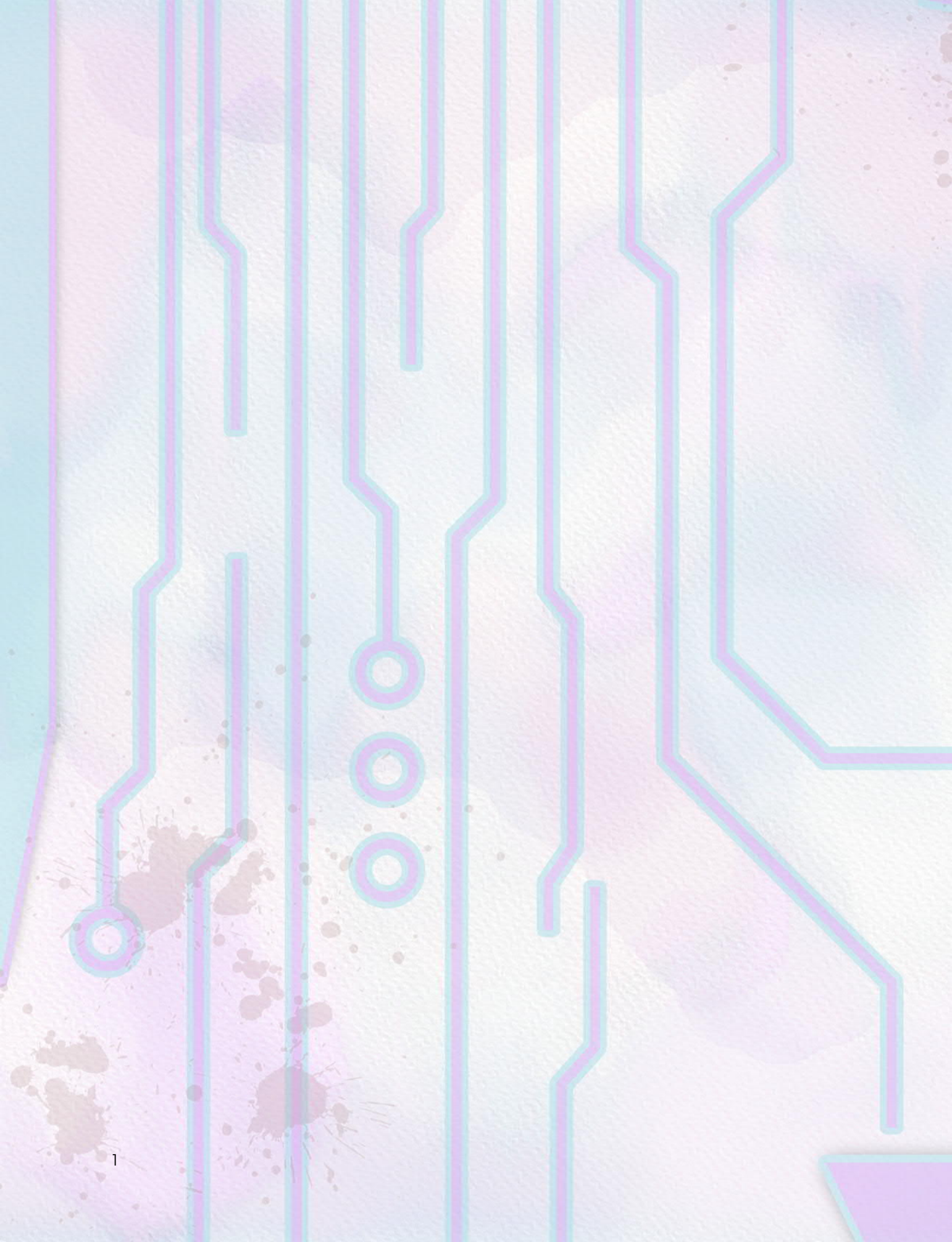


KOBAYASHI MAROON



ZOLTAR KHAN DELGADO

ALPHA
BLUE



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Zoltar Khan Delgado



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CREDITS

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In memory of Jacqueline Pearce who played Servalan in Blake's 7
1943 – 2018

Please visit these websites:

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



POP DAT CHERRY

While *Alpha Blue* can go chugging along just fine without any actual "on screen" sex, it's kind of the only game in town where that kind of thing is not only permissible, but actively encouraged.

However, a group that's new to *Alpha Blue* may feel hesitant about going all-in. It might take a session or two before they feel comfortable roleplaying through a seduction scene and the erotic delights that follow. And that's ok. But if you're only running a one-shot, you lose that aspect.

I'll admit, playing *Alpha Blue* online can be easier than doing it face-to-face. During an in-person game just last weekend, I had a PC "go all the way" with an NPC for the first time. The scene was unfolding and I could see the player going for it, even though he wasn't altogether sure that roleplaying the sex scene would be alright with everyone there.

The BDSM (Bold Dungeon Space Master) should be the first one to "make a move." He sets the tone. The players invariably look to him when elements of the game are questionable. In a way, the BDSM is the table's Alpha Blue Satisfier - working that sex magic, making taboo shenanigans palatable.

Even extroverted sex-addicts can be shrinking violets when they show up to an actual brothel. But those initial jitters soon disappear after a little conversation. Get your players to feel less apprehensive with foreplay - describe a pleasure droid finger-banging the Blue Balls cheerleader squad one by one... or some genderless insectoid teasing the bar-back with its muscular hind legs (not sure who would get excited by that, but it takes all kinds).

My advice is to ease players into the deep end with a fundamental technique I learned back in my pick-up artist days: ESCALATION! Start by locking eyes, holding hands, a soft caress on the cheek, an open mouth next to a banana, a little smile or naughty look. Does she ask the PC to gently squeeze her breasts or give her a back massage? Does that bearded dude in the corner of the bar give the bounty hunter a wink?

From there, you can work up to stripping down, putting on a mind-condom, talking about the state

of her vagina, how her ass tastes, stroke-technique, sexual positions, etc. And just as soon as you're really getting into it, it's already time to think about wrapping things up... orgasms, money-shots, moans, whimpering, screaming your name, gushing, smoking a space cigarette, however you want things to conclude.

Just as a reminder, roleplaying scenes don't have to be long, drawn-out affairs. On the contrary, they can be quick 2-minute things that get in, get out, and put the kettle on. A little can go a long way. What we're looking for is that initial moment of passion, climactic build-up of tension, and the release. The point is that sex scenes are actually roleplayed and not merely hand-waved "off screen."

For example, you see a green-skinned girl with three breasts looking damn fine. The scoundrel with half his face hidden behind a black mask offers to buy her a drink. She accepts and they talk for a while. Green girl unzips his pants and starts sucking his dick. It feels good! He shoots his load over all three of her rockin' tits. After cleaning herself up, she gives the scoundrel an invoice for 500 credits. That's a scene. A really short scene, but an entire scene, nonetheless.

Some BDSMs prefer rolling randomly, others spontaneously decide the outcome in the moment. Doesn't matter as long as the player(s) feel immersed in the world/scene/story. Odds are, if the BDSM feels immersed, the players will, too. So, strive to make it real for you. As they say on the space station of lust, "If you cum, they will build it."

**‘Sneebquoth is like the
n-word,
c-word, and r-word
combined.’**



EPISODE 7/

The PCs are a somewhat experienced crew aboard deep space salvage ship **Get Woke Go Broke**, bequeathed to them by their aging mentor. As Master Antilles used to say, "The Woke Wars of 2355 wiped a lot of good people out... financially speaking. Serves 'em right for worrying about diversity and inclusion in space rather than being the best they could be."

Suddenly, there's a distress signal just a few parsecs inside the danger zone. A luxury space-liner named **The Vanessa** is in trouble!

The space-liner's hull is breaking apart because of unnatural forces emanating from a nearby pink hole. A thousand humanoid passengers could lose their lives in the next standard hour unless someone saves them.

If the PCs are not immediately coming to the rescue, the captain of **The Vanessa** calls again. Each humanoid pledged 10 credits to the ship who rescues them (that's 10,000 credits for the math impaired), but at least 23 registered hotties are aboard **The Vanessa**.

Ambitious PCs should be able to squeeze at least a thousand credits per lifeform on the space-liner, as most of the passengers are wealthy.

Also, the potential exists for "hotness inflation" - girls that are supposed to have scored 9.5 or higher can actually be in a middling range. Hotness inflation can happen quite easily in a corrupt bureaucracy like the Federation.

New Federation law code 45.111.A6-Q: All females who score at least a 9.5 on the hotness spectrum must register at their local galactic registrar office. Failure to comply requires the hottie to service all government personnel via crypto-hypnotic suggestion.

A PINK VOID

Not much is known about the pink hole (though veteran spacers know the rumors - a brown hole is likely to be found nearby). It's a mysterious space phenomenon usually covered by super strands - string theory within dark matter that's taken on hyper-dimensional resonance... and just so happens to look like a giant beaver pelt.

However, that luxury liner won't take much more. Something has to be done and soon!

Assuming the PCs decide to help, there are a few options open to them...

Force-dock onto **The Vanessa** and try to pile in as many passengers as possible before both ships are ripped apart. Noble plan, but dangerous. Approximately 1d6 x 100 passengers can be saved, and there's a 2 in 6 chance of utter annihilation.

Teleport a few passengers from a relatively safe distance - starting with the hotties probably makes the most sense. The PC's teleporter will be able to rescue 3d6 passengers before either their equipment breaks down or **The Vanessa** explodes!

Investigate the pink hole. A gigantic piece of ultra-telluric metal has gotten lodged within the feminine anomaly. It's jostling about and needs to be removed in order to quiet the forces threatening to wreck the space-liner.

If either of the first two plans are employed, the metal eventually gets dislodged from the pink hole as it gushes a strange, colorless fluid. Then **The Vanessa** blows up.

Can the PCs use the pink hole to enter another universe? Only the BDSM knows for sure...

END-GAME

This pink hole is actually a gateway for Yog-Soggoth! The Great Old One oozes out of the pink void with tentacles writhing, spheres vibrating, and space butter churning. Then Yog-Soggoth speaks!

Humanoid scum,

I will now take your wretched lives in order to make way for an intergalactic bypass. However, before your humiliating and inconsequential death, I'll ask you this one question...

What's my favorite color?

Each PC must answer individually! Below is a handy guide to separate the space wheat from the chaff...

- If the PCs give a normal answer (like pink, blue, silver, etc.) Yog-Soggoth laughs before making that individual implode horribly.
- If the PCs answer "maroon," then it's obvious to Yog-Soggoth that they cheated (even though technically, they answered correctly) and are instantly cast into an ocean of green slime.
- If any PC gives an unorthodox answer (such as Yog-Soggoth, rainbow, fish), he laughs heartily before plunking them down in some dank universe that's little more than a clogged drain.
- If PCs give some kind of non-answer (I want you to devour me, or what's the airspeed velocity of an unladen swallow?), he's dispelled back to his home universe... but then, coincidentally, the entire universe explodes for unexplained reasons!

ONLY A SIMULATION

Everything goes black. After a moment or two, the lights come on and it appears that everything was merely a holographic simulation.

This was the Kobayashi Maroon - a special test to see if individuals shit their pants, and if so... how much. Pants-shitting is not simulated - that actually happens in real life!

Did You Shit Your Pants?

Roll	Result
1	No, you merely pissed your pants. Congratulations?
2	No, your pants are fine.
3	Yes, but only a "fake dog poop" amount of shit.
4	Yes, and it was a Drax-sized amount of shit. What did you eat?
5	Yes, and it was diarrhea. Yikes, what a mess!
6	You vomited, as well as, (roll again - if you roll another "6," then use the following result instead) Somehow, a poop-based lifeform emerged from your butt and (once you get properly acquainted) will become your familiar, apprentice, or guardian angel.

WHY?!?

There could be any number of reasons why an individual is subjected to the Kobayashi Maroon, but I've boiled it down to the following random table results...

You Underwent The Kobayashi Maroon Because...

Roll	Result
1	This was a job interview.
2	The clinic wanted to test your mental capacity.
3	You were in line for a possible promotion.
4	This was some form of bizarre punishment.
5	Guidance councilors mandate this simulation for future career paths.
6	Either you were sent here by accident (1-2), or "You fools, this is the simulation! Kobayashi Maroon is the only reality." (3-4)

Want to know what you scored? Every PC should roll a 1d100 percentile. 100% is a perfect score, anything below 40% is a failing grade. Benefits, penalties, hiring, firing, and super weird stuff should be doled out accordingly.



EPISODE 2

This starts off as a solo-adventure, but can quickly accommodate multiple PCs who're tracking Ben-wa, Spectra, or Majess du Kunth. There's a good chance they are aware of the captured n'zurl, and have an idea where she's being held prisoner.

When Venger Satanis playtested this scenario, the player chose "space pizza delivery boy." So, he spontaneously adjusted the entire session about pizza. In the end, Majess Du Kunth revealed that the pizza sauce was made out of people!

PRON FA'AR

Every seven standard months, those with green vulkyn blood feel the compulsive urge to bone anything in sight.

Vulkyns are the wisest and most logical of humanoid species - especially when it comes to fucking! And they've been so prolific that many lifeforms are partial vulkyn heritage.

Have each player roll a d6. On a "1" result, that player's character should roll a d100 in order to determine percentage of vulkyn blood. The higher percentage means pr0n fa'ar will affect them in stronger ways.

TROUBLE IN PARADISE

Just as you're leaving planetary orbit, "Hey Joe" by Jimi Hendrix comes on the radio.

Suddenly, you remember the wife telling you (repeatedly) about taking the space cardboard with you. Work can wait a few parsecs, you think to yourself while making a u-turn back to Beta Kassium. After all, you work in the customs department of the importing/exporting division for AF Enterprises - a trained monkey could do it.

Pulling into the garage, you see the space cardboard... and something else - a rocket cycle parked in your spot. WTF?

You walk into the house, expecting to see your wife's disapproving face. But the house seems to be empty. Then you hear noises coming from the bedroom.

Listening at the door allows one to hear moaning, grunting, and groaning.

The PC finds his wife massaging some blue alien's wiener with her spectacular boobs. She hasn't done that for her husband in over a standard year! Not even on his birthday last week when he specifically requested it.

"Sorry, (PC's name). Ben-wa was going door to door selling vacuum cleaners and our sex life isn't what it used to be. I'm bored and need sparkly things in my life... like diamonds and shiny blue wieners!"

"You know she's not actually your wife, right?" Ben-wa says. Tessa elbows Ben-wa in the ribs and whispers that he wasn't supposed to say anything.

"I suppose the jig is up, (PC's name). I was assigned to spy on you by the Federation. I'm a Federation agent within the _____ task force. My real name is Spectra. Our marriage was just part of the assignment. But now that you know all this... I'll have to terminate you. Sorry, honey."

The PC has a few options in front of him. He could try to kill the blue dude, kill his wife, blast them both, make a big scene to interrupt their fun, talk to his wife, or just leave.

The blue alien is Ben-wa. He happens to be a bounty hunter on Grabba the Butt's payroll. If he's killed, Grabba will send someone to deal with his murderer.



The PC's wife, Spectra, is actually an undercover Federation agent and spy assigned to the PC because Earth's government doesn't trust anyone in the importing/exporting industry.

If the PC gets enraged, violent, or says mean things to his wife, Spectra will take out a concealed lady's blaster and shoot her husband.

But even if there's no laser-play, Spectra realizes her ability to spy on the husband she just cheated on is now compromised. She goes into the bathroom to clean herself up. Leaving the PC ample time to go through her purse sitting out in the open.

Ben-wa

Health: 35 **Armor:** 2 **Attack Dice Pool:** 3d6

Special: This particular species gets a boost of post-coital adrenaline. If the PC waits until after he's finished (approximately another 2 minutes), he gets two attacks per round.

Treasure: Antihistamine nasal spray, tube of Galactic Glide "maker her cream gleam" lubricant, and an uncashed check from Grabba the Butt made out to Bounty Hunters R Us LLC in the amount of 2,300 credits.

Additionally, in the glove compartment of Ben-wa's rocket-cycle is a vaporizer. Any drug in solid or liquid form can be compressed, absorbed, contained, and dispersed into gaseous form.

The Wife (Spectra)

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

Special: Since you're actually married to the woman, Spectra is able to put her "But I'm your loving wife" face on to momentarily confuse you. Basically, the PC is dazed for an entire round.

Treasure: She has what's left of your balls somewhere in her purse. Aside from that, there's her access crystal (good for 2,300 credits), a Federation agent badge with ID

number, and communication device that looks like a sparkly pink clamshell.

WHO'S RUNNING SPECTRA?

Even if there's no altercation, the PC can discover his wife's phone easily enough. It could still be in her purse sitting on the mudroom counter, for instance.

Using Spectra's comm-device, the PC can see who she last spoke to - Federation Agent Majess Du Kunth.

Majess Du Kunth is in charge of the operation spying on AF Enterprises. Calling him or using the space internet to track his whereabouts puts him 11 parsecs away, sitting in an office within the space station **Zero Rez**.

ZERO REZ

The space station is orbiting the moon New Io. It's mostly filled with offices and has a non-descript corporate vibe. There's nothing about it that screams Federation, but a lot of Federation agents seem to go in and out.

Zero Rez won't authorize any potentially hostile ship to get within photon torpedo range. Unless subterfuge is employed, the space station will launch its plasma missiles at any ship ignoring its warning. Force-docking is also a viable option - crashing into the space station before their weaponry can lock onto a target.

Once inside, the PC can easily find the Federation Agent's office (#225).

He's not there. Majess Du Kunth went into hiding once he realized Spectra was either killed or found out. He also ditched his comm-link so can't be tracked that way.

However, there's some junk on his desk: a replica t-rex, a uterus-shaped glass paperweight, and a box containing a half-eaten cherry pie.

In the bottom-left drawer of the desk is Majess' double-edged whoopie cushion - vorpall! Whoever wields such a weapon gets a bonus d6 to their attack dice pool. Not only that, but a critical hit also hacks off the following limb or appendage - same goes for laser sword fights!

Like A Hot Knife Through Butter

Roll	Result
1	The hand.
2	Tentacle, antenna, horn, detachable penis, third breast, really saggy testicle(s), cape, or weapon.
3	The arm up to the elbow.
4	The arm up to the shoulder.
5	The foot.
6	The leg.
7	The waist (cut in half).
8	The head.

Majess Du Kunth

Health: 40 **Armor:** 0 **Attack Dice Pool:** 2d6
(3d6 with whoopie cushion)

Special: The Federation agent carries a "numb-chuck" with him at all times. If struck with this weapon, it causes the target to go completely numb and unable to carry out physical actions for 1d6+1 rounds. Just as a point of interest, Majess Du Kunth can only achieve full arousal when pie is cooling nearby.

Lastly, killing him triggers a small piece of technology lodged in his brain - it transports everyone within a 30' radius to the artificial planet Kafu (bubble-pop sound) where a space Mexican standoff is happening.

Treasure: A flask of space tequila and 1d100 red and green dried chili pepper pesos (yes, of course they're edible) left over from his last visit to the Habanero system.

BATTLE ROYALE

The clones of intergalactic desperadoes are squaring off against each other. The Prize? Vareet Naka'al under glass! She's currently a prisoner within a transparent aluminum box. She only has enough air to survive 10 rounds. The winner gets to break the glass and do whatever they want with her.

This destructive conflict was initiated by S'pock. It's prOn-farr aka the time of pipe-cleaning, every 7

days, vulkyns must have sex or die trying. S'pock landed on Kafu (bubble-pop sound) hoping to make the demon with two backs and three holes.

Unfortunately, these other assholes warped their way in on S'pock's action. Now, everyone is fighting everyone else in a battle royale (with cheese).

S'pock

Health: 40 **Armor:** 1 **Attack Dice Pool:** 2d6

Special: S'pock has learned the blue arts of advanced wizardry. Each round, he may roll a d30 and consult the Crimson Deth Wyzard table in *Player's Handbook Like A Fucking Boss*.

Treasure: He keeps a sorcerer's abacus on his person, in order to calculate spell-jacking to the nearest decimal point. Also, S'pock has a logic-meter used for determining just exactly how logical something is.

Martians from Seza'ame system

Health: 20 **Armor:** 0 **Attack Dice Pool:** 1d6

Special: They're semi-corporeal and can only be killed with magic (including magic weapons) and psionics.

Treasure: The pink one contains a scroll granting the owner legal authority to declare Martian Law wherever, whenever, and over whomever he sees fit.

Fade Hardkockian

Health: 35 **Armor:** 4 **Attack Dice Pool:** 2d6

Special: Fade Hardkockian uses a poisoned blade. If it deals at least 5 points of damage, there's a 2 in 6 chance that his opponent immediately dies. The poison on his blade loses its potency within one standard week.

Once per combat, Fade Hardkockian may use his attack-cry "Roxanne," allowing him to seduce 1d4 female humanoids. Once seduced, these women will stop any sex-work and devote themselves to pleasing

their new master Fade Hardkockian. The enchantment is broken when Fade is killed.

Treasure: Fade wears Soloflex armor that provides him 4 points of support while only requiring 1 round of hassle before disengaging / fleeing. He also carries 2d6 Imperium crystals (each worth approximately 300 credits).

Clit Eastwood aka The Man With No Pussy

Health: 50 **Armor:** 2 **Attack Dice Pool:** 3d6

Special: When deprived of carnal pleasure, Clit Eastwood can channel his sexual frustration into his attack (once per day), effectively doubling his dice pool.

Treasure: The Man With No Pussy wears a magical poncho that gives him advantage when intimidating. Otherwise, he has 1d100 platinum credits on him.

Tron Girl

Health: 20 **Armor:** 2 (only 1 when she's got her tits out) **Attack Dice Pool:** 1d6

Special: Tron girl is a lover, not a fighter. Plus, she's midway through transitioning into a female from her original male gender. Instead of trying to blast the others, she'll attempt to perform oral sex on anyone who either looks like a good time or can help her out (she needs an additional 1,000 credits for hormone therapy).

Treasure: Tron girl's primary treasure is her chest - she's got the best boobs money can buy. They're cool ranch flavored and can even reveal super-secret cheat codes in video games.

THE PRIZE

Vareet Naka'al is the last surviving female of her species, the n'zurl. Known for their passion and voracious sexual appetites, the n'zurl race literally fucked themselves to death. Vareet survived only because she was in stasis during a long-distance voyage. When she awoke, the rest of her species were extinct.

Vareet Naka'al is a maroon-skinned humanoid with tentacles and three eyes - the middle eye can easily be removed and used as a secondary vagina, if that is desired.

She's wearing lime-green stockings, 8" high, clear, stripper heels, and sparkling silver panties and top that barely covers her enormous breasts.

If sold into slavery, selling Vareet would garner approximately 30,000 credits. Vareet would much prefer entering into a monogamous, codependent relationship where she can pop out .437 babies per standard year.

Fucking a member of the n'zurl species takes three times as long (approximately one standard hour), but also yields three times the vitality (3d6 temporary Health).

While a character and Vareet are fucking, the others are noticeably bored and without anything productive to do. This leads to anger leading to resentment and that leads to fear of not finding a clean bathroom in time, bringing us back to the dark side!

Additionally, n'zurl lovemaking often results in (roll once per sexual encounter).

Roll	Result
1	Scratch-marks on back.
2	Bite-marks on either scrotum or labia minora.
3	A space santorum facial.
4	Getting caught by a middle-age English teacher in a plaid skirt and wearing glasses (2 in 6 chance she joins in).
5	So much squirting that everyone continually asks if you got caught in a rainstorm for the next 1d4 standard hours.
6	N'zurl pheromone residue causes (1d4 horny humanoid females per standard hour) to flock to you in search of sexual release.

Space Santorum: the frothy mixture of saliva, vaginal juices, and fecal matter that is sometimes the byproduct of multi-orgasmic, high-octane, no-holes-barred, just-broke-out-of-prison sex.



‘New tattoo?’
‘No, I’ve just been fucking this
tribal A.I.’

EPISODE 3

ZERVALAN'S ZITH LORD TRY-OUTS

The PCs are merrily traveling through hyper-space as their pleasure droid excitedly announces that there's only 3 standard hours before the Catalina Wine Mixer commences.

The droid reminds everyone that the Catalina Wine Mixer is where the most expensive wines are mixed - connoisseurs throughout the tri-galaxy area come to wager on the results. Fortunes are made and lost at the Catalina Wine Mixer. Lots of action to be found, especially for rim-job opportunists like the PCs!

A holographic message of a sultry Federation officer wearing an outlandish dress is sent to each PC, containing information on the Catalina system and it's need for a new Zith Lord.

**'Pleasure Droids...
they will get you
off stranger,
faster, better!'**

Greetings spacer scum,

I am Ultimate Adjudicator for the Federation. My name is Zervalan, and I'm the merciless bitch in charge of Federation space for this quadrant! We sometimes use petty warlords and thugs to keep the local systems in line. I prefer to use Zith Lords since they're less likely to crumble under pressure.

The last Zith Lord under my command died mysteriously after failing to compliment my gorgeous dress. That means we need to find a new replacement, ASAFP (As Soon As Fucking Possible).

Try-outs start tonight. Please join me at the Catalina Wine Mixer. You and the other applicants will act as security for the event, so dress sharp!

At this point, you may be asking yourselves why? Why put myself through the ringer just to rule over an insignificant system like Catalina? It pays 100,000 credits per standard year. Additionally, the Zith Lord

in charge receives *jus primae noctis*, giving him the right of the first night. Basically, you'd get to bang any woman (or man, I suppose) living within the Catalina system boundaries on her wedding night.

After the hologram dissipates, coordinates to the Catalina Wine Mixer appear.

What if none of the PCs have any interest in The Way, zedi, zith, etc.? If they make it past the try-out, Zervalan will award them the title anyway, like an honorary doctorate without having to attend classes.

THE CATALINA FUCKING WINE MIXER

It's a big party full of VIPs throughout this quadrant of the galaxy. For everyone the PCs interact with, roll on the following random table...

Roll	Result
1	Filthy rich.
2	Celebrity.
3	Ridiculously good-looking & sexually alluring.
4	Member of the aristocracy.
5	Powerful and well connected.
6	Roll twice! (If at least three 6's rolled, attendee is only pretending to be a VIP)

Most guests are just mingling in the wide-open space in front of Zervalan's mansion (she has several). However, some choose to engage in a variety of activities in tents that have been set up all over the lawn. These tents are for discretion, and should prove an attractive encounter for PCs. See the Surprising NPC tables to determine the nature of these encounters.



Zervalan is there schmoozing with those who might aid her in remaining Ultimate Adjudicator. She's wearing a gaudy red-sequined dress with too many frills and furbelows, obviously striving for the fan-tailed pigeon look.

She tells PCs that one of her guests is a member of some anti-Federation group (she leaves it purposefully vague) and intends to wreak havoc on the Catalina Wine Mixer. Zervalan cannot abide this, so she orders the PCs to find and remove this threat.

Unless, they're purposefully keeping a low profile, wine mixer attendees will give PCs strange glances.

Here's a random table of possible suspects...

Roll	Result
1	Ger'ahald: Mauve, unsure about gender, squirrely, and 13 arms... wait, those are arms, right?
2	Maazemash: Pale-orange, marshmallow form, hisses loudly, questionable gender, secretive, wears 37 pieces of flair.
3	Rik-tern: Human male with dark-green metal plate over quarter of his face... keeps looking over his shoulder.
4	Bloobek: Water-humanoid, early Burt Reynolds mustache, frequently asks when the "premium" nyborg will be brought out.
5	Wispaalee: Magenta-furred spider, tentacles, enjoys the sound of his/her own voice (gender unknown), laughs maniacally at inappropriate moments.
6	Vaj: Human female, blonde, skinny, member of the itty-bitty titty committee, sinister scar over one eye, translucent greenish slime containing eyeballs covering her body instead of a dress.
7	K'rellik: Reptilian cyborg with laser teeth, won the medal of honor for service in the Woke Wars, pinky-nails are long and painted hot-pink, gender unknown.
8	Cassen'clo: Plant-based lifeform, on the endangered species list because chlorophyllians are usually assholes, eats all the whore-derives (horderves that have been genetically engineered for sex-work), periwinkle facial flowers, could be male or female.

SAFE LANGUAGE

Federation legal code 7UY-31-P requires those unsure of the specified gender of a lifeform to refrain from making any kind of assumption. Violators of this law are subject to a maximum of 3d6 standard days in jail and fines up to 1d4 x 100 credits.

Of course, pandering to social conventions such as these will inevitably get you labeled as a blind follower of cultural engineering. Every time a PC bows to the masses' demand for "safe language," there's a 1 in 6 chance of his next love interest being turned off by his obsequies tendencies.

Similarly, job offers will pay 15% less because companies know you're paying closer attention to skin-color, the 36 gender flavors, and tentacle quotas rather than the task at hand.

TERRORIST ATTACK!

Several space Muslims shout "Admiral Ackbar!" while pulling out laser-knives and hacking lifeforms to death. Each round, there are 1d6 wounded and 1d4 dead until stopped by the PCs.

Ilsham Jihadists (2d4)

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

Special: If they roll double-six, the mark of kahl'haam (the infidel) appears on the forehead, alerting all Ilsham jihadists that this guy totally sucks and should be immediately killed. The mark wears off in 1d4 standard weeks.

Treasure: At least one of them carries The Sacred Book of Ilsham. The penalty for a non-believer possessing The Sacred Book of Ilsham is death! Inside the book are many pictures of exotic women scantily clad with tentacles going in and out of their lady-bits. The Sacred Book of Ilsham is worth approximately 600 credits.

AN ACTUAL ZITH LORD

It turns out that a bonafide Lord of the Zith is not only interested in the job, but got off work early just so she could attend the try-out.

She's all covered in shiny black body armor and wears a partial face mask over her mouth (mostly to help with her sleep apnea).

Her name is Chablis, and she challenges anyone who gets in her way to one-on-one combat. Or... if the PCs are tired of combat by this point in the scenario, Chablis challenges them to a pussy eating contest (see *Appendix KM*). First person to make six vaginas orgasm with their tongue gets to be Zervalan's new Zith Lord.

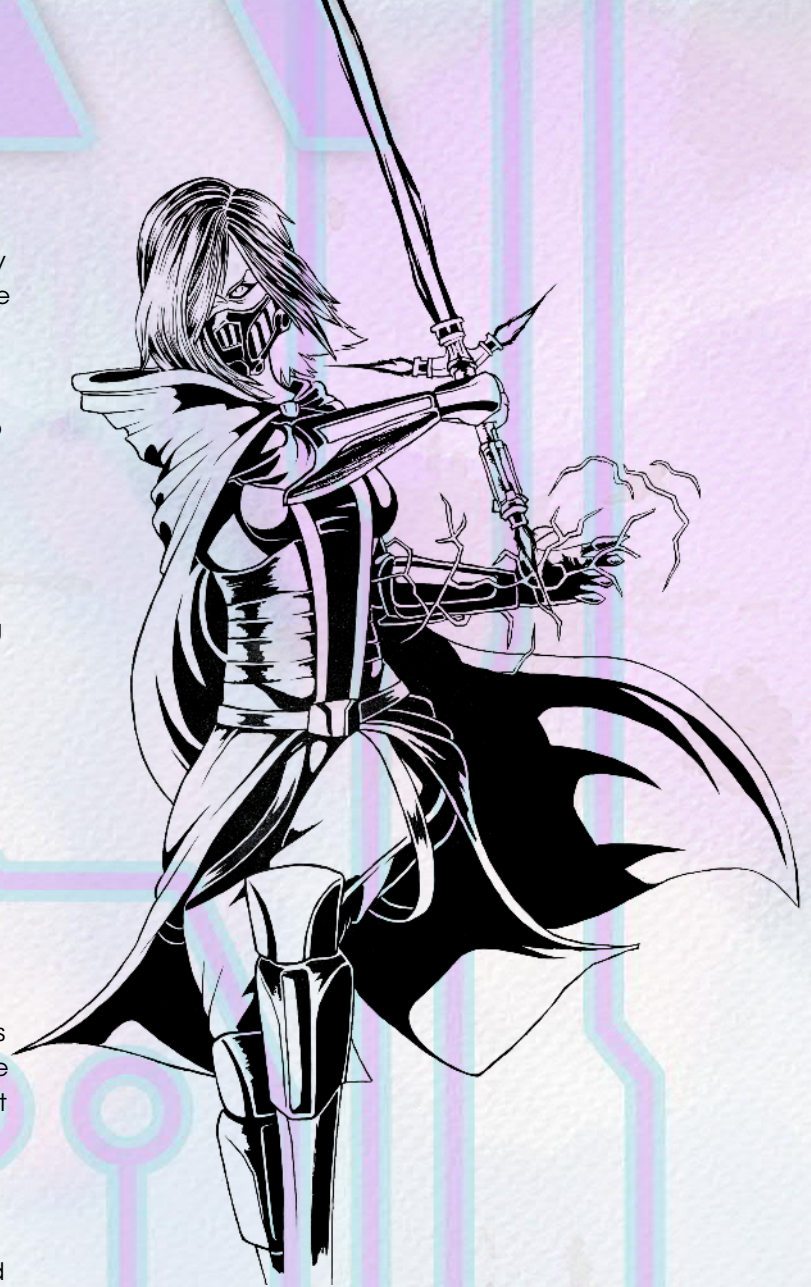
Zervalan herself will also want to test out the tongue of her new hire.

Chablis

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

Special: Besides her standard zedi powers, she uses a customized laser sword that gives off a sudden burst of ultra-violet light (usable once per combat) resulting in her opponent being dazed and confused for a single round.

Treasure: 1d6 x 100 + 1d20 credits. Her laser sword is worth several thousand credits, and she also has a Hello Darth Kitty keychain. One of the keys is for her dark shuttle (single serving-sized starship) called **The Pastel**.



‘She’s all covered in shiny black body armor.’

APPENDIX

ALL YOU CAN EAT BUFFET

The pussy eating competition occurred to me last minute... which now requires a random table for eating pussy. Will my work never end?!?

The average spacer will only get 1d6. Female bisexuals and lesbians will get to roll 2d6 and take the highest. If a character has a special skill that would help them out, they can roll 2d6, as well.

If your name is the RPG Pundit, and this table isn't "old school" enough for you, then feel free to throw in little modifiers here and there based on tongue length, warming up the tongue muscle, and sensitivity to the smell of fresh fish. After all, we wouldn't want you to feel agency-less, now would we?

Lickity Slit

Roll	Result
1	Fake Chow: You wet your finger(s) and pretend to go down on her while making smacking sounds with your lips. She notices; you fail. Everyone is humiliated.
2	Wow, that was bad: Technique... what technique? Was this your first time?
3	Ouch: "Don't bite her, she's not into it like I am." Could be worse, I suppose. Try less teeth and more tongue!
4	Eventual success: You get her off, but it took, like forever.
5	Wham, bam, thank you ma'am: She came in record time.
6	Mind-scrambler: Best she's ever had; multiple orgasms!

BLUE BALL SPECTRUM

Non-sexual pollution is real, people! Let's get serious and keep our bodies clean.

As we all learned in Junior High health class, the steady build-up of "filthy klorians" has a negative impact on our daily lives. Without regularly flushing those filthy klorians away, humanoid performance suffers. And studies show that non-humanoid and artificial lifeforms also run into problematic inefficiencies.

Roll	Result
1	Pink: Just had sex! Give yourself an extra d6 sometime in the next standard hour.
2-3	Magenta: You had sex either just last night or early this morning. Filthy klorian levels still relatively low.
4-5	Periwinkle: It's been at least 24 standard hours since you've had sex. You're in the neutral zone.
6-7	Indigo: It's been 2 days. The BDSM can take one of your d6s away within the next 12 standard hours.
8-9	Teal: It's been at least 3 days. You're filthy klorians are on the rise! Every "6" result must be re-rolled.
10-11	Cerulean Blue: It's been at least 5 freakin' days, man! Along with re-rolling 6's, you also have disadvantage on every roll until those pipes are clean.
12	Alpha Blue: You haven't "gotten down" in over a standard week. Your nervous system is simply overrun with filthy klorians. For every attempted action, roll 6d6 – only counting the three lowest dice. If you get three "1" results in a single dice pool, your character goes thermo-nuclear-supernova, utterly destroying himself and everything else within a 42' radius (incidentally, this is the actual meaning of "42" ... as in life, the universe, and everything).

Determine the last time the PCs had sex. Chart their daily progress or degeneration on the spectrum. Each degree on the spectrum is one day of not having sex. Just how horny is that spacer? Let's roll 1d6 (Alpha Blue status has to be earned... the hard way) and find out!

There's a 2 in 6 chance the Purple Prism an individual has been drinking contains minerals that actually change the color of one's balls, labia, frazrik-pouch, or what have you.

CAN'T MISS AT THIS RANGE

The usual system of operations for armed combat assume movement and space between attackers, a certain amount of surprise, shooting from the hip, and joie de vivre.

But sometimes, you're going to be holding the barrel of a blaster right up to someone's temple, back of their skull, the heart, joy division, etc... or a bastard of a bounty hunter is holding it up to yours. At such a time, there's a special rule.

Assuming you've caught your prey unawares, hold a deadly weapon up to a vital area of their body, and intend to kill the son of a bitch, **roll normally and then multiply the damage by three.** That's the wound you inflict and, generally speaking, the victim is going to need serious medical help as soon as fucking possible if they're going to have any chance of survival.

'Incidentally, this is the actual meaning of '42' as in life, the universe, and everything.'

SURPRISING NPCS

Specifically, what are they doing when PCs barge in on them? The results could be interesting, amusing, and perhaps a scenario seed all on its own...

WTF Are They Doing?

Roll	Result
1	Fondling blue crystals.
2	Checking astro-navigation charts.
3	Sniffing panties.
4	Polishing blaster.
5	Cleaning up the mess from prior laser battle.
6	Napping in a large metallic oxygen chamber with their pet space-monkey.
7	Autofellatio training in zero-g.
8	Sorting their collection of... 1) cards, 2) comics, 3) music, or 4) Mego toys.
9	Having their cat chase a laser (not necessarily a pointer).
10	Eating a giant bowl of ice cream (chocolate asteroid flavor).
11	Pacing in circles, holding a wooden plank (while chanting, the NPC will occasionally whack their head with the plank).
12	The NPC is hosting an illegal underground Q'uyay-Q'uar tournament.
13	Polishing chrome.
14	Watching porn (2 in 6 chance they are naked).
15	Taking selfies posing with... 1) their blaster, 2) significant other, 3) sex-bot, or 4) holographic environment, like a tropical beach.
16	Staring in the mirror practicing their... 1) poker-face, 2) angry-face, 3) "O" face, or 4) selfie/duck-face.
17	Designing a random table.
18	Gargling salt water to get the taste out of their mouth.
19	In a pile with 2d6 other naked unconscious humanoids.

Roll	Result
20	Snorting several lines of premium nyborg deposited on the floor via automated sifters.
21	Trying on a new outfit made from rare imported alien flesh.
22	Watching reality TV.
23	Reattaching a synthetic limb that needed cleaning.
24	Applying skin lotion that helps one evade detection technology (something small and dangerous is being covered up as PCs walk in).
25	Sawing the body of a recently slain enemy and placing the parts in bags.
26	Pleasuring a local noble who promised to clean their public record of all crimes.
27	Shaving.
28	Injecting self with over-the-counter Botox.
29	Having sex with a pleasure droid.
30	Re-calibrating the automatic security settings that fire on anything that opens the door without first using the key.
31	Performing surgery on an unwilling patient to harvest their organs for some side money to pay the rent.
32	Trying to patch a blow-up doll.
33	Searching the insanely cluttered room.
34	Sitting with a bunch of friends playing a tabletop roleplaying game.
35	Having an intense conversation with their partner by phone (2 in 6 chance they are so absorbed in the conversation they ignore the PCs).
36	Finishing a suicide note; blaster at the ready.
37	Swallowing Venusian Viagra just as the PCs come in.
38	Practicing yoga - in the self-fellating space swan pose.
39	Playing the stock-market on a laptop.
40	Spreading tarot cards for a reading.

Roll	Result
41	Receiving last rites from a templar... including incense, oils, candles, and travel-sized chanting monks.
42	Performing arcane ritual to the eldritch abominations!
43	Quieting the mind via deep meditation.
44	Communicating by hologram with a mysterious hooded-robed figure who says in a gravelly voice "Everything is proceeding as I have foreseen!"
45	Making a martini with too much vermouth.
46	Painting fingernails.
47	Watching a holo-vid in which a bunch of space scum burst into a room on a guy watching a holo-vid...
48	Hunched over a table illuminated only by a small desk lamp, sweat on their brow, with a number of delicate tools working on a complex, blinking, device, which reads "Detonation in 15, 14, 13..."
49	Being worked over by Ky'dosh V'voskk and his goons, enforcers for the Wyrmslorr Syndicate (delinquent payment of debt).
50	Interrogating a prisoner (2 in 6 chance of being enhanced interrogation = torture).
51	Playing smuggler's quarry with a table full of low-life spacers.
52	Drug deal about to go down.
53	Arms deal about to go down.
54	Reading a copy of Alpha Blue.
55	Learning conversational Ultarian with Rosetta Asteroid cassette tapes... Kwee moto: Who fucks? Literal translation is who wants to get laid?
56	Brushing their teeth.
57	Showering (2 in 6 chance of showering with a woman).
58	Banging head on desk.
59	Pouring delicious, fizzy Purple Prizm over the ugly, red-veined, throbbing testicles of a rented sex mutant.
60	Handcuffed to a hyper-chamber and wearing furry pink, peephole underwear.

Roll	Result
61	Squatting down over a cheetosian slut-bot (orange cheeto-fingers mashing buttons on the control panel).
62	Vomiting into a sick-bag.
63	Slumped dead in a chair (2 in 6 chance of blood, guts, and viscera dripping over the walls).
64	Two aliens dressed as a pantomime horse being ridden by a human bounty hunter named Gland Bono.
65	Wrestling a space octopus in the nude.
66	Putting drops into eye.
67	Performing alien sex ritual.
68	Manipulating the three seashells on a blue crystalline toilet.
69	Watching two girls have sex in the "69" position.
70	Being whipped by a sadism-droid.
71	Reinstalling software on sex-bot after unfortunate mishap.
72	Writing an entry for a hitch-hiker's guide to the Ta'andor galaxy.
73	Working on a crossword-puzzle using a Garthak to Cromium translator.
74	Mopping up green slime.
75	Wiping away blood stains.
76	Mopping up jizz.
77	Measuring dimensions of the room.
78	Desperately trying to find a credit card while on hold with a sex phone operator.
79	Floating in a sensory-depravation chamber (giant black trapezoid filled with salt water).
80	Working through their problems with a therapy-bot.
81	Ordering one of those "space brides" from Trigonometry 3.
82	Ordering a pizza.
83	Eating a pizza.
84	Playing video games.
85	Cooking.
86	Playing laser tag.
87	Checking the scanners.

Roll	Result
88	Looking through a peep-hole that goes to the women's shower.
89	Consulting a tanned-flesh bound copy of the Necronomicon.
90	Playing some dumb, time-wasting game on their phone.
91	Triple-breasted titty-fucking.
92	Anal bleaching - line of girls (3d6 deep) waiting to get their anuses bleached.
93	Shaking it on the dance floor of their High School reunion.
94	Making an offer he can't refuse. "I assure you, either your signature or brains will be on this contract."
95	Lifting weights.
96	Being nagged by his wife.
97	Activating a clone.
98	Hiring a bounty hunter.
99	Hiring an assassin.
100	Roll twice!

How Do They Feel About This Interruption?

Roll	Result
1	Super pissed about it, actually. Fight!
2	Set phasers to "Not cool, hoss."
3	Totally caught off-guard and slightly embarrassed.
4	Rather ambivalent.
5	Vaguely amused and possibly aroused.
6	Tickled pink.

VENGER SATANIS (THE NPC)

Though 99.7% human, Venger Satanis still likes to call himself "humanoid" - greenish skin, slimy suckered tentacles, leering eyes, goatee, shaved head, black robes befitting his station as space High Priest of one or more cults devoted to the Ancient Ones.

VS (as he sometimes goes by) can frequently be found eating pizza, drinking either space mountain dew or Purple Prizm, crafting random tables, and watching vintage lesbian porn... when not hunting social justice warriors for sport.

He's wanted in 2d8+5 systems, so if you see him - do not approach! He's considered armed, dangerous, introverted, and extra-perverted.

Health: 111 **Armor:** 0 (armor's for pussies)

Number of Attacks: variable

Attack Dice Pool: 3d6

Special: Venger pleasantly disarms everyone he interacts with using his indoorsy redneck charm, calling them "hoss."

He wields a tachyon blade, allowing him to attack 1d4-1 times per round.

Treasure: Besides the blade, VS has 32 Meow Meow Beenz, 88 credits, an anal probe, a C64 floppy disc of *The Bard's Tale*, a pineapple-flavored lubricant that folds space - allowing those with huge penises (like VS) to get into extremely tight spaces - and one "get out of jail free" card.

EVEN MORE NAMES!!!

Roll	Male	Female	Non-Binary
1	Igx'sa	Gla'am	Supta
2	Pra'ax	Nablo-sa	Era'ak
3	Q'uat-ro	Tessa	Grybblau
4	Yuggo-leesh	Sazm'rak	Tulollo
5	Baesz'q	Punta'an	Xik'xen
6	Arthy'quo	Neenza	Hurnam
7	Majin	Teequa	Buurshen
8	Karaz-na	Cesa'aquin	V'qoor-thez

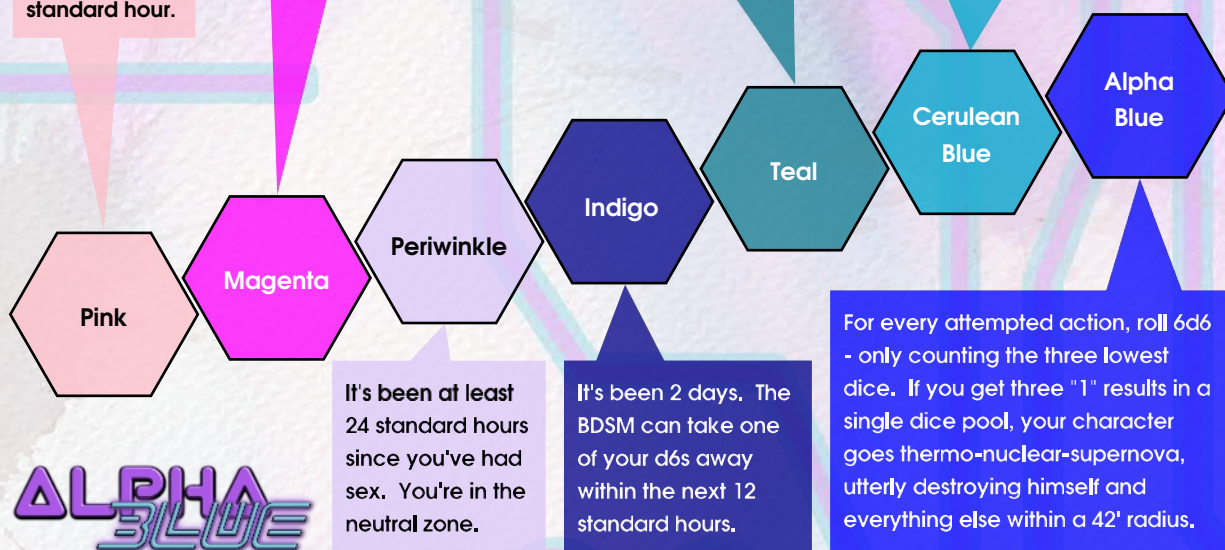
BLUEBALLSTRACKER

Just had sex!
Give yourself
an extra d6
sometime in
the next
standard hour.

You had sex either just
last night or early this
morning. Filthy klorian
levels still relatively low.

It's been at least 3 days.
You're filthy klorians are on
the rise! Every "6" result
must be re-rolled.

It's been at least 5 freakin' days,
man! Along with re-rolling 6's, you
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