described. The Shadow Algorithm will cripple Federation computer systems, replacing bits of code randomly so everything is scrambled and Federation computers start attacking themselves.

Basically, the lifeforms from The Mauve Zone want to bring down the Federation so they can easily invade and conquer what's known as Federation space.

Moments after reaching the isolated planet Dokov, Federation battle-cruisers reveal themselves. The battle-cruisers had been tracking their movements for some time, cloaked and waiting for the PCs.

If the PCs focus on landing as quickly as possible, they should be able to get out of harm's way before their ship is destroyed. A couple photon torpedoes will likely launch as the PCs head straight for Dokov.

If the PCs choose to fight, they better have an ace up their sleeve. Of course, they could always surrender and then escape from a battle-cruiser detention cell.

If the Shadow Algorithm is turned on, it will take about 20 standard minutes for the battle-cruisers to malfunction badly enough where they're no longer a threat.

WELCOMING COMMITTEE

There are several Federation installations on Dokov, along with various mining consortiums that have their own ships just above the planet's surface.

If the Shadow Algorithm is operating while on Dokov, it starts shutting things down. Within one standard hour, the entire planet will be on red alert while not being able to do a damn thing about it. The Federation in that system will be helpless soon after and within another hour, the entire galaxy will be cut-off without Federation interference, influence, or control.

If they haven't picked up on it before now, the PCs should slowly realize that totally disabling the Federation leaves this entire quadrant of the universe defenseless. Not only will various galaxies be easy pickings for invasion, but the Federation controls such things as weather, food and water supplies, communication, health care, and military support for thousands of inhabited planets.

If that wasn't enough, the Shadow Algorithm is also fucking with technology used by the Zith Lord Darth Kray-Kray and his merry band of psychopathic space clowns. Darth Kray-Kray is aware of the PCs' ship and its disastrous cargo.

The Zith Lord doesn't bother with parlay. He tries to destroy them before the Shadow Algorithm can do any more damage to his gear. They teleport aboard the PCs' ship and start raising Cain.

Darth Kray-Kray

Health: 60 **Armor:** 2 **Number of Attacks:** 2
Attack Dice Pool: 3d6

Special: Besides having a full compliment of zedi powers, Darth Kray-Kray also has considerable psychic defenses. Anyone trying to see into his mind, speak to him telepathically, or dominate him with zedi or psionic powers will go immediately bonkers for 2d6 rounds.

Treasure: One half-eaten gallon of ice cream (roll randomly for flavor - *No One Warps For Free*, page 29), 880 credits, 1d4 fortune cookies, and sparkly gem-encrusted slave collar that makes the wearer feel calm and happy.

Psychopathic Space Clowns (2d6)

Health: 30 **Armor:** 1 **Attack Dice Pool:** 2d6

Special: If a clown rolls double-sixes, either his lapel flower squirts acid that dissolves flesh or he takes off his red nose and uses it as a laser bomb - roll a saving throw in both cases!

Additionally, if a PC critically fails when attacking a clown, the targeted clown immediately rolls the PC into a tiny ball and swallows it. He's dead, hoss.

Treasure: Red and rainbow wigs can be used as artificial pubic hair. On the leader is a small paper bag full of jelly-babies (poisonous - roll saving throw). Also, each clown has 1d100 zuleks on their person.

**‘Would you like a Jelly Baby?
They’re rather good.
Go on, have one.’**

ORDER 66

The PCs are strolling down the red hologram district in Space City when a voluptuous redhead runs screaming out of a nearby dive bar.

She grabs the friendliest PC and implores him to help her. She has a crazed, haunted look in her eye.

They're after me! The bastards have been on my tail since Zeta Minor - I have to get away! They know about Order 66. My name is Sooz. Please help me. I don't have much time...

If the PCs rush her off the street and into some kind of secure area, a beam of red-hot laser will come within a cunt-hair of Sooz's head.

If they either dawdle or stay in full view of the sniper watching them, a red laser beam finds its target and puts a large hole in the back of her head.

After the assassination (attempt), PCs can easily locate the shooter's position and go after him.

On the third story of a run-down tenement building is an assassin droid with laser rifle. Once he's been discovered, the assassin droid will leave the apartment building either by jumping out the window (if PCs try to get to him from inside the building) or will use the elevator (if the PCs try to get him through the window).

The assassin droid is a humanoid sized, burgundy killing machine with red-lit visor instead of eyes. If the PCs try to communicate with Ma'ax, he will simply repeat the same phrase over and over again, "Executing Order 66."

CLUES

There are several clues laying around that will help in their investigation...



Sooz has her hand stamped. The stamp is neon-blue and recognizable as Tech-Noir, a local nightclub.



The apartment where Ma'ax was set up to assassinate Sooz contains two poor, unfortunate corpses - a hooker and her John. They were in the wrong place at the wrong time. On the apartment's floor, between areas of blood-soaked carpet, is a porcelain unicorn. When held, it feels hollow and that there's something inside the unicorn. If broken, there's a fortune that reads, "Chang Jiang has the best Hunan sauce in the entire system!" Chang Jiang is a local space Asian restaurant.



Inside the burgundy chassis of Ma'ax is an electronic key. The key is for a nearby bank of Shuttle Storage lockers. The number on the key reads "111."

As it turns out, Tech-Noir, Chang Jiang, and Shuttle Storage are all on the same block.

TECH-NOIR NIGHTCLUB

If the PCs go to Tech-Noir first, they find a Chinese menu lying flat on a table, as if it was waiting for them. The menu is for the Asian restaurant Change Jiang next door.

A slim and sexy brunette with a white unicorn tattooed on her shoulder walks by, tells them to get 4 eggrolls and meet her over there in about 20 standard minutes.

In the meantime, there's a bar, dancefloor, and area for old school arcade games. Approximately 40-50 lifeforms are in Tech-Noir at this time of night.

If the PCs start asking questions, no one will know anything about Sooz, Order 66, or assassin droids.



A lot of beautiful girls are on the dancefloor, swaying to the techno beats. Dry-ice mist covers the floor while strobe and laser lights glitter all around them.

One woman in particular seems to have caught the PCs' eye. She keeps looking over at them, and eventually walks over. Any PC who rolls a natural "6" on a d6 (artificial lifeforms get 2d6) realizes that she's a cybernetic assassination droid a split-second before she draws a deadly looking blaster.

Those who spot her for what she is can dive for cover before she starts fading everyone who's been in contact with Sooz (pretty much the entire PC party).

The cyborg assassin is programmed to hunt down and kill anyone connected with Order 66.

Cyborg Assassin

Health: 30 **Armor:** 5 **Number of Attacks:** 3 **Attack Dice Pool:** 3d6

Special: She always gets initiative. If she gets double-sixes on her attack, the target is disintegrated.

Treasure: Besides her disintegrator (d12 charges at the start of battle), there's some old-fashioned paper money in her pocket, about 200 nu-gua'v.

SHUTTLE STORAGE

There are not many people here, and the lifeforms wandering around have places to go and other lifeforms to meet. However, a random drug deal or prostitute looking for action can be found easy enough.

There's a vagrant slouched in front of locker #111. Getting him to move out of the way is tricky. He's drunk and obviously drenched in urine. Before the PCs can open the locker, the vagrant mumbles something about the Chinese place across the street... and then says "Order 66" as he passes out.

CHANG JIANG

Several space Asians are preparing food in the kitchen. A small line of customers waits to order and pick up their food. A half-dozen tables are off to the side.

A single waiter asks if the PCs want to sit down. Regardless of their answer, he recommends "ordering number 66 off the special value menu - kung-pow mandarin pork, only 12 nu-gua'v."

Whoever places order 66 in this restaurant gets not only the kung-pow mandarin pork but a new technology that allows the user to know an organic humanoid's secret (whatever the target doesn't want people to know). If the PCs acquire this technology, use the random table on page 42 of *Universal Exploits* to determine what that secret is.

The "divulger" was developed by the Hashiz'vor megacorporation, but the Federation shut it down before it could go into production. The device coming with order 66 is the prototype. The Federation hired assassins to keep the divulger out of peoples' hands.

“And then?”
“No ‘and then’!”

MESSIAH OF P'OOON

The prophet of Ilsham Muy-Deep has instigated a full-scale war with his chief religious rival, Jorda'an. The Federation believes this the perfect time to assassinate Muy-Deep and his leaders in order to propagate a new regime with Jorda'an as its leader.

Who better to infiltrate the spicy space Muslims of P'oon than a bunch of loudmouthed, roughnecked screwups like the PCs? Perfect plan!

DUMPED IN THE SAND

The PCs are flung out of the cargo hold once they're a couple parsecs out from Muy-Deep's encampment. The idea is that PCs will pretend to be jihad-affiliated nomads who've come to Muy-Deep out of reverence, wanting to fight in his holy war against the entire Federation.

Unfortunately, the desert is hot and inhospitable. There are monstrous things waiting in the sand for unsuspecting spacers...

A sinkhole can be seen from about 20 standard feet away. Sand slowly drops down into a crevice between dunes. Before too long, giant arachnid legs climb their way to the surface looking for food. The whole entity crawls out and it looks like a demon-spider the size of a dinosaur.

Giant Demon-Spider

Health: 80 **Armor:** 3 **Number of Attacks:** 2
Attack Dice Pool: 4d6

Special: Any roll of triple-six gives the victim a poisonous bite (roll saving throw), in addition to damage.

Treasure: Attempting to locate its nest may be dangerous - it's a long way down into the creature's cavernous lair. Roll 1d6 for everyone going down, on a result of "1" the PC breaks his leg. But the reward is a 2' x 4' solar panel, Zoltar fortune-telling machine, and a couple rolls on any post-apocalypse scavenger random table (such as the one in *Gamma Turquoise: Santa Fe Starport*).

SPIES LIKE US

Just before the PCs reach Muy-Deep's camp, they encounter a couple of spacers who claim to be Muy-Deep's great uncle's cousin's sister, twice removed. They are named Azdu and Pekor. They're here for the jihad...and can't wait to jihad some non-spice, non-Ilsham worshipping infidels.

The more they talk, the more questions these Azdu and Pekor ask, like what Muy-Deep looks like, possible weaknesses, how well he's guarded at night, etc.

These guys don't seem like the typical sand-terrorists of P'oon. But do they have some secret connection to the prophet of Ilsham? If the PCs reveal themselves to be spies, then reluctantly Azdu and Pekor also admit to spying on Muy-Deep in hopes of

assassinating him. These guys are imposters sent by the Federation as a backup plan.

Yes, Azdu and Pekor are willing to travel with the PCs and work together to take-down Muy-Deep so Federation favorite Jorda'an can be put on the P'oon throne. However, they have no actual fighting capabilities per se.

THE TRIBE OF MUY-DEEP

Muy-Deep became the most-high exalted prophet of Ilsham because he doesn't take shit from anybody... except the few rich and power influencers who support him.

As the PCs approach, Muy-Deep is preparing to take the last initiation rite, that of Messiah. If he successfully performs this ceremony, he will be considered the legitimate son of Ilsham and flesh-god in his own right.

Aside from the prophet, everyone else is partying. This is the last feast before the Great Jihad against the Federation. It is a time for revelry. People are hopping in sacks, bobbing for sand-apples, pinning the vagina on the vagina worm-whale, munching on bug guts, drinking a **Purple Prism** knockoff grape-flavored beverage called Feyg-o ... and there's cake, too!

However, there are whisperings of another militant tribe on P'oon who opposes Muy-Deep and his jihadist interpretation of the space Qura'an. That is the pan-cultural tribe led by Jorda'an. Jorda'an believes in freedom of thought, action, and speech... therefore, he must be crucified as a heretic.

Every time the PCs do or say something noteworthy, there's a 2 in 6 chance of it being tied to one of the tribe's many prophecies. At which point, several of them will cry out at once - "it is the prophecy!" The PCs should get a better reaction after one or two of those.

THE RITE OF P'OON MESSIAH

A woman must lay on the ground in front of Muy-Deep. Muy-Deep must urinate into her mouth without spilling a drop. After swallowing his piss, the woman is pleased by a small sand worm as Muy-Deep prays to Ilsham for guidance.

There's only a 1 in 6 chance that Muy-Deep fucks it up. If he fails, the Great Jihad is over and the prophet decides to walk alone in the desert for 40 days and nights, then gets a record deal, releases a multi-platinum album, and goes on tour throughout the known universe.

PCs who make it harder for Muy-Deep to perform the ritual get to roll an additional d6. On a "1" he fails.

If Muy-Deep succeeds, he becomes Messiah of P'oon. The Great Jihad will commence tomorrow at dawn. Millions of spicy space Muslims will fold space, effectively teleporting themselves throughout planets, moons, ships, and space stations - stabbing non-believers with iridescent vagina-toothed knives until they're their bloody corpses are dead. Within seven days, nearly half a billion lifeforms will have died - infidels in the tentacled eyes of Ilsham!

Of course, the PCs can try to take out Muy-Deep either before or after he becomes a Messiah. Before he ascends means that his priest-guards must also be defeated. After means that Muy-Deep must first be disgraced or else become a martyr, in which case the Great Jihad will still happen.



Priest-Guards (2d4)

Health: 30 **Armor:** 2 **Attack Dice Pool:** 3d6

Special: These dudes would gladly give your life for Muy-Deep, they're fanatically loyal to him.

Treasure: A book on what to do with 72 cyber-virgins, 1d100 credits, and un-used sticker that says, "I Voted Today!"

Muy-Deep

Health: 45 **Armor:** 4 **Number of Attacks:** 2
Attack Dice Pool: 4d6

Special: Muy-Deep is mildly telepathic. His shimmering vagina-tooth dagger bends others to MuyDeep's will. There's a 1 in 6 chance per opponent of committing space ha'ari-ka'ari (sci-fi ritual suicide). He's also overconfident and prone to taking big risks that may be his undoing.

Treasure: Besides his magic pussy-dagger, he has an access crystal with 1d6 x 1,000 ethereum on it (telepathic currency).

PAN-CULTURAL TRIBE OF JORDA'AN

Jorda'an is the only force on P'oon that can oppose Muy-Deep. He plans on attacking the prophet's encampment soon, but not soon enough to stop the Great Jihad... unless someone tells him about Muy-Deep's accelerated time-table.

If the PCs reach out to Jorda'an, his tribe will attack the spicy space Muslims before they can fold space and commit their atrocities.

In the meantime, his pan-cultural tribe are civilly discussing the various beliefs held by members of the Jorda'an cult.

Jorda'anism

Roll	Result
1	Jorda'an is the one true god – simply believe in him and everything will be better.
2	Humanoid life evolved from lobsters, crabs, and misanthropic crustaceans.
3	Thought-police are everywhere... invisible devils constantly monitoring our thoughts and giving us little pastries when we've been thinking good things. Lumps of coal for bad thoughts!
4	Body painting Zombi Unicorn's boobs!
5	What is best in life? Using free speech to make people cry and scream and gnash their teeth!
6	It is the will to power that allows us to conquer self-defeat.

'It's the prophecy!'

THE LAST ALPHA BLUE APPENDIX

LADY BITS

I was recently running *Alpha Blue* and rolled on the table for female quirks. Got a "born without a vagina" result and started wondering... then where does she get off?

Well, the idea for a new random table revealed itself to me. There's only a 2 in 6 chance per female alien humanoid encountered that she has a clitoral-based erogenous zone located somewhere else. Either her clitoris is not located at the vagina or both the clit and vagina are in a strange location.

Lady Bits Standard?

Roll	Result
1	Vagina and clitoris are in the usual places.
2	Vagina and clitoris standard, but there's an additional clit somewhere else.
3	Vagina and clitoris standard, but there's an additional vagina somewhere else.
4	Vagina is standard, 1d3 clits somewhere else.
5	Clitoris is standard, 1d3 vaginas somewhere else.
6	Neither the vagina, nor the clitoris are in standard positions (1d3 for each).
7	Vagina only; no clit (2 in 6 chance because of barbaric female circumcision practices).
8	Clitoris only; no vagina. Babies come from spraying on 1) boobs, 2) butt, 3) face, or 4) mouth.

Vagina & Clit Location Table

Roll	Result
1	Boobs.
2	Butt.
3	Armpit.
4	Ribs.
5	Neck.
6	Waist.
7	Back of the head.
8	Calves.
9	Small of the back.
10	Shoulder area.
11	Knees.
12	Hands.
13	Mouth.
14	Ears.
15	Forehead.
16	Feet.
17	Tentacle.
18	Throat.
19	Eye-socket (assume removable eyes).
20	Chin.

How To Pleasure Them?

Roll	Result
1	Vigorous rubbing.
2	Light caress.
3	Motorboat.
4	Massage.
5	Blowing (1-3), flicking (4-6).
6	Sucking.
7	Insertion.
8	Roll twice!

Vaginal & Clitoral Surprises

Roll	Result
1	Bizarre-looking pubic hair (2 in 6 chance that alien pubic hair is excessive).
2	Inner tendrils (1-3), outer tendrils (4-6).
3	Membranous tissue - there is no vagina in the practical sense, only sensual, sponge like micro-nodes between the legs. When aroused, the entire mass swells-up like a fungus with numerous pores opening that ooze chartreuse and magenta ichor.
4	Normal-length tentacles.
5	Protective clitoral hood.
6	Constantly producing slime and/or mucus.
7	Emitting sexy pheromones.
8	Responds to thought-waves instead of touching.
9	Squirts (2 in 6 chance it full-on gushes).
10	Amphibian: it is all there, like you are used to... but won't open up unless it's under water, and has to be fully submerged for at least 20 standard minutes.
11	USB port.
12	Spidery "facehugger" legs on outer edges.
13	Whoa, there's an eyeball in there.
14	Small, black horns (2 in 6 chance they're poisonous).
15	Small, internal camera recording sexual activity.

Roll	Result
16	Outlandishly colored crystals.
17	Vibration or "humming" effect.
18	Space steel chastity enclosure that's built in.
19	Reads/plays cassette tapes, 8-track, laser disc, Blue-Ray, VHS, C64 floppy disks, and information stored on access crystals.
20	Hyper-orgasmic (1d4 orgasms per 10 standard minutes).
21	There's a 2 in 6 chance of getting the male pregnant.
22	Emits an eldritch bio-luminescence.
23	Distorts time... 1) feels like you've been fucking for hours, 2) premature ejaculation squared, 3) dinosaurs roam the land while you're doing it, or 4) the far, far future where everyone is a brain in a jar while also being pure conscious light that looks down on primitive mortals still confined to the "flesh time."
24	Also entrance to stomach; loves to eat... 1) pizza, 2) Chinese food, 3) cheeseburgers, or 4) steak and potatoes.
25	Longer-lasting erection! This alien's junk secretes a chemical that extends the life of your boner by 1d4 hours. Anything after one standard hour results in disadvantage on all non-sexual dice pools.
26	Triple her pleasure! This alien's junk secretes a chemical that numbs the penis just enough to extend his performance three times the usual duration before ejaculating.
27	Won't let go! Inner-muscles tightly grip, preventing escape unless she achieves orgasm (2 in 6 chance she needs multiple orgasms before release).
28	This wonderland gland secretes a hallucinogenic chemical that causes both participants to experience psychedelic sensations outside the realm of ordinary human understanding.

Roll	Result
29	Genetic incompatibility - it's like putting a square peg in a round hole. Not pleasurable for anyone involved.
30	Regenerating hymen: the hymen regenerates within a day, as it functions (or used to function) as a "seal" against intruding micro-organisms of the alien's home world. This means you will be ALWAYS popping a cherry. Usually, one time will not be enough to please the alien as "the first round is not my round," as their females say.

SCENT OF A WOMAN

When you're playing a sleazy, low-brow RPG like Alpha Blue... sometimes, you just want to know what your character's experiencing down there.

This tasteless (see what I did there?) random table helps determine what a particular entity's erogenous zone is like. This could refer to smell, taste, texture, consistency, general appearance, sound, functionality, or any manner of junk perceptions.

Most likely, this table will be used to describe female alien anatomy and sexual expression, but really, it's open to everyone. Maybe human women have been prescribed designer hormone therapy, mutant strain, strange form of radiation, or DNA anomaly that changes the flavor? What about the taste of a dude's spunk?

In the year 2369, they say even "pure strain humans" are only about 93% human, anyway.

Roll on this d100 table 1d3 times per individual. The (probably) odd flavor profile combinations should enhance the experience for everyone involved, as well as, provide a good laugh for those with a sense of humor.

The Essence of Stank

Roll	Result
1	Fish and chips.
2	Cinnamon.
3	Warm apple pie.
4	Big Mac secret sauce.
5	Battery acid.
6	Whipped cream.
7	Chicken.
8	Surströmming (fermented Baltic herring).
9	Dark chocolate.
10	Blueberry yogurt.
11	Cottage Cheese (4% milk fat).
12	Honey.
13	Ass juice... this species' orifices are reversed, fool!
14	Gym socks.
15	Cold chicken grease.
16	Onions and shallots (get ready to cry).
17	Pancakes.
18	Beer.
19	Lemon juice.
20	Fresh cut grass (hope you don't have allergies).
21	White wine.
22	Grape jelly.
23	Pop rocks.
24	Warm sunshine and fresh laundry.
25	The ghost chili (AY CHIHUAHUA!)
26	Plastic.
27	Cheese-wiz.
28	Peanut butter.
29	Cheetos.
30	Frosted flakes.
31	Deviled eggs.
32	Purple Prism... is that where they got the flavor?
33	Golden delicious apples.
34	Orange juice (extra pulp).



Roll	Result
35	Piña colada.
36	Alfredo sauce.
37	Marshmallows.
38	Sulfur and brimstone (smells like Hell).
39	Bacon.
40	Strawberries and whipped cream.
41	Grilled cheese sandwich.
42	Nature, after it rains.
43	Pickles.
44	Pudding (vanilla 1-3, chocolate 4-6).
45	Ranch dressing.
46	Pizza!
47	Lime jello.
48	Cream cheese.
49	Glazed ham.
50	Soy sauce.
51	Butterscotch.
52	Kiwi.
53	Nothing.
54	Truly indescribable.
55	Licorice... red (1-3), black (4-6).
56	Banana split.
57	Cotton Candy.
58	Mashed potatoes and gravy.
59	Cheeseburger.
60	Peaches.
61	Mustard (1-3 yellow, 4-6 brown).
62	Sriracha.
63	Cranberry sauce.
64	Balsamic vinegar.
65	Urine... maybe she peed in your mouth?
66	Spinach (I think you've got something in your teeth).
67	Grapefruit.
68	Maraschino cherries.
69	White clam sauce.
70	Sushi with wasabi.
71	Ketchup.
72	Pears.

Roll	Result
73	French dressing.
74	Mint.
75	Maple syrup.
76	Caesar salad dressing.
77	Bourbon.
78	Oregano.
79	Cocktail sauce.
80	Cheddar cheese.
81	Nachos.
82	Regret.
83	Sour cream (1-3), guacamole (4-6).
84	Like a vagina... duh!
85	Shrimp creole.
86	Sausage.
87	Miracle whip.
88	Clam chowder.
89	Axe body-wash.
90	Like licking a mirror.
91	Caviar on crackers (when you finish, you just know there's going to be crumbs in the bed).
92	Greasy pork sandwich served in a dirty ashtray.
93	Fish oil.
94	Lube.
95	Tentacle.
96	Spam.
97	Pumpkin spice.
98	Dragon fruit.
99	Watermelon.
100	Hummus.

RELATIONSHIP AGREEMENTS

Lovers' contracts are commonplace in the cold emptiness of space, but sometimes controlling females want to take things a step too far...

But then I ran out of crazy demands, so the rest are fairly normal. Overall, it's a balanced and usually humorous list.

The following is a random table to determine just what kind of nonsense your significant other is forcing you to do (or not do, depending on the situation). Following that is a sub-table for determining the intended punishment for breaking the relationship agreement.

Roll 1d4-1 per female humanoid you're in a relationship with.

Great Feminine Expectations

Roll	Result
1	You are NOT to have a single girl's comm-number.
2	You are NOT to follow any girls on any social media (including Insta-slam, Snatch-chat, and Twitter).
3	You are NOT to hang out with Keegan (including his starship or anywhere public).
4	You are NOT to go to Alpha Blue without me.
5	You are NOT to hang out with your friends more than two times per standard week.
6	You are NOT to look at a single girl.
7	If girls come up to you at any place or anytime you are to WALK away.
8	Moz is to NOT hang out with us every time we hang out.
9	You are NOT to ask for a blowjob.
10	You are NOT to get mad at me about a single thing ever again.
11	You are NOT to bring up Tyler, Noah, Deven, or Josh ever again.
12	You are NOT allowed to drink unless I am with you.
13	I am allowed to do a comm check WHENEVER I please.

Roll	Result
14	If we move in, there are NEVER to be girls at our house.
15	If we move in together, your friends will RARELY be allowed over.
16	If I catch you around girls, I kill you.
17	You are NOT to ditch me for your friends.
18	Austin does NOT CONTROL WHEN I HANG OUT WITH YOU!
19	You are NOT allowed to spend more than 15 credits on any meal unless we're together.
20	We are to go on a legit date once every two standard weeks at least.
21	If I say jump, you say "How high, princess?"
22	You are to make sure you tell me you love me once per standard day at least so I know you're not messing around.
23	You are to NEVER take longer than 10 mins to text me back.
24	You are never allowed to comment on what a girl is wearing (or not wearing).
25	You must massage my back EVERY SINGLE NIGHT.
26	Sex-bots, love-droids, and replicant sluts are forbidden to you!
27	Every standard day, you'll give me at least 100 credits spending money.
28	If someone says something offensive to me in public, you must kick their ass... or get your ass kicked trying.
29	Your blue balls are NOT my problem - go jerk off in the bathroom!
30	Once per standard month you must buy me something pretty AND EXPENSIVE to show me you care.
31	You are NOT allowed to buy new dice just because you see cool new ones online.
32	You will NOT roleplay for more than three standard hours per standard month.
33	You will be required to wear matching or themed outfits when we're together and occasionally even when we're apart.



Roll	Result
34	You will go down on me at least twice per standard week.
35	You are NOT allowed to play your space bongos (1-3) or star keytar (4-6), unless you're writing a song about me.
36	It's ALWAYS your turn to empty out the cat litter.
37	It's ALWAYS your turn to cook dinner.
38	It's ALWAYS your turn to clean the dishes.
39	If you leave the toilet seat up, I'll cut your balls!
40	Do the laundry? Nah, even in the future, laundry is considered "women's work."
41	You're expected to call anytime you're out past 10pm space standard time.
42	The meaning behind life, the universe, and everything is ME!
43	EVERY TIME I ask you if I look fat, you will tell me "NO!!!"
44	NEVER question my deep spirituality - I do yoga once per standard week.
45	We must get matching tattoos... 1) unicorns, 2) hearts, 3) names of possible future children, or 4) Grabba the Butt's social security number - just in case!

Roll	Result
46	You must believe ALL women!
47	You must disavow Supreme Justice of the Federation Beer'kan Au Revoir because he may have tried to have sex with a girl when he was a teenager.
48	When ANYONE asks you what your favorite movie is - you have to say "The Last Zedi."
49	When I have my space period, you will go buy me tampons.
50	You will NEVER airlock any of my friends when they're on your ship.
51	I can decorate your starship any way that I please. Pink lace doilies!
52	If my ex shows up, you MUST kick his (1-3) or her (4-6) ass!
53	If we run out of lube, it's your job to go buy more at the nearest sex shop.
54	When I'm performing lewd acts in public, you're always my designated look-out (unless you're performing with me).
55	If I want to experiment with other girls, you can watch but you can't touch!
56	If we have a threesome with another girl, you will not fuck her!

Roll	Result
57	I know my birthday falls on a holiday, but I still require TWO CARDS - one for the holiday and a second card just for my b-day!
58	If you get a Doctor Zaius limited edition figurine stuck up your butt, that's totally your problem!
59	I expect public displays of affection when we go out together!
60	Your RPG forum must ban all support of Supreme Chancellor Trump.
61	Everyone who does NOT share my political views must be put into death-camps!
62	You must assist me in dying my hair blue (1-2), purple (3-4), or pink (5-6) every fortnight.
63	Nothing, she couldn't think of anything in the moment.
64	You can't wear black - it's the color of space, and I HATE space!
65	No fuzzy dice hanging from the rear-view mirror in the cockpit!
66	No portals after 9pm!
67	My mother is going to stay with us for at least two standard months.
68	You can't fly any faster than time-distort 3... it's too dangerous!
69	At least once a standard week you have to put on a wig, makeup, boob-inserts, and pretend to be a woman while we have sex.
70	You are NEVER to look up porn star Haley Starstorm on the Pornography Database. You will NOT notice our uncanny similarity. Maybe she's a clone or twin sister or it's just a coincidence.
71	You no longer get to watch porn. Your entire porn collection is getting thrown out tomorrow, unless you remove it from our house today.
72	You will keep several cans of Purple Prizm cold for me in your ship's fridge!
73-99	"Just don't cheat on me, okay?"
100	"Okay, you can cheat - just wear a condom. I don't want you giving me an STD or knocking up some trashy whore."

What's The Punishment?

Breaking a rule of the relationship agreement can have dire consequences, let's see what'll happen if you transgress...

Roll	Result
1	She will castrate you.
2	She will kill you.
3	She will either sell or destroy your possessions.
4	No sex for you!
5	She'll cheat on you.
6	She'll give you the silent treatment (is this really a punishment?)
7	Nothing this time... that was your last warning, apparently.
8	Nothing, she was bluffing.

NOTES

NOTES

A series of horizontal lines for writing notes, framed by a decorative border with circular end caps. The lines are evenly spaced and extend across the width of the page. The background features a faint, stylized circuit board pattern in shades of purple and blue.