

THOT AUDIT



TWAS THE SLEAZIEST OF TIMES

At this point in the Federation's history, 2374 standard years, one out of six female lifeforms engage in some kind of sexual activity in exchange for monetary compensation. That's a lot of exploitation!

The Federation crackdown on sex-work came as no surprise. However, even the most fanciful of economists never guessed a tax rate of 69%. And it's long been recognized that hos within the Federation rarely declare their income.

The totalitarian regime realized it could kill two birds with one stone – enforce the draconian tax laws to pay for their ceaseless expansion throughout the universe while reducing the number of females succumbing to a life of prostitution.

So, the lovely working girls in the Alpha Blue universe are being audited by the Federation...

But instead of just paying their god damned taxes, they're calling for a full-scale revolution. That probably wouldn't have gotten very far if not for the anti-authoritarian opportunists looking for an excuse to topple the totalitarian empire. Now, the embattled Federation is dealing with armed rebels on a thousand different worlds.

Until yesterday, the planet of Beeblebrox Prime was neutral territory and a safe zone for all manner of sex-work.

Now, it's at a tipping point. Half the planet is divided in favor of the Federation, the other half opposed. As the planet inexorably moves away from the authoritarian, sex-adverse regime, the media is calling it Breastix (the exit of breasts).

Millions of citizens wearing yellow sequined vests are rioting in the streets and calling for wine, cheese, and strumpets taking off their clothes and doing naughty things for money!

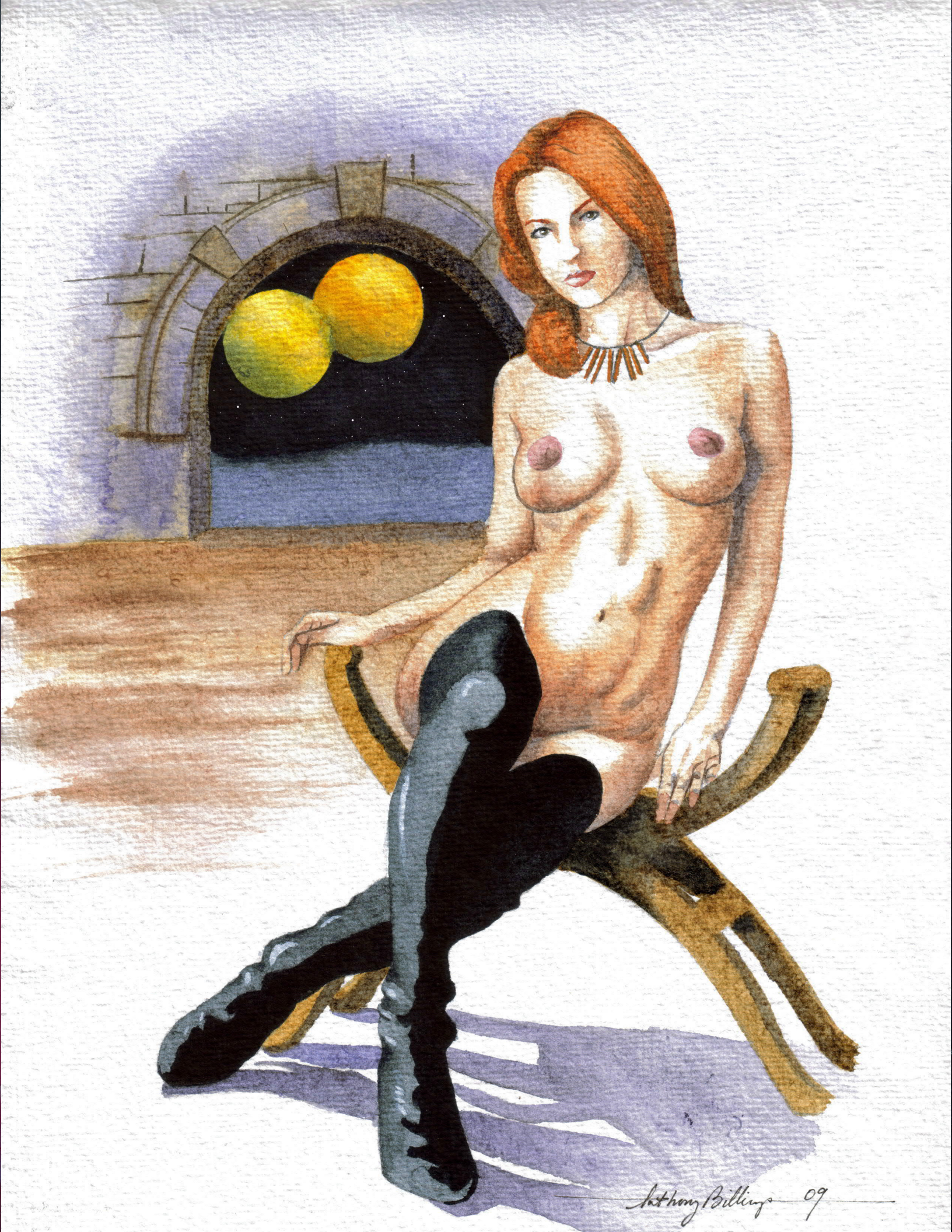
The following random table gives your PCs a THOT audit backstory, and explains why they're on Beeblebrox Prime.

HOW ARE YOU AFFECTED BY THE THOT AUDIT?

d6 RESULT

- 1 Your ex was audited and she ran off to escape tribunal judgement and eventual confinement to a penal colony on Geedee Major.
- 2 One of your passive income streams came from a "realty show" of an all-girl dormitory. Now, you owe the Federation thousands of credits in back taxes - plus prison time for tax evasion.
- 3 You fell in love with a stripper who kindly accepted small donations from dozens of lifeforms. A standard week ago, she was rounded up by the IRS and awaits trial.
- 4 You were about to have sex with this gorgeous creature... and then all of a sudden Federation troopers grabbed her by the pussy and took her away in their black, unmarked van.
- 5 You yourself did a little sex-work on the side. Somehow, you were caught up in the THOT audit and now owe the Federation High Council 2d100 blowjobs or else imprisonment on Cygnus Alpha.
- 6 Your... 1) mother, 2) sister, 3) cousin, or 4) Aunt Peg received several hundred credits last year in some quasi-legal crypto-currency. The IRS has a warrant out for her arrest.

THOT is an acronym that stands for That Ho Over There. Hey, I didn't make it up! After the whole audit business arose, some take it to mean That Ho Owes Taxes.



Anthony Billings 09

THE SETUP

The scenario is set up in the middle of things, but BDSM's are welcome to begin at the Beeblebrox Prime spaceport and roleplay through events. Just be mindful that things may not go as planned.

You got into hot water down on Beeblebrox Prime. Escaping into the nearest spaceport, you spotted a cargo freighter being loaded up with hover-pallets. Slipping into the command center, you got the freighter off the ground without much trouble... until several surface-to-air missiles devastated your shields and damaged the hyperdrive.

Low on fuel, weapon systems at 23%, and in a decaying orbit around Beeblebrox Prime, you don't have a lot of options.

The only reason you haven't been atomized must be the valuable cargo in your ship's hold. After a quick scan, you realize the ship's carrying thirty-five medda kronks of **Blue Sky**. That's a street value of approximately twenty-thousand credits.

Blue Sky is the purest form of crystal ultra-phetamine in the galaxy. It's called **Blue Sky** because of its semi-translucent aqua hue, and it'll get you sky-high as fuck!

A Federation ship saddles up next to you. It's a tiny, three-man scout ship that evaded your photon torpedoes due to its diminutive size. It force-docks and the trio of Federation troopers boards your vessel.

Just then, a signal comes through the main channel – your buddies are on the way to save your bacon. They'll be here in just under two standard hours.

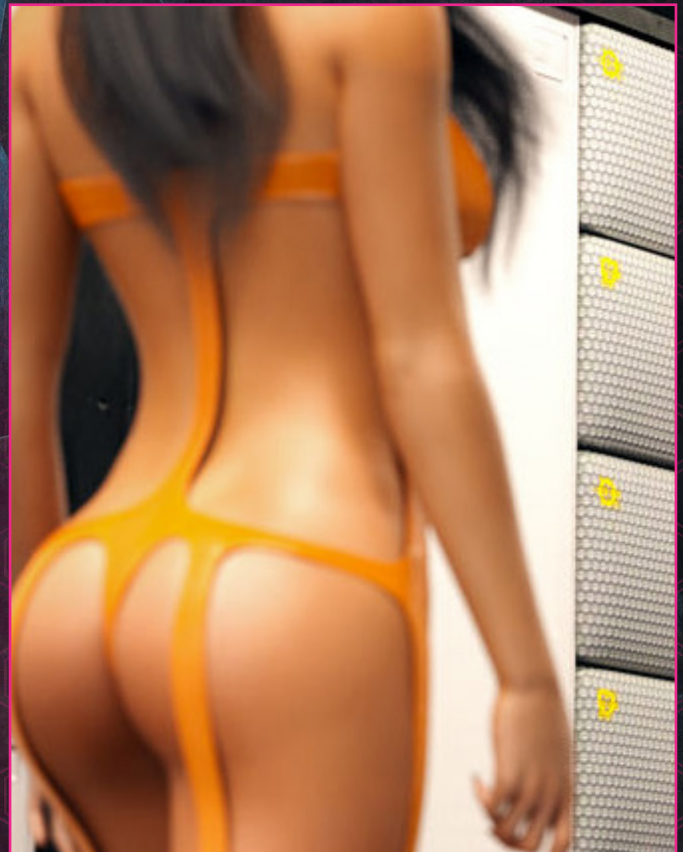
OBJECTIVE

Kill them before they can kill you!

Even if the PCs sneak past the Federation agents, stealing the scout ship to make a getaway - the three troopers could potentially destroy their 3-man scout ship, remotely.

Alternatively, troopers could send a communique to other Federation ships for imminent interception. However, the trio of troopers won't call for backup because they'd forfeit the lion's share of commission. Once the Federation troopers have been disposed of, the PCs are free and clear to escape in their scout ship. Although, if the PCs simply abandon their ship, they'll lose out on that precious cargo. The smart play would be to wait for their friends to rescue them and transfer the ultra-phetamine, assuming the PCs survive the varied encounters aboard their recently stolen freighter.

Because the PCs snuck into the command center right away, they have no clue what else is on the ship. Exploration might help or hinder their struggle to survive.



FEDERATION TROOPERS

Once the Federation troopers board the PC's cargo freighter, they'll make their way to central command. Their natural inclination will be to stick together, but Maurik, Da'avs, and Riker can be drawn away from each other if the PCs attempt to separate them.

Maurik



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

Special: Maurik carries vorpals with him. If he hears an opponent coming towards him, he'll throw down 2d6 of those bad boys. Roll 1d6 (exploding) damage for every 1d6 on the ground.

Treasure: 230 credits, a blue-ray of *White Hot Nurses* #37, and a little black book full of THOT comm-numbers. There's also an additional 3d6 vorpals in his black leather satchel (non-gendered purse).

Da'avs



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

Special: He's the handsome one. So, Da'avs has a better than average chance of talking his way out of bad situations.

Treasure: A cylinder full of liquid nitrogen containing over a dozen frozen eyeballs. Also, 47 zuleks.

Riker



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

Special: Riker doesn't wear armor because he's a space thief. He prefers to sneak up and back-stab opponents (doubling his attack dice pool) with his laser-dagger.

Treasure: 50 blue bucks, 13 gold credits (each gold credit is worth 25 ordinary credits), and a set of thieves' laser-tools.



ANONYMOUS CARGO FREIGHTER

ALPHA
BLUE



1. AIRLOCK

This is where the Federation scout ship has docked and the troopers are entering the PCs' ship.

2. STONED GALACTIC HITCHHIKERS

They're stowaways who saw the ship being loaded with **Blue Sky** and decided to sneak aboard. Rozkae and Gylden are dim-witted, fun loving dudes.

They were on a mission from Templar Oz before getting distracted by the drug cargo. Their mission? Let the local planetary bishops know that the Federation is cracking down on THOTs. The clergy frequently use internet sluts as a sexual release so they can remain celibate. Millions of tax-exempt credits are funneled to remote sex-workers each standard year.

This information will undoubtedly ruin many templar careers – and possibly tear down organized religion in the Federation. Templars warned of coming events will have the foresight to shred receipts and erase data-trails.

It would be a shame if Rozkae and Gylden accidentally, brutally stabbed themselves in the stomach while shaving. Everyone working for the Federation (who don't also have ties to the church) has orders to silence Rozkae and Gylden permanently.

3. MESS HALL

Banquet in progress, either fancy dress or the alien elite are wearing the latest fashion from Garish IV. The meal is Mimosa cuisine – everything has been prepared with both champagne and orange juice ingredients. Food is levitated around the table using anti-matter chopsticks.

Attendees of the banquet are THOT investors. They invest money into THOT enterprises (cameras, sound, wardrobe, sex toys, production values, photographers, video editors, PR agents, etc.) in exchange for 20% of return on their investments.

Unfortunately, with the THOT audit, these investors will most likely be audited by the IRS, as well. This meeting will decide what collective action shall be taken regarding the THOT audit situation. The following are ideas mentioned during the banquet...

D8 RESULT

- 1 Secession from the Federation.
- 2 Join the revolutionaries against the Federation.
- 3 Throw themselves on the mercy of the court and pay any back-taxes owed.
- 4 Run away to the farthest reaches of the known universe.
- 5 Execute every audited THOT.
- 6 Host a giant party and then get blackout drunk.
- 7 Spend millions of credits lobbying the Federation to change the tax laws.
- 8 Roll twice and combine! Either deadlocked decision or they want to implement both plans simultaneously.

Once everything has been presented and discussed, the THOT investors will vote on a course of action. Roll on the above random table to determine which plan receives the greatest consensus.

4. CARGO HOLD

Contains ultra-phetamine blue crystal. 20,000 credits worth of **Blue Sky**.

5. PREMIUM SNATCH-CHAT (THOT HEADQUARTERS)

Over a dozen females and two male THOTs are currently working in this massive chamber. The room is sectioned off, so that each little area is its own world... its own set. Use the following random table to conjure a setting along with participants and/or activities...

D12	FILM SET	FETISH
1	Classroom	Schoolgirl
2	S&M Dungeon	Asian
3	Beach	MILF
4	Bedroom	Anal
5	Van Interior	Watersports
6	Restroom	Lesbian
7	Swimming Pool	Gangbang
8	Slime Pit	Orgy
9	Hotel Room	Bukkake
10	Strip Club	Inter-Species
11	Restaurant	Cheerleaders
12	Busy Street	All Male

The girls are there to make money, not friends. But at least a few can be seduced if the PCs put forth the time and effort.

Also, one of the dudes is an undercover Federation agent named Beau. He's the one who led the Federation here with his homing beacon (a little blue-blinking device in his corduroy pants).

Pills From The Red Planet increase hostility in the subject, giving them temporary (about one standard hour per pill) advantage in combat situations. The downside? An equal time length of timidity – disadvantage during combat. They cost approximately 50 credits per pill.

6. PRINCESS MERIDIAN (COVER GIRL)

Preparing to go on a kill-crazy rampage (just took a **pill from the red planet** which enhances aggression). She's being hunted because the system she rules over is reluctant to sign a trade agreement with the Hunan Empire. Also, Princess Meridian does gang-bang porn on the side, and she did not report that income to the IRS.

Princess Meridian is targeted for assassination by the Galactic Senate. The rogue pleasure replicant cum assassin, Lana, is hot on her tail.

Princess Meridian



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

Special: As royalty, she wears the customary personal shielding armor that detracts opponents' attack dice pools by 1d6 when targeting her. Plus, her attack dice pool will temporarily be elevated to 3d6 once she swallows the **pill from the red planet**.

Treasure: Her Highness carries around a violet wand electro-vibrator. Also, her access crystal allows her to use any leisure facility free of charge and 50,000 credits is also available.



7. THOTS

Magenta hued female humanoid with six fingers, the other aqua-skinned with wobbly bits on her forehead. They're recording themselves doing all sorts of things, mutual masturbation, masturbating each other, and eventually full-on sixty-nine pussy-eating.

8. SPUNK DRUNK PUNKS

The Virtual Reality Amplifier (VRA) was bombarded with radiation during an ion storm and now the characters in the porno have been made flesh.

Everyone has some kind of mohawk, usually died some unnatural color. Also, there's a punk orgy in progress.

The leader is Grift, an androgynous punk with leopard-spot mohawk and ripped green army jacket. Grift wants the PCs to give control of the ship over to the punks... because anarchy.

9. REMAIN KLYNGON

Several klyngon warriors are deciding if they should throw their lot in with the revolutionaries or just remove themselves from the situation and let the rebels fight the Federation without their help.

Koq (an albino klyngon with the guts to stand up to the klyngon leader – B'ater) makes an impassioned plea for the Honorable Klyngon Empire to fight alongside the rebels.

If the PCs convince Koq or another klyngon to accompany them, at least one other klyngon will shadow them – attempting to blast the PCs in the back during battle.

Klyngon



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

Special: Once per combat, klyngons can double their attack dice pool.

Treasure: Each klyngon carries 1d100 talyns. A talyn is a triangular gold coin worth approximately 5 credits.



10. ALIEN TELEPATH

He looks like an anthropomorphic watermelon with long giraffe-like neck, and weirdly smells like fancy cologne mixed with disinfectant cleaning solution. As customary with his species, he has no name... only a symbol to represent his individual identity. And that symbol is a rough sketch of a dong, some balls, and pubic hair.

The alien was hired to be on the ship and make sure the ultra-phetamine remains safe. All he knows is that the drug smuggling cartel known as Sucio Bastardos is paying him 1,000 credits to make sure all that **Blue Sky** gets to Zeta Minor.

He will gladly look the other way if the PCs pay him off. "So long and thanks for all the sa'azcholat'zuhg!"

11. RESTROOM: GLORY HOLE

Even if these NPCs aren't encountered in the restroom, they might be wandering around the ship.

D6 RESULT

- 1 Sexy blonde woman named Quina. After a few minutes, she'll line her vagina right up to the hole.
- 2 Dude looks like a lady – transvestite named Wynette.
- 3 Three-breasted, green-skinned Orion slave girl with an oral fixation.
- 4 Some kind of non-binary gelatinous ooze.
- 5 Rogue pleasure replicant who became an assassin after her conscience protocols were damaged. Her name is Lana. After Lana gets PCs off, she asks them to help her assassinate Princess Meridian.
- 6 Karl - gay, bearded leatherboy who's always ready for a good time.

Lana



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

Special: She's well-versed at the erotic arts, starting as a pleasure replicant. Lana frequently lures her prey into a false sense of security by allowing them to fuck her artificial brains out.

Treasure: She has an access crystal of a prominent Galactic Congressman – with that she has access to top-secret information and places, as well as, 100,000 credits.

12. ENGINEERING

There's a girl fixing air filtration unit; she's stuck with her lower half hanging out of the machine. The more she tries to wriggle out of her predicament, the less clothing she ends up wearing as she unintentionally shimmies out of it. While Candice doesn't like being abused (and will complain at first), it also turns her on knowing that she's at some degenerate pervert's mercy.

13. CLONING FACILITY

Voluptuous human and humanoid females are being cloned, approximately one / three standard hours. The lab tech is named Zeeka'as, a vulkyn preparing for pr0n f4år.

Zeeka'as has one goal – create a one-hundred girl clone orgy for himself.

14. CENTRAL COMMAND

This is where the ship is piloted. From the windows, space can be seen, tinged by a scarlet nebula, Beeblebrox Prime and its primary star in sight. The void feels endless and unfriendly – exactly the way it is. Several slow-moving humanoid droids with black visor-shields over their faces shuffle from console to terminal and back again, keeping the ship fully functional.

These “droids” are actually lobotomized men and women who've been given the task of maintaining the ship. They have no lives because their brains immediately reject thoughts that aren't ship-related.



15. DISCO LOUNGE

Laser lights, holograms simulating lewd sex acts, dazzling mirror ball, fog machine, glow sticks, bell bottom trousers, feathered hair, suede fringe, silver spacesuits, and **Purple Prizm** on tap.

Over a dozen humans, aliens, and droids are talking, drinking, and just hanging out. The most noticeable action is a neon-orange, hammer-headed, insectoid titty-fucking a lavender-skinned woman with horns and multiple tattoos.

The neon-orange alien is named Frank. He's a degenerate gambler always looking for the next game of chance.

Frank's gambling debts are legendary – he owes two million seven hundred thousand credits to various lowlives in the Ta'andor galaxy. Undaunted, Frank readily believes he's only a few good bets away from getting free and clear.

The lavender alien is Kah'stee. On her right side, just below her ribs, is a tattoo of Haley Joel Osment as a child (a la *The Sixth Sense*). Below her ribs on the left side is a tattoo of Haley Joel Osment now (in his 30's).

Kah'stee is a prolific bounty hunter who's worked for Grabba the Butt, Zervalan, Syresh Vos, and many others. She's between jobs, at the moment.

Frank



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

Special: Normally lucky (must have hit a rough patch), Frank gets a bonus d6 once per standard day.

Treasure: His prized possession is one of those astronaut pens that write upside down. Additionally, his pen has a clothed woman that undresses when you click the button.

Kah'stee



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

Special: Sometimes she receives psychic impressions before catastrophe happens, allowing her to get the Hell out of Dodge before the shit hits the fan. Once per day, she can daze 1d6 humanoids by showing off her Haley Joel Osment tattoos.

Treasure: She carries 50 platinum credits (each platinum credit worth 100 ordinary credits) and a pouch full of precious jewels to trade with those who don't use Federation currency.

16. SEMINAR IN PROGRESS

A round table discussion is happening. Three diversity and inclusion experts provide sensitivity training to five new recruits. For a standard month, classroom accommodations for sensitivity training have been HR mandated on every starship carrying more than 10 lifeforms.

Before assessing the situation, the Federation experts must take into account the diversity and inclusion quotient of the PC's entire crew (including passenger manifest). If they are found lacking in either diversity or inclusion, the PCs will be verbally reprimanded and written-up.

Furthermore, those exhibiting problematic behavior will be assigned to the nearest Federation sterilization facility.





"IS THAT A VAGINA IN YOUR MOUTH OR
ARE YOU JUST HAPPY TO SEE ME?"

APPENDIX

THAT

THE VAST MAJORITY OF NPCs

Want to know the combat effectiveness of a random NPC I didn't bother to stat-out? Here you go...

Some Dude / Chick



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

Special: None

Treasure: 1d20 credits plus whatever seems appropriate at the time.

ALERTS, CONDITIONS, AND DIRECTIVES

I've been re-watching my boxed set of *Red Dwarf* and noticed their whimsical penchant for color-coded alerts and conditions. Why not add directives, as well?

What's the difference? An alert tells you there's a situation happening. A condition tells you the current status of a thing. A directive is a mission label, letting you know what might be in store during the assignment.

The following random table is just something fun elaborating on what they started...

D12 RESULT

- 1 **Taupe:** Everything's fine, carry on!
- 2 **White:** Nothing out of the ordinary yet, but something might happen soon.
- 3 **Pink:** Available pussy nearby! [occasionally referenced as "poontang alert"]
- 4 **Gold:** Urination related... usually someone has to pee, but occasionally there's a golden shower opportunity!
- 5 **Blue:** The situation is pretty bad, but still manageable.
- 6 **Mauve:** Spirituality, mind-expansion, and sexual consciousness.
- 7 **Heliotrope:** The situation has to do with hallucinations, visions, or dreams.
- 8 **Red:** The situation is bad enough to GTFO of there!
- 9 **Crimson:** Things are seriously bad, but still somehow awesome - maybe that bad stuff is happening to your enemies?
- 10 **Obsidian:** Mind control, possession, and psionic influence!
- 11 **Rainbow:** There's an inclusion/diversity emergency! [also someone nearby may be triggered while not being able to take a joke]
- 12 **Alpha Blue:** There's an opportunity for extreme sleaziness!

REGRETS, I'VE HAD A FEW

Roll on the following table after the first time you've had sex with an entirely new alien species...

NOT YOUR SPECIES (THE MORNING AFTER)

D6 RESULT

- 1 Revulsion, self-loathing, fear/hatred towards that species [roll 1d6 again, if the result is another "1", feelings accompanied by suicidal thoughts].
- 2 For sanity's sake, your mind blocked pretty much all of it out. Every once in awhile, you have flashbacks - glimpsing moments of your carnal interaction, but it soon fades like a strange dream.
- 3 Looking back, you're kind of skeeved or squicked by the whole thing, but it really wasn't that bad. You might even try it again - after several drinks.
- 4 You know... sex. It was fun, a release; no big deal.
- 5 It felt somehow better or more "natural" than sex with your own kind.
- 6 You're rather obsessed - now, you just want to have more - a lot more - sex with that particular species. Congrats on having a new fetish! Add an additional 1d4 temporary Health (beyond the standard 1d6) each time you have sex involving that species.

THIS ONE GOES OUT TO THE LADIES

There's power in the pussy, and this optional rule proves it!

The pussy power we're talking about here is more like potential energy. A woman has power because of the sex she might be willing to throw a lifeform's way.

Roll 1d6 per standard hour spent primping, prepping, prettying, and powdering one's nose on the following random table to determine how much her potential pussy power is resonating. How often should you roll? When it matters, like either a crisis situation or roleplaying deeper interaction... or just whenever you remember to.

If you want to determine postcoital pussy power, consult the pussy whipped random table on page 40 of *Battle Star: Trek Wars*.

FEMALE PRIVILEGE

D6 RESULT

- 1 Maybe do your hair and fix your makeup. Better yet, put a bag over your head. People treat you like garbage.
- 2 Get it together, girl! No one respects you. Something's off about your vibe, how you carry yourself, etc. and most people just feel sorry for you. Hey, pity's better than nothing.
- 3 You're getting attention from only the horniest losers in the room (thankfully, that's at least 1d6 guys)... but they're not even bringing their A-game.
- 4 You have a decent amount of sex appeal, but chances are there's someone hotter nearby - and she's outshining you.
- 5 You've got it going on, girl. You receive preferential treatment from everyone who'd ordinarily be interested in you based on their sexual preferences.
- 6 Magnetic Mystique! It doesn't matter what their sexual orientation is, you're like a hot celebrity. Everyone wants to be near you, do favors for you, take care of you, make you smile, and get that pussy!

CREDITS

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